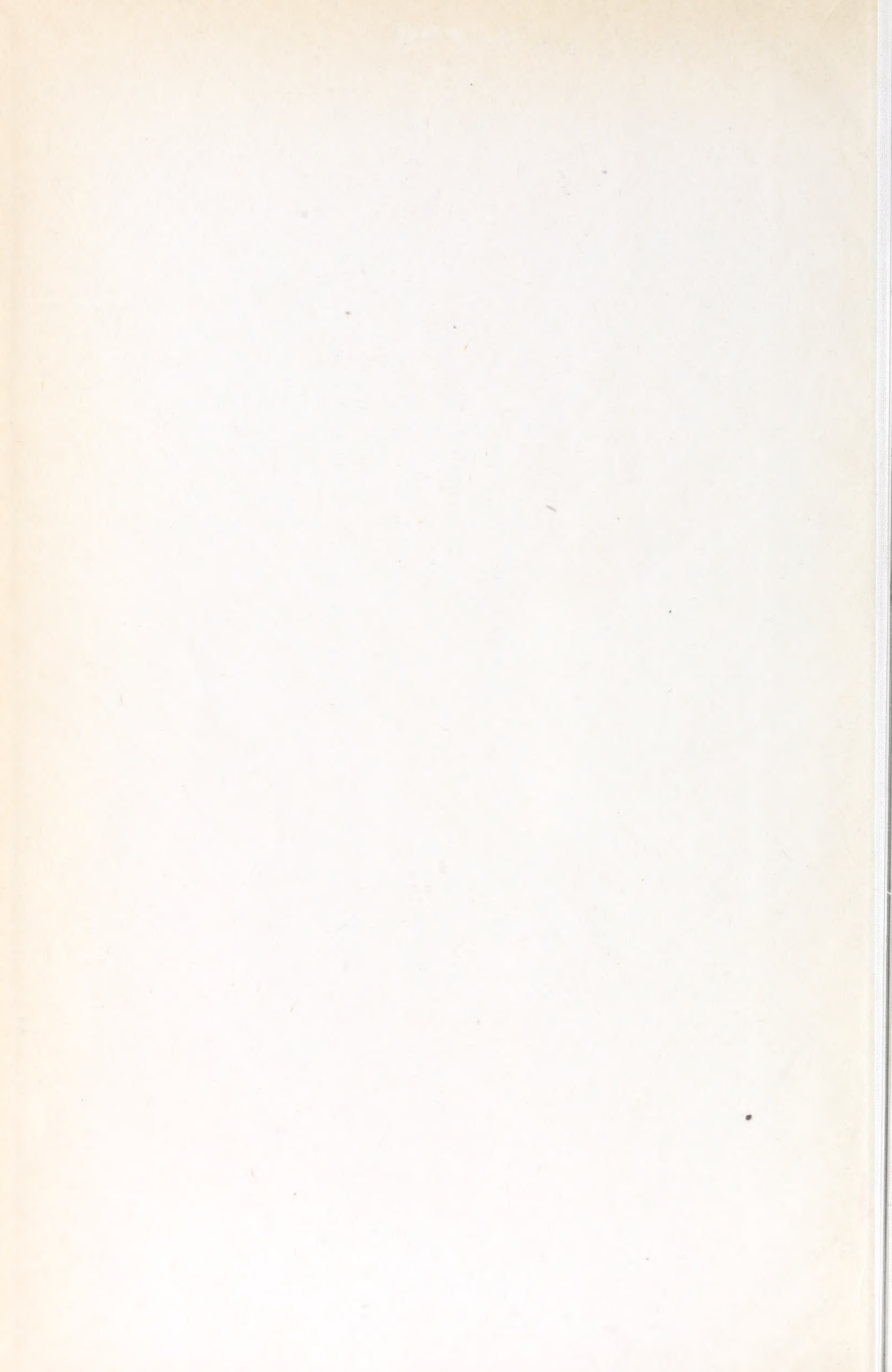




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WHO'S GETTING THE MONEY?

FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN

{Mr. Allen is the author of The Lords of Creation, a financial history, 1900-1935, and of Only Yesterday and Since Yesterday.}

THE United States is now being swept by a wave of prosperity that makes 1929 look like a ripple. Despite higher and higher taxes, despite successful bond drives, despite the fact that millions of soldiers' families are deprived of these soldiers' normal civilian earning power, despite the fact that the government has built all manner of dams and controls to keep the stream within bounds—wage ceilings, price ceilings, rationing, and other regulations innumerable—the wave roars in tremendous flood.

In practically every American city quantities of people are turned away from the hotels every evening, unable to get rooms. Restaurants in which one could always easily find a lunch table at one o'clock are now jammed with guests. So many Florida vacationists were unable to get train reservations home last winter that special day-coach trains had to be

added to take them north. One hears constantly such tales of lush spending as that of the mink-coated woman who dropped in at a fur store and ordered a duplicate of the coat she was wearing "because she didn't know how well it would last." The market in antiques is booming, and by last fall retail sales of jewelry, the country over, were up 236 per cent over the 1935-39 average. The pari-mutuel machines are taking in record sums at the race tracks. An Iowa high school principal reports that purses reported lost by students used to contain only a dollar or two; now the average is ten dollars. The proprietor of a music store reports that he is selling every grand piano, new or old, that he can lay his hands on; people peel \$600 or \$800 or \$1,000 off rolls of bills to pay for them.

Stores like Saks-34th Street in New York, whose clientele in the past has not

been precisely patrician, now advertise alligator handbags at \$49.50; and there are other signs that the affluence reaches almost every economic level. In such former centers of depression as the mill towns of Maine and New Hampshire, visitors now note houses shining with fresh paint, fences in good repair, lawns and gardens neat; on Broadway, theatrical producers remark that "the gallery has moved downstairs"; an officer of one of the most fashionable men's clothing stores in the country says that, for the first time in his long years there, they are serving necktieless customers; and on a suburban railroad station platform, a friend of mine recently heard a twenty-year-old girl clerk remark plaintively, "Why, I haven't had a raise in two months!"

But as to who is getting most of the money and what this prosperity means there is fierce argument. Says the CIO in its *Economic Outlook* for March, 1944, "Such huge fortunes were amassed during the last war that the American people agreed similar profiteering must never be repeated. But profits have risen higher than ever before and are still rising, aided by the freezing of wage rates. The increase is out of all proportion either to capital invested or to the income of wage earners." Says the newspaper *PM*, in an article illustrated with pictures of huge piles of coins suggesting the fatness of 1943 profits, "When this war started, President Roosevelt promised that a new crop of war millionaires would not be permitted. He tried to carry out that pledge. But his tax proposals were slashed to pieces in Congress. The result is that it is happening again, even though most newspapers don't mention the subject." By contrast the National City Bank issues statistics to show that large corporations with war orders are actually making smaller profits (after taxes of course) than before the war, and are paying smaller dividends; Thomas W. Lamont of J. P. Morgan & Company, writing in the *Saturday Review of Literature*, argued last summer that "many of our industrial concerns under present tax legislation, far from cashing in on the war, are more likely to be depleting dangerously the corporate reserves they will surely need to meet the task of reconver-

sion . . ."; Francis A. Callery, vice president of Consolidated-Vultee Aircraft Corporation, has claimed that "the stockholders of all companies in the aircraft industry would be far better off if their business had not expanded to these war-time fantastic levels"; and almost any man of means will inform you that it is Labor, not Capital, that is getting the real ride on the prosperity wave.

Well, who is right? Who is getting the best money, and what is being done with it? What will be the verdict of history on this strange war boom of ours?

This article is an attempt to assess the evidence and reach a fair judgment.

FIRST let us take a glance at the prodigious size of the boom. According to figures compiled by the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, our national income in 1939—five years ago—was 70.8 billion dollars. In 1940, as the "defense" boom got under way, it rose to 77.8 billions. In 1941, the year of increasing tension which ended with Pearl Harbor, it took another jump to 95.6 billions; already it had broken the 1929 record. Then in 1942, as American industry was converted to all-out war production, it went still higher, to 119.8 billions. At this writing no official total for 1943 has been announced, but the chances are that it will prove to be not far from the amazing figure of 146.1 billions which the Bureau gave out last summer as a preliminary estimate based on the way things were going during the second quarter of the year. (For the purposes of this article I propose to use those early 1943 estimates, not only for the total of national income but also for its component parts; they are statistically pretty sketchy but they serve to suggest the general shape of things.)

From 70.8 billions to 146.1 billions in the space of four years, a gain in the national income of 106 per cent: this is an altogether fabulous increase.

NOW let us see where it comes from, in terms of sheer quantity. The answer is that nearly three-quarters of the increase—no less than 55.1 billions out of a total gain of 75.3 billions—comes from

"compensation of employees," made up of "salaries, wages, and supplements." If we remind ourselves that this category includes the \$100,000 salary of the chairman of the board as well as the \$1,000 wages of the lowliest employee; that it includes farm-hands as well as factory workers and clerks; that the money thus paid out is divided among more people than it was in 1939; that some of it represents overtime work; that a lot of it is dissipated in the extra expenses of living in war-boom towns, and all of it is partially eaten up by a generally increased price level; and that millions of men and women with frozen salaries and wages have received little or nothing of the increase—if we bear all these qualifications in mind, then we are ready for our first incontrovertible finding. *In quantity, the lion's share of the new prosperity is made up of gains by salary-earners and wage-earners.*

This does not mean that the employees' share has been increasing at the fastest rate. Measuring the rates of gain in the various components of the national income, we find that income from dividends has made only a trifling advance since 1939, and that income from interest and rents has done not very much better, with an increase of about 28 per cent; these have not been very fat years for people retired on savings in the form of stocks, bonds, and real estate. A faster gain has been made by little business men and professional people: though many of them have been hard hit, others have done so well that this group as a whole shows an increase of some 59 per cent. Corporation profits—whether or not paid out in dividends—have taken a much bigger jump of some 107 per cent; we shall come back to them later for closer examination. Then come the employees: their gain, which as we have seen represents such a huge total, has been at the rate of 115 per cent. But the group which has been moving ahead the fastest has been the farm owners (most of whom were none too well off in 1939); since then their cash income has increased at the prodigious rate of about 216 per cent, and this gain has been divided, not among more people—as was the employees' gain—but actually among fewer people. To farm

owners as a class the high prices of wartime have been very kind indeed.

The quantity of money involved in the gains of these other groups has, however, been small compared with that involved in the gain in salaries and wages. Corporation profits, for example, rising in four years from 4.3 billions to 8.7 billions, have contributed a mere 4.4 billions of gain. Farm owners' profits, rising from 4.3 billions to 13.6 billions, have contributed a mere 9.2 billions. Small stuff, this, compared with the 55.1 billions contributed by rising salaries and wages. In other words, most of the new money handed across store counters, shoved through ticket windows, and rung up in cash registers comes out of the pockets of employees—executives, technical experts, workers skilled and unskilled, clerks. It is ironical to reflect that year after year during the lamented nineteen-thirties the New Deal tried to prime the economic pump in order to distribute purchasing power widely; whereas today, while a Niagara of war orders pours down on the pump, the Administration which used to call itself the New Deal is struggling to keep within bounds a flood of prosperity which results from purchasing power very widely distributed indeed.

WE CAN be a little more explicit about what people are participating in the employees' large gain. As already noted, quantities of them, pinched by frozen salaries and wages, have got in on very little of it. But as men and women have shopped about for higher pay, and new jobs have offered premiums to attract them, and employers—with one eye on the War Labor Board—have "reclassified" their staffs, the general increase which began before wage-freezing has continued until, as the CIO's *Economic Outlook* admits, the average American employee "in all private non-farm industries" is earning (before taxes) 61 per cent more annually than he did in 1935-9. (Remember that this average employee may have been out of work and earning little or nothing during part of that base period.) As might be expected, the advance has been sharper in the war industries than elsewhere: in 1943 the average annual

wage in the war industries, including unskilled as well as skilled labor, had reached \$2,619—a shade over fifty dollars a week. And it has been sharper among the skilled than among the unskilled.

Or let us look at the picture another way. A year after Pearl Harbor, investigators for a survey conducted by Crossley Incorporated for the Magazine Audience Group (issued by *Life*) studied the cash incomes reported by families in various economic classes, arranged not according to their cash income but according to their status in the community. In Class A they included the families of top executives, well-to-do merchants, professional men, prosperous farmers, etc. Class B was the upper middle class locally—smaller successful merchants, junior executives, high-grade white-collar workers, a few highly skilled manual workers. Class C was the great American middle class—mostly white-collar workers and skilled manual workers. On the D level were the great mass of worker families. In Class E were those who “lack many of the necessities of life”—the really poverty-stricken—mostly unskilled workers, dirt farmers, those on relief or unemployed.

In every one of these five classes more people were found to be better off (in terms of cash income) than worse off since Pearl Harbor; but the two classes in which the highest proportion of families reported gains were C and D, the great middle class and the great worker class. Here are the figures:

*Per cent of families reporting gains
since Pearl Harbor*

In Class A.....	34.4
B.....	35.8
C.....	44
D.....	43.3
E.....	34

As to actual family incomes, these investigators found that the number of families reporting less than \$2,000 a year had dwindled with rising prosperity; that the number reporting more than \$5,000 had increased only a little (7.4 per cent); but that the number in the \$2,000–\$3,000 bracket had increased by as much as 14 per cent and the number in the \$3,000–\$5,000 bracket had made the conspicuous gain of 24.8 per cent. Study-

ing in detail those Crossley figures—which have not, I understand, been invalidated by subsequent studies—one concludes that *the typical beneficiary of our present war-time prosperity is a middle-class or skilled-worker family, probably in war work, that was making something like two thousand dollars a year before Pearl Harbor and now is making something like three or four thousand.*

II

BUT what about corporation profits? In quantity their gain may be only a drop in the bucket compared with the gain in salaries and wages, but socially, politically, and morally it is a matter of acute concern. Few Americans want the war to entrench our big and powerful corporations financially or to enable any man to coin a fortune, no matter how unimportant that fortune may be in a statistical total. No wonder, then, that it is on this subject of profits that the debate is most intense.

It is here, too, that one must walk most warily among the statistics. In the first place, all sorts of people assemble them, using different sets of figures. For example, the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce—whose figures on the national income we have been following in this article—adds to corporate profits some items which the Treasury permits to be charged off. Furthermore, a corporation’s annual report is no longer the last word on its earnings; a year later the renegotiators may have reduced them—after they have been used in many a supposedly authoritative compilation. In the second place, most overall compilations contain a lot of guesswork politely known as “extrapolation”; the statistician gets hold, let us say, of the figures for a small group of companies and infers that what held true for them held true for all.

And in the third place, statistics are often assembled for a purpose. After one has prowled round the statistical garden long enough to recognize the flowers, it is illuminating to see how the apologists for business and the apologists for labor each select a blossom here and there and emerge with contrasting nosegays. If you want to make a company’s earnings

look gigantic, compare them with what it made during the depression; if you want to make them look small, compare them with what it made in 1941, which was technically prewar but included a lot of war work not subject to later renegotiation. If you wish to view with alarm a company with a small amount of invested capital—like Douglas Aircraft—which has grown enormously with the aid of government funds, you say that in 1942 it earned nearly 20 per cent *on its invested capital*; if you wish to make it look decorous, you say that it earned only 1.7 per cent *on its sales*; both statements are true. And so on. The generalizations which follow are as fair as I can make them.

FIRST. Our very biggest corporations, which were prosperous before the war, are on the average showing today earnings no larger than in prewar days, if as large, and on the average are paying somewhat smaller dividends. Presumably their war contracts are drawn up by especially watchful negotiators; and their officers, having acquired during the nineteen-thirties an acute awareness of public scrutiny, and preferring not to arouse future public disapproval, are content to keep their earnings moderate. If these monsters of the American corporate scene are entrenching themselves during the war, it is by using their big war orders and their great resources to jockey themselves into better competitive positions and fortify themselves against the war's end; it is not by showing big earnings relatively. To look upon them as millionaire-makers is less realistic, today, than to look upon them as centers of expanding influence and power: influence on Executive policy, on Congress, and on the press, and power which if not scrupulously used and carefully watched can choke off competition.

As for their dividends, the contrast with 1918 is in some cases very sharp. U. S. Steel, for instance, paid \$16 per share in 1918, \$4 per share in 1943. Bethlehem Steel paid in 1918 the equivalent of a \$30 per share dividend; in 1943 it paid \$6. Du Pont paid during the years 1915-18 the equivalent of a total of 458 per cent on the par value of the original common stock; in 1943 it paid \$4.25 per

common share. Times have changed!

In a recent Truman Committee report there was a table of the 1942 earnings, and also the 1936-39 earnings, before and after taxes, of the one hundred corporations which had had the biggest war orders. The companies were unidentified. I picked out the ten companies in the list which had made the most money (after taxes) in 1936-39 and compared these amounts with the amounts they had made in 1942 (after taxes and renegotiation). On the average the war earnings were smaller. Then I picked out the ten companies with the next largest 1936-39 earnings; the results were mixed but on the average the 1942 earnings were bigger. With most of the remaining eighty companies on the list the 1942 earnings were *much* bigger. Those ten largest prewar earners were something of a special phenomenon. After the federal government gets through with them, the Very Big Boys are not making undue money out of the war.

SECOND. The general run of companies with considerable war orders are making profits which look huge in comparison with 1936-39, even after heavy taxes and renegotiation refunds, but are not as a rule paying out these earnings in unusual dividends. They are using most of the money they make to help finance their current outsized operations.

THIRD. Phenomenal war profits—compared with previous earnings—are being rolled up by many companies which were small before 1940, were operating then with a minimum of capital, and were making tiny profits or even losing money, but which now have swollen to great size with the aid of V-loans or government-built facilities. The Truman Committee cites, for instance, "a New York aircraft corporation" which in 1936-39 had made, after taxes, an average annual sum of only \$32,493, which is very small change in the industrial world. In 1942, producing hellbent for the war, it made the almost incredible before-tax sum of over twenty-three million dollars; taxes smashed this down to about five and a half millions and renegotiation pushed

it down still further to three million eight hundred thousand—but even that amount was well over a hundred times bigger than the company had earned in the days before 1940!

On March 7th the Securities and Exchange Commission released a study of war-industry profits which showed that six companies had reported profits in 1942 of more than 100 per cent on their invested capital. The report was designed “as a basis for renegotiation of war contracts,” so presumably these are not final scores; but here are the six companies anyhow.

Company	Percentage of profit on invested capital	
	Before taxes	After taxes
Jacobs Aircraft Engine Company	679.2	175.2
Beech Aircraft Corporation	563.1	153
Bellanca Aircraft Corporation	200.8	143.7
Parker Alliance Company	255.5	121.8
Consolidated Aircraft Corporation	578.3	117
Elastic Stop Nut Corporation of America	515.6	133.3

Now you will note that these concerns are not among those which in 1929 used to be worshipfully called “the aristocrats of American industry.” They are not the Big Boys of the nineteen-thirties. They are Little Boys Grown Big. Only two of them—Beech and Consolidated (now combined with Vultee) are listed on the New York Stock Exchange. (Bellanca is traded on the Curb.) And as I write this, in April, Beech shares are quoted at the less-than-phenomenal price of 85½, as against a 1939 range of between 3¾ and 11½; Consolidated-Vultee is quoted at 135½, as against a 1939 equivalent (after revision for changes in capitalization) of approximately 7¾ to 16¾; Bellanca is quoted at only 35½, as against a 1939 range of 4½ to 10¾. Either Wall Street is uncommonly hard of hearing these days or the boys downtown have made up their minds that, despite the lush profit-rates cited by the SEC, shares in these companies offer no easy highway to wealth.

The whole truth about high earnings such as these it would take a battery of accountants and the wisdom of Solomon to determine—and in dealing with some companies a lie detector might come in

handy. The task of the government boards who have to “renegotiate” their contracts—revise them after the work has been finished and the profits have been accumulated (often long after the profits have been announced to stockholders)—is not easy. For these renegotiation boards must act, as far as possible, on some consistent principle, and this raises tough problems of policy.

If the government places a large order for materials which involve new processes and a company new to the work, how shall the price be determined in the first place? If it is set on a cost-plus-percentage basis there is no inducement toward economy; in fact there will be every temptation to pad costs, for the more you spend, the more you make. The temptation is neatly illustrated by an anecdote which Leonard Lyons attributes to Morton Downey. Three men lunched sumptuously at a Washington hotel, and the check came to \$30. All three grabbed for it. Said the first, “Let me pay. I’m in the 53-per-cent tax bracket and so the government will be paying almost half of it.” Said the second, “No, let me pay. I have war contracts and am in the 90-per-cent tax bracket, so the government will be paying almost all of it.” But the third said, “Here, give it to me. I’m manufacturing war materials on a cost-plus basis and I’ll make \$3 on it.”

But suppose the price is set on an estimate as to what the expense will be? If the company is able to speed up production unexpectedly—to build, let us say, three machines a day instead of two—its profit may soon mount sky high, and even after taxes have devoured most of it, it may still be very big. Some manufacturers—like United Aircraft, especially praised by the Truman Committee for its behavior—go running to Washington of their own accord to return part of their profits. But suppose others don’t?

It is easy to say that every profit should be scaled down to a bare minimum, but if this is done the government is virtually setting up a cost-plus-percentage system on an *ex post facto* basis; no advantage has been given to the efficient over the inefficient. And after all, there is enough life left in the profit motive, even in the face of

excess-profits taxes and the prospect of renegotiation, to make it useful as an incentive. If the government has been wise—as I believe it has—to let war workers get higher wages than other people on the ground that these will help redistribute our manpower where it is most needed with a minimum of mandatory legislation and patriotic exhortation, it is also wise to offer *some* financial reward to those companies which produce rapidly and at low cost. The profit motive may not be wholly attractive, but it is a part of human nature and if it will help us win the war we might as well employ it. Obviously what one wants is to reward the most effective producers with some profit gain but not too much. But this, again, is easier said than done. Suppose a given machine is being made simultaneously by three companies, and if the same price is set for each of them, one loses money, one makes a small profit, and the third, working more economically, rolls up a huge profit. Shall the renegotiation boards set uniform prices for all three, or at least partly penalize the able producer for his efficiency?

The Truman Committee, noting that renegotiators have tried to provide some reward for efficiency, confesses that this has permitted in some cases "excessive" profits and clearly views these with alarm. But it adds, "The Committee must not be understood as blaming these corporations in any way for doing the jobs they have done in order to earn these excessive profits. We do not charge them with any impropriety nor do we say that there is anything scandalous in the fact that such profits were earned." And there it leaves the matter, proposing no solution but continued careful renegotiation. We too might as well leave it there. Some of these profits are probably indefensible on any count; others are apparently necessary to enable the companies in question to operate at their present high volume without running short of funds; and in any case there is not much chance—if the company's figures are honest—that officers or stockholders will make so much money that, after they have paid their own personal income taxes, they will benefit scandalously. But the mere existence

of such profits calls for incessant vigilance on the part of the renegotiators for the government.

(I have said, "If the company's figures are honest." We shall come back to that a little later.)

FOURTH. Many of the companies which have profited most by the war are to be found, not among those which are mainly working directly for the government, but among those which serve the war effort only indirectly (as subcontractors or suppliers of materials) or to a minor extent (filling some war orders while continuing their usual peacetime business), or which have no war orders at all but simply gain by meeting an intensified demand for their goods. Here are some of the chief gainers:

1. Industries which exploit natural resources, such as crude-oil producers (but not refiners and certainly not retailers) and producers of natural gas, coal, metals, clays, and lumber. The demand for their products is great and many of them have had the advantage of "depletion allowances" in making out their taxes. If the war produces any millionaires, the chances are that they will be men who belong in this group and who have found some way of escaping the full weight of federal taxes.

2. Industries which produce goods for the consuming public, and have not been crippled by priorities or other war regulations, and reap an advantage from the general prosperity. In this category are, for example, bakers; producers of vitamins; the movies, the theaters, and other amusement industries; publishers of newspapers, books, and magazines, who are not hurt so much by paper rationing as they are helped by increased advertising and enlarged sales; readily accessible hotels, restaurants, and bars, which because of rationing have gained at the expense of tourist camps, roadside taverns, and grocers.

3. Industries which had a large excess capacity before the war and are now busy at last—and incidentally, get off comparatively easily with the Internal Revenue Bureau because their invested capital is large—such as the railroads and the railroad equipment companies (though in many cases they entered the war so badly

off that the best they can do is to win their way back to a meager solvency).

Against these groups of gainers must be set other businesses which the war has hurt badly, such as automobile dealers; practically all roadside businesses; service industries like laundries and dry-cleaners which had a low wage-scale and now can't hold their employees; and small manufacturers who cannot get materials and have not been able to shift to war production.

Here one more generalization may be ventured. Capital, in the traditional sense, is not profiting unduly by the war. We have already noted that the total of dividends has increased but little. We have noted also the curiously low prices of the shares of a few concerns which showed, on paper, fabulous profits. Beyond these facts we need only observe the massive calm of the security markets. Prices edge up and edge down, but at this writing there has been no sign whatever of a boom in stocks. To be sure, the price level is probably somewhat depressed by sales made in order to pay taxes; but if any considerable number of people thought there was gold in them thar hills, the boom would come. No, the place to look for wartime money-makers is not among the holders of listed shares of stock.

III

AT THIS point we must leave statistics behind us and move into an uncharted area where we shall depend upon observation, inference, and hunch. Here is the thesis that they lead me to. Strait-jacketed by excess-profits taxes, renegotiation, high income taxes, and innumerable wartime regulations, our economic system leaks at the seams; and the money that oozes out of it does so in ways that do not always appear in the official statistics, for the very good reason that some of them are hidden or disguised from the prying eyes of the Internal Revenue Bureau, the War Labor Board, and the OPA. I venture the prediction that *the economic scandals of our war prosperity will be found, by and large, not in company dividends and not even in company profits, but in company expenditures and in tax-cheating.*

To be more specific, here are five of the

chief probable sources of the most extravagant spending which characterizes the war boom:

1. Company expense accounts and entertainment accounts.

2. Payments to individuals—officers or employees or clients or friends of the company—which appear on the books as something else in order to dodge War Labor Board regulations or other hindrances.

3. Petty graft on an unprecedented scale in the sale of hotel and railroad accommodations and entertainment luxuries—most of which graft is probably based on the spending under item No. 1.

4. Transactions in currency for tax-cheating purposes.

5. And, of course, black-market operations small and large.

First let me set the background for my inferences. To innumerable business men these years of war have brought a strange experience. The money from increased sales rolls into their hands in torrents—and rolls out again into the Federal Treasury. Their big problem is no longer how to sell their goods; it is what to do about their taxes. They know their profits will be under strict scrutiny anyhow; most of them are bright enough to know that if they are to escape the future wrath of the public they had better not let their company's dividends or anybody's ostensible salaries or fees jump unduly, even if taxes and salary-freezing rulings permit. But as the money slips through their fingers there is an overwhelming impulse to use it where it will do the most good. This impulse takes many forms. It can laudably provide the wage-frozen employees of the company with future benefits, through pension plans and deferred-profit-sharing plans, payments to which are tax-deductible. It can defensibly maintain good will for the company through advertising. It can less defensibly maintain "contacts" through the entertainment of clients and future customers. And it can indefensibly provide favors for the heads of the company and their friends in indirect ways and give them a high old time.

Some of these companies are working on a cost-plus basis and can include the less laudable expenditures among their "costs." Others simply know that if they

don't spend the money the government will get it anyhow in taxes. So it is spent, with a wonderfully free hand.

The temptation to tap the corporate funds in the less laudable ways has a personal basis too. Our personal income-tax rate is now so high that Ralph Robey has figured in *Newsweek* that a married man, without dependents, who owns no tax-exempt securities and has no long-term capital gains, cannot honestly make a net income after taxes of over \$24,815 if he lives in New York State, \$25,082 if he lives in Illinois, or \$25,565 if he lives in California. But one can live very luxuriously without a very big personal income if somebody else pays. It used to be said of Hitler that he drew no salary but could live as he pleased because the state paid to gratify his every whim. The same could be said of some corporation executives and their friends today.

One hears of huge banquets given at our leading hotels at staggering expense for food, drink, decorations, and entertainment. In one case every feminine guest was presented with a \$10 purple orchid or a \$25 white orchid; in another, the bill for *entertainers alone* was \$700. A leading hotel man in one of our largest cities tells me that the amount of money spent for liquor on his premises is beyond his wildest imaginings of a few years ago. "The sky is the limit," he says. Where the money comes from is obvious: "It's on the company"—"The government's paying for it." One hears of corporations purchasing hotel and Pullman accommodations which are used by the executives if needed and otherwise simply remain unoccupied—"With the tax situation what it is, the government's paying for them." One hears of a corporation—not in the liquor business—keeping on hand several hundred cases of liquor for entertainment purposes. Just how much of the cash that flows nowadays in our hotels and night clubs, in Florida resorts, and in fees to ticket scalpers comes out of corporate entertainment funds (however disguised on the books) it is impossible to say, but the proportion is probably large.

Significant, too, is a sharp increase in large currency transactions. On the last

day of February, 1944, the amount of United States currency in circulation was nearly twenty billion dollars—a little over three times as great as it had been on the corresponding date in 1939, five years earlier. The number of \$10 bills in circulation had more than tripled during those five years. The number of \$20 bills had more than quadrupled. The number of \$50 and \$100 bills had each almost quadrupled. Much of this strange increase is probably to be accounted for by the sudden relative prosperity of workmen who are unused to banks or distrustful of them and therefore carry their cash balances in their pockets rather than in checking accounts. Some of it is presumably due to foreign hoarding of American currency. But do these things explain all of it?

A leading New York department store reports that in 1939 its cash sales constituted 31 per cent of its intake, the rest being charge-account sales; now the figure has risen to 40 per cent. Part of this change, says the head of the store, may be caused by the government regulation of charge accounts, which annoys some customers; but he guesses that some of it is due to tax-cheating. When a woman walks into the store, calmly plunks down \$4,000 in bills, and walks out with a mink coat, is it not possible that the Internal Revenue Bureau isn't getting the full story of her income? And such episodes happen every day. Recently, according to a friend of ours, a man came into a fashionable New York jewelry store to look at bracelets. He picked out a \$16,000 one and, when asked where he wanted it sent, said, "Nowhere. I'll take it with me"—and counted out sixteen \$1,000 bills from a roll in his pocket. That being about two-thirds of the maximum annual income obtainable according to Mr. Robey's figures, one is reminded of the old saying that the income tax is a tax on honesty.

IV

I do not contend that such transactions, gaudy though they are, bulk very large in the overall national economic income picture. It is more likely that they are the froth on a brew of quite a different nature.

In the early days of the war boom it was reported from one center of "defense industry" after another that the new high wages being earned weren't being spent on silk shirts as in 1918 or on any other visible 1940 equivalent. The local merchants were experiencing no perceptible boom in sales. What was happening was that the wage-earners were paying off their debts, repairing their houses, catching up with their family needs in medical and dental service, and otherwise climbing out of the pit of depression and acquiring a solid solvency. Within the past year or two the scene has considerably changed, yet it has not changed completely. Patriotism, economic foresight, and the pressure of government regulations have combined to bring about, in the country as a whole, a remarkable volume of saving.

The SEC estimates that during 1943, after paying their taxes, the American people as individuals *saved 37.7 billion dollars*. Of this total amount they added 15.8 billions to their bank deposits and their currency (in the pocket or the sock or the little jug on the mantelpiece). They bought government bonds to the tune of 13.8 billions. And they also put money, in smaller amounts, into insurance, savings and loan associations, and the payment of debt, mostly installment debt. (The remarkable thing about the installment-debt item was that it was much smaller in 1943 than in 1942, for the simple reason that nearly all the installment debt in the country had already been paid off by the spring of 1943!)

Last summer a friend of mine fell into conversation with the old lady who ran a drug store in a New England mill town. She had taken the job over from her son when he went into the Army. She said that in 1939 this son had invested in an expensive ice-cream-freezing unit. She and her husband had bitterly opposed the purchase, for the store was already heavily mortgaged and they didn't see how he could ever meet the payments. But for two or three years now the mill across the

road had been running full blast and their drug store business had been humming. They had made the last payment on the freezer, they had paid off the mortgage and all their other debts, and they had laid away enough money "to weather the post-war depression," as the old lady put it. "And we're getting all the business in town because none of the other stores can get any ice cream, but we can make our own."

All over the country that sort of thing is being done in one way or another by millions of people. This partly accounts, I suppose, for the fact that the cost of living, after chasing the rising national income uphill until early in 1943, has now leveled out. For the time being, price-inflation has been halted. The dams built by the OPA, the War Labor Board, and the Treasury to keep incomes and prices within bounds have been broken at innumerable points but have not quite given way utterly; and one reason is that the total amount of money spent on goods and services has only slightly exceeded the amount of goods and services available at going prices—for the simple reason that the general public has been content to save money at an unprecedented rate, thus filling with war-bond purchases and other savings the so-called "inflationary gap."

THAT is the obverse of the coin of our national war boom. The great bulk of the new money is going into the hands of people who haven't had a great deal until now, and in the mass they are using their new prosperity shrewdly and far-sightedly. But the coin has its reverse side: a wildly extravagant orgy of spending, based not so much upon company profits—which though in some cases very big are under incessant scrutiny—as upon tax-avoidance: an orgy limited in extent and perhaps in national significance, but nevertheless not wholly agreeable to contemplate at a time when men are dying for America on the battlefield.

{ *Edward Brecher was formerly research supervisor of the Senate Railroad Investigation. In this article he and his wife analyze the findings of a series of I.C.C. accident reports.* }

THESE RAILROAD WRECKS

RUTH AND EDWARD BRECHER



AT LEAST 151 people were killed and 316 injured in the wrecks last year of the Pennsylvania Railroad's crack Congressional Limited and the Atlantic Coast Line's Tamiami Champion. Those were the worst wrecks of 1943—in fact, two of the greatest disasters in American railroad history—but they were not the only ones by any means. Eighty-nine other railroad accidents during the year were investigated and reported on by the Interstate Commerce Commission.

Why did these wrecks occur?

Were they, as many people take for granted, the result of special wartime conditions? It is generally acknowledged that the railroads have done a good job of moving an unprecedented volume of war traffic under great difficulties. If the wrecks were the result of this great effort, there would be nothing more to say. The accident reports of the I.C.C., however, do not support such a view. With few exceptions, recent wrecks have been caused by precisely the same factors which have caused wrecks in normal years and even in depression years when rail traffic was at a minimum.

The fact is that the bulk of all train wrecks are caused by the too-frequent absence of those long-available and long-approved safety devices which—where present—contribute much to the railroads' excellent overall safety record. Such devices as the block system, automatic block

signals, interlockings, automatic train control, and improved power brakes have played a major role in making our railroads safe; and it is the lack of these very devices on some tracks and some trains which causes most rail wrecks.

The evidence for these conclusions can best be found in a consideration of the accidents themselves.

II

ON THE afternoon of April 27, 1943, a northbound Burlington train, Passenger No. 122, was proceeding from Wedron toward Montgomery, Illinois, far behind its timetable schedule. Simultaneously another Burlington train, Work Extra 4962, was moving in the opposite direction on the same single track. The sky was clear; the sun had not yet set.

To prevent head-on collisions, that stretch of the Burlington was operated by what is called the "timetable and train-order system." The engineer of Work Extra 4962 had a timetable from which he could deduce where each train on the track ahead *should* be at any given moment. But trains, as is well known, are sometimes off schedule, and "extra" trains are run without timetable authorization at all. Train crews are notified of such irregularities by means of "train orders." At Montgomery, accordingly, the engineer of Work Extra 4962 had

slowed down to ten miles an hour passing the signal tower, and the fireman had reached out of the engine cab and grabbed a batch of train orders suspended there by a cord.

Then, while the distance between Work Extra 4962 and the approaching passenger train diminished with sickening rapidity, the harried engineer of the work extra pursued a course which was dramatically to illustrate the folly of operating trains by timetable and train order, and to cost five lives.

First the engineer had to extricate the train orders from the string which held them—and that took time. He interrupted the process to blow the whistle for a highway crossing. Next he unfolded the orders and checked to make sure that all four of them, as specified on his clearance card, were there and bore the right numbers. Then he began to read them—interrupting his reading three times to whistle for approaching curves.

The conductor also had copies of the train orders, and in due course he reached and read the fourth one: "No. 122 one hour and 20 mins. late Wedron to Montgomery." Thereupon he went through a process of mental arithmetic upon which the safety of trains all too frequently depends. By adding the hour and twenty minutes specified on the train order to the schedule for Passenger No. 122 shown on the timetable, and then comparing the total with the time shown on his watch, the conductor figured that Passenger No. 122 was at that moment dead ahead on the single track.

"Realizing that his train was occupying the main track on the time of an opposing superior train," comments the wry I.C.C. report, "he started toward the emergency valve, but before he could take action, the accident occurred." One passenger, the engineer, the baggageman, and two mail clerks on Passenger No. 122 were killed; the engineer and conductor of Work Extra 4962, along with 11 others, were injured.

That Burlington collision was unusual only in the detail which caused the timetable and train-order system to fail. In the accident on the Wheeling & Lake Erie before dawn on New Year's Day, 1943, the engineer obeyed one portion of a train

order but neglected a second portion; the conductor had misplaced his copy of the crucial piece of paper and was vainly trying to find it when the locomotive rammed another, killing 3 and injuring 12. In the Seaboard Air Line wreck of June 1, 1943, a train order was addressed to one of two trains which were approaching each other head-on but not to the other; 3 were killed and 3 injured. In the Soo Line wreck of September 18, 1943, two copies were made of a train order, but a vital fact was somehow omitted from one of the copies; in the resulting collision 8 passengers, 2 mail clerks, and 7 of the crew were injured. In all, at least 19 collisions between trains during 1943 can be blamed on the fact that railroads still rely so much on the timetable and train-order system of operation.

FOR there is a better system, and it has been available for more than a century—since 1842, to be exact. It is known as the "block system," and originated as a way of maintaining an interval of space between trains by the use of signals and the telegraph. Each rail route is divided into blocks, or sections, of track guarded by signals, and no two passenger trains are authorized to occupy the same block at the same time. Thus, if two trains are approaching head-on along a single track, each is required to stop at the boundary of the block which the other occupies. Similarly, if a train for any reason slows down or stops, a following train on the same track must stop at the entrance to the already occupied block or, if freights only are involved, proceed with the utmost caution.

The value of such blocking has for generations been universally recognized. Sixty-five years ago Charles Francis Adams, Jr., president of the Union Pacific, wrote:

The simple fact is that to now operate single-track roads without the constant aid of the telegraph, as a means of *blocking* them for every irregular train, indicates a degree of wanton carelessness, or an excess of incompetence, for which adequate provision should be made in the criminal law.

As early as 1903 the Interstate Commerce Commission, then a comparatively

young and crusading agency, urged the passage of a law prohibiting the operation of passenger trains on tracks not protected by a block system. In 1920, Congress gave the Commission power to require installation of a block system or any other device required to prevent "unnecessary hazard to life or limb." And as recently as 1943 the Commission reiterated its belief that the block system remains "the best method known for preventing collisions between trains." Yet today, more than a hundred years after the block system was originated, passenger trains are still operated—many of them at high speeds—on *more than 50,000 miles of road unprotected by this primitive and elementary precaution.* And lack of an adequate block system continues to cause more collisions between trains than any other single factor.

III

THE block system, while essential to rail safety, is not by itself a cure-all. When manually operated, it is subject to human error; manual block signals may be improperly set, or authorization to enter an already occupied block incorrectly given. To minimize such human slips, the "automatic block signal" was developed during the 1870's.

The automatic block signal is operated by maintaining an electric circuit through each block of track. This track circuit is coupled to the signals guarding the boundaries of the block in such a way that if the circuit is shunted by the presence of a train on the track, or is interrupted by a broken rail or open switch, or is impaired by a defect of the apparatus itself, the signals guarding entry to the block say "Stop." During more than 70 years, automatic block signals guarding many heavily traveled rail routes have forestalled countless catastrophes. Yet lack of such signals elsewhere continues to cause disasters.

Two wrecks on the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe last year illustrate the problem. Approximately half of the Santa Fe's roadbed was equipped with automatic block signals; the rest—including a short stretch of track on the route between Albuquerque and Gallup, New Mexico—was not. Thus

on the early evening of August 20, 1943, when a passenger train entered the unprotected segment, no automatic block signal warned the engineer that another passenger train stood stalled on the uncircuited track ahead. In the crash which followed, 190 passengers and 13 others were injured. Thereafter, the I.C.C. recommended that electric track circuits for an automatic block signal be installed.

But the injury of 203 persons was not enough; no action was taken by the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad Company to conform to the I.C.C. recommendation.

Four months passed. Then, in the early hours of December 18, 1943, another passenger train approached the same unguarded boundary to the same uncircuited stretch of track and crashed into another train less than a thousand feet from the site of the earlier collision. This time 3 were killed, 48 injured. And this time the I.C.C. did more than recommend; it invoked its power to compel.

But the I.C.C. order in the second Santa Fe disaster, like most recent I.C.C. safety orders, was limited to particular stretches of track on the one railroad. Other stretches of passenger road similarly unprotected by automatic block signals—*more than 100,000 miles in all*—must each under present I.C.C. policy await its own disaster, or second disaster, before the Commission does more than "recommend."

Of course not every mile of track needs automatic block signals. There are blind-end branches and other little-used stretches which can be adequately protected by other means. But a simple I.C.C. order requiring such protection on all tracks over which trains travel at speeds in excess of a stated maximum, or over which more than a stated number of trains are operated per day, would eliminate danger zones before, rather than after, people have been killed.

IV

A FEW minutes past midnight, February 17, 1943, a westbound Chicago Great Western train, Passenger No. 15, approached the advance signal guarding a siding switch about half a mile beyond.

The night was clear, and the engineer saw that the advance signal showed green—"Proceed." Farther ahead at the switching point the "home" signal also showed green. Thus doubly reassured, the engineer proceeded confidently toward the switch.

Meanwhile a Great Western freight stood on the siding just beyond the switch; its engineer and fireman waiting for Passenger No. 15 to pass on the main track. The brakeman of the freight, however, was under the mistaken impression that Passenger No. 15, instead of passing on the main track, was scheduled to enter the siding behind the freight. Accordingly, at the last minute, he threw the switch to close the main-track route and open a route onto the siding already occupied by the freight. Passenger No. 15 struck the open switch, was swerved onto the already occupied siding, and the collision immediately followed.

A simple device called a "switchlock," designed to prevent the throwing of a switch between the time an approaching train passes the advance signal and the time it clears the switch, would have prevented this accident. Said the I.C.C. in its subsequent report:

During the 12-year period prior to this accident, the Commission has investigated 13 accidents which resulted from switches being thrown immediately in front of approaching trains, similar to the accident here under discussion. These 13 accidents resulted in the death of 23 and the injury of 218 persons. . . . All the switches in question were of the hand-throw type and were located on high-speed tracks. If the switches had been equipped with electric switch-locking, these accidents would have been averted.

The I.C.C. in this case went beyond the particular switch at which the accident occurred; it recommended electric switchlocks on *all* Great Western main-track switches in high-speed territory. But it still relied on recommendation rather than compulsory order.

Accidents preventable by switchlocks have continued to occur. On April 3rd, a switch was thrown immediately in front of a train approaching the intersection of the Nickel Plate and the Wheeling & Lake Erie; 7 persons were injured. On July 17th a similar accident occurred on the Southern Railway; this time 3 were killed

and 3 injured. On October 1st, the fatal switch was thrown on the Delaware & Hudson, killing 2. On November 26th, the error recurred on the Santa Fe, injuring 49.

THE switchlock is only one species of the class of safety devices called "interlockings," which in general are designed to lock switches to signals, switches to switches, and signals to signals in such a way as to prevent them from being set in any unsafe pattern or combination. Thus, at an intersection, signals can be so interlocked that if the east-west signals show "Proceed," the north-south signals must show "Stop," and vice versa. Dozens or scores of switches and signals may be thus combined in a single interlocking.

A special type of interlocking, designed to protect railroad drawbridges, was perfected as long ago as 1879, when Adams described it:

So far as draw-bridges are concerned, the protection it affords is perfect. Not only is its interlocking apparatus so designed that the opening of the draw blocks all approach to it, but the signals are also *reciprocal*; and if through carelessness or automatic derangement any train passes the block, the draw-tender is notified at once of the fact in ample time to stop it.

Despite the fact that such protection has been available for so many years, a Norfolk Southern train managed to plunge headlong over an open drawbridge into the Albemarle & Chesapeake Canal early on the morning of March 29, 1943. Reported the I.C.C.:

The investigation of this accident disclosed that this railroad has 10 drawbridges in use. . . . One bridge is not provided with approach signals, and one bridge is not provided with any signals or signs. . . . No bridge is provided with approach locking or time locking.

Whereupon the I.C.C. recommended (but characteristically did not require) that the Norfolk Southern Railway Company (but not all railroad companies) provide "adequate protection" (further undefined) over its drawbridges.

V

BUT block systems, automatic block signals, and interlockings at their best will not prevent one frequent type of acci-

dent, well illustrated by a collision on the Southern Pacific, October 8, 1943.

Late that night a freight train was stopped near Junction City, Oregon, on the line between Portland and Eugene. A Southern Pacific passenger train was following the freight down the single track at about forty-five miles an hour. As it approached the boundary of the block in which the freight was stalled, the automatic signal guarding the block glowed red for "Stop." Did the engineer fail to see that warning command? Did the fireman, who should have been maintaining a lookout ahead, likewise fail to see it? Or if they saw it, why did they fail to heed it? The answers will never be known, for in the crash that followed both engineer and fireman were killed.

There is nothing new or experimental about the safety device which could have prevented this and other fatal accidents due to human error occurring during 1943. Even before the turn of the century inventors, alarmed by the accidents resulting from failure to heed a signal, had worked on "automatic train-stop" and "automatic train-control" devices designed to stop or slow a train automatically. By 1906 Congress, concerned at the failure of the railroads to perfect and introduce such devices, ordered the I.C.C. to investigate and report on train control, and in 1907 it appropriated funds for investigations and tests. A special board was appointed to carry on the work, and fourteen years were devoted to tests, studies, and reports. In 1922, the I.C.C. announced:

The conclusions reached as the result of the practically continuous investigations conducted from 1906 to 1920 were . . . identical in substance, namely, that automatic control of trains is practicable; that the use of automatic train-stop or train-control devices is desirable as a means of increasing safety; and that the development of automatic train-control devices had reached a stage warranting the installation and use of such devices on a more extended scale. . . .

Had the railroads taken prompt action when the block-signal and train-control board pointed the way in 1911, the art would have been far advanced today. . . .

From January 1, 1911, to March 31, 1922, we investigated 80 collisions which occurred upon automatic block-signalized lines, due directly or indirectly to the failure of enginemen to observe or to be governed by signal indications. These

accidents caused the death of 416 persons and injury to 1,837. The conclusion is inevitable that disastrous collisions will continue to occur unless and until automatic train-control devices are installed to protect against human failure.

Accordingly, the I.C.C. in 1922 directed each of the forty-nine largest railroads to install train-stop or train-control devices on one division. In 1924, it ordered the installation of similar equipment on a second division of most of these roads.

By 1928, the time had come to assess the results of these preliminary installations; the evaluation was delegated by the Commission to the late, universally respected, Commissioner Joseph B. Eastman and two other commissioners.

COMMISSIONER Eastman noted that the demand for train-control devices "grew out of the effect produced upon the public mind by . . . terrible railroad collisions"; that (the italics are ours) the development and use of such devices *"have not been the product of initiative upon the part of the carriers, but have chiefly resulted from governmental interference with their affairs, thus paralleling in many respects the history of the air-brake and the automatic coupler"*; that even the small-scale installation of train-control devices ordered by the I.C.C. was carried into effect only "after unsuccessful resistance in court"; and that the railroads themselves "no longer contended . . . that train-control devices are impracticable from the standpoint of practical and efficient railroad operation."

Each railroad objection to requiring further train-control installation Commissioner Eastman met and demolished. The railroads alleged that the cost of train-control devices was excessive; Commissioner Eastman replied that accidents, too, were expensive and that furthermore:

There seems to have been a tendency to install the most complicated, the most expensive, and often least proven devices. . . . There is at least reason to believe that this has been due to the reliance of many railroad signal officers, as the result of long custom, upon the two great signal companies which practically monopolize the railroad-signal business.

The Commissioner's opinion ended by urging the further introduction of automatic train-control devices.

But those were the days of Coolidge-Hoover conservatism, when governmental interference with private business initiative was almost universally decried. The other two commissioners outvoted Eastman. They agreed that automatic train-control devices had operated successfully, and they even published a table showing that during the three-year period 1925-1928, some 203 persons had lost their lives and 2,025 had been injured in accidents which automatic train-control would probably have prevented. Nevertheless, relying upon the arguments urged by the railroads, the two commissioners determined that no further action should be taken.

Thus today less than 8,000 out of more than 167,000 miles of passenger road in service are equipped with automatic train-stop or train-control devices.

Two other devices deserve mention. One is the "automatic cab signal," which places before the engineer and fireman a continuous visual indication of the occupied or unoccupied condition of the track ahead, and blows a whistle whenever a change in that condition is registered. Thus the engineer is relieved of reliance on wayside signals, which may be obscured by fog or sleet, and which at best afford only occasional rather than continuous information. The other development is "centralized traffic control," by which all signals and switches in a given area are centrally controlled from one signal tower.

Both of these developments proved their worth many years ago. Neither has yet been installed in more than token quantity.

VI

UNLIKE the devices described above, the use of radio for direct two-way communication with trains in motion has not yet been accepted even in principle, much less in practice, by the railroads or the I.C.C. Yet its safety potentialities are unlimited.

The fifty-mile branch of the Pennsylvania Railroad between Trenton and Phillipsburg, it is true, features instantaneous two-way voice communication to, from, and among trains in motion. Messages in this system are transmitted by

means of "carrier system" or "wired wireless"; the impulses for the most part travel along the rails or along overhead wires inductively coupled with the rails. Each locomotive and rear-end car on the branch is equipped with a transmitter and receiver, as is a wayside station near the midpoint of the branch; and any unit so equipped can freely talk with any other.

This installation elicited, prior to December 16, 1943, little interest on the part of railroad officials. It was viewed as a mere idiosyncrasy, a deviation from standard railroad practices. Then came the wreck of the two Tamiami Champions.

Last December 16th, shortly after midnight, the southbound Tamiami Champion was halted at a remote and isolated spot in North Carolina. Its last three cars were separated from the train and derailed three-quarters of a mile behind the point where the locomotive stopped. They obstructed the adjacent northward track, but in such a way as not to shunt the track circuit which controlled the automatic block signals. The nearest train on the northward track was another Champion, still some forty minutes away.

Forty minutes, it later developed, was not time enough for the traditional techniques of railroad signaling. In three separate ways they failed dismally.

First, there was a failure to inform the head-end crew of the stalled Champion that the last three cars had parted from the train and obstructed the northward track. For this task the railroad had equipped the rear flagman with a lighted lantern, which he was under instructions to wave "vertically in a circle at arm's length across the track." So, in the bitter cold and dark, the Tamiami flagman dutifully waved his little lantern and then, in strict obedience to standing railroad rules, he walked back northward to ward off any train which might approach from that direction. His puny signal was not seen by the rest of the Tamiami crew three-quarters of a mile ahead; they remained ignorant of the fact that their last three cars had been left behind and obstructed the adjacent track. So they wasted the forty minutes of grace in futile attempts to repair minor damage which the strain of the derailment had caused to the front

end of the train. A walkie-talkie radio would have enabled the flagman to inform them of the damage at the rear and thus have helped to avert catastrophe.

Second, there was a failure of communication between the train and railroad headquarters. The conductor and porter had a portable telephone, and tried to improvise a connection from it through a wire circuit which paralleled the track, but without success. The first news of the accident to reach the outside world got through much later, when a state highway police car came upon the scene and summoned assistance with its two-way mobile FM radio.

The third disastrous failure was lack of communication from train to train. Whenever a train is unexpectedly stopped, the danger arises that it will be struck by another. To prevent such collisions the railroads still use "flagging," a generic name for techniques mostly left over from stagecoach days.

To flag an approaching train, the flagman is required by railroad rules to walk for a quarter-mile or so to the rear of the stalled train to give a warning, and the fireman must similarly walk to the front. Accidents sometimes result from the mere fact that a man can't walk fast enough to head off a speeding streamliner. In the Tamiami case, the fireman charged with flagging the adjacent northward track ahead certainly embarked on his long walk along the icy roadbed with little enthusiasm; so far as he knew, the northward track was clear and hence he thought he was obeying an abstract rule rather than forestalling a present peril. He had proceeded only about a hundred feet through the blustery night when he saw the headlight of the northbound Champion, bearing down on him at eighty-five miles an hour.

To stop a train in such contingencies, railroads use "torpedoes," small explosive charges clamped to the rail and designed to explode under the engine's wheels. Sometimes the fireman has time to place the torpedo far enough ahead and sometimes he does not. In this instance, the fireman had forgotten to bring along any torpedoes.

In addition to torpedoes the railroads

use "fusees," miniature torches which flicker in the wind. The Tamiami fireman tried to light his fusee but slipped, fell, and broke it. Accordingly he was left with the feeblest makeshift of all; he waved his lighted red lantern in the path of the on-rushing train.

The northbound Champion plunged past the fireman, on into the derailed cars; 72 people were killed, 187 injured. Of the injured some subsequently died and others were maimed for life. Most of the dead were soldiers on Christmas leave.

OUT of such horrors there arises a clear duty to prevent recurrences—a duty shared by the railroads and the Interstate Commerce Commission.

"During the past several years," wrote the Chairman of the I.C.C. on February 19, 1944, "there have been a number of experimental installations of train-communication systems. . . . However, these developments have not proceeded far enough to warrant requiring the adoption of such devices to promote safety."

This view is unquestionably correct, so far as it goes, and therein lies the tragedy. Half a century after Marconi's great discovery, three decades after radio communications were made compulsory for ships at sea, and more than a decade after aeronautical radio engineers had developed a complete radio system for dispatching, informing, and safeguarding planes in the air, the railroads still use flags and lanterns; and the I.C.C. has still not laid down even the rudimentary specifications of a communications system for trains in motion.

VII

TWO of last year's fatal accidents—one on the Baltimore & Ohio and one on the Pennsylvania Railroad—were caused by an obsolete type of air brake introduced in 1905 and condemned as defective by the I.C.C. in 1924, but *still in use today on more than half of all freight cars*.

Since 1905, substantially all railroad air brakes have been manufactured by the Westinghouse Air Brake Company or by the New York Air Brake Company under Westinghouse patents. The Westinghouse 1905-type brake was a good brake

for its time, though it had at least one tragic shortcoming. Pressure in the compressed-air reservoir which operated the brake was lowered whenever the brake was applied, and the reservoir did not begin to recharge itself until *after* the brake was released. Thus after every full service application of the brake, there followed a "brakeless moment," during which the pressure was insufficient for emergency operation.

In 1918 a competing manufacturer, the Automatic Straight Air Brake Company, offered for sale, and actually installed on about two hundred railroad cars, an "A.S.A." brake without this brakeless moment; the A.S.A. reservoir recharged as soon as the brake was applied rather than after it was released. Despite this manifest advantage, the A.S.A. company was unable to secure adoption of its brake by the railroads. After four years of bucking a stone wall, it applied to the I.C.C.

The I.C.C. began comparative tests of the two brake types in 1922; and in 1924 it announced, despite the bitter protests of the American Railway Association, which favored the 1905-type Westinghouse brake, that the brakeless moment was a hazard to life and limb, and that an immediate improvement in air-brake design was necessary. During a four-year period, the I.C.C. noted, 71 persons were killed and 383 injured in accidents resulting from the brakeless moment.

FOLLOWING this I.C.C. report the American Railway Association, which had previously exerted itself without stint to discredit the A.S.A. brake, assumed a new role. It proposed to the I.C.C. that it be permitted to serve as impartial arbiter, conducting further comparative tests and preparing new air-brake specifications. The I.C.C., instead of requiring the prompt installation of better brakes, accepted this proposal. Critics of its action wondered if it was wholly irrelevant that Andrew Mellon was then a member of the Cabinet, and the Westinghouse Air Brake Company was Mellon-controlled.

For several years, the railroad association conducted various tests, while Westinghouse engineers worked to eliminate the brakeless moment in their own brake.

By 1928, they succeeded at least in part; whereupon the railroad association pronounced the improved Westinghouse brake so superior to the A.S.A. brake as to warrant discontinuing tests of the latter altogether. The Westinghouse monopoly was saved.

In 1933 the American Railway Association was succeeded by the Association of American Railroads, and the latter at long last adopted an "AB-type" brake embodying improvements called for by the I.C.C. in 1928. The new association decreed that such AB brakes must be installed on all new cars built after 1933, and that all existing cars must be converted from the 1905-type brakes to the AB type during the ten-year period from 1935 to 1945.

Ten years to some observers appeared too long a time to allow for the introduction of the new brake; but for the railroads it has not been long enough. In 1938 the I.C.C. warned that although three and a half years, or 35 per cent of the ten-year period, had passed, only 11.3 per cent of the freight cars in interchange service had been equipped with the new air-brake apparatus. A large majority of car owners were far behind the schedule, and 107 railroads had not as yet reported any cars so equipped.

In 1939, 1940, 1941, and 1942, the Commission reiterated its warnings, and in mid-1943 it added:

During 8½ years, or 85% of the period allotted for making this improvement, only 39.5% of the freight cars in interchange service have been equipped with the present standard air-brake apparatus. Only a few Class I carriers have kept pace with the schedule necessary to accomplish this improvement within the 10-year period. Under the stress of present wartime traffic conditions, it is particularly important that the advantages of this improved equipment should be made fully available as rapidly as possible.

Periodically the Commission's complaints were emphasized by fatal wrecks. Following one such accident on the Baltimore & Ohio on February 8, 1943, the I.C.C. found that of 70 cars on the train, 55 were still equipped with the 1905-type brakes and that the accident resulted from the brakeless moment. In the similarly caused accident on the Pennsylvania on September 10th, the I.C.C. found that 110

of the 120 tank cars comprising the train had 1905-type brakes, and that "If a sufficient number of cars of this train, properly spaced, had been equipped with AB brakes, this accident would not have occurred."

It is clear that the railroads generally will not meet the Association of American Railroads' deadline, now barely seven months away, for retiring the 1905-type brakes. But their failure may bring no penalties; the Association can, if it chooses, extend its deadline to 1950, or to 1955. *Meanwhile, accidents due to the brakeless moment continually recur; and the I.C.C. power to require installation of the new brakes, which it appeared on the verge of using during the early days of the Coolidge administration, has still not been invoked.*

VIII

THE wreck of the Pennsylvania Railroad's famed Congressional Limited en route from Washington to New York September 6, 1943, was the worst since 1918; the death toll of 79 has seldom been exceeded in American railroad experience. The cause of the disaster can be simply stated—lack of roller bearings.

Roller and ball bearings were introduced as a means of eliminating friction on wheels and axles by makers of horse-drawn carriages during the closing years of the nineteenth century; they were standard equipment on automobiles almost from the beginning, and were adopted with reasonable promptness by manufacturers of velocipedes and roller skates. American railroads, however, continued to rely exclusively on the primitive friction-type "journal bearings" until 1921, when the first tentative installations of roller bearings were tried.

By 1931 even railroad men were becoming convinced that journal bearings belonged to the past. In that year Brigadier General C. D. Young, vice-president of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company (now Assistant Director of the Office of Defense Transportation), announced:

Roller bearings have been in use on passenger cars long enough to warrant the prediction that they are destined to supersede the journal type. . . . Their durability, and freedom from train

detention due to bearing trouble, leave no doubt as to their value.

Yet a dozen years after that prediction the Pennsylvania was still including in the fastest train on its line cars which lacked roller bearings. The seventh car of the eighty-mile-an-hour Congressional lacked them, and in its left front journal box a "hotbox" developed. The oil-soaked waste which is packed in journal boxes to provide lubrication caught fire; and the axle, thus deprived of lubrication, was assailed by terrific friction-engendered heat. It snapped.

The ill-fated seventh car rose high into the air, then crashed into the steel upright of a signal bridge and was sheared diagonally almost from end to end. The eighth car mounted the wreckage of the seventh and then tipped over, its superstructure caving inward on its passengers. Few in either car escaped death or serious injury.

A similarly caused accident on the Central of Georgia, February 15, 1943, had brought death to one and injury to 42.

TO DATE no program has been announced for converting present railroad cars to roller bearings, a simple and comparatively inexpensive procedure. It is freely predicted that all passenger cars built after the war will be roller-bearing equipped, but this is hardly reassuring. For even if new cars are built hereafter at the highest annual rate of construction reached during the prewar decade, the last passenger-train car with journal bearings of the kind which cause hotboxes will not be replaced until after the year 1980.

Incidentally, the Congressional disaster, though caused by lack of roller bearings, might possibly have been averted by railroad radio. Shortly before the crash, the engineer of a switch engine saw smoke and flame issuing from the journal box on the Congressional as it passed, leaped from his engine, and shouted a warning to a yard clerk. The latter dashed to a telephone and called the next signal tower, but before the signalman there could flag the express, it passed under this tower and on to its destruction a few hundred feet beyond.

That stretch of Pennsylvania roadbed,

though equipped with the most modern signaling devices, lacked train communications. Radio engineers were appalled. Wrote the editor of *FM Radio-Electronics*:

For all its electrification of the New York to Washington route, the Pennsylvania Railroad still relied on [communications] methods which, judged by radio engineers, are as awkward, inadequate, and antique as the old gas lamps which trainmen used to turn on and light by a key and a wax taper mounted on a wooden stick.

IX

I. C.C. reports and statistics do not tell the whole story. They make no mention, for example, of the pregnant woman on the Tamiami Champion who throughout the long hours of waiting to be rescued kept saying, "I won't lose my baby, I won't lose my baby, God help me I won't!" A physician gave her a sedative and told her that her baby would be born—though both her legs were crushed and mangled up to the thighs. The official reports do not mention the girl who, pinned upright in the wreckage of the Congressional, pluckily repeated over and over again during the five hours it took to cut her loose from the twisted steel with acetylene torches, "Thank God, I'm Irish." She died that night. Nor do the Congressional casualty lists include the man in Brooklyn who, when he learned of the death of his wife and two young children in that wreck, turned on the kitchen gas and died at home.

Basically, the railroad safety problem is an economic one. Block systems cost money to operate; automatic block sig-

nals, interlockings, automatic train controls, and radio or quasi-radio communications systems cost money to install. With respect to railroad radio, there is also need to open the field now monopolized by the General Railway Signal Company and the Union Switch & Signal Company to the far more numerous manufacturers of marine, police, and aviation radio equipment. The installation of improved air brakes and roller bearings will involve expense.

Fortunately, the railroads are now much better off financially than they have been for well over a decade. With few exceptions they have been making very good profits during the war, and although some of them are still involved in financial difficulties of long standing, and all of them will face after the war the need to spend as heavily as possible for renovation and new equipment, the great majority can afford to install these safety devices if they are put at the very top of the list of vital improvements. Some of the needed equipment can be ordered now, and funds can be earmarked for purchasing the remainder as soon after the war as materials become available. The overall safety record of the railroads, as we have said, is excellent; now is the time to close the gaps in it which cause these horrors.

But only immediate action by the I.C.C. will definitely ensure the prompt postwar installation of these long-needed safety devices. Otherwise inevitably some roads will spend their cash in less provident ways—and there will be more preventable deaths.

{ Murray Heyert, who has written articles }
{ and fiction for various periodicals, contrib- }
{ utes this story of his native New York. }

THE NEW KID

A Story

MURRAY HEYERT



By the time Marty ran up the stairs, past the dentist's office, where it smelled like the time his father was in the hospital, past the fresh paint smell, where the new kid lived, past the garlic smell from the Italians in 2D; and waited for Mommer to open the door; and threw his schoolbooks on top of the old newspapers that were piled on the sewing machine in the hall; and drank his glass of milk ("How many times must I tell you not to gulp! Are you going to stop gulping like that or must I smack your face!"); and set the empty glass in the sink under the faucet; and changed into his brown keds; and put trees into his school shoes ("How many times must I talk to you! God in Heaven—when will you learn to take care of your clothes and not make me follow you around like this!"); and ran downstairs again, past the garlic and the paint and the hospital smells; by the time he got into the street and looked breathlessly around him, it was too late. The fellows were all out there, all ready for a game, and just waiting for Eddie Deakes to finish chalking a base against the curb.

Running up the street with all his might, Marty could see that the game would start any minute now. Out in the gutter Paulie Dahler was tossing high ones to Ray-Ray Stickerling, whose father was a bus driver and sometimes gave the fellows

transfers so they could ride free. The rest were sitting on the curb, waiting for Eddie to finish making the base and listening to Gelberg, who was a Jew, explain what it meant to be bar-mitzvah'd, like he was going to be next month.

THEY did not look up as Marty galloped up to them all out of breath. Eddie finished making his base and after looking at it critically a moment, with his head on one side, moved down toward the sewer that was home plate and began drawing a scoreboard alongside it. With his nose running from excitement Marty trotted over to him.

"Just going to play with two bases?" he said, wiping his nose on the sleeve of his lumber jacket, and hoping with all his might that Eddie would think he had been there all the while and was waiting for a game like all the other fellows.

Eddie raised his head and saw that it was Marty. He gave Marty a shove. "Why don't you watch where you're walking?" he said. "Can't you see I'm making a scoreboard!"

He bent over again and with his chalk repaired the lines that Marty had smudged with his sneakers. Marty hopped around alongside him, taking care to keep his feet off the chalked box. "Gimme a game, Eddie?" he said.

"What are you asking me for?" Eddie said, without looking up. "It ain't my game."

"Aw, come on, Eddie. I'll get even on you!" Marty said.

"Ask Gelberg. It's his game," Eddie said, straightening himself and shoving his chalk into his pants pocket. He trotted suddenly into the middle of the street and ran sideways a few feet. "Here go!" he hollered. "All the way!"

From his place up near the corner Paulie Dahler heaved the ball high into the air, higher than the telephone wires. Eddie took a step back, then a step forward, then back again, and got under it.

Marty bent his knees like a catcher, pounded his fist into his palm as though he were wearing a mitt, and held out his hands. "Here go, Eddie!" he hollered. "Here go!"

Holding the ball in his hand, and without answering him, Eddie walked toward the curb, where the rest of the fellows were gathered around Gelberg. Marty straightened his knees, put down his hands, and sniffing his nose, trotted after Eddie.

"All right, I'll choose Gelberg for sides," Eddie said.

Gelberg heaved himself off the curb and put on his punchball glove, which was one of his mother's old kid gloves, with the fingers and thumb cut off short. "Odds, once takes it," he said.

After a couple of preparatory swings of their arms they matched fingers. Gelberg won. He chose Albie Newbauer. Eddie looked around him and took Wally Reinhard. Gelberg took Ray-Ray Stickerling. Eddie took Wally Reinhard's brother, Howey.

Marty hopped around on the edge of the group. "Hey, Gelberg," he hollered, in a high voice. "Gimme a game, will you?"

"I got Arnie," Gelberg said.

Eddie looked around him again. "All right, I got Paulie Dahler."

They counted their men. "Choose you for up first," Gelberg said. Feeling as though he were going to cry, Marty watched them as they swung their arms, stuck out their fingers. This time Eddie won. Gelberg gathered his men around him and they trotted into the street to take

up positions on the field. They hollered "Here go!" threw the ball from first to second, then out into the field, and back again to Gelberg in the pitcher's box.

Marty ran over to him. "Gimme a game, will you, Gelberg?"

"We're all choosed up," Gelberg said, heaving a high one to Arnie out in center field.

Marty wiped his nose on his sleeve. "Come on, gimme a game. Didn't I let you lose my Spaulding Hi-Bouncer down the sewer once?"

"Want to give the kid a game?" Gelberg called to Eddie, who was seated on the curb, figuring out his batting order with his men.

"Aw, we got the sides all choosed up!" Eddie said.

Marty stuck out his lower lip and wished that he would not have to cry. "You give Howey Reinhard a game!" he said, pointing at Howey sitting on the curb next to Eddie. "He can't play any better than me!"

"Yeah," Howey yelled, swinging back his arm as though he were going to punch Marty in the jaw. "You couldn't hit the side of the house!"

"Yeah, I can play better than you any day!" Marty hollered.

"You can play left outside!" Howey said, looking around to see how the joke went over.

"Yeah, I'll get even on you!" Marty hollered, hoping that maybe they would get worried and give him a game after all.

With a fierce expression on his face, as if to indicate that he was through joking and now meant serious business, Howey sprang up from the curb and sent him staggering with a shove. Marty tried to duck, but Howey smacked him across the side of the head. Flinging his arms up about his ears Marty scrambled down the street; for no reason at all Paulie Dahler booted him in the pants as he went by.

"I'll get even on you!" Marty yelled, when he was out of reach. With a sudden movement of his legs Howey pretended to rush at him. Almost falling over himself in panic Marty dashed toward the house, but stopped, feeling ashamed, when he saw that Howey had only wanted to make him run.

FOR a while he stood there on the curb, wary and ready to dive into the house the instant any of the fellows made a move toward him. But presently he saw that the game was beginning, and that none of them was paying any more attention to him. He crept toward them again, and seating himself on the curb a little distance away, watched the game start. For a moment he thought of breaking it up, rushing up to the scoreboard and smudging it with his sneakers before anyone could stop him, and then dashing into the house before they caught him. Or grabbing the ball when it came near him and flinging it down the sewer. But he decided not to; the fellows would catch him in the end, smack him and make another scoreboard or get another ball, and then he would never get a game.

Every minute feeling more and more like crying, he sat there on the curb, his elbow on his knee, his chin in his palm, and tried to think where he could get another fellow, so that they could give him a game and still have even sides. Then he lifted his chin from his palm and saw that the new kid was sitting out on the stoop in front of the house, chewing something and gazing toward the game; and all at once the feeling that he was going to cry disappeared. He sprang up from the curb.

"Hey, Gelberg!" he hollered. "If I get the new kid for even sides can I get a game?"

Without waiting for an answer he dashed down the street toward the stoop where the new kid was sitting.

"Hey, fellow!" he shouted. "Want a game? Want a game of punchball?"

He could see now that what the new kid was eating was a slice of rye bread covered with apple sauce. He could see, too, that the new kid was smaller than he was, and had a narrow face and a large nose with a few little freckles across the bridge. He was wearing Boy Scout pants and a brown woolen pullover, and on the back of his head was a skullcap made from the crown of a man's felt hat, the edge turned up and cut into sharp points that were ornamented with brass paper clips.

All out of breath he stopped in front of the new kid. "What do you say?" he hollered. "Want a game?"

The new kid looked at him and took another bite of rye bread. "I don't know," he said, with his mouth full of bread, turning to take another look at the fellows in the street. "I guess I got to go to the store soon."

"You don't have to go to the store right away, do you?" Marty said, in a high voice.

The new kid swallowed his bread and continued looking up toward the game. "I got to stay in front of the house in case my mother calls me."

"Maybe she won't call you for a while," Marty said. He could see that the inning was ending, that they would be starting a new inning in a minute, and his legs twitched with impatience.

"I don't know," the new kid said, still looking up at the game. "Anyway, I got my good shoes on."

"Aw, I bet you can't even play punchball!" cried Marty.

The new kid looked at him with his lower lip stuck out. "Yeah, I can so play! Only I got to go to the store!"

Once more he looked undecidedly up toward the game. Marty could see that the inning was over now. He turned pleadingly to the new kid.

"You can hear her if she calls you, can't you? Can't you play just till she calls you? Come on, can't you?"

Putting the last of his rye bread into his mouth, the new kid got up from the stoop. "Well, when she calls me—" he said, brushing off the seat of his pants with his hand, "when she calls me I got to quit and go to the store."

As fast as he could run Marty dashed up the street with the new kid trailing after him. "Hey, I got another man for even sides!" he yelled. "Gimme a game now? I got another man!"

The fellows looked at the new kid coming up the street behind Marty.

"You new on the block?" Howey Reinhard asked, eying the Boy Scout pants, as Marty and the new kid came up to them.

"You any good?" Gelberg demanded, bouncing the ball at his feet and looking at the skullcap ornamented with brass paper clips. "Can you hit?"

"Come on!" Marty said. He wished

that they would just give him a game and not start asking a lot of questions. "I got another man for even sides, didn't I?"

"Aw, we got the game started already!" Ray-Ray Stickerling hollered.

Marty sniffed his nose, which was beginning to run again, and looked at him as fiercely as he was able. "It ain't your game!" he yelled. "It's Gelberg's game! Ain't it your game, Gelberg?"

Gelberg gave him a shove. "No one said you weren't going to get a game!" With a last bounce of his ball he turned to Eddie, who was looking the new kid over carefully.

"All right, Eddie. I'll take the new kid and you can have Marty."

Eddie drew his arm back as though he were going to hit him. "Like fun! Why don't you take Marty, if you're so wise?"

"I won the choose-up!" Gelberg hollered.

"Yeah, that was before! I'm not taking Marty!"

"I won the choose-up, didn't I?"

"Well, you got to choose up again for the new kid!"

Marty watched them as they stood up to each other, each eying the other suspiciously, and swung their arms to choose. Eddie won. "Cheating shows!" he yelled, seizing the new kid by the arm, and pulling him into the group on his side.

TRYING to look like the ball players he had seen the time his father had taken him to the Polo Grounds, Marty ran into the outfield and took the position near the curb that Gelberg had selected for him. He tried not to feel bad because Eddie had taken the new kid, that no one knew anything about, how he could hit, or anything; and that he had had to go to the loser of the choose-up. As soon as he was out in the field he leaned forward, with his hands propped on his knees, and hollered: "All right, all right, these guys can't hit!" Then he straightened up and pounded his fist into his palm as though he were wearing a fielder's glove and shouted: "Serve it to them on a silver platter, Gelberg! These guys are just a bunch of fan artists!" He propped his hands on his knees again, like a big-leaguer, but all the while he felt unhappy, not nearly the way

he should have felt, now that they had finally given him a game. He hoped that they would hit to him, and he would make one-handed catches over his head, run way out with his back to the ball and spear them blind, or run in with all his might and pick them right off the tops of his shoes.

A little nervous chill ran through his back as he saw Paulie Dahler get up to hit. On Gelberg's second toss Paulie stepped in and sent the ball sailing into the air. A panic seized Marty as he saw it coming at him. He took a step nervously forward, then backward, then forward again, trying as hard as he could to judge the ball. It smacked into his cupped palms, bounced out and dribbled toward the curb. He scrambled after it, hearing them shouting at him, and feeling himself getting more scared every instant. He kicked the ball with his sneaker, got his hand on it, and straightening himself in a fever of fright, heaved it with all his strength at Ray-Ray on first. The moment the ball left his hand he knew he had done the wrong thing. Paulie was already on his way to second; and besides, the throw was wild. Ray-Ray leaped into the air, his arms flung up, but it was way over his head, bouncing beyond him on the sidewalk and almost hitting a woman who was jouncing a baby carriage at the door of the apartment house opposite.

With his heart beating the same way it did whenever anyone chased him, Marty watched Paulie gallop across the plate. He sniffed his nose, which was beginning to run again, and felt like crying.

"Holy Moses!" he heard Gelberg yell. "What do you want, a basket? Can't you hold on to them once in a while?"

"Aw, the sun was in my eyes!" Marty said.

"You wait until you want another game!" Gelberg shouted.

Breathing hard, Ray-Ray got back on first and tossed the ball to Gelberg. "Whose side are you on anyway?" he hollered.

Eddie Deakes put his hands to his mouth like a megaphone. "Attaboy, Marty!" he yelled. "Having you out there is like having another man on our side!"

The other fellows on the curb laughed,

and Howey Reinhard made them laugh harder by pretending to catch a fly ball with the sun in his eyes, staggering around the street with his eyes screwed up and his hands cupped like a sissy, so that the wrists touched and the palms were widely separated.

No longer shouting or punching his fist into his palm, Marty took his place out in the field again. He stood there, feeling like crying, and wished that he hadn't dropped that ball, or thrown it over Ray-Ray's head. Then, without knowing why, he looked up to see whether the new kid was laughing at him like all the rest. But the new kid was sitting a little off by himself at one end of the row of fellows on the curb, and with a serious expression on his face gnawed at the skin at the side of his thumbnail. Marty began to wonder if the new kid was any good or not. He saw him sitting there, with the serious look on his face, his ears sticking out, not joking like the other fellows, and from nowhere the thought leaped into Marty's head that maybe the new kid was no good. He looked at the skinny legs, the Boy Scout pants, and the mama's boy shoes and all at once he began to hope that Eddie would send the new kid in to hit, so that he could know right away whether he was any good or not.

But Wally Reinhard was up next. He fouled out on one of Gelberg's twirls, and after him Howey popped up to Albie Newbauer and Eddie was out on first. The fellows ran in to watch Eddie chalk up Paulie's run on the scoreboard alongside the sewer. They were still beefing and hollering at Marty for dropping that ball, but he pretended he did not hear them and sat down on the curb to watch the new kid out in the field.

He was over near the curb, playing in closer than Paulie Dahler. Marty could see that he was not hollering "Here go!" or "All the way!" like the others, but merely stood there with that serious expression on his face and watched them throw the ball around. He held one leg bent at the ankle, so that the side of his shoe rested on the pavement, his belly was stuck out, and he chewed the skin at the side of his thumbnail.

Gelberg got up to bat. Standing in the

pitcher's box, Eddie turned around and motioned his men to lay out. The new kid looked around him to see what the other fellows did, took a few steps backward, and then, with his belly stuck out again, went on chewing his thumb.

Marty felt his heart begin to beat hard. He watched Gelberg stand up to the plate and contemptuously fling back the first few pitches.

"Come on, gimme one like I like!" Gelberg hollered.

"What's the matter! You afraid to reach for them?" Eddie yelled.

"Just pitch them to me, that's all!" Gelberg said.

Eddie lobbed one in that bounced shoulder high. With a little sideways skip Gelberg lammed into it.

THE ball sailed down toward the new kid. Feeling his heart begin to beat harder, Marty saw him take a hurried step backward, and at the same moment fling his hands before his face and duck his head. The ball landed beyond him and bounded up on the sidewalk. For an instant the new kid hesitated, then he was galloping after it, clattering across the pavement in his polished shoes.

Swinging his arms in mock haste, Gelberg breezed across the plate. "Get a basket!" he hollered over his shoulder. "Get a basket!"

Marty let his nose run without bothering to sniffle. He jumped up from the curb and curved his hands around his mouth like a megaphone. "He's scared of the ball!" he yelled at the top of his lungs. "He's scared of the ball! That's what he is, scared of the ball!"

The new kid tossed the ball back to Eddie. "I wasn't scared!" he said, moistening his lips with his tongue. "I wasn't scared! I just couldn't see it coming!"

With an expression of despair on his face Eddie shook his head. "Holy Moses! If you can't see the ball why do you try to play punchball?" He bounced the ball hard at his feet and motioned Gelberg to send in his next batter. Arnie got up from the curb and wiping his hands on his pants walked toward the plate.

Marty felt his heart pounding in his chest. He hopped up and down with ex-

citement and seizing Gelberg by the arm pointed at the new kid.

"You see him duck?" he yelled. "He's scared of the ball, that's what he is!" He hardly knew where to turn first. He rushed up to Ray-Ray, who was sitting on the curb making marks on the asphalt with the heel of his sneaker. "The new kid's scared to stop a ball! You see him duck!"

The new kid looked toward Marty and wet his lips with his tongue. "Yeah," he yelled, "didn't you muff one that was right in your hands?"

He was looking at Marty with a sore expression on his face, and his lower lip stuck out; and a sinking feeling went through Marty, a sudden sick feeling that maybe he had started something he would be sorry for. Behind him on the curb he could hear the fellows sniggering in that way they did when they picked on him. In the pitcher's box Eddie let out a loud cackling laugh.

"Yeah, the new kid's got your number!"

"The sun was in my eyes!" Marty said. He could feel his face getting red, and in the field the fellows were laughing. A wave of self-pity flowed through him.

"What are you picking on me for!" he yelled, in a high voice. "The sun was so in my eyes. Anyway, I ain't no yellowbelly! I wasn't scared of the ball!"

The instant he said it he was sorry. He sniffled his nose uneasily as he saw Gelberg look at Ray-Ray. For an instant he thought of running into the house before anything happened. But instead he just stood there, sniffing his nose and feeling his heart beating, fast and heavy.

"You hear what he called you?" Paulie Dahler yelled at the new kid.

"You're not going to let him get away with calling you a yellowbelly, are you?" Eddie said, looking at the new kid.

The new kid wet his lips with his tongue and looked at Marty. "I wasn't scared!" he said. He shifted the soles of his new-looking shoes on the pavement. "I wasn't scared! I just couldn't see it coming, that's all!"

Eddie was walking toward the new kid now, bouncing the ball slowly in front of him as he walked. In a sudden panic Marty looked back toward the house where old lady Kipnis lived. She always broke up

fight; maybe she would break up this one; maybe she wouldn't even let it get started. But she wasn't out on her porch. He sniffled his nose, and with all his might hoped that the kid's mother would call him to go to the store.

"Any kid that lets himself be called a yellowbelly must be a yellowbelly!" Albie Newbauer said, looking around him for approval.

"Yeah," Gelberg said. "I wouldn't let anyone call me a yellowbelly."

With a sudden shove Eddie sent the new kid scrambling forward toward Marty. He tried to check himself by stiffening his body and twisting to one side, but it was no use. Before he could recover his balance another shove made him stagger forward.

Marty sniffled his nose and looked at the kid's face close in front of him. It seemed as big as the faces he saw in the movies; and he could see that the kid's nose was beginning to run just like his own; and he could see in the corner of his mouth a crumb of the rye bread he had eaten on the stoop. For a moment the kid's eyes looked squarely into Marty's, so that he could see the little dark specks in the colored part around the pupil. Then the glance slipped away to one side; and all at once Marty had a feeling that the new kid was afraid of him.

"You gonna let him get away with calling you a yellowbelly?" he heard Eddie say. From the way it sounded he knew that the fellows were on his side now. He stuck out his jaw and waited for the new kid to answer.

"I got to go to the store!" the new kid said. There was a scared look on his face and he took a step back from Marty.

Paulie Dahler got behind him and shoved him against Marty. Although he tried not to, Marty couldn't help flinging his arms up before his face. But the new kid only backed away and kept his arms at his sides. A fierce excitement went through Marty as he saw how scared the look on the kid's face was. He thrust his chest up against the new kid.

"Yellowbelly!" he hollered, making his voice sound tough. "Scared of the ball!"

The new kid backed nervously away,

and there was a look on his face as though he wanted to cry.

"Yeah, he's scared!" Eddie yelled.

"Slam him, Marty!" Wally Reinhard hollered. "The kid's scared of you!"

"Aw, sock the yellowbelly!" Marty heard Gelberg say, and he smacked the kid as hard as he could on the shoulder. The kid screwed up his face to keep from crying, and tried to back through the fellows ringed around him.

"Lemme alone!" he yelled.

Marty looked at him fiercely, with his jaw thrust forward, and felt his heart beating. He smacked the kid again, making him stagger against Arnie in back of him.

"Yeah, yellowbelly!" Marty hollered, feeling how the fellows were on his side, and how scared the new kid was. He began smacking him again and again on the shoulder.

"Three, six, nine, a bottle of wine, I can fight you any old time!" he yelled. With each word he smacked the kid on the shoulder or arm. At the last word he swung with all his strength. He meant to hit the kid on the shoulder, but at the last instant, even while his arm was swinging, something compelled him to change his aim; his fist caught the kid on the mouth with a hard, wet, socking sound. The shock of his knuckles against the kid's mouth, and that sound of it, made Marty want to hit him again and again. He put his head down and began swinging wildly, hitting the new kid without any aim on the head and shoulders and arms.

The new kid buried his head in his arms and began to cry. "Lemme alone!" he yelled. He tried to rush through the fellows crowded around him.

With all his might Marty smacked him on the side of the head. Rushing up behind him Arnie smacked him too. Paulie Dahler shoved the skullcap, with its paper clip ornaments, over the kid's eyes; and as he went by Gelberg booted him in the pants.

Crying and clutching his cap the new kid scampered over to the curb out of reach.

"I'll get even on you!" he cried.

With a fierce expression on his face Marty made a sudden movement of his legs and pretended to rush at him. The

kid threw his arms about his head and darted down the street toward the house. When he saw that Marty was not coming after him he sat down on the stoop; and Marty could see him rubbing his knuckles against his mouth.

Howey Reinhard was making fun of the new kid, scampering up and down the pavement with his arms wrapped around his head and hollering, "Lemme alone! Lemme alone!" The fellows laughed, and although he was breathing hard, and his hand hurt from hitting the kid, Marty had to laugh too.

"You see him duck when that ball came at him?" he panted at Paulie Dahler.

Paulie shook his head. "Boy, just wait until we get the yellowbelly in the schoolyard!"

"And on Halloween," Gelberg said. "Wait until we get him on Halloween with our flour stockings!" He gave Marty a little shove and made as though he were whirling an imaginary flour stocking round his head.

Standing there in the middle of the street, Marty suddenly thought of Halloween, of the winter and snowballs, of the schoolyard. He saw himself whirling a flour stocking around his head and rushing at the new kid, who scampered in terror before him hollering, "Lemme alone! Lemme alone!" As clearly as if it were in the movies, he saw himself flinging snowballs and the new kid backed into a corner of the schoolyard, with his hands over his face. Before he knew what he was doing, Marty turned fiercely toward the stoop where the new kid was still sitting, rubbing his mouth and crying.

"Hey, yellowbelly!" Marty hollered; and he pretended he was going to rush at the kid.

Almost falling over himself in fright the new kid scrambled inside the house. Marty stood in the middle of the street and sniffled his nose. He shook his fist at the empty doorway.

"You see him run?" he yelled, so loud that it made his throat hurt. "Boy, you see him run?" He stood there shaking his fist, although the new kid was no longer there to see him. He could hardly wait for the winter, for Halloween, or the very next day in the schoolyard.

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ARABIAN OIL AND AMERICAN IMPERIALISM

ELIAHU BEN-HORIN



A PROJECT to construct an American oil pipeline in Arabia looks on the face of it like just one more war-time measure. At a time when billion-dollar appropriations and expenditures are a common feature of our everyday national life, when American youth is spread all over the globe, and when American capital, enterprise, and skill build bases, railways, roads, and airports in Australia, India, Burma, the Pacific islands, the Caribbean, South America, Egypt, Iran, and many more far-flung and Godforsaken places, the Arabian pipeline project with its estimated cost of one hundred sixty-five million dollars would certainly impress no one as staggering in its dimensions or implications. Financially it is a mere bagatelle compared with other more expensive ventures. Yet one could hardly find any other single venture so pregnant with danger for America or so unjustified by war expediency, economic necessities, or our legitimate political aspirations.

The United States government, which has initiated and is actively sponsoring this pipeline scheme—against the practically unanimous opposition of all and sundry—has advanced the following arguments to justify it:

1. It is dictated by military considerations of the present war.

2. It will provide us with oil for future wars.
3. Our oil reserves are dwindling, and through the Arabian pipeline we shall create new reserves.
4. America will get cheap oil from Arabia.

Taken at their face value, any of the above arguments separately and all of them together present a good case. But none of them can be sustained. And the dangers involved in our going ahead with the scheme constitute a formidable opposing argument.

BEFORE we go further it is only fair to sum up the facts of the situation. (As we go to press the British oil mission has just arrived in Washington; before negotiations are through the pipeline project may be pushed around severely, but the fundamentals of the transaction, whatever happens, can only be regarded as a specimen of the Administration's considered policy.) The Arabian pipeline project represents a three-cornered deal between the United States government; three American oil companies, the Texas, Gulf, and Standard of California (owners of concessions in Saudi Arabia and Kuwait); and the respective rulers of the above Arab lands. To be exact, it is a deal composed of two deals. The three American oil companies have had these concessions for some time. They ob-

tained them directly from the governments concerned. This was the first deal, in which the United States did not appear as an active partner. The recent development consists of a contract between the Petroleum Reserves Corporation, on behalf of the United States government, and the American oil companies concerned, to which contract the Arabian rulers are no direct party; but the contract is conditioned upon the sanction of the King of Saudi Arabia and the Sheik of Kuwait. Until this sanction is obtained, the agreement signed between the government and the companies is to be considered an "agreement in principle."

According to this agreement, the government will invest an estimated sum of from \$130,000,000 to \$165,000,000 in the construction of a pipeline from the concessions, at the Persian Gulf, to an outlet in the eastern Mediterranean. The government will decide upon the route of the pipeline and its plan of operation, will maintain it and own it. In exchange, the companies undertake to keep a reserve of one billion barrels of crude oil at the disposal of the United States government, notably for its military and naval needs. The government is free to call on this oil at any time within fifty years, or not to take it at all. However, if the government buys this oil, it will be entitled to a reduction of 25 per cent of the market price. In addition, the agreement provides that the government shall have undisputed control over the sale of this oil to any foreign government or foreign nationals.

This is, in short, the essence of the lengthy agreement signed by Harold L. Ickes as president of the Petroleum Reserves Corporation and the representatives of the oil companies. We may now embark on a survey of the project and its manifold implications.

II

IT is characteristic that the government bases its argument for the pipeline enterprise predominantly on military necessities. Even the "agreement in principle" between the Petroleum Reserves Corporation and the oil companies opens with the following preamble:

Upon the recommendation of the War Department, Navy Department, Joint Chiefs of Staff, and the Army and Navy Petroleum Board, and with the approval of the Department of State, . . .

This preamble in itself, invoking as it does the authority of the highest leaders of our war effort, is intended to invalidate any criticism by laymen who cannot attend staff conferences and can claim no knowledge of war secrets.

Fortunately, knowledge of certain areas and their conditions and problems, as well as of political and economic phenomena, is not restricted to members of government departments and general staffs. Governments, moreover, can certainly claim no monopoly on logic. The military argument must be analyzed—especially as many other unseemly acts of foreign policy in the course of this war have been similarly explained as military necessities. Giraud was preferred to de Gaulle for military reasons. Badoglio was put in the saddle for military reasons. Consideration by the Congress of the United States of a resolution favoring free Jewish immigration into Palestine was halted because of opposition by the Chief of Staff.

If Mr. Ickes defends the Arabian pipeline as useful for the winning of this war, he is obviously telling a fairy tale. The highest tempo of production and construction could not make the pipeline active before this war is over—unless it lasts longer than the most pessimistic prophets expect it to. The Iraq Petroleum Company, partly owned by American interests, needed three and a half years to complete its pipeline from the Mosul oilfields to Haifa. The Iraq pipeline is 500 miles long; the planned Arabian pipeline will be at least 1,200 miles long, and possibly considerably more. In fact, I understand that no reliable reconnaissance has been made to establish the exact length of the proposed pipeline and the cost involved. The figures with which Mr. Ickes operates have been obtained by aerial reconnaissance alone, which is not dependable in the best of cases, and certainly not in a desert area. The terrain which the pipeline must traverse is incomparably more difficult than that of the Iraq line. The oil deposits are at the Persian Gulf, at sea

level. The pipeline must be laid across hundreds of miles of desert, with its dunes sinking, rising, and disappearing, over high elevations, and back to the sea level at Port Said or Alexandria in Egypt, or at Jaffa in Palestine.

All this must be done in a country with no transportation except the Biblical camel, with no skilled labor, no industry, no repair shops, no settled population except the desert nomads, and above all with no water. American industry has performed wonders under wartime pressure, but not even miracle-makers could lay this pipeline before the end of this war. Furthermore, whatever oil could be produced in Saudi Arabia and Kuwait—and there is plenty of it—could be transported easily by oil tankers through the Suez and the Mediterranean to wherever it is needed. Thank God, the Mediterranean is now safe for the United Nations. It would be cheaper, too: cheaper per barrel and cheaper in the long run, as it does not require an investment of over a hundred million dollars.

III

IF IT is future wars that Mr. Ickes and the government have in mind, they obviously confuse *availability* with *accessibility*, and this may prove a costly mistake. Suppose the Arabian pipeline project has fully materialized. Oil flows from Arabia to Egypt or Palestine and is stored there for the United States government. A new war breaks out. This is obviously the time when America needs those stored oil reserves. Will they be accessible for the United States?

Let us suppose, simply for argument's sake, that America is at war with Great Britain. Will the British navy let its enemy take any of that oil stored in Egypt or in Palestine? Is it to be supposed that, under similar circumstances, America would allow the British to have any oil from Texas, Venezuela, or the Caribbean? The same argument will apply, though less obviously, to a war with Germany or Russia, Italy or France. A pipeline which carries Middle Eastern oil to the Mediterranean shores will be worse than useless if a European enemy can move between us

and those shores and cut off our access to them. In war, more than ever, it is easy and quick *accessibility* that counts, not formal ownership and theoretical availability. Both Americans and Britons own oilfields in Rumania. Could they use any of that oil in this war?

This confusion between *availability* and *accessibility* is a serious slip on the part of the authors of the pipeline project. The oil at the end of the Arab pipeline would be available to the United States, but who is to say that it would be accessible? In 1913 Winston Churchill succeeded in acquiring for the British government 51 per cent of the stock of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, contending that he thus secured the necessary oil supplies in case of national emergency. But when, during the next few years, the British Grand Fleet was at Scapa Flow, it was not the 51 per cent of stock of the Anglo-Persian Company that enabled the fleet to be fueled and therefore to sail; it was the British control of the seas which enabled the oil tankers to reach Scapa Flow from the Persian Gulf.

Indeed, the experience of two world wars has proved this point conclusively. In both wars, the Allied war effort has been oiled predominantly by American, South American, and Caribbean reserves. The explanation is simple: those were the only oil reserves to which the Allies have had free access. The entire Middle Eastern production (Iran, Iraq, Saudi Arabia, and Bahrein) has amounted to no more than 4½ per cent of the world production even in the most critical periods of this war. American oil has had to be used—because it was not only available but also accessible.

IV

ALL the above criticisms of the Arabian pipeline project may be countered by the argument that America is running short of oil; that her reserves and known deposits cannot take care in the future of either her peacetime or wartime requirements; and that the United States has as much right to the vast oil riches of the Middle East as any other great power. It can be argued, moreover, that there was a great deal to be said in favor of Mr.

Churchill's 1913 deal, as it was obviously better for Britain to control the stock of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company than to have it controlled by Germany. Acting on the same principle, it might be to the best interests of America to own the Arabian oil, even if one admits that the accessibility to it in time of war may be doubtful.

These would be powerful arguments were they built on a sound foundation. But the whole foundation happens to be faulty. The present oil scare is not the first one in America's history. Such scares have been periodically created from 1903 on. How much truth there has been in them can be best judged by recalling the scare created in 1923. In that year, a geologist said that in fifteen years' time the United States oil reserves would be used up; therefore we must have a share in foreign production. By 1927, however, America had so much oil that a scheme to ration production had to be introduced. By 1932, the pro-rating of oil was general in the United States, accompanied by the shutting down of wells. By 1938—the fifteenth year, in which the geologist had prophesied the end of American oil—the United States was proved and admitted to have greater oil reserves than when the prophecy was made.

It is true that in this war the United States has used up considerable quantities of its oil. But it is also true that the United States possesses now the predominant part of the world's oil riches. Here are the figures furnished to the Truman Committee, in 1944, by Mr. Ickes himself as Petroleum Administrator for War. According to these figures, the petroleum reserves of the principal producing countries of the world total 50,701,800,000 barrels. Out of this total, 20,032,793,000 barrels—about 40 per cent—represent the reserves of the continental United States. In addition the United States owns, participates in the ownership of, or could easily acquire by purchase the products of the following oil reserves: Canada (150,000,000), Mexico (600,000,000), South America (6,734,000,000). These reserves would place at the disposal of the United States—especially in case of war—enough additional oil to give her over 50 per cent of the world's total. But Ameri-

can interests have a share also in the oil-fields of Rumania, Germany (including Austria), Hungary, Italy, Poland, and—what is of greater importance—the Middle East. The United States controls 25 per cent of the Middle East's oil, which is estimated at a total of 15,500,000,000 barrels, but may in reality prove much larger.

One could mention the varied experiments, in this country and elsewhere, in making synthetic oil and in extracting oil from various minerals. But even if we dismiss these efforts in synthetic production—efforts on which tens of millions of dollars have been spent, not without results—and restrict ourselves to the natural oil reserves alone, we can hardly expect a scarcity of oil reserves, either at home or in overseas possessions. There is not the slightest basis for the oil panic, which is being actively sponsored by government agencies in order to pave the way for the acceptance of the Arabian pipeline with all its political implications.

Not only that, but even if there were a basis for the panic, the Arabian pipeline would not enrich America or the world at large by one single barrel of oil that was not there before. All it proposes to do is to take the oil out of nature's reservoirs and store it in man-made facilities. One may argue that all this could be done, more efficiently and certainly in a manner less costly and less dangerous from the point of view of political and military commitments, by the oil companies. Whether one likes or dislikes the rule of free enterprise and private capital, one must honestly admit that the American oil industry was efficient enough and alive enough to discover, produce, and develop oil reserves in America and throughout the world, to provide an oil arsenal for two world wars.

V

THE fourth advantage attributed to the pipeline project by its advocates—the provision of cheap oil for the American consumer—has, I am afraid, no more substance than the other three. Judging by past experience, Arabian oil is anything but cheap. Though the Saudi Arabian and Kuwait concessions are still in their

infancy, the Iraq oil concession has been in existence long enough to provide us with an illustration. A survey of the achievements of the Iraq Petroleum Company, which is owned in equal shares by British, American, Dutch, and French interests, would show that the royalties paid by the company to the Iraq government were the highest in the world. The Iraq Petroleum Company has paid to the Iraq government in royalties, non-interest-bearing loans, educational grants, and various fees a total of over \$80,000,000. The oil obtained by the company has amounted to over 180,000,000 barrels. This comes to about 45 cents per barrel paid to the Iraq government—or almost 40 per cent of the value of the oil.

In the United States, on the other hand, the royalties paid amount only to 13.2 per cent of the crude value at the seaboard. In South American countries the royalties run between 7.16 per cent and 16 per cent. Nowhere except in Iraq has the oil industry been forced to pay nearly 40 per cent of the cost for the privilege of producing oil. The experience of the Iraq Petroleum Company hardly buttresses the hopes of the Administration to get oil from Arabia cheaply enough to warrant a considerable investment of the taxpayers' money, even if we forget for the moment all the other aspects of this ill-considered project.

VI

WE NOW arrive at a picturesque fusion of the *internal progressive New Deal* with the *external imperialistic New Deal*. The concessions in Arabia were obtained by private American oil interests. American participation in the Iraq Petroleum Company was obtained in the same way, namely by legitimate co-operation of industry and government with all the governments concerned, most carefully avoiding political and military commitments and government ownership. Here is the place to remark that the diplomatic history of the years 1920–1927 proves that the United States government, through its Department of State, has continuously and effectively supported American nationals in securing a due share of foreign oil production. Statements to the con-

trary are in conflict with the official records of those years. The oil thus produced by free enterprise, with governmental backing, has always been available.

It is equally undeniable that the American oil industry commands all the capital it needs for the exploitation and development of its holdings. It is not as if the oil companies which hold the Arabian concessions had approached the government with a request for financing. On the contrary, the Arabian pipeline project came into being on the government's initiative. It is the government that has decided to step into the oil business, in a manner which must lead sooner or later to a transfer of ownership of the concessions from the oil companies to the government.

It is said that in the days of Rommel's victorious advance in Libya, when it looked as if he would conquer Egypt and the Arab Peninsula, representatives of the American oil companies owning the concessions in Saudi Arabia and in Kuwait approached Mr. Ickes with a request for governmental help; and that this request spurred the official interest in the Arabian concessions which ultimately led to the pipeline plan. The story in itself, for all we know, may be true, for in time of crisis one turns in every direction looking for some way out—although if Rommel had succeeded in his Libyan-Egyptian campaign, obviously no pipeline would have made any difference in the situation. But the structure of argument built upon that story is undoubtedly untrue. The Arabian pipeline project is the creature of the Petroleum Reserves Corporation, and the genesis of the project must lead us inevitably to that corporation.

Mr. Jesse Jones, the head of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, was asked once who was responsible for the formation of the Petroleum Reserves Corporation. He answered that it was set up at the direct request of President Roosevelt. Whether Mr. Roosevelt himself originated the idea of a government-owned agency which would strive to take an active hand in the oil industry in America and overseas, or whether he borrowed the idea from one of his New Deal assistants,

adopted it, and acted upon it, its underlying tendency is obvious. Large investments of state funds in the industry and ownership of pipelines must logically lead to partnership of the government in the industry and to its gradual nationalization.

This is presumably the New Deal idea behind the Petroleum Reserves Corporation and its first child, the Arabian pipeline. Apparently the government realized all along that the Arabian pipeline project, if considered on its merits, would not survive public discussion and expert criticism. So the project was enveloped in strict secrecy for many months, and then was sprung on the nation almost as a *fait accompli*. Before public opinion was allowed to share in the pipeline secret, the agreement between the government and the companies already had been signed; millions of dollars, in money and lend-lease arms, had been handed over to King Ibn Saud as preliminary "baksheesh"; and the government was all set to embark on the enterprise itself. It was no accident that Congress was not consulted. The Reconstruction Finance Corporation and the President, under his war powers, dispose of enough funds to finance the pipeline without Congressional approval. The desire to escape public discussion explains also why the pipeline project was introduced as a measure purely of war expediency. Not until the entire oil industry had risen in arms against the project was a Senate Investigating Committee established to have a closer look at it.

It will probably take months for the Senate committee to study thoroughly the Arabian pipeline plan, the program of the Petroleum Reserves Corporation, and the oil policy of the Administration in general. The committee will do well to look into the qualifications and competency of those entrusted with shaping the oil policy of the government and managing government-owned oil or pipeline interests. An interesting sidelight on the financial aspect of the project is thrown by the present British-American oil negotiations. At this writing, the negotiations are just about to begin in Washington. It is most instructive to compare the composition of the

British oil mission with that of the American negotiators. The British representatives are Sir William Brown, an able official of the British Board of Trade; Sir Frederick Godber, representing the Shell combine; and Sir William Fraser, who is chairman of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company and represents the Scottish element in the Anglo-Persian Company and also the Burma Oil Company. Thus two of the three members who appear on behalf of Great Britain are two of the leading directors of British and British-Dutch oil interests. Their opposite numbers on the American side will be departmental officials, in whom it would be surprising to find the wide knowledge or aptitude which would enable them to contend with such seasoned commercial negotiators.

VII

INDICATIONS of President Roosevelt's inclination to adopt the methods of European power politics rather than to make Europe abide by the principles of the Atlantic Charter have been apparent for some time. Our relations with Vichy France, the de Gaulle-Giraud controversy, the flirtation with the Victor Emmanuel-Badoglio group in Italy, the silent condoning of both Great Britain's and Soviet Russia's expansionist policies—all these and many other developments have caused much uneasiness over the direction of America's foreign policy. Each of them has been defended as a matter of practical expediency, not to be taken seriously as an indication of any real change in our position. But a series of "practical" steps may lead one straight into commitments which necessitate a change of policy. And in the case of the Arabian pipeline, the practical advantages are so nonexistent or remote that one is tempted to conclude that this project is not simply a tremendous blunder by Mr. Harold Ickes, but President Roosevelt's official inauguration of a "New Deal" in America's foreign policy.

Had the United States acquired colonies or protectorates in the Middle East, it could hardly have taken a more imperialistic step than the proposed Arabian pipeline. For this project is intended to

grant to the United States exclusive rights to the oil of Arabia, including the control of sales outside the United States government's requirements. Even the British government, with its empire to protect, has never demanded such privileges in the Middle East.

Oil is about the most universally and urgently needed raw material in the world. Peacetime progress and modern war are both more dependent on oil than on any other raw material. When President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill promised to the world through the Atlantic Charter (Article 4), "to further the enjoyment by all states, great or small, victor or vanquished, of access on equal terms to the trade and to the raw materials of the world which are needed for their economic prosperity," they could not possibly have excluded oil from their thoughts. That is why the Arabian pipeline project is not only a flagrant breach of the letter and spirit of the Atlantic Charter, but the first clear-cut illustration of Roosevelt's determination to take steps which inevitably would involve us in an adventure in imperialism.

TO REALIZE fully all the implications of the Arabian pipeline project in the field of American foreign policy, accompany me for a moment on a short excursion to the Middle East, the scene of the planned pipeline. (A map of the region appears in the Personal and Otherwise Department.) As I have already said, the pipeline will have to cross the Arab Peninsula, or rather the Rub'al Khali Desert, which is a sand waste half encircling the eastern borders of Yemen and the southeastern border of Saudi Arabia. The Arab Peninsula as a whole is very sparsely populated: the average is seven inhabitants per square mile. But the desert—as the term implies—is hardly populated at all. It is a sand waste with very few oases. The Bedouins of the Peninsula have a primordial mode of life, but in the desert there is no life at all.

The Iraq Petroleum Company has had trouble time and again policing its five hundred miles of pipeline. Whenever some revolt or uprising has taken place in one of the Arab countries, the pipeline has

been one of the objects of attack, both because the pipeline symbolizes Western capital and Western rule and because it is so much easier to attack a pipeline in the desert or in the open field than to attack police barracks in the city. It is less risky, and the Arab does not like to take too much risk. The pipeline is natural and easy prey.

Let us remember that the Iraq pipeline is located in a predominantly British area. The Arabian pipeline, however, will be an American enterprise in an area in which America thus far has incurred neither political nor military obligations. How is America going to police and protect these 1,200 miles of pipeline? What will happen if the line is cut again and again by desert riders, out of spite or at the instigation of some foreign power or rival company? Will America go to war with Arabia or with that eventual foreign power for the sake of the pipeline? As matters stand today, any quantity of oil produced on those American-owned oilfields could be shipped in tankers from the Persian Gulf to any desired destination. Guarding the oilfields near the sea would be a comparatively easy matter, and there should be no shortage in tankers after this war.

The political implications of the pipeline enterprise reach beyond the possible complications in American-Arabian relations over the smooth functioning of the pipeline. The Sheikdom of Kuwait is a British protectorate. Saudi Arabia, although officially independent, is located definitely in the British sphere of influence, and is surrounded on every side by British-ruled or British-controlled territories and waters. This applies to Iraq, the Bahrein Islands, Kuwait, Aden and Hadhramaut, Transjordan, and all the other sheikdoms and principalities on land, as well as to the Persian Gulf, the Gulf of Oman, the Arabian Sea, the Gulf of Aden, and the Red Sea. Russia, too, is close to the scene and has very definite interests and aspirations in the Middle East. The Arabian pipeline project thus cuts right across American-British-Soviet relations. Were America's two main allies consulted about this oil venture, and was their consent secured? The pipeline,

in order to reach its outlet on the eastern Mediterranean, must traverse Transjordan and Palestine, two territories administered by Britain. Were agreements reached on the subject with the local administrations, or with the British home government?

There have been at this writing no authoritative replies to these questions, but the indications are that the pipeline project is a purely American venture. I recall that, during a debate on the air between Mr. Ickes and Senator Moore of Oklahoma, Mr. Ickes was asked whether it would not be more logical and more expedient to allocate the requested steel for widening the Iraq pipeline, rather than to embark on the new enterprise; why did the government persist in refusing this allocation to the Iraq Company? To this Secretary Ickes replied that he was interested in a Mediterranean outlet for American oil and not for British or British-American oil. If one further recalls the conditions imposed by the government on the companies in the aforementioned "agreement in principle," establishing the sole control of the United States government over the entire production of the Arabian concessions, one is justified in doubting the existence of any inter-Allied accord in the matter.

PROCEEDING on this assumption, let us visualize America's position in any future world conflict, or any conflagration in the Old World. From the very outset America will be involved, for no major conflict in the world ever skipped the Middle East. From the early days of history

to the present world war, the Middle East has always occupied a place of prominence in imperialistic rivalries. The Middle East lies on the King's Highway of all empires, ancient and modern alike. Long before the machine age, which made oil one of the most indispensable resources, long before oil was discovered in the region, the Middle East attracted conquerors from East and West because it lies at the crossroads of land, sea, and air communications, and is the gateway to three continents and the junction of the main waterways. To lay an American-owned pipeline in that crucial area, and to demand exclusive rights to the riches of that area, would be most hazardous even if America were badly in need of the Arabian oil. As it is, America cannot claim even moral justification for this strange departure in her foreign policy.

The inevitable implications of this project, if materialized, must be clear by now to everyone who follows the course of history and world events. Economic imperialism must be interlinked with political and military imperialism or it is meaningless and defenseless. An American pipeline in the Middle East without the protection of American political power, and without a garrison, naval outposts, air bases, and readiness to meet any challenge by force, would be about the worst kind of political quixotism recorded in a long time. Is it possible that the American people are being treated to the astonishing spectacle of an American government which—however unthinkingly—has gone more nakedly imperialistic than many an imperialistic power in the Old World?

{ *As United Press correspondent, George
E. Jones was aboard an American
battleship during the attack on Truk.* }

AIRPOWER AND GUNNERY: THE BATTLE OF TRUK

A First-hand Report

GEORGE E. JONES



ONE early morning in the future, a lazily circling aircraft bearing the white stars of the United States Navy on its wings will break through a hole in the clouds of the western Pacific, and at that fateful moment stumble across the answer to the \$64 question of the Pacific campaign: "Where is the Jap fleet?" On that day we can expect that the enemy fleet, or an important element of it, will be brought to bay and a naval struggle of decisive proportions will begin.

It is not too early to visualize, at least in broad outlines, the probable nature and course of that struggle. Furthermore, although it has not been generally noted, we have fought one action already—the Naval Battle of Truk—which a good many competent, sober-minded naval officers believe indicates how we can expect to use our anticipated surface and air superiority to maximum advantage.

On the morning of February 16th, 1944, a record force of American carriers, new battleships, and accompanying warships steamed to within sixty miles of Truk and launched a thirty-six-hour attack, at the conclusion of which the vaunted base and its aircraft and ships lay paralyzed and prostrate. Several days later the world

learned that a small surface battle had been fought within the larger action; eight American warships, detached from their carrier forces, went out to hunt down and destroy enemy "cripples" which had fled the blazing lagoon into the presumed safety of open seas. In that pursuit the small but powerfully gunned force sank four Japanese ships, then circled Truk during the night to consummate an evil day for the battered garrison.

Four ships sunk by surface gunfire constituted only a fraction of the two-day toll inflicted on enemy shipping. Yet the significant fact is that our new, fast battleships and cruisers and destroyers, in sinking four enemy ships, absorbed part of the offensive burden, while our carrier-based aircraft concentrated on other targets instead of continuing to pound damaged ships which, if permitted to escape, might some day return to action.

Tactical conclusions are drawn after the heat of battle has subsided, and we aboard the Truk assault force were slow to realize that carrier-based planes and naval gunfire had been used conjunctively as never before to destroy an enemy force. It was a practical lesson which cut across the obscurities and politics of arguments con-

cerning battleships and carriers. It is to be seriously doubted that decisive naval actions will be fought in the future entirely by aircraft or by the blazing guns of battle lines. Truk synthesized those extremes into a workable pattern of co-ordinated air and surface attack.

IT WAS a large force, and a fast one, that launched the two-day assault on Truk, which had once been regarded (rightly or wrongly) as the "Pearl Harbor of Japan's island empire." Three task forces, each commanded by a carrier admiral, participated in the attack under the command of Admiral Raymond A. Spruance, hard-bitten and conservative in his mannerisms and decisions. There is good reason to suppose that the operations plan for this historic stroke had been worked out some months previously in Washington and Pearl Harbor. Certainly, however, none but the most senior officers knew our destination when component units of the huge fleet hauled anchor one morning from a newly-won fleet base in the Marshalls and set forth on a westward course.

Actually, the Truk assault was a triumph of flexible strategy. It had been in the offing for some weeks, to be undertaken when the Pacific fleet's top admirals deemed the time ripe. When American landing forces swept through Kwajalein and Majuro atolls in the Marshalls without serious losses, our invasion of Eniwetok was moved up, and the Navy set a coincident date for the attack on Truk. It meant a flurry of last-minute details, bringing an entire operations plan to life.

II

WAR must be fought according to geography, and in this simple fact the Battle of Truk was an excellent preview of the problems of distance which challenge our westward drive toward Asiatic waters. Had you stood on the bridge of an American warship on the gray morning of February 16th, without undergoing the previous days of anxious, precise maneuvers through the limitless expanse of the Pacific, you could have appreciated only fractionally our loneliness as we lay exposed to whatever the future hours might

bring. We were, in truth, at the end of a rope which had unraveled across the Pacific more than a thousand miles from our nearest friendly island, and more than three thousand miles from Pearl Harbor.

Early breakfast on D day is the worst of all possible breakfasts: rubbery eggs and strong, black coffee consumed listlessly in the sweltering heat of a stuffy wardroom. The weird glow of red lights subtly distorts colors, shapes, and even attitudes. At any time, any place, the morning of D day is charged with the excitement of a mystery about to unfold. Action itself is the excitement of motion and doing. But the last hours and minutes, the waiting for the curtain to rise in that hybrid of darkness and dawn, of shadowy men moving over decks, arouse uncertainty and silent speculation. Not much is said, not much is eaten.

An officer, tousled and sleepy, sat himself heavily into a chair next to mine and grunted, "No contacts," in reply to my question whether this force had been sighted by the enemy. Incredible as it seemed, these dozens of ships bent on raising hell and destruction had penetrated to a point less than a hundred miles from the unsuspecting enemy without detection. Where, we asked, were his subs and his patrol planes?

At six o'clock that morning, the moon still rode high; we had not changed ships' clocks in our westward course. Here and there, between vast patches of clouds, stars twinkled in the southern skies. We seemed very much alone at first. Then, as eyes became accustomed to the absence of light, darker patches appeared on the dark waters, riding smoothly yet lifelessly like ghost ships. They were the other ships of our carrier task force. There were many of these ghost ships on all sides, including some who bear the names of men-o'-war sunk in previous actions of the Pacific campaign. Beyond our vision ranged many more American warships, comprising the mightiest assemblage of guns and planes ever massed in the Pacific for such a mission. Not many of them had been in service before Pearl Harbor.

We have learned well how to maneuver carrier forces. Today the carrier calls the tune and the other ships dance accord-

ingly. Indeed, it seemed this morning as if we were part of a huge, grim square dance on the open seas, executing changes of speed, course, and formation as the tired, imperturbable man aboard the carrier flagship called his orders over the gravelly-voiced TBS (talk between ships). Carrier task forces operate with speed, and there were no laggards in this force.

Thus it was that, at 6:35 o'clock, our three task forces changed their formations. Heretofore battleships and cruisers had hovered protectively on all sides of the flat-tops, ready to open up with hundreds of anti-aircraft batteries if the enemy came down from the skies. Now the carriers were dropping back, heading into the wind preparatory to launching the initial fighter sweep. The moon, emerging fitfully from behind the clouds, cast a thin shaft of light over the dark seas, and one by one other lights appeared: mast lights, glowing faintly to mark the position of our ships to the young men who soon would be soaring off flight decks.

The fighter sweep's mission was to seize control of the air, unimpeded by the necessity of protecting the bombers. "With any luck," said an officer, elucidating on the operations plan, "they ought to flush up enough Zeros for a good scrap." No one seemed to know how many planes the Japs were basing at Truk. No one, for that matter, knew much else that was pertinent about this cluster of fortified islands within a lagoon. Conservative guessers, however, thought the Japs must have two hundred, maybe three hundred planes on hand, including fighters, bombers, and seaplanes.

At 6:49 o'clock, the first plane took off, a stubby-nosed Hellcat fighter which swooped alarmingly over the sullen seas, then began to climb and circle overhead, its red and green navigation lights gleaming. And there went another pair of lights down the flight deck, and in less than five minutes it seemed as if all those carriers were alive with red and green lights. Nearly fourscore fighters from the Truk assault force were to make the first flight.

We chalked up the tally of carrier take-offs on the metal shield of this battleship's open bridge. Jonesie, the boyish-faced

senior aviator, was making the tally, and one minute before seven o'clock the skipper, silver-haired and dignified, came up to check it. His curiosity was more than academic. "Got to know when they've completed the take-offs," he said. "Until they do, we've got to maneuver to give 'em maximum clearance." He walked away, and Jonesie added his own comment, nodding toward the retreating figure: "Old Man's a right guy. He's looking out for the carriers; always checking with the Exec [Executive Officer] and navigator to see if we can do something to help out the flat-tops."

A slight rain was beginning to patter on our helmets as the Hellcats departed. It seemed as if everyone that I talked to muttered something like, "Hope to hell those kids out there make out all right . . . they're the guys who'll make this thing click." A torpedo plane took off on patrol as the first streaks of pre-dawn light showed between the clouds to our east. We were now able to make out the scene more clearly: carriers and battleships moving quietly through the seas, leaving broad, grayish-white wakes; cruisers hovering watchfully outside; and destroyers pacing excitedly (destroyers always seem excited, bobbing up and down as they bite their way into the swells) along their assigned course. We stood on the bridge, and wondered and waited. Somehow, we hoped, the Hellcats would catch Truk with its planes down.

Complete surprise was not to be ours. At 7:14, the Truk radio went off the air.

A great sigh of disappointment swept through the ship as the news circulated. Had a sleepy-eyed patrol pilot sighted the incoming wave? Several officers guessed that the Japs must have perceived the approaching attack, and the navigator quickly estimated that the American fighters still were forty miles or so from their objective. "I'd say the Nips have the glad tidings by now," he remarked sourly.

Five minutes before eight o'clock, a report came in that "bogeys" (enemy planes) and Hellcats were dogfighting near Truk. Twenty minutes later came a supplementary report: "There's all kinds of interception." It was now five minutes after dawn, and we could visualize the

fury and confusion which had suddenly erupted over the startled enemy base. Our imaginations fed avidly on small scraps of information and misinformation.

And so the morning went. More of our fighters went up, some on CAP (combat air patrol) overhead, some to escort the first wave of dive bombers and torpedo planes. A group of bogeys approached, and Hellcats broke up the threat many miles away. The ship's executive officer, whose bearing suggests self-discipline and restraint, popped out of the conning tower. His controlled features broke slightly with a smile as he quoted a carrier pilot as reporting that he was being "escorted back to base by eight Zeros."

There was momentary excitement when a Curtiss Helldiver crashed two thousand yards off our port beam. It had taken off and then, like nearly all of the other heavily loaded bombers, dipped slightly. Instead of climbing, however, it skimmed the choppy waters and finally plumped its belly into the sea. We saw the pilot and radioman—small figures at that distance—climb out of the wreckage, which sank almost immediately. The carrier changed course slightly to drop smoke bombs, marking the position of the two men, and a destroyer cut across to pick them up.

Ten o'clock came and passed, and news from Truk was still scarce. "Boy, if you could only see something instead of just waiting here," complained a junior officer. But a few minutes later Jonesie, looking up from his tally on returning planes to Carrier "X," noted triumphantly: "Twenty-three planes off, twenty-three planes back."

SPARSE as it was, our information was encyclopedic compared with the news that reached the men below in the steam-ridden compartments. I went below for a cup of coffee, and was nearly mobbed by men who crowded around, demanding to know the score. I related my own inadequate store of information, and they drifted away, disappointed.

When I returned to the bridge, however, the picture had clarified. Our planes had control of the air. There was a multiplicity of targets, including several

dozen ships. And there was the indefinite promise of some surface action; enemy warships and transports, it was said, were maneuvering toward the north pass of Truk lagoon, possibly hoping to reach open sea. The enemy was caught in our snare. His ships now had the unhappy choice either of being bombed and blasted in the lagoon, or of running for the open sea and risking our superior gunfire.

At 10:50 o'clock came more definite word: six cruisers and destroyers were heading for the north pass. In more nebulous phraseology, it was reported also that our first bombing attack had resulted in "several" hits, and enemy resistance seemed "disorganized."

"Stick around," advised the Executive Officer. "You might see some action yet." Pressed for a definite promise, he said he was merely guessing. But the skipper, a few minutes later, thought chances were excellent that a surface force would be detached to pursue fleeing enemy ships. His estimate was correct. Word was signaled that we and seven other warships would leave the main assault force and pursue and destroy enemy shipping which even now was reaching the open seas through the north pass.

I glanced at my watch. The time was sixteen minutes past eleven o'clock.

III

SO IT happened that we and other ships, one by one, fell out of formation and joined up in column for the chase. The flag of Admiral Spruance flew from the leading battleship. Then came the battleship to which I had been assigned, and the two cruisers. To our port and starboard prowled four destroyers. Minute by minute, the carrier force dropped behind, resuming its incessant circling as the aerial attack on Truk continued.

No big-game hunter ever stalked his prey with the grim intensity and unrelenting speed with which our small pursuit force closed for the kill. The pitiless mechanics of the situation became apparent long before the muzzles of our sixteen-inch guns turned slowly and inquisitively to rest on targets barely visible to the naked eye. This was an affair not of

the heart, but of the brain, of the cold, exact science which had developed more powerful engines and faster ships; had devised intricate machines to plot course, speed, and bearing (and many other things) in split seconds; and had built guns and ships capable of withstanding the shock and strain of battle. A soul figured in it somewhere, of course. Tough, seasoned naval "regulars" and raw young seamen walked the hard, uncompromising decks and carried out their orders, many times with their hearts in their mouths, and all of them were human figures of calculation and miscalculation, of coolness and trepidation, of decision and indecision. But mainly it was exact planning and precise equipment which carried off this afternoon's job, not the warm fury and personal element of ground or air action. Here was an action where time, indeed, was of the essence, and by that token, the character of our assignment may be better understood if it is presented by the minute and the hour:

12 o'clock noon—The ship's loudspeaker has just proclaimed to the men of this ship: "We have been ordered detached to take after and destroy five ships which have escaped through the north pass. We are now 40 miles from Truk." The scene aboard ship is now one of calm and relaxation. We have been at general quarters since before dawn, but any fatigue has been dispelled by anticipation. All guns are manned, and ammunition is stacked neatly by the anti-aircraft guns which bristle from our superstructure.

12:40 P.M.—The skipper is leaning back in his big leather chair on the navigation bridge, staring abstractedly at the horizon. Enlisted men are lounging at their battle stations, some thoughtful, some reading, others joking. "Boy, here's a shell for Tojo himself, but personally," says one of the lads, patting a vicious-looking projectile. We are heading almost due west on a course parallel to Truk's northern reefs.

12:45—Our planes report one enemy cruiser and two auxiliaries 25 miles west of our present position. We are now pouring on more speed, more—by far—than would have been possible in our pre-war battleships, and we have not yet approached our full speed.

12:51—The Captain arouses himself, and asks a senior officer, "Everybody in ship's company know what we're going to do?" Everybody does, it seems. Truk is now 45 miles off our port bow.

12:59—It has been reported that one small enemy carrier (later identified as a seaplane tender) is dead in the waters of Truk lagoon, burning and about to sink. Our carrier planes have also scored several hits on a cruiser formation.

1:05—Announcement over loudspeaker: "We will pass within 33 miles of Truk. [Actually, we were at one time to pass within 15 miles of the outer fringe of islets.] This is practically in their own backyard. Their airfields are still operating. Be alert."

1:12—Loudspeaker again, this time to medical officers and aid men: "Make settings for battle dressings." I have just gone up to sky control, a circular platform more than a hundred feet above the water line. Men moving around on decks below seem very small. The wind whips around our platform, whose circular metal shield is lined with lookouts and anti-aircraft officers. A belligerent marine major yells over the battle telephone circuit, "Goddammit, tell your men I don't want them sitting around with their sleeves rolled up." This is to emphasize the necessity of shielding the human body from "flash burns" which sometimes are incurred in explosions.

1:18—Indescribable excitement: a lone Zero, screaming down out of a cloud from the general direction of the sun, has just dropped a small bomb not more than twenty or thirty yards off our starboard bow. I was looking absently at the skies when I heard the high whine of a diving plane, then the soft whoosh-sh-sh! of the bomb. Instinctively, I ducked below the shield and looked up a few seconds later to see a small geyser erupting from the sea, and the Zero banking and heading away to starboard. Yells followed, "Air attack starboard!" and our ack-ack started firing, but the plane escaped. Men are now tense and silent, their flash hoods adjusted and eyes straining at the skies. "Watch those clouds!" bellows the Major.

1:50—Truk is now visible, some 20

miles to our port (south). Two little dots of land, evidently outlying reefs, are barely discernible in the haze, through glasses.

1:59—Two larger islands, faint blue humps surrounded by haze (or smoke?), have come into view. They are judged tentatively to be the peaks of Moen and Tol, two of the larger islands within Truk lagoon. The skipper is calling for more speed, and getting it.

2:23—United States dive bombers and torpedo planes are passing our column, heading west to attack enemy ships ahead of us.

2:47—Two enemy ships are now reported on our port bow, and Truk's outer islands are plainly visible as a long, low line of reefs and palms.

2:51—Our cruisers, mounting eight-inch guns, have been ordered to close and destroy an enemy vessel on our port bow.

2:55—Dive bombers are now peeling off through the clouds, plummeting on a blazing ship almost dead ahead, range thirty thousand yards. We can see splashes, then a black burst of smoke. The ship seems to be firing weakly at its tormenters.

3:02—The two American cruisers are now swinging out of column astern of us, and cutting over to port for firing position on a burning ship far off our port bow. We have partially secured our anti-aircraft batteries, which means that our sixteen-inch guns soon will begin to train. And the thought of the cataclysmic blast from those guns dismays me.

3:05—We now have four targets in sight as we speed westward: (A) light cruiser, two-masted, some sixteen or seventeen thousand yards off our port bow—she looks to be dead in the water, or nearly so, part of her superstructure blown away by bombs; (B) another cruiser or destroyer, running like hell, about thirty-three thousand yards off our port bow; (C) a destroyer, some twenty thousand yards off our port bow, also damaged; (D) a burning small craft (later tentatively identified as a *Nasami*-class minelayer of about 443 tons) burning furiously ten thousand yards dead ahead.

3:07—Our sixteen-inchers have trained on the second target, but the angle of fire

isn't too favorable; the big guns are training pretty far forward. Anyway, we're tracking her, range thirty thousand. Her estimated speed is twenty-five knots.

3:10—Target A seems in a bad way. Bombs are dropping one-two-three close aboard, and she's down by the stern, enveloped in flames and black smoke.

3:17—Message to two of our destroyers: "Close and destroy vessel [Jap destroyer] on port bow, and rejoin." Reply: "Roger . . . wilco . . . out." (Translated: "Your message received, will comply, period.")

3:23—Our cruisers have commenced firing on Target A to finish the destruction begun by our bombers. (They have dodged torpedoes, too. At least once, a hovering American plane warned the cruiser captains of oncoming "fish" fired by the desperate enemy. The warning came in time to permit emergency turns and thereby avert one or more torpedo hits.)

3:26—We have just witnessed sudden death, a terrible yet fascinating sight. A curtain of smoke and debris is all that remains of that burning small craft. Our leading battleship opened up with her five-inch batteries to port as she passed the enemy vessel. Salvos rippled across the water, and within two or three seconds a burst caught the Jap squarely. It must have set off explosives; at any rate, the stricken ship blew up, literally, into a thousand pieces. Tongues of flame licked the skies through the thick black plumage of smoke—the end of a ship.

3:28—The Jap destroyer to which our own destroyers were assigned is wrapped in smoke but her after gun is still firing, winking periodically through the pall. A splash is discernible just beyond one of our destroyers; not close aboard but doubtless close enough to make the skipper uncomfortable. Faint bumps, denoting the exchange of fire, reach our ears from many thousands of yards away.

3:29—Our big guns have now shifted to Target A, which is still afloat despite bombs and eight-inch shells.

3:30—We are passing the scene of the recent explosion, and one of our lookouts thinks he spotted a bit of debris with a few

Japs clinging to it. Our men stare curiously at the wreckage as they pass it, munching steak sandwiches all the while.

(The Executive Officer aboard one of our cruisers says there were definitely Jap survivors in the water as our ships rolled past. One, he said, shook his fist at the nearby United States cruiser, to which American enlisted men standing on the bridge replied with a derisive Bronx cheer.)

3:37—"Torpedo dead ahead!" I looked over the metal shield just in time to see a torpedo, looking like a silver pencil, "porpoising" in and out of the water as it crossed our bow from port to starboard, not more than fifty yards from our ship. Someone says it was probably fired by the crippled cruiser or maybe the destroyer further ahead.

IV

3:32—Eight guns of our main battery have just howled out their first salvo at the burning cruiser some fifteen thousand yards off our port beam. A blast like that lifts you off your feet and smacks you down, but the concussion is worse than the noise. Our spotters report a straddle (shells landing on both sides of the target), maybe a hit. Our batteries now will shift to rapid fire (turret salvos).

(In the compartments below, the men who waited for the worst and hoped for the best hugged the deck. They had heard about the torpedo, and each blast of our guns brought fresh uncertainty.)

3:36—We have now fired five salvos; the third salvo lit on the cruiser's bridge, and on the fifth blast she rolled over to port and seems to be sinking. One of the spotters says he definitely sees Japs crawling over the hull, but all I can see are dark blobs.

3:44—Without wasting time, our guns are trained once more on the running cruiser (or destroyer) at a range of thirty-five thousand yards. We're changing course slightly, toward the northwest, to bring our batteries to bear on the target, which seems to be running in a south-southwesterly direction.

3:50—We have just fired our first salvo on this target. Fire and smoke have been observed from the enemy, but she's turning left and gaining distance.

3:55—Firing has ceased after the third salvo. No question that our quarry has escaped, and no more targets are available. Our destroyers report that the enemy destroyer has been destroyed.

5:15—We've been eating battle rations—sandwiches and tomato juice. A message from Admiral Spruance has ordered the ships of this force to hoist "Prep Four," the Navy's largest American flag and our victory ensign. It waves beautifully in the bright sun and stiff breeze as we continue on a northwesterly course.

5:45—When a Douglas dive bomber cut in close to port, low over the water, one of our batteries opened up on it. Someone yelled "friendly plane" but that came too late. The Dauntless plunged into the water, riddled with bullets. It has taken the edge off an otherwise fine afternoon.

6:05—We have so far destroyed three ships, and there's just been another call to battle stations. A lookout reports an enemy trawler approximately forty thousand yards to starboard. One of our destroyers has been dispatched to sink it.

6:40—The destroyer and the trawler are dueling at close range. The destroyer straddled the trawler, which closed and returned fire, probably with inferior armament. The battle—or puffs of smoke from it—is faintly visible from here.

6:47—The enemy target is smoking from a direct hit, and lookouts say that shell spouts are ringing her hull.

6:50—The destroyer reports that the enemy is sinking. It is the fifth ship sunk by this particular destroyer in the last fortnight (she sank four auxiliaries off Eniwetok recently) and she's building a reputation as a fighting ship.

7:05—The destroyer skipper messages: "There are fifty or sixty well-dressed survivors in the water. Will bring back a sample." (He brought in six prisoners.)

7:30—Our toll of enemy shipping on this excursion now stands at one cruiser, one destroyer, and two auxiliaries sunk, one destroyer or cruiser possibly damaged. Tonight we will circle Truk, heading south and east around the atoll just in case the enemy expects us to return to our force on the same route by which we left it.

V

WE REJOINED our carriers the next morning, and resumed our protective watch around the flat-tops. The battle, however, was nearly over. Carrier planes continued to pound Truk, but there was no air-borne interception. In some respects, thought the skipper, our pursuit had turned out amazingly well. We had suffered no damage, and we had sunk four out of five targets. Today our planes were running out of targets and it was made known that the Truk assault would be completed ahead of schedule.

The Captain liked the battle discipline displayed aboard ship during the action. "Ever since I came aboard," he observed ruefully, "I've yapped and yapped about discipline. They don't like it when you stick to them like that, but I tell you they sure appreciate battle discipline when the time comes."

Overall, too, the results were good. Our check, as we steamed away from Truk that afternoon, showed that our planes had shot down 127 Japanese planes in air combat, and destroyed 74 planes on the ground or water. They had set fire to fuel, oil, and ammunition dumps and other installations. Air and surface arms of the Navy had combined their efforts to sink two light cruisers, three destroyers, eight cargo ships and transports, one sea-plane tender, and five auxiliaries. Those estimates have since been revised upwards.

SEVERAL days later, I was talking with a veteran air admiral. He remarked: "We could have finished off those cripples ourselves [with dive bombers and torpedo planes] but it seemed more economical to let the surface ships go out and sink them while we worked on other targets." He thought it "quite likely" that the decisive actions of tomorrow would be fought along a somewhat similar pattern: an initial, long-range air combat between the opposing forces, perhaps two hundred miles or more apart, followed by co-ordinated air and surface attacks to clinch the issue.

In no previous action had we been able to co-ordinate the surface and air arms of the fleet's warships as we did at Truk. Neither had the Japanese been able to

create an effective entente of surface and air during their surge to conquests in the first year of the Pacific war. They were unable, mostly because of their own ignorance and tactical stupidity, to achieve the prerequisite control of the air in either the Coral Sea or Midway actions, when they could have closed in with superior surface power. And we, for nearly a year, were stripped of our surface power and fought defensive actions with a pitifully inadequate carrier force and land-based aviation.

Land-based American planes, of course, assisted surface gunnery in the destruction of enemy warships and transports at Guadalcanal. But that campaign, it must be pointed out, was not fought under the conditions we now face on the road to Japan: wide stretches of water through the central and western Pacific, where we must establish a veritable "bridge of carriers" and widely separated bases. The naval actions of Guadalcanal did not involve the tactical urgencies of co-ordinated fleet movements by a large force of carriers, battleships, and cruisers.

Naval tacticians of the future may remark it as fortunate in more ways than one that the American Navy staved off final defeat in the black months of 1942. While bringing the enemy tide of conquest to a standstill, we were also gaining tactical experience with our limited weapons. We have learned that control of the air is the vital key to a decision, and we suspect (as proven at Truk and, subsequently, at Palau) that it can be achieved with carrier-based aircraft massed in sufficient strength against land-based aviation. We have improved immeasurably our tactics and devices for the protection of our carriers. We are better able, for our experience, to evaluate the potentialities and limitations of airpower and gunnery.

Today and tomorrow, with a fast, powerful striking force at our disposal, we shall be able to take full advantage of the important lessons of yesterday in the Pacific naval campaign. In this light, the Naval Battle of Truk was not only our greatest naval and psychological victory since Midway; it was a lesson in the use of our weapons to achieve victory on the high and broad seas.

THE Easy Chair *Bernard DeVoto*



AS LATE as 1944 the Republic could produce an aspirant to the Presidency who had the courage to denounce chicanery by high officials of his party, to repudiate elements in that party which he could not respect, and to notify it that he would be its candidate on certain terms but on those terms only. As time goes on it will be increasingly important that such courage cost Mr. Wendell Willkie the Republican nomination, but at the moment it is more important that he had the courage and committed his political fortune to its high standard. His campaign in Wisconsin was a memorable demonstration of political honor. No one may say where it stands in the time scheme of American history, whether it is east or west of noon, but it could still be made as late as 1944. We shall remember it. But other candidates will remember it too and a long time will pass before we see its like again.

Mr. Willkie's withdrawal from the Presidential race disposed of the only candidate in either party whose position, principles, and values were fully known. Political analysts immediately conceded the Republican nomination to Governor Dewey, and though between May and the convention more water will flow under the bridge than in any equivalent period in our history, he certainly is the odds-on favorite now. Mr. Dewey began to be a candidate a good many years ago and has conducted himself with such a professional sagacity, not to say cooniness, that not much is known about him. But what is known about him is known certainly. He has built a house by the side of the road. There is no latch on its door, above which a light burns all night long. That door will open to any ring and "Welcome" is stamped on the mat before it. So far as

the eye can see he does not stand on anything but it seems certain that he will stand for anything. And clearly he is willing to make this race under the alias of Warren Gamaliel Harding.

IT WAS obvious that if Mr. Willkie did not get the Republican nomination Senator Harding would, and the only question was whose name he would use. Up till lately the best guess was that at the proper moment Governor Bricker's robes and false face would be dropped and Senator Taft would be revealed against a backdrop of a smoke-filled room. The body of voters usually called Mugwumps would have preferred to make the fight against Taft and even to lose to him, if it should come to losing, for at least his beliefs, attitudes, and values have been stated with some clarity. If the Mugwump abhors them he would rather deal with the abhorrent than with the unknown. When Taft yields to Dewey we get into the unknown and well along toward the unknowable, and at every mention of his name the Mugwump who writes this column finds himself remembering an epigram of Mark Hanna's about Mr. Bryan in 1900. It perhaps ought not to be printed in a family magazine, so let us say instead that to the Mugwump only one name, MacArthur, ever looked worse than Dewey and, as this is written, that name has been withdrawn from the race.

Concern about the Mugwump vote speedily began to dampen the Republican rejoicing that followed the Wisconsin primary. That rejoicing was in itself a notification to that vote. In all our history sudden deliverance from a threat of statesmanship has produced no equal relief. The Republican Party need not be unequivocal about anything after all, it

did not even have to cross over into the twentieth century, it could remain the G.O.P. It could coast in from here, the election was in the bag, and all winds that blew carried the Doxology. Nevertheless, so promptly as to suggest a second thought of violent sobriety, various spokesmen began to assure us that this did not mean a victory for the McCormick-Patterson soviet. There seemed to be a compulsion to assure all Mugwumps that Wisconsin was not running interference for isolationism, and especially that Mr. Dewey was not carrying the ball. The compulsion affected everyone except those who could speak with authority. The McCormicks, Pattersons, Hearsts, Sokolskys, and the rest said firmly that the Wisconsin primary meant exactly what it seemed to mean. The Mugwump can only conclude that they ought to know.

In theory it remains possible that they are wrong. Since Governor Dewey's door will open to any ring whatsoever it would be theoretically possible for him to turn anti-isolationist if he should decide that there were enough votes in doing so. Up to convention time and probably up to about October first, that must remain pure theory, however, as events promptly showed. Representative Miller of Nebraska revealed that General MacArthur was a candidate. The General's platform was clear and simple, as befitted the stern logic of the military mind. He was as anti-New Deal as it is possible to be and he was opposed to the way the war has been conducted. Here was a man who not only had great prestige but also knew more about war than Colonel McCormick, and by the happiest of coincidences they agreed completely. The soviet lined up behind him. He could not possibly be their nominee but for a while he was a war club fitted to their hands. Now they must find another one.

In theory also it remains possible for Governor Dewey to defy that pressure. He might denounce America First, isolationism, and all their ways, works, and personalities. There may be voters sufficiently virginal to suppose that he will yet do so of his own initiative but none of them are Mugwumps. Even if he did make that repudiation, he would never-

theless have to run on a platform built to accommodate that wing of the Republican Party. And if he should win he would be elected by their votes. Even if he repudiated that support, and even if he meant the repudiation, he would not be able to make good. When Mr. Willkie withdrew, the Republican Party lost the only candidate it had who could overcome its isolationism, and it remained committed to two assumptions. It assumes that it can win in 1944 by going back to 1920 and covering all that ground again. And it assumes that it can do so with no reference to any aspect of the war except its conduct by the Administration—it assumes that the war has made no important change in the conditions of our economy, our society, or our intercourse with other nations. If the Wisconsin primary shows anything at all, it shows not so much that the old guard has regained control of the Republican Party as that it had never lost control and was only sitting out a hand in 1940.

THEREFORE the defeat of Mr. Willkie in Wisconsin made sure that the Mugwump vote will go Democratic. It will go Democratic in the clear realization that there is nothing else for it to do. Presumably that is one of the reasons for Mr. Roosevelt's tranquillity. It is not the G.O.P. that need only sit tight, it is Mr. Roosevelt. If he had been running against the Republican Party of Mr. Willkie he would have had to make a contest for the Mugwump vote. Even after fighting for it he might well have lost it. But since he will be running against the G.O.P. it will come to him of its own accord. It will come to him sorrowful and dejected but it will come nevertheless.

Mr. Roosevelt might easily put us in a more cheerful frame of mind, of course, but he does not have to and we do not expect him to. Mr. Lippmann is quite right in saying that we believe the times are ripe and overripe for a change in administration. It is not necessarily true, as Mr. Lippmann also says, that twelve or sixteen years are too long a time for any administration or even a political party to remain in power. But it is true of this Administration, which, if not in Mr. Lipp-

mann's word ossified, is at least ankylosed—stiff at the joints, hardened in its attitudes, inflexible, apparently incapable of self-adjustment. We agree with most of the bill of particulars that Mr. Willkie drew up against it. We believe that it is tired, cynical, shifty, strained by its inner contradictions, grown as doubtful of its original ends as it is confused about its means. We are aware that its fiscal ineptness has played as large a part as the inescapable giantism of war in creating an administrative chaos so great that its eventual successor may well need a full four years merely to find out how the country is being governed. We believe that it has departed from its liberal assumptions and turned aside from its liberal goals. We are tired of being governed by prohibitions rather than by sanctions. We are tired of a policy that has lost its elasticity and inventiveness, which has degenerated into customarily treating us as wards rather than constituents, as incompetent children rather than adults. We are especially tired of being tenderly safeguarded, as either children or incompetents, from news of the war we are fighting—we are tired of seeing the agency which the Administration itself set up to provide war information for us being frustrated by the antique ideas of security held by the Army and Navy and by the caprice of the White House.

We are so tired of all this that we should almost certainly have voted for Mr. Willkie. There was, even, a theoretical chance of bringing us to vote for Governor Dewey. He is held to be a good administrator and liberal morale had sunk so low that we might have been willing to content ourselves with a hope that at least some of the administrative chaos would be cleaned up. But Wisconsin saddled Governor Dewey with the G.O.P. and that is that; there is no possible equivocation or appeal. We have to take the war into account, and the G.O.P. has decided not to.

THE G.O.P. is betting that though the conduct of the war can be made to count in the election campaign the issues of the war do not matter. Quite apart from their reactionary domestic policies,

the Republican members of Congress have set an unmistakable record of isolationism. They adopted toward this war precisely the stand of Congressional Whigs in 1846–47: support the military effort, disregard the war issues, and say nothing about the war aims that will not confuse them, for election is coming on. There remains for the G.O.P. only to repeat another political folly, one which was even more fatal, that of the Democrats in 1864. There will have to be a Republican platform. It does not have to be constructed with Governor Dewey in mind, since he has made clear that any platform which will suit anyone who will vote for him will suit him perfectly. It does, however, have to be constructed with prodigious skill. It must be made more inclusive than any earlier platform in history: it must contrive to harness Colonel McCormick and Governor Stassen in one yoke. It must assure the East and West Coasts that the Middle West is only making campaign medicine and will string along. It must find a way of defining a collaborationist intent which will hold the Republicans who follow Mr. Willkie and at the same time assure America First that it does not in the least particular mean what it says. It must provide ample material for Harding's speeches in support of the League of Nations but that material must enable Harding to say on election night that the League of Nations is dead.

It must, that is, reproduce the Democratic platform of 1864. It has got to reconcile irreconcilables and convert howling absurdities into a temporary appearance of logical inevitability. It is certainly going to do just that. But it can do so only in defiance of reality. In 1864 General McClellan had to repudiate his platform before he began to run; he had to announce that though America First had nominated him he did not intend to run as its candidate. Smoother operators are now at work and Governor Dewey has greased his hide with a very serviceable lard; he will not have to take a stand when he begins to run. But he will have to take one before he finishes: he will have to repudiate that platform. At some time during the campaign, certainly no later than October first, he will discover that

while he has been trying to beat Mr. Roosevelt, America First has been beating him.

Thus it turns out that not the G.O.P. but the Democratic Party can coast in from here. The Mugwump is not happy in that outcome, feeling it scandalous to the brink of catastrophe that the most momentous election in our history is going to be carried by default. Nevertheless he does not join Mr. Willkie in seeing it as a forced choice of the lesser of two evils. It is a series of forced simplifications all right and the Mugwump regrets that they have occurred at this particular time, but the more they eliminate the clearer the choice is—and the easier. The Republican Party has decided to remain the G.O.P. It is making a solemn bet that we have gone back to 1920, that the world has not changed since then, that the war is only a job that has got to be carried through successfully. On that bet it has staked this election. But it has staked more as well, the next three elections at least and, possibly, its own existence. It has not only risked them, it has lost them. For in this much the entire electorate is Mugwump: that it has learned something since 1920 and can easily see that the G.O.P. has not. Same interests, same men, same ideas, same tactics. Well, they lost in 1932, they have lost every time since then, and they are going to lose this year.

BUT what about x , the water that must still flow under the bridge, all the unpredictable developments between June first and election day? They are going to extend the series of simplifications and make the choice still easier. One simplification is not pleasant to contemplate.

The most intransigent Republican Congressmen have already undertaken to make political capital of the death of Americans in battle. As the most terrible summer of our national existence immensely enlarges the casualty lists, we may count on seeing those tactics enlarged and expanded. In fact the decision to stand fast on 1920 leaves the G.O.P. few other tactics to use, and there is besides a necessary relationship between them and the isolationism of those who have demonstrated that they control the G.O.P. Much of its campaign must necessarily consist of repeating the isolationist dogma: this is an Administration war, the Administration got us into it when we could have stayed out, the Administration could get us out of it if it would but it does not want to and so we must. The G.O.P. bet is that nationwide anguish and grief will make those tactics effective for just long enough.

But there is a still further simplification. It was unanswerable and victorious when a similar opposition employed the same tactics against the war administration in 1864, and one savors history's sharpest irony in recalling that it was a Republican President who successfully bade the nation make sure that these dead shall not have died in vain. Republicans who have got past 1920 are aware right now that the indicated tactics will fail and, as I have said, Harding will have to repudiate them before election day. He will be too late, he has already missed his chance. In order to succeed that repudiation would have had to be made in advance. Mr. Willkie told Wisconsin that though the Republican Party could win this year, the G.O.P. could not. Mr. Willkie was right.

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WHO KILLED ESTELLE CAREY?

The Murder That Lifted the Veil on the Syndicate

JOHN BARTLOW MARTIN



AT THE coroner's inquest over Estelle Carey's body, a witness testified that the murdered woman was "the girl friend" of Nick Dean and that she worked for him in his night club. Nick Dean recently had been sent to prison, along with the other leaders of the Syndicate in Chicago, for labor-union racketeering. It had often been said that the Syndicate, an organization of gangsters, ruled Chicago. Unquestionably in recent years it had been powerful in some of the city's labor unions and night clubs. It had also reached beyond Chicago and was affiliated professionally with the New York mob called Murder, Inc. Similarly, Estelle was involved personally with a purported member of Murder, Inc. Naturally, therefore, the overtones and implications of the Carey murder case were—and still are—of extraordinary interest.

Nearly every well-patronized saloon and night club in Chicago has a "26 game." This is a cheap dice game, a concession operated for the amusement of patrons; the usual bet is a quarter and the game is run by a girl, usually attractive. In many cases, like the hat-check girl, she works on a percentage for the Syndicate. Perched on a high stool behind the small spotlighted green felt dice table, she must be on duty long hours at night and must listen to the conversation of lonely male drunks;

and if, bored, she allows her game to show a slump in profits she can expect to be shipped promptly to a tavern where business is dull and her earnings small. Most 26 girls average less than \$50 a week. Estelle Carey, nominally a 26 girl, had an income of at least \$500 a week. Blonde, good-looking, Estelle was murdered February 2, 1943. Thirteen months later her killer had not been caught and it appeared he never would be. This is the story of her death, and so it is the story of her world, the world of the Syndicate.

"THE Syndicate" is a term tossed around familiarly by nearly everyone in Chicago. Generally it is understood to mean the gang of which Alphonse Capone used to be called the boss. (But was he?) Just how tightly organized the Syndicate is today is problematical. Some say it is simply a loose federation of sluggers, murderers, fixers, ward heelers, policemen, lawyers, bondsmen, gamblers, and all manner of racketeers who employ one another's services as necessity dictates but lack formal organization. Others say it is a criminal band with rigid hierarchy. The truth probably lies between these extremes, but all the evidence seems to indicate a pretty tight organization. The Syndicate sprawls all over Chicago and has a hand in everything. Traditionally it

controls gambling and vice. It has been extremely active in labor unions. Its members own night clubs and a great variety of legitimate businesses. They turn up in surprising connections.

Acting Captain William Drury, who investigated the murder of lovely Estelle Carey, says positively that "it was a gang job." Other officers disagree, equally positively. Some of them say that Estelle's Syndicate connections had nothing to do with her death, that this was a crime of passion motivated perhaps by jealousy. And some even maintain that a fur-coat burglar killed her. Nobody knows, nobody but the murderer.

Estelle Carey lived with another girl, Maxine Buturff, in a four-room apartment at 512 Addison Street, on the North Side near the lake, a desirable location. There was no elevator in the building. Estelle's third-floor apartment was not ostentatious but it was nice. The rent was \$75 a month, unfurnished. The furniture, Miss Buturff's, was Swedish modern, of good quality. Each of the two young women paid half the rent.

Estelle was killed here in mid-afternoon on a drizzly winter Chicago day, when dirty snow lay on the sidewalks and in the court of the big U-shaped apartment building on Addison Street.

At 3:09 P.M. firemen were called to the apartment by neighbors who smelled smoke. When the firemen found Estelle's body they notified police at the Town Hall District Station, only a few blocks away. Captain Drury and a squad responded.

II

ESTELLE's body lay in the dining room on the floor, partially covered by an overturned chair. Her killer had beaten, stabbed, and slashed her, then had set her afire. The coroner's physician discovered numerous wounds about the head and face and throat, some made by a blunt instrument and some by a sharp one but all superficial: the skull was not fractured and it was fire which had caused her death. Her feet were "burned off," according to inquest testimony, and the flesh was burned off both legs nearly up to the knee, exposing the bone. The upper portion of

her body, protected by the chair, was burned only slightly. Near the body lay a broken bottle which investigation disclosed had not belonged to either Estelle or her roommate, Miss Buturff; apparently the killer had brought it with him and it had contained some inflammable liquid with which he saturated his victim's clothing. (Laboratory experts failed to identify the liquid but said there was no doubt that this was a "flash fire.")

The body lay on its back, and it was believed possible that Estelle had been sitting in the chair when she first was attacked, perhaps reading, for a copy of Wilkie Collins's *The Moonstone* was found near the body. However, it was plain she had fought for her life: the police found signs of a terrific struggle not only in the dining room, where the body lay, but also in the kitchen. Near the body was some hair matted with blood; the fire made positive identification difficult but the police Scientific Crime Detection Laboratory said not all of the hair came from Estelle's head and none of it from Miss Buturff's. More hair was on the floor in the kitchen; there were bloodstains on the stove, on the rear door near the base, and on the cupboard where dishes were kept. The officers also found in the kitchen a blackjack, a bloody bread knife, and a bloody electric iron. A fourth weapon, a bloody broken whisky bottle, lay near the body.

If the killer had left any fingerprints they had been obliterated by the time the Bertillon experts arrived, for the fire, a hot one, had spread rapidly and done a lot of damage, and the firemen had made a mess of things in fighting it.

The firemen said that when they reached the flat they found both doors locked from the inside, and so the police were confronted with the locked-room problem so popular with detective story writers. The front door was double-locked, not only with an ordinary spring lock but also with a bolt, identical to that on most hotel doors, which had to be manipulated manually from the inside. Obviously the killer could not have escaped by way of the front door. The windows were out of consideration, the apartment being on the third floor. Examining the rear door, the detectives found that it could be opened

only an inch or two because a steel night latch, a sliding nut-and-notch arrangement, was set at half-lock. True, a window beside this rear door had been smashed, but the firemen said they had broken it to let the smoke out. In the end the detectives concluded that the murderer had fled by the rear door and that he had slammed the door behind him hard enough to snap the sliding night latch halfway on (experiments proved this possible).

This theory was bolstered when the officers, canvassing the large apartment building for possible witnesses, discovered in a ground-floor flat a Mrs. Jessie Lovrein who said she had seen a man come down the rear stairs from the section of the building where Estelle lived carrying two fur coats (two coats, a mink and a sable, were missing from the apartment). He walked across an ice-covered vacant lot toward Lake Shore Drive, Mrs. Lovrein said. Immediately the police started trying to trace him.

Mrs. Lovrein thought she had seen him at a little past 2:30 P.M., and this helped fix the time of the crime. The firemen believed that the fire had been started only a few minutes before they were called at 3:09. Estelle had been alive at 1:00—her cousin, Mrs. Phoebe Zyrkowski, of 1751 North Spaulding, a young housewife who contrasted sharply with the dead glamour girl, had telephoned her at that time to break a date to go to a movie that night. While Mrs. Zyrkowski was explaining that she couldn't find anybody to take care of her baby, she heard Estelle's doorbell ring and also heard the dog bark. (Firemen found the dog, a Pomeranian, on Estelle's bed.) Estelle said she was expecting a caller. Mrs. Zyrkowski promised to telephone again, and she did, several times, but received no answer until finally a cop answered. Most of the police believe this caller who arrived about one was the murderer and that he was known to Estelle, although of course it is possible he transacted his business and departed and was succeeded by an entirely different person, the murderer.

This theory is questioned because the one-o'clock caller has not come forward and identified himself. It is held chiefly

by those who believe a fur-coat burglar killed Estelle. At first jewelry thought to be worth about \$2,500 could not be found. But later it turned up in a shoe in the closet, along with the key to a safe-deposit box. Police set about tracing the vault. They did not believe that the murderer had made a thoroughgoing search of the flat. Therefore, could robbery have been the motive? True, the officers found no money in the flat, and Miss Buturff said that Estelle usually carried \$75 or \$100; true, two fur coats were missing, and Miss Buturff had seen them at 10:30 A.M. when she went to work. (At that time Estelle was still asleep, alone, in one of the twin beds in the single bedroom.) But the murderer did not find the jewels or the lock-box key, nor did he ransack dresser drawers and other obvious hiding places. The police wondered if the coats might not have been taken in order to build up a robbery theory and so conceal the true motive.

Puzzling over these questions, they tried to determine whether a man or a woman had murdered Estelle. This was crucial, for on it hinged the all-important question: was this a gangster murder or a private one? A man had been seen fleeing with the coats. Two cups, one containing the dregs of hot chocolate and the other dry cocoa and sugar, seemed to indicate Estelle had entertained a woman; but Miss Buturff explained that Estelle had prepared hot chocolate for the two of them the night before. Perhaps the firmest foundation for the theory of the woman murderer was this: the beating Estelle received would not have killed her. What man would bludgeon a woman repeatedly with a heavy blackjack without fracturing the skull? What man would attempt to slit a person's throat but only inflict a scratch? Estelle was only five feet three and weighed only one hundred and ten pounds; yet she had carried on a long and perhaps almost successful struggle with her murderer, had at least yanked out some of his hair, and perhaps had wounded him, for, since "she bled very little," it was considered possible that not all of the blood spattered about was hers. Further, it was thought probable that some of the hair on the floor was Estelle's; does a man snatch

at a woman's hair? And yet again, the multiplicity and kind of weapons suggested a woman—a butcher knife, an electric iron, a broken whisky bottle are a woman's weapons. But is a blackjack? No, a blackjack is a man's weapon, more particularly, a hoodlum's. Could there have been two murderers, one male, one female?

Bound up in this question is the attempted cremation of the corpse, one of the most puzzling circumstances in the case. Usually a torch murder has just one object: to conceal forever the victim's identity. But how could the murderer in this case have hoped to conceal his victim's identity when he had killed her in her own apartment? What, then, was the reason for the fire? One theory is that the murderer was an insanely jealous woman bent on destroying Estelle's beauty. In rebuttal it is urged that the fire simply was set to obliterate all clues. But the murderer set fire to *Estelle*, not to the apartment itself; had he coldly set about destroying the furnishings and weapons he would have sprayed the inflammable fluid in various spots throughout the flat, such as on curtains, rugs, overstuffed furniture. He did not; he poured it on Estelle's clothes, and on nothing else. Yet even this indisputable fact, pointing as it seems to toward an act of passion, does not rule out the possibility that Estelle was murdered by methodical gangsters, for they might have been torturing their victim, or they might have been attempting to disguise the crime as a private killing. The fire seems consistent with any of the several theories of motive (and hence of identity of the murderer) save one—burglary. (A burglar excited by the murder he did not intend to commit and desperate in his efforts to obliterate all clues might have been careless enough to saturate only Estelle's clothing with the inflammable fluid; but a burglar never would have brought the fluid with him in the first place.)

IN THE apartment the detectives found a warmly inscribed photograph of a good-looking young soldier (nearly everybody in the case, including Captain Drury, was good-looking). They also found a batch of love letters from the soldier, pro-

fessing his love and jealousy of Estelle; at least one of the letters appeared to threaten Estelle if she deserted him for any other man. He himself was married, and his affairs in Chicago's night life were curiously entangled with Estelle's: before entering the Army he had been a headwaiter at an expensive Near North Side drinking place and his wife had worked as a 26 girl at the Colony Club under Estelle's direction. His letters to Estelle spoke of his divorce suit, which was pending.

The detectives also discovered in Estelle's apartment an address book containing a number of men's names. Each had to be investigated. One was a reputable business man, Earl M. Weymer; Estelle had been mentioned prominently in his bitter divorce suit several years earlier, and a cop described him at the inquest as "a very close dear friend" of Estelle. The police questioned him. He had known Estelle for several years. Recently he had seen Estelle in Florida but he insisted that he was not there "with her." He last had seen her on Sunday in Chicago, two days before she was killed; in evening clothes they had dined at the Ambassador Hotel, an expensive place frequented by people "in society," and Estelle had not appeared worried, which seems strange under the circumstances, as we shall see.

We shall return to this and to Estelle's Florida trip, and to her other involved personal affairs. But perhaps it would be best first to trace briefly her life history.

III

SHE was thirty-four when she died. She had been born in Chicago. Her parents, like so many older-generation Chicagoans, had come to the city from small towns in adjacent states. Estelle's father died when she was about two years old and her mother put her in an orphanage, where she remained until her mother remarried in 1916. Estelle then lived with her mother and stepfather, adopting his name (her true name was Smith). She quit school in her teens to go to work in a factory and later she was a telephone operator. In 1930, twenty-two years old and a gorgeous natural blonde, she left home

to make her own way. At the time of her death her mother, a thin-faced, plain, bewildered woman, was quoted as saying, "She was high-toned. She didn't want to live in our little apartment [above a bakery]. But she was a good girl."

Estelle did not move in a single leap from the flat over the bakery to \$500 a week as Nick Dean's "girl friend," the confidante of powerful Syndicate leaders. She worked as a waitress in a restaurant in Logan Square, then as a waitress in Rickett's, a place frequented by theatrical and professional people on the Near North Side, in the heart of the bright-lights district. Here she was noticed by Nick Dean.

His true name was Nick Circella, and his criminal record went back to 1916, and by the time he met Estelle about a dozen years before she was killed he was close to the top of the Syndicate, from the leadership of which the federal income-tax men had just removed Al Capone. He was to become even more powerful, and Estelle was to rise with him. Before long she was running a 26 game at the Yacht Club, a flashy, expensive night club on the Near North Side (since closed).

It was said—but, as is the case with so many statements made about Syndicate men, probably never proved—that Nick Dean was one of the owners of the Yacht Club and that another was Lawrence ("Dago") Mangano. There was a gambling room upstairs, and those who say the Yacht Club was a Syndicate spot point out that "you can't run a gambling joint in Chicago without the Syndicate's okay."

THE world into which Estelle now was moving was the fringe of show business, the fringe of hoodlumism. The Near North Side abutted the modern Gold Coast and the Little Italy slums. Up and down it, from the river north nearly to Division Street, ran Rush Street, in the Nineties a Gold Coast street, now a street of tall brick apartment buildings and hotels, of night clubs and saloons from the sleaziest in Chicago to the fanciest, of faded brownstones remodeled into rooming houses and studio apartments. Rush Street, heart of the Near North Side, and the side streets off it were drab and de-

serted by day but they blazed with light most of the night. On this Near North Side lived side by side reputable persons of wealth, gorgeous girls in show business, artists, musicians, writers, "career girls," hot-record collectors, cheap thieves, high-priced prostitutes, Syndicate business leaders, song-and-dance men. On the streets were convertible coupés, on the sidewalks slender girls in chubbies with dogs on leashes. At least one murder has been committed in a hotel lobby in this district in recent years. And in this district during the twenties occurred two of the most spectacular murders of the feud between the gangs of Al Capone and Dion O'Banion: that of O'Banion, shot dead as he shook the hand of a caller in the florist's shop he used as headquarters, and that of Hymie Weiss, his successor and would-be avenger, who walked into a machine-gun ambush in front of Holy Name Cathedral across the street from the florist's shop.

In the thirties the Near North Side night clubs were fancy and expensive. Many employed hostesses, observed (illegally) no closing hours, ran roulette wheels and crap games, and enjoyed the patronage of high public officials and playboys, of wealthy married men carrying on illicit romances, of people in show business and people in the rackets. These were not the haunts of café society. Dissatisfied customers and others have called these night clubs "clip joints," and it is true they were expensive and they "got a sucker play."

This was Estelle's new world. Her rise was rapid. When the Colony Club opened in 1938 she went to work in it. In its heyday the Colony Club was the most expensive, the flashiest, the most "intimate" hot spot on the Near North Side. Located at 744 Rush Street, it was reputedly owned by Nick Dean, but he denied this in 1940 and told the police it was owned by his brother, August, and Henry ("Sonny") Goldstone (a night-club entrepreneur). "When I am in town I go over there and try to help out my brother. I know quite a few people in town." He said he received no salary for this. He also said that the Colony Club employed about seventy-five people, all union members (Nick was deeply interested in the labor movement, as we shall see).

The Colony employed a rumba band and, almost alone among Chicago clubs, such single-featured stars as Carmen Miranda, Connie Boswell, and Maxine Sullivan. Its dance floor was tiny, its décor dramatic, its lighting subdued, its drinks and dinners expensive. It claimed to be "the smartest supper club in town," and perhaps some of its patrons did not even know about the gambling room upstairs. On the first floor were about six 26 games; upstairs were at least two roulette wheels and several crap tables and chuck-luck layouts. The croupiers wore dinner jackets. One police officer has said, "The sky was the limit." The story goes that Estelle once took \$10,000 from a gambler in two hours at dice. She was good.

She started as a 26 girl, and it was thus that her occupation was identified by her mother and her roommate at the inquest. (Her mother said she didn't know whom Estelle worked for, but her roommate said it was Nick Dean, "the owner of the Colony Club." Estelle's social security card listed her employer as Goldstone.) Before long she was in charge of the half-dozen or so other 26 girls who worked at the Colony. Nick Dean finally cut her in on the profits of the gambling, and her income was \$500 a week or more.

When Estelle was murdered in February, 1943, her mother testified she had not seen her since the preceding August, although Estelle had sent her some money for Christmas. "Of course, you know, I was worried because she traveled," her mother testified. "I had not seen her, did not hear from her so much. That is, she said, 'I can take care of myself. Don't worry, mother.'"

IV

Now Nick Dean's story is an interesting one. In it can be read the story of the Syndicate itself, for Nick Dean's career might be called typical of that of most of the Syndicate big shots. As he changed, so did they, and so did Chicago. He began as a cheap stickup man; he ended by extorting a million dollars from some of America's wealthiest business men.

Born in Chicago about 1900, he pleaded guilty to a robbery charge on December 13, 1915, and was placed on probation for a

year. Before the year was up he was sentenced to Pontiac Reformatory on a plea of guilty to a charge of assault with attempt to commit murder in a saloon hold-up. (Two charges of assault to rob and four of robbery were stricken off.) He was then living in the slums of Little Italy on the Near West Side. He was paroled September 1, 1921. After that, Dean, like so many other Syndicate men, had a long list of arrests but almost no convictions. Among his associates during those early years, as revealed by the Criminal Court records, was Frank Rio, who later achieved fame as Alphonse Capone's personal bodyguard.

Some of the subsequent big shots came from the Black Hand gangs of Little Italy. Both by design and blind chance the Syndicate was forming. The catalytic agent was prohibition. Big Jim Colosimo, the vice ruler, had called in Johnny Torrio from New York to guard him against the dread Black Hand, and Torrio brought in as an assistant a kid from the Five Points Gang named Al Capone. The cure proved worse than the disease: Colosimo was shot dead in his restaurant. And Capone and Torrio took over. That was in 1920. The Syndicate is still in power.

Under Colosimo's rule power had been based chiefly on vice. Nearly coincident with his death came prohibition. Bootleg liquor became the flood that swept the big shots into power in Chicago. Before long, as one of them has boasted, they were buying policemen and politicians like bananas, by the bunch; before long they were immune, except to bullets. Al Capone became a world figure (though some will tell you he was only a front man for Frank Nitti, the brain, and others); "Chicago boys" became a phrase that meant gangsters and still does; murder lost its news value; Chicagoans proudly pointed out Capone's "castle" in Cicero to awestruck country cousins; the take was three millions a week, and St. Valentine's Day was not far off.

In the twenties Capone's organization grossed less than ten millions a year from rackets, including labor; the big things were liquor, gambling, and vice. Nick Dean got in on none of this immediately; as late as 1924 he still was being accused of

robbery. But by 1927 he had entered the activity in which, in common with the other Syndicate big shots, he later would make a million and meet disaster: labor. He was one of the first Syndicate leaders to enter the labor movement.

The others were not far behind, for necessity pushed them. Times were changing. Al Capone went to prison in 1931 for income-tax evasion. Frankie Rio was heir apparent but he failed and was replaced by Frank ("The Enforcer") Nitti, born Nitto, a small, cold, flat-faced man long called the business genius of the Capone organization. He survived Leavenworth and intra- and inter-gang warfare and the bullets of Mayor Anton Cermak's personal policemen (Cermak was killed in Florida soon afterward by an assassin who, the Chicago story goes, wasn't shooting at President-elect Roosevelt at all). Among Nitti's lieutenants were Louis ("Little New York") Campagna, Frankie Diamond (a brother-in-law of Al Capone), Nick Dean, and a host of others. With their aid Nitti held the Syndicate together. (About this time Dean met Estelle Carey.) Repeal had dried up the main source of income, illegal alcohol. The revenue from vice declined. Gambling remained but was not enough alone. So the boys sought new fields of endeavor. Rackets were the thing—rackets of all kinds.

Labor was just one racket, but it was one of the most important. We can study the Syndicate by studying only its activities in labor. And we can best trace the full-fledged entry of the Syndicate, as such, into the labor field by studying what happened to George Browne.

V

GEORGE BROWNE was once a stagehand in a burlesque theater in Chicago. He was not a Syndicate gangster from the old days; he was a labor man. He was shot mysteriously and wounded on January 27, 1925, according to a newspaper article which identified him as a business agent for the Chicago Theatrical Protective Union, Local No. 2. Before he became involved with the Syndicate he had achieved a measure of local success in labor circles. In 1932 he was defeated in

his first attempt to become president of the International (A. F. of L.) of the stagehands and motion-picture projectors. Just after that he met Willie Bioff, a Russian-born ex-pander who had been "picking up a dollar here and a dollar there" working in a gambling house for Phil D'Andrea and Jack Zuta, Syndicate leaders.

Browne hired Bioff to help run the Chicago local of the stagehands. Times were hard; Browne and Bioff threatened to strike Barney Balaban's chain of movie theaters if he didn't contribute \$50,000 to the union's unemployment fund. Balaban said it would put him out of business. Bioff replied, "If Gramma has to die, Gramma has to die." Balaban paid them \$20,000. To celebrate, Browne and Bioff threw a party at a night club owned by Nick Dean. They spent about \$300 at the party, and Nick, who knew them as beer-and-pretzel customers, was impressed. The next day Browne received a phone call directing him to appear at 22nd Street and Michigan Avenue, where the old Capone headquarters had been located.

He and Bioff went, and Browne was taken for a two-hour automobile ride by Ralph Pierce (of whom more later) and Nick Dean's old friend, Frank Rio. They inquired into Browne's union affairs. A day or two later Rio instructed Bioff to notify Browne that the Syndicate wanted fifty per cent of the union, or else. They got it, and more. In a house in suburban Riverside the mob met: Nitti, Rio, Campagna, and Paul ("The Waiter") Ricca. They decided that Browne would make a good union president. Browne and Bioff and Nick Dean attended a subsequent meeting and so did Louis Lepke, the boss of New York City's Murder, Inc., mob who was electrocuted March 4, 1944, at Sing Sing.

Nitti told Lepke to instruct Lucky Luciano, the New York vice king, to see to it that "the New York crowd" voted for Browne in the coming union elections. Lepke replied truculently that he would see to the matter himself. (This relationship, not always cordial, between Chicago's Syndicate and New York's Murder, Inc., was involved curiously with the love affairs of Estelle Carey.)

Ricca was host in a New York night

club at a third meeting, and he introduced Browne and Bioff to the men, including Luciano, who would take care of the New York end.

As a consequence of all this, Browne was elected president of the Stagehands' International at its Louisville convention, which was attended by a number of gunmen representing the mobs. The Syndicate was now in control. It put Bioff into the union as an "International representative" to watch Browne. And it put Nick Dean into a minor union office to watch both Bioff and Browne. (Later Dean also became a representative of the International, reputedly at a salary of \$22,000 a year, although he never had worked as a stagehand.)

The motion-picture operators' union came next. Thomas E. Maloy had quietly bossed its Chicago local with strong-arm methods since 1920; on February 4, 1935, two men with a sawed-off shotgun and a .45-caliber pistol drew alongside his car and shot him in the head as he drove up the Outer Drive just outside the World's Fair Grounds, and a week later Browne took over his union. Officers of the International were entertained at Al Capone's island home off Miami. And the Syndicate began to use its power.

In 1935 it extorted more than \$100,000 from Chicago theater owners by threatening to put two operators in each projection room. Nick Dean was the Chicago collector; it was from him that Bioff received his share. As the payments began to roll in, Nitti, Ricca, Campagna, Dean, Bioff, and Browne met at the Bismarck Hotel, and Nitti told Bioff and Browne that the Syndicate would take a two-thirds split, not one-half. Bioff, long familiar with the ways of the boys, advised Browne to acquiesce, and he did, reluctantly. Frankie Diamond moved in as partner in a burlesque show in Chicago. He cut Phil D'Andrea in. Presently the Syndicate was taking \$150,000 from Loew's in New York for "averting" a strike over wages. Then it moved to Hollywood, into the big money. Bioff became its West Coast representative and organizer, and of the first \$75,000 extorted from the movie moguls, Ricca got \$50,000. By calling some strikes

and threatening to call others the Syndicate, between 1936 and 1941, wrung more than a million dollars from four motion-picture companies: Loew's, Inc., Warner Brothers, Paramount Pictures, and Twentieth Century-Fox. (One motion-picture executive, at a conference with the extortionists, confused the initials of the International, IATSE, by which it was known, with a New Deal agency, and said, "My God, what is that man Roosevelt doing now?")

The boys set about making arrangements with officials of other allied unions whose members were electricians, stagehands, janitors, operators, movie-studio employees, and charwomen. Some of these officials co-operated with the Syndicate willingly. Others were forced to co-operate. The quarry was the employers: the movie moguls and theater owners.

But the quarry was also the workingmen, the rank-and-file membership of the unions. For the Syndicate played both ends against the middle. The boys put the squeeze on the employers; to make it easy for them to pay off, the boys, far from calling strikes or fighting for wage increases, forced the union members, the workers, to accept cuts in pay. It was a complete sellout. More, the Syndicate perfected a permit system introduced by Tommy Maloy whereby no new members were admitted to the projector operators' union but instead the union issued week-to-week temporary work permits, for which the operators had to pay ten per cent of their wages to the union—*i.e.*, to the Syndicate. This brought in \$4,000 a week. Moreover, the regular members paid \$160 a year dues. And from time to time the Syndicate levied various "special assessments."

How did they get away with it? On the one hand they threatened to kill, for example, Louis B. Mayer, and they threatened to strike the studios and theaters. On the other hand they threatened to kill legitimate labor leaders who rebelled (and they threw an occasional wages or hours sop to the rank and file). So terrible was their reputation that usually mere threats were enough. Sometimes sluggings and murders were necessary (four murders in 1938, for example).

DURING the middle 1930's the Syndicate was riding high. In addition to the motion-picture unions it was definitely active in the affairs of unions of hod carriers, common laborers, building-service people, engineers, bartenders and waiters, truck drivers, laundry workers, and retail clerks.

Nor were its activities in the mid-thirties by any means limited to labor racketeering. For instance, at the same time that the Syndicate ruled the laundry-truck-drivers' union, one of the big shots controlled much of the cleaning and dyeing industry. He was, in effect, at once the drivers' business agent and their employer. Ralph Capone, Al's brother, was in the food and bottled-beverage businesses, and succeeded in persuading nearly every tavern and night club of consequence in Chicago to buy its bottled water and a lot of its food from him. Syndicate men and politicians were partners in the ownership of breweries. And so on, and so on: the list of the businesses the Syndicate had moved into was long.

THERE was an enormous amount of money in all this, and the big shots spent it lavishly. On a business trip to California, "Little New York" Campagna saw an intricate system of sprinkler heads watering a wealthy man's lawn, and so he ordered five or six hundred of those sprinkler heads for his own estate. So did Paul ("The Waiter") Ricca, who maintained a small estate complete with fish pond in the expensive suburb of River Forest. Campagna spent five weeks at Malibu Beach, sunning himself with his wife—and calling a strike on a movie lot. Others in the mob spent their money on fancy women, expensive vacations, high-priced cars, show places in the country equipped with riding stables and all the other accoutrements of the gentleman farmer. When they visited a night club—usually owned by a brother Syndicate man—their spending was fabulous. They habitually carried large sums of money in their pockets; not infrequently when the body of a Syndicate man was found his wallet contained several thousand dollars.

They were a sophisticated lot. Willie Bioff, on the witness stand, said blandly to

an infuriated cross-examiner, "Oh yes sir, I am a very despicable character." Some of the Syndicate men lived at the "best" addresses and became friendly with thoroughly respectable people. They lived in a pleasant fast-moving world of sleek men and women, a world of elegance and money. Yet their power rested on unnumbered thugs and assassins, young men from the same slums which had spawned so many of these very big shots so long ago. It was a strange world, this world of the Chicago Syndicate. Only rarely is the veil lifted on it, as by Estelle Carey's murder, a brutal reminder that violent death is never far away from the smooth Syndicate boys. (One of them, though he sent his sons to college and lived at a "good" address, took the precaution of maintaining two adjoining apartments, one for himself and one for his wife and children.)

VI

TO OPEN the Colony Club, it is said, George Browne and Nick Dean used \$65,000 of the money extorted from the movie operators. Here Estelle Carey was queen.

We have seen how she lived—expensive clothes, expensive jewelry, expensive furs. She was photographed astride a horse at a Rocky Mountain lodge and in fishing togs at a lake and in a white bathing suit at the wheel of a flashy convertible coupé with the top down. She wore her blond hair upswept, and she liked to wear sweaters (frequently white) and skirts as well as the cocktail dresses which were her professional uniforms.

But the Syndicate's luck turned sour, and so did Estelle's. Willie Bioff, at least partly because of legwork by Westbrook Pegler, was brought back to Chicago from his West Coast throne and on April 8, 1940, was sent to jail to serve a six months' sentence for pandering which he had dodged for eighteen years. "Little New York" Campagna visited him in jail, and Bioff said he and George Browne wanted to quit, and Campagna replied, "Whoever quits, quits feet first."

Two film stars, Constance Bennett and Anita Louise, were robbed by jewel thieves, and it was charged that the crime was

plotted at the Colony. For once protection failed: the police raided the place, discovered the gambling layout that anyone could have told them was there, and closed the Colony. That was in March of 1941. It may have been important to Estelle, but far more serious blows to the Syndicate were in the making. A West Coast labor-relations board had come across a \$100,000 item paid out by movie producers to "labor leaders." This had aroused the government's curiosity. Matthias F. Correa, U. S. Attorney, launched a thoroughgoing grand jury investigation at New York. In May of 1941 George Browne, the old-time labor man who had taken to drink when he found that the Syndicate ruled him and his union, and Willie Bioff, the nonchalant pander, were indicted on charges of extorting money from the movie moguls.

And Nick Dean, sought as a material witness, went into hiding. Estelle went with him, dyeing her hair black to escape detection. On September 29, 1941, he was indicted in New York for conspiring with Browne and Bioff, who were subsequently convicted; for over two months he could not be found, but on December 1st, FBI agents arrested him while he was eating breakfast at Shorty's Place, at 147th Street and Cicero Avenue, far from the bright lights of the Near North Side. He was flown to New York the same day. (New York had jurisdiction because many of the movie payoffs had been made there.)

To the government's chagrin Dean pleaded guilty on March 8, 1942; he was sentenced to eight years and fined \$10,000. But though Dean kept his mouth shut and took the rap, Bioff and Browne had stood trial, and the testimony had furnished Correa with clues. When Dean was sentenced Correa spoke of his continuing investigation of the "Chicago super-racketeers." Nevertheless for months nothing happened, and it looked as though the boys in Chicago would remain as always "The Immune," a nickname which one of them bore.

Meanwhile, what of Estelle? Her man was in a federal prison, her night club was closed. Apparently during this time between Nick's imprisonment and her own death she did not work. But she did not

seem to lack money. She dyed her hair red and moved in with Maxine Buturff, whom she had met when both were waitresses. (Miss Buturff since had become part owner of a small shop on Michigan Avenue that sold medium-priced women's sport clothes.)

Before Christmas in 1942 Estelle went to Florida "for her sinus." She must have been a woman of charm as well as beauty. She wore expensive jewelry and furs, and she bought her cocktail dresses at the kind of Michigan Avenue shop usually called "exclusive," and she bought two or three hats a month, paying \$18.50 for at least one; but salesgirls remember that she always was courteous and that she had charm and excellent taste; they considered her one of their best customers, not only because she always paid cash and lots of it but also because she never was imperious. That she appealed to men of varied types—and that she possessed self-assurance—is obvious, for observe the state of things while she was in Florida. She still was supposed to be the girl friend of the gangster Nick Dean (who was married to a good-looking woman). But in Florida Estelle met the manufacturer Weymer, whom she had known since her Logan Square days. At the same time she was writing letters to the soldier in Texas who was deeply in love with her and jealous of her. (His divorce, then pending, was at least the second in which Estelle had figured.) Further, her name was being linked with a number of other men, and one of her lovers called her "a woman of great passion." And now in Florida she became entangled with a shadowy character known as Eddie McGrath.

McGrath, a New Yorker, had a police record dating back to July 27, 1927. He was known in New York as a power in waterfront labor, as an associate of Frank Costello and of Joe Adonis, the Brooklyn big shot, and as a member of Murder, Inc. On January 3, 1943, he was acquitted of a labor-racket murder at Key West. At this time Estelle was in Florida too; Captain Drury says that Estelle and McGrath celebrated his acquittal, that they occupied adjoining rooms in a hotel at Miami Beach, and that when she returned to Chicago the week before she was murdered, McGrath came with her.

If so, he must have gone on to New York almost at once, for Drury traced to him there a long-distance phone call which Estelle made just before her death. But McGrath never was located. (One wonders why he came to Chicago at all; such a hasty trip suggests not a love affair but a business deal.)

VII

MOST of the clues that Captain Drury worked on after Estelle Carey was murdered led him nowhere. Weymer had not seen the girl since two days before her death. The soldier had been on duty in Texas at the time of the crime. The fugitive who fled the flat with two fur coats looked promising; two high school girls had seen him board a bus, and the bus driver, located, remembered that the man rode as far south on the Outer Drive as the Drake Hotel on the Near North Side; but all efforts to trace him further failed. A large number of known fur-coat thieves were taken into custody; they all had alibis. An ex-convict held for questioning tried to slash his wrist with a cigarette case; but it turned out that he simply was despondent because he had misspent his life and his wife was going to have a baby. Numerous underworld and night-life figures, many of them Syndicate hangers-on, were taken to the station, and one of these was identified by tenants of the apartment building as having visited there on occasion; but none could place him at the scene on the day of the murder. Ralph Pierce and "Dago" Mangano, who had been associates of Nick Dean, were picked up, but turned loose.

None of Estelle's numerous love affairs seemed to bear on her killing. Some detectives to this day maintain that she was murdered by some woman who had lost her man to Estelle or by some man whom Estelle had jilted, but if so the police have been unable to fasten on the right love affair. Dean's wife was questioned, but at the time of the murder she had been in New York, visiting her husband in jail. Newspapers published that day, she said, told her for the first time that Estelle was Nick's "girl friend"; she called them to his attention. She told Captain Drury

that she knew Estelle only as a "beautiful blonde" who worked for Nick at the Colony Club, and that she had last seen her there two years earlier.

"Did you at that time ever tell anyone that Miss Carey was breaking up your home?"

"No, nobody is breaking up my home."

"Did you know that Nick was maintaining a home for Estelle Carey?"

"No."

"Did you know that Nick was 'cheating'?"

"Yes, but I didn't know with whom."

She said she was sorry about Estelle's death and that she had been burning candles for her at a church. A policeman said that Nick had bought furs for his wife and for Estelle at the same shop. For information about Estelle's private life the police turned to night-club singers and others, but they learned nothing of value. And other leads petered out.

Denied a church funeral, Estelle was buried privately February 6th in St. Joseph's Cemetery, and the services were attended only by her immediate family, her roommate, Miss Buturff, and the manufacturer Weymer. The flowers included an arrangement of orchids inscribed only "From a good friend"; but this was by no means a gaudy gangland funeral. (The funeral of Nick Dean's mother a little later was attended both by the boys and by some old Italian women in shawls.)

ALTHOUGH the police heard stories that Dean had entrusted his money to Estelle, they found in her safe-deposit box only six \$100 bills, eighteen \$50 bills, two \$100 war bonds, and two \$25 war bonds—small stuff for the girl friend of a Syndicate big shot. And another lock box located later yielded only two \$250 insurance policies. Her estate amounted in all to \$3,770.81—the cash and bonds, a diamond ring and bracelet worth \$1,500, a \$175 camera, a dog worth \$25, a sable scarf and fox scarf worth \$150, and the following personal items on which, because of fire damage, no value was placed: a mink muff, a fox muff, 25 dresses, 28 hats (2 fur-trimmed), 17 blouses, 13 purses, 9 pairs of shoes, 12 skirts, 5 cloth coats (2 of them fur-trimmed), 9 jackets, and no hose.

Had she a fortune hidden somewhere? The police never found it. But the rumor persists. Linked to it is the theory that the Syndicate killed her to get its hands on Nick Dean's money (and perhaps, one officer says, that explains the fire: torture, to make her reveal the money's hiding place). For a few days after her death it became known that Nick Dean had double-crossed his mob.

Dean, Bioff, and Browne had been brought from their penitentiary cells to the grand jury rooms where U. S. Attorney Correa and his assistant, Boris Kostelanetz, were continuing their investigation of the movie shakedown. All three, it was reported, had testified against the Syndicate men who remained at large in Chicago.

Why did Dean thus violate the code of the underworld? One rumor was that Estelle told him, untruthfully, that the Syndicate boys had stolen his money (whereas in fact Estelle herself took it, the story goes, and later was killed by the boys because her cover-up lie had goaded Dean to testify against them). Another story was that federal income-tax authorities agreed to drop an investigation of Dean if he would help convict the Syndicate boys. Another was that Dean, apparently like Browne and Bioff, simply hoped to get his own sentence reduced. (This seemed in prospect.)

At any rate, the three of them turned informer—and Estelle was murdered. Was she killed by the Syndicate to silence her because "she knew too much"—because she could corroborate what Dean might already have told the grand jury? Or for revenge, because she already had done so? It was said that the FBI had picked her up for questioning just after she returned from Florida. Did the gang know this? It did not appear to worry her, for she was in good spirits when Weymer took her to dinner two nights before she was killed. She was expecting a caller the afternoon she died. A Syndicate emissary? Not only did she know a good deal about the Syndicate's operations; she also appeared to be about to desert it for another mob, Murder, Inc. What were her plans in regard to Eddie McGrath? Was he her boy friend, and only that, a vacation

fancy? Or, informed that the Chicago Syndicate was tottering, was she casting about for a new connection?

TOTTERING it was. On March 19, 1943, six weeks after Estelle died, the Federal Grand Jury in New York returned indictments charging violation of the anti-racketeering statute by Nitti, Campagna, Ricca, D'Andrea, Pierce, Charles ("Cherry Nose") Gioe (said to have been a gamblers' broker and former Capone gunner), and a labor racketeer from Los Angeles and one from Newark. The day the indictments were returned the great Frank Nitti, walking alone down a railroad track in the rain, incredibly shot himself dead. His funeral was modest, even secretive. Times had changed. Al Capone is an ailing grandfather. Nitti's codefendants stood trial, and Willie Bioff and George Browne testified against them. Nick Dean did not. The case against Pierce was dismissed. The other six were convicted December 22, 1943; each of the Chicago boys got ten years (the maximum imprisonment) and a \$10,000 fine.

On July 29, 1943, some four hundred people attended the reopening of the Colony Club under new management. The government's tax collectors closed it New Year's Eve, December 31, 1943, and sold the liquor stock at auction; the purchaser announced he would make of the Colony Club a pizza parlor. (Pizza is an Italian delicacy of tomatoes, cheese, and spices baked on a special bread; it long has been esteemed on the West Side in Little Italy, whence came so many of the boys.)

Gangland vengeance or private passion—what motivated Estelle's murder? Some detectives argue, "The Syndicate don't kill like that," and point out that gangsters could have eliminated Estelle more easily in customary fashion: by simply shooting her down on the street, or by luring her into a car and dumping her body beside some lonely road. To this, answer is made that even the Syndicate didn't dare kill Estelle that way; that citizens yawn at a dead hoodlum but cry outrage when a girl is slain; and that the Syndicate accordingly covered up by performing a deliberately clumsy job.

The bald fact that Estelle's murder still

was unsolved in March of 1944 seemed to indicate that she was killed by gangsters. For the chances of a solution in a private crime with so many clues were excellent; but gang murders simply are not solved in Chicago, however many clues—indeed, eyewitnesses—there may be. This is not, as many people think, because the police are “fixed,” or paid off. Although unquestionably there is a working arrangement between the Syndicate and some policemen, at least in regard to gambling, a gangland axiom runs, “You can fix anything but murder.” Rather, it is simply because nobody involved in a gang murder will tell the police anything. Here is carried to its ultimate conclusion the old

Black Hand's *omertà*, the conspiracy of silence, broken but rarely. Witnesses seldom talk at all, and almost never on the witness stand. In a private killing numerous interested persons are anxious to place in the hands of authorities any evidence which will help obtain justice. Not gangsters; they take care of their own trouble. Captain Drury points out that Eddie McGrath “was crazy about Estelle” and that McGrath still is at large, perhaps seeking revenge on her murderer. When Lepke was electrocuted Drury said, “Lepke could have helped me in the Carey case.” Drury, a veteran officer with a reputation for personal honesty and diligence and intelligence, still hopes to solve the case.

Liberal Education Versus Vocational Training

IN EVERY society where there is a ruling class there is one kind of education for the rulers and another for the ruled. Vocational training, which confines itself to teaching skills, tends to limit the individual's interest in general social problems and to discourage intelligent participation in political life. As such it is the ideal education for the servants of the ruling class. It is sharply distinguished from a vital program of liberal education such as that which provides a broad general training for the rulers.

The current discussions about the future of education are fogged by failure to recognize this distinction and by confusion as to the real issue which is involved. Liberal education is not, as many seem to believe, threatened by the spread of vocational training; in one form or another it will survive. As long as the education of a given ruling class remains distinct and retains its vitality, it will endure with the class it sustains; if it degenerates into mere training in etiquette (as it sometimes does) political revolution is at hand and a revitalized liberal education will emerge with the new ruling class.

The real issue is a political rather than an academic one: how widely available should liberal education be? There is no more radical and democratic idea afloat in educational circles today than that of providing liberal education for everyone. Conversely, there is no group more anti-democratic than those who believe that for the majority of people vocational training is enough. But the people to watch are those who are all for liberal education *provided* that it is reserved for those who—by some standard or other—are “worthy” of it. — *Medford Evans and George R. Clark.*

{ Mrs. Hardie, a graduate of Bryn Mawr, holds law degrees
from Oxford and New York University. Her interest in
Rh is based on both personal experience and research. }

YOU CAN'T IGNORE Rh

JESSIE HARDIE



ONE day in 1940 a woman entered a New Jersey hospital. Bleeding profusely, she was delivered of a dead child. Her medical history revealed that in previous years she had suffered two miscarriages. A blood transfusion was necessary; her husband's blood was tested according to the accepted methods of blood-grouping and found to belong to the same blood group. The transfusion, with his blood, was completed. Shortly afterward the woman suffered a chill with high fever and, a little later, passed a small amount of dark—almost black—urine. The kidneys ceased to function, and within five days she was dead from uremic poisoning.

The same thing had happened before, under similar circumstances, and with the same apparent lack of cause. In effect, the mother had involuntarily killed her child, and the husband had involuntarily killed his wife.

Doctors had long been baffled by the fact that in cases where women received transfusions of their husbands' blood after miscarriages and premature births, or after giving birth to babies with symptoms of anemia, jaundice, or hemorrhage, the patient frequently suffered an unexplained reaction varying from slight chills to complete blocking of the kidneys, resulting in death.

Now they know the explanation. It is Rh.

IN 1940 Dr. Karl Landsteiner and Dr. Alexander S. Wiener announced their discovery that if the blood of the Rhesus monkey is injected into rabbits or guinea pigs it produces in their blood serum a substance which, when mixed with the monkey's blood in a test tube, causes a clumping (or agglutination) of the monkey's red blood cells. Further, they found that if the guinea pig or rabbit serum containing this so-called Rhesus agglutinin substance was mixed in test tubes with samples of human blood, the same clumping of red cells occurred in most—but not in all—cases. Some human blood samples apparently lacked the Rhesus monkey (Rh) factor against which the Rhesus agglutinins reacted.

Further experiments conducted by Doctors Landsteiner and Wiener have indicated that roughly 85 per cent of white Americans are Rh+ (that is, have blood which reacts with the anti-Rhesus serum), and 15 per cent are Rh-. Among colored people the percentage of Rh+ appears to be somewhat higher, perhaps 90 per cent; and tests on the blood of American Indians and Chinese indicate that the frequency of Rh+ individuals among them is as high as 99 per cent.

Rh, then, is a characteristic of the red blood cells of the majority of human beings, and is related to a blood factor in the Rhesus monkey of India. It is not a sex-linked factor; males and females alike may

possess it or lack it. But the presence or absence of Rh in human blood is an inherited trait, which descends according to the Mendelian law of heredity. In other words, a man or woman who inherits Rh from both parents can have only Rh+ children, regardless of whether the husband or wife is Rh+ or Rh-. But an Rh+ person who had one Rh+ parent and one Rh- parent will, if he or she marries someone who is Rh-, have an even chance of having Rh+ or Rh- children.

As will be explained later, the Rh factor affects the ability of newborn infants to live and grow, and certain calculations have shown that over a period of thousands of generations this process should have practically eliminated Rh- (the less frequent type) from the human species. Accordingly, it seems probable that at some time in the past there were two or more races, some predominantly Rh+ and the others predominantly Rh-, and that the present ratios (85 to 15 in the white population, 90 to 10 among Negroes, etc.) are the result of racial mixture over thousands of generations. But such speculation is properly the subject of anthropological research.

RETURNING to the more immediately practical aspects of the subject, as explored by Dr. Wiener, Dr. H. Raymond Peters, and others, we note that the distinction between Rh+ and Rh- does not parallel any other classification of blood types hitherto known. Here, then, is the explanation of such transfusion accidents as the one which resulted in the death of the New Jersey mother who had received a transfusion of her husband's correctly grouped blood.

This is the way it works:

When an Rh- patient requires a series of transfusions, the use of Rh+ blood (though of the correct group: O, A, B, or AB, as the case may be) will in sensitive individuals stimulate the production of anti-Rh substances in the patient's blood serum. About 2 per cent of Rh- people can readily be sensitized in this way. Then, if further transfusions are made with Rh+ blood, the anti-Rh substances in the patient's blood serum will act upon

the Rh+ blood, clumping the red cells, and thus may produce serious consequences to the patient.

If, on the other hand, the transfusions are made with Rh- blood, no such complication will arise. That is why it has been recommended that the future classification of blood donors include a record of the presence or absence of Rh in the blood. Of course the Rh factor has no effect on blood plasma, from which all red cells are removed. But if people rely, in the event of an emergency transfusion, solely on the standard blood-group classification accompanying their blood-donor records, they may occasionally get in trouble. Since many wounded members of the armed forces require repeated blood transfusions, the importance of the Rh factor in war is evident.

II

THE transfusion accidents discussed earlier in this article suggest another serious aspect of the Rh problem. Certain types of blood are incompatible, and marriage between people whose bloods are of these types may cause trouble. Fortunately, only one such combination is common enough to require consideration here.

If a woman who is Rh- is married to a man who is Rh+ there will be certain risks if the couple intend to raise a family. One out of fifty such couples (in other words, roughly one out of every five hundred of all married couples) will suffer ill consequences.

Here is what is likely to happen to the unlucky couple: One child *may* possibly be born normally—perhaps even two, if the second does not come along too soon after the first—but the chances are that pregnancies will not run their normal course. Miscarriages and stillbirths are likely to occur, and if children are born alive they will be likely to show signs of anemia and jaundice, or hemorrhage, dropsy, or even, perhaps, certain varieties of congenital deformity hitherto blamed chiefly on a heritage of syphilis.

The unborn child inheriting Rh+ blood from its father inoculates this factor into the blood of its Rh- mother by seepage through the placenta. Her blood, if she

is the one in fifty capable of being sensitized, will immunize itself by producing the anti-Rh agglutinins. These antibodies in turn attack the blood of the unborn child. Some of these babies, apparently normal at birth, within a few hours develop severe jaundice and anemia because the anti-Rh substances from the mother have simply been stored in the baby's body tissues and have been released into the blood stream only at birth. Immediate transfusion of Rh- blood (*not* the mother's) may save the life of such a baby. (The father's blood, although Rh+ like the baby's, may not be successfully used because it too would be prey to the antibodies which may continue to be released from the baby's tissues over a period of days. And the mother's Rh- blood, full of antibodies itself, would continue the clumping process.) Some babies who have received transfusions of normal Rh- blood immediately following birth have temporarily lost all their own original Rh+ blood and have for the time being become healthy Rh- babies. After a few months, by the time the antibodies have disappeared, the baby generates its own fresh Rh+ blood, and resumes its true status as an Rh+ individual, permanently cured.

After the birth of the child the antibodies in the mother's blood tend to diminish, and after two years they can rarely be detected. Consequently in the case of pregnancies many years apart there is less chance of the second one being endangered by the effects of the first. But the cumulative effect of numerous and frequent pregnancies will be very serious. A point to bear in mind here is that if, at some time before her first pregnancy, a woman has received transfusions, she may have been sensitized so that even her very first preg-

nancy may result in a stillbirth. For this reason, it has been recommended that women of childbearing age who require blood transfusions be given blood only of their own Rh type.

It is possible that a process may be developed which will protect an Rh- woman from the damaging effects of Rh+ blood, but until that is practicable the only way doctors can help is to make early tests of the parents' blood for Rh and, in cases where Rh- women are married to Rh+ men, test the mother's blood for antibodies during pregnancy. (Blood can be tested for Rh in the laboratory within an hour, by mixing it in a test tube with serum of an immunized guinea pig. If microscopic examination shows a clumping of the red cells, the blood tested is Rh+.) Sometimes only during the third or fourth pregnancy will the mother's blood develop antibodies. Such pregnancies may be marked by excessive uterine distention and enlarged placenta and often by toxemia. Irish women, possibly because they are prone to large families and to closely-spaced pregnancies, have furnished more examples than women of other racial groups.

There may still be a lot more to be discovered about the importance of Rh. For instance, the recent discovery that there are at least five variants of the Rh factor has greatly increased the usefulness of blood tests in lawsuits involving paternity disputes. But even in the light of present knowledge any future argument about infant mortality, planned families, Church policy toward contraception, premarital blood tests, and possibly even divorce, may have to take into consideration what doctors now know about "incompatibility of blood."

{ Paul Grabbe has served in three war }
{ agencies and his work in Washington has }
{ brought him into contact with many others. }

WASHINGTON IS WHAT WE MAKE IT

An Eyewitness Report on Bureaucracy

PAUL GRABBE



IN HIS Washington office, behind a large mahogany desk, Mr. Woodbury, Deputy Administrator of the Federal Emergency Commission, sat completely motionless. As I came in, he had said, "Please sit down," had pushed his chair back an inch or two, and had lapsed into alert immobility. His horn-rimmed glasses gave him the appearance of an owl surprised in his favorite haunt by a party of rude picnickers. I cleared my throat. Now I would find out, I thought, why my suggestions, though approved by his subordinates, had not been acted upon.

"As you will doubtless recall," I began, "last month my Bureau Chief arranged for me to come here on reimbursable loan to do a special job on your . . ."

The phone gave a short, insistent buzz. Mr. Woodbury stirred and picked up the receiver. "Put him on," he said irritably.

I glanced around the office. My practiced eye took in the brown thermos jug on the desk, the twin fountain-pen set, the red carpet on the floor, and I wondered if Mr. Woodbury had yet attained sufficient elevation in the bureaucratic hierarchy to rate a Government car, for exclusive use. Probably not, I concluded.

I had not been in the Government very long—but long enough to have become aware of the high valuation placed by public servants on visible signs of rank and

authority. I had even acquired the knack of guessing people's salaries from the nature of their office equipment. This, as anyone who has spent six months in the Federal Service will testify, implies no special aptitude. It is common knowledge that a Bureau Chief at \$8,000 a year is entitled to a twin fountain-pen set; that a thermos jug with drinking glass, while a good thing, may be had earlier in the game; that a green desk blotter indicates secretarial or clerical status, whereas a larger brown blotter proclaims to the world that here professional or administrative business is transacted.

As he climbs slowly up the ladder of advancement, the civil servant picks off these fruits of prestige item by item. Only instead of wearing them on his clothes, as do the military, he sports them on his desk, his office floor, his walls.

The Government, of course, is not unique in this respect. Business executives have their own means of expressing rank and authority. The difference is that in the Government the process is highly formalized, and the items strictly impersonal. Although they run all the way from a secretary's green desk blotter to the Director's spacious office, sometimes with adjoining shower and dressing room, few of these perquisites of rank express the user's individuality. They are, one might

say, "borrowed" in the same sense that a costume may be borrowed or rented for a masquerade. Later, they will be returned for use by somebody else. That most of this equipment is standard, and that some of it is ugly, does not disturb anyone. It isn't the equipment that counts. Many an official who never uses his thermos jug would be genuinely perturbed if it disappeared from his desk. The jug has a symbolic meaning. It indicates proximity to central authority. It places the official in the hierarchy.

Now as I sat in Mr. Woodbury's office waiting for him to end his telephone conversation, I asked myself what psychological satisfactions were fulfilled by these fetishes of officialdom. To anyone on the outside, it seems odd that an otherwise perfectly sensible person should bring himself to hold in such high esteem a leather-upholstered chair, or metal handles on his desk. Or take, for instance, these mediocre water colors on Mr. Woodbury's walls. Did he really enjoy them? Or did he have them there merely for the prestige accruing from pictures, any pictures, on a wall? A scant enough reward in a service so nearly dehumanized, I noted, especially in the newer "war agencies" where the employees had been gathered together in a hurry to do an ill-defined job under pressure. These measures of self-esteem, although synthetic, probably helped them through their day.

I glanced sideways at Mr. Woodbury. He was still talking, and now I noticed that he had the strained look of a man who has been working long hours at a hectic pace.

"Yes, yes, yes," he was saying. "Send fifty, send a hundred, send as many as they want." He hung up, sighed, and turned toward me. I made a fresh start.

"Since I finished working on your Motor-corrective Program several other . . ."

"I don't want to know anything about the Motor-corrective Program," he interrupted. There was finality in his tone, and anger, and frustration. "I have nothing to do with it. And I don't want to. My job is to decide policy. And hire people. Decide policy. And hire. That's what I do." He waved in the direction of the outer office, then added,

"I operate with a minimum staff. Two girls, that's all. Out there. See?"

I waited, somewhat miffed. I knew he spoke the truth. It was he who chose the top personnel of the agency and made final decisions on the plans they evolved.

The phone rang again. A man poked his head inside the door and quickly withdrew it. A small green light appeared on the telephone box fastened on the wall. "I'll see him in about five minutes," Mr. Woodbury said into the receiver. He hung up and glanced in the direction of the door which had closed on his secretary. She had brought something in and placed it on his desk.

"Fifteen pounds of mail," he announced unexpectedly, addressing himself to no one in particular. "Fifteen pounds of protests . . . just came in . . . from the citizens of New Mexico. . . ."

There was a silence, and during that silence I felt sudden sympathy for the man. I could see he was weary—insecure and badgered—driving himself to get things done, right or wrong, but get them off the slate. What for? To be labeled a "bungling bureaucrat" or branded a "squanderer of public funds," as the morning papers had called him?

I waited for Mr. Woodbury to speak. He was fingering a letter, his face puckered; and as I watched him, my irritation subsided. No, he was not just another Washington bungler, as the papers had said. It was plain that he, too, was a victim, maybe a product, of a bureaucratic environment.

"Why don't you see Tate about this whole business?" Mr. Woodbury said at last. "He should be able to straighten you out."

I rose. The interview was obviously over. Presumably Mr. Woodbury had forgotten that he himself had requested my services for this special job. It seemed useless to remind him of it now.

I FOUND Colby Tate, a Division Chief, at the other end of the building. "I have no authority to deal with this," he said at once, "but I think I know just the man you should see. I'm sure you'll find McNide very helpful."

Vernon McNide was very helpful.



"I'm with you a hundred per cent," he said after we had discussed the whole program and seen eye to eye on practically every aspect of it. "But"—he paused—"I don't want you to labor under any misapprehension. I don't work here."

"You don't what?"

"No, I've been borrowed. I'm here merely on reimbursable loan. But I think I know . . ."

Two days later I met Jenkins, "just the man" McNide had declared I should see, and told him my story. He listened carefully, but I soon found he was waiting for a chance to air his own problem. A printer by trade, Phil Jenkins had come down to Washington with a clear purpose in mind. Like Woodbury, Tate, and McNide, he thought he knew just the job he was going to do. But now he was lost in the world of bureaucracy. Legal bureaucracy in particular, with what he called its "weasel words," had him baffled.

"Those lawyers," he fumed. "If you can do anything to make them lay off our copy, you'll be doing everyone around here a big favor."

It suddenly dawned on me that he was mistaking me for an Administrative Assistant close to Mr. Woodbury's ear.

"Mr. Jenkins," I said gently. "I don't want you to labor under any misapprehension. You see—I don't work here."

When I got back to my office it was late. Everyone had gone home and the large room was quiet. I wanted quiet so I could ponder the strange ways of Washington bureaucracy.

II

THERE are many Woodburys, Jenkinses, and Tates in the country, and, like most of us, they blunder occasionally. But some of their blunders take the proportions of public issues. When they do, denunciations ring out on Capitol Hill and a flurry of indignation agitates the press. With little first-hand knowledge, critics thunder advice. They flay Government officials and fling the word "bureaucracy" about with irresponsible abandon.

What does this bogey word actually mean, in terms of its causes and its cost

to the nation? Most of us don't know. We have heard about Washington's red tape and confusing directives. Every visitor brings back at least one good story of bureaucratic bungling. But few outside the Government seem to understand what bureaucracy is and why things happen as they do in Washington. And the critics don't help us. They train their guns at the "extravagance" and "muddling" of Government officials, hurl their invectives at agencies "responsible" for the material cost of bureaucracy—and let it go at that.

The material cost exists, but there are others. The real cost is that the job of government does not get done as well as it might; and the waste is not merely monetary but human. As a group our public servants are frustrated, and they sense the value of their work dimly if at all. Our Government, as it now functions, is careless in the use of its most valuable asset—people.

This is not just something for the "bureaucrats" to worry about. It is everybody's problem. The price paid is not only the well-being of Government workers but also the effectiveness of the job they do. As a first step toward an understanding of bureaucracy we need to know what happens to people when they go to Washington—and why.

THE newcomer to Washington learns much from the moment he is fingerprinted and sworn in as a civil servant. His first impressions are easily summed up. He finds that in the Federal Service the ordinary rules of common sense cannot be trusted. New rules must be observed, new habits built. He is now working in an organization of such vast reaches, so many cubbyholes, so many functions, that the situation calls for caution. In business or in his profession, the newcomer has probably seen much of this before, but never upon such a scale. Size has affected the configuration. The Government has not only more of everything—more work, more forms, more rules, more personnel; it has a simpler faith in time-honored procedures, a more enduring trust in the organization chart.

One of the first discoveries to confound

the newcomer is the multiplicity of hands through which Government transactions pass. For instance, if an important memo is to be sent to another office in a hurry, the wisest course is to carry it by hand. The inter- and intra-office service provided for this purpose ordinarily works well enough. But sometimes the memo disappears, and fifteen telephone calls fail to trace it. The memo, as anyone familiar with the Government will tell you, is not lost. It is merely in transit, and nobody knows exactly how many steps it may make before it reaches its destination. There are stickers marked "Rush" and "Special Messenger" to bypass the local stops, but these devices, though comforting to the sender, do not ensure speedy delivery. The Government is not designed for speed. War or no war, time- and energy-consuming procedures must be observed.

If an electric bulb burns out, the "keeper of the bulbs" must be approached, not directly but through the "proper channels," so that there is a check and someone responsible. If a desk drawer sticks, three people, instead of one, may eventually appear to fix it: a carpenter to adjust the drawer, a "supervisor" to hover over him, and an assistant to stand by with the necessary tools. And if the Government worker changes his status through transfer to another agency, or resignation, or promotion, he will be setting in motion incalculable forces. Operational officials, administrative assistants, personnel officers, and a host of Civil Service clerks will be involved in the "processing" of his application. A magic word, "processing." It denotes that the wheels of Government are grinding; that something is being recorded on an official form okayed by many hands.

A similar phenomenon is the amount of paper work that engages the newcomer's time and attention. His introduction to this phase of Government comes with his first application for a job. This "Application for Federal Employment" is Civil Service Form 57, a relatively simple questionnaire covering four pages. It requests routine data: name, address, birth date, education, work experience, etc. It also asks a few surprising ques-

tions. For instance: "Within the past twelve months, have you used intoxicating beverages? If so, specify:—occasionally;—habitually;—to excess." What makes Form 57 an unforgettable headache to all but top executives is that it must be done over again every time a job is abolished or a transfer is made. Nor is Form 57 the only questionnaire that must be answered in multiplicate. With each new "appointment" new forms appear—for instance, Form 3721, which practically duplicates Form 57 but asks, in addition, not only the applicant's residences in the last five years, but also "the names and addresses of two neighbors for each address." There will be other questionnaires, some labeled "Inter-office memo," and some marked simply "Applicant must fill the following."

Apparently a multiplicity of hands is here at work, each pair unaware of any of the others, each grasping at a copy for its files. The veteran civil servant has long since ceased to fret at this. He has kept samples of the main forms and merely copies them when so requested.

BUT to return to the newcomer. After he is sworn in, he hurries back to his desk. "Ah," he is thinking, "now I shall go to work." His optimism seems well justified. His presence and importance in the Government have already been acknowledged in his "incoming mail" box where he finds a miscellaneous assortment of interesting documents: mimeographed "releases" of information for the press; inter-office memos, signed by the Administrative Officer, informing him about war bond quotas or telling him that Thanksgiving will be an ordinary work day; bulky mimeographed reports on the food situation, the manpower situation, the war production or WAC recruitment outlook; briefer, typewritten memoranda—prepared by his colleagues and other anonymous writers throughout the Government—giving highlights on similar subjects; letters addressed to his predecessor (these will continue coming for over a year); memos from his Division Chief, from his Bureau Chief, from the Director himself, advising of the latest organizational or personnel changes.

The newcomer will plunge into all these memos and reports with enthusiasm—until he notices that they accumulate faster than he can dispose of them. Sooner or later, by observing the actions of his co-workers, he will realize that he is not expected to read through the entire pile. Much of this material, however enlightening, is not pertinent to his work. It can be filed away after a cursory glance, or thrown into the wastepaper basket, or deposited, if “confidential,” into the “confidential trash basket” from which in the dead of night it will be collected and duly burnt by the “confidential trash man.” It keeps coming, because to stop it would involve unknown hazards: probably a form or two would have to be made out, a memo written, or an elusive somebody located on the phone. Moreover, some Government workers undoubtedly derive real comfort from receiving and filing this paper material. It becomes a defense against the insecurity of not knowing where they are headed or why, and the frustration of not being able to find out. Bulging files give them a sense of being well set in their jobs, of having the situation in hand.

Government workers not only receive material, they also produce it: memos, reports, releases, speeches, letters, forms, etc. Letters require three to six copies; some memos as many as twelve; and reports are usually mimeographed. Most of this material is the stuff that keeps Government functioning, and if the justifiable charge is made that there is too much overlapping and duplication in this paper work, the answer is that the man at the desk is in no position to determine how much of his part could be dispensed with. And there are pressures which induce him to over- rather than under-produce. His report or memo or release is his anchor to reality in a world disturbed by frequent and seemingly fantastic shifts of function, title, office, grade, and job. Although the Bureau of the Budget has set up machinery to minimize duplication, this type of control is able to reach only the superficial aspects of the enormous paper-and-pencil output.

To the people involved, these problems are real. They are not just conversa-

tional rubber stamps. But perhaps their reality could be better sensed against a more concrete background. It may help to watch the process of Government through the eyes of a man who directs operations rather than through those of an anonymous newcomer.

III

COLBY TATE came to Washington after Pearl Harbor to head a Division of Research in the Federal Emergency Commission. It was the function of this Division to assemble technical and general information necessary to gear the programs of the agency into current needs throughout the country. As Division Chief, Tate had under him, in addition to secretaries and typists, a total complement of twenty people, subdivided into four Sections, each headed by a specialist.

Colby Tate took his work seriously. He considered it important. Judged by Washington standards, however, it was negligible. His was one of the smallest self-contained operating units in the Federal Government, one of a thousand others. It formed, along with three other Divisions, the Bureau of Special Operations. The Chief of this Bureau was Tate's immediate superior. He occupied offices across the hall and was assisted by a special staff: an Assistant Chief; an Administrative Assistant; three “consultants” who came from New York at least twice a week and were paid on a per diem basis; and two “liaison officers,” which in Washington governmentese means contact men with other agencies. The Bureau was one of seven that comprised the Federal Emergency Commission. High above all of this was general headquarters—the White House office. A little to one side were two watchdog agencies overlooking the rest, the Bureau of the Budget and the Civil Service Commission.

Colby Tate had come down to help fight the war, but at first he found himself chiefly struggling to acquire enough Government “know-how” to operate. From time to time in subsequent months he made notes on some of his experiences and what they taught him about bureaucracy.

"March 10, 1942. Well, here I am in the Government. All the forms are filled out and I can go to town on the one job that matters. I am a 'war worker.'

"March 12, 1942. McNide delivered me a lecture this morning. It was very interesting. Government people, he said, are of two kinds: those on the 'operational' or 'working level' and those on the 'policy level.' I am jotting this down just as he explained it to me. The people on the policy level decide what is to be done. The ones on the working level do it. The policy-makers must be consulted on everything that is not part of the established routine. Getting their okay is known as 'clearing on policy,' or 'clearance.' This is Uncle Sam's show, not private business. Every time one of us gives out a statement, he is speaking for the U. S. Government, willy nilly. This calls for double checks to prevent every Tom, Dick, and Harry from upsetting some important apple cart.

"Of course, the people that do the work don't clear it directly with the policy-maker. They present their idea or project to their immediate superior, who passes it on to the Bureau Chief, who then proceeds to clear it 'at the top.' Those at the top make decisions or revisions. Often they make them without too clear an idea of the problems and procedures involved in the proposed operation. And those down on the working level often carry out instructions without too clear a notion of what the policy-makers had in mind when they made their decisions.

"At this point I said: 'Aren't you laying it on a bit thick?'

"McNide seemed amused, but all he said was: 'You'll learn. You'll see. Now on the subject of directives . . .'

"It is the policy-makers, he continued, that issue a large number of the agency's 'directives.' These are instructions about policy, procedure, or conduct, aimed at no one in particular, therefore at everybody. They're orders, of course, but mass orders—too impersonal to oppose yet impersonal enough to ignore. That is, if you know when and how.

"I said it all seemed very odd, but I guessed I was learning.

"March 16, 1942. For a while this

system of Government salary grades had me baffled, but I think I've got it licked now. What it seems to amount to is this: Federal salaries run from \$720 to \$9,000 a year, and they are broken down into a number of grades. For secretarial and clerical workers ('Clerical, Administrative and Fiscal' or CAF for short) the bottom grade is CAF-1 at \$1,260 a year. Then come CAF-2, CAF-3, etc. To get beyond CAF-7 at \$2,600, the CAF appointee must assume increasing administrative responsibility, that is, 'supervision' over other workers. No longer a secretary or clerk, of course. Grades starting with CAF-13 at \$5,600 usually involve 'policy-making' or acting administratively as the Chief of a Division or Bureau. That's simple enough, but the CAF series is not all there is to it. There is the P series, for instance, for 'Professional and Scientific' workers. It starts with P-1 at \$2,000 and then parallels the CAF series. Top grades (CAF-16 and P-9) both pay \$9,000, but higher salaries occur if authorized by express legislation, up to \$15,000.

"I asked the Personnel people: Where on earth do you find such ability, judgment, and experience for \$15,000 tops, when industry pays real dough for its top executives? And who passes on their qualifications? They smiled indulgently: 'Congress passes on them,' they said.

"May 2, 1942. What a day! It started off with a lot of tramping in the hall outside my office. Just as I was deciding I'd better reconnoiter, the door was thrown open, and there stood our Bureau Chief, looking very grim. Right behind him was the Assistant Chief, clutching a wastebasket filled with various objects wrapped in newspaper.

"The staff meeting is postponed,' the Chief announced. 'I'm being moved out, ten blocks away. They forgot to notify me until the moving men came. I'll let you have my new extension—as soon as I know what it is.'

"But can't anything . . . ?

"No,' he snapped back. 'I've carried it all the way to the top. They won't do anything. Afraid of stepping on somebody's toes. And Woodbury's out of town and can't be reached. . . .' He turned on his heel.

"By this time the whole office was agog. We all crowded into the Chief's office, nearly empty by now, and watched the trucks out of the window, carting the stuff away. It was quite a blow, and unnecessarily humiliating to the Chief.

"When I related the incident to friends outside the Government they said: 'But what were the reasons given?' I had a hard time explaining that the decision was made by somebody who's never seen us and knows us only as names in little squares on a blueprint. Doubtless he had his reasons—needed the space for somebody else. Still, it seems curious to me to have a working group split up this way, but I'm told this happens here every day—to somebody. 'Here today, gone tomorrow' is what the moving man said as he carried the last chair out of the room.

"*July 6, 1942.* Now it seems we can't get a secretary, though we have a vacancy. Just goes to show—always more pitfalls for the unwary in the Civil Service system of grades. It all goes back to the Classification Act of 1923. This Act sets up the standards according to which salary grades are 'classified.' That's Civil Service jargon. It means that duties and responsibilities at each grade are legally defined. When you're hiring someone you're 'filling a vacancy.' You start out by justifying the need for a job. If everybody's convinced, you next 'describe' the job—the nature of the duties, the scope of the responsibilities, if you can imagine all this beforehand. When the Personnel Office and Civil Service people have okayed this 'job description,' there is a vacancy, and only then does the hunt begin for somebody to do the work. At first I thought it screwy, like cutting the foot to fit the shoe, but I have been assured that the procedure is a vital part of the 'merit system,' a way of keeping incompetents with pull out of the Service. Maybe it accomplishes this. But it also leaves us sitting on our vacancies.

"Now this business of the secretary we need so badly. We are told this job must be 'classified' as a CAF-3 at \$1,620. At that grade, according to official definition, a girl should be able to take ordinary

dictation. But living costs have gone up; so have wages in private business. Girls taking ordinary dictation can't be had any more in Washington for \$1,620. At least Civil Service can't supply them. Yet we aren't permitted to raise the job to a higher salary grade ('reclassify' it) because this particular grade is supposed to carry abilities sufficient to fill our need. So we're minus a secretary until the people that know all the magic Civil Service words write it up differently. It's all part of the system of double checks—the Government trying to protect itself against charges of special favoritism and arbitrary action. But it makes one wonder sometimes how we get things done as well as we do, with so many of the rules under which we must operate laid out in terms of the past.

"*October 22, 1942.* Had lunch with McNide, who gets around, and he had a story. It seems a guard in his building was transferred to the front entrance when the top management closed the side entrance at which he had been stationed, to institute economies. This transferred guard found himself with nothing to do at his new post. The two veteran guards already stationed there had long since worked out a complete routine of 'looking busy.'

"The former side-entrance guard was in a quandary. And here is where his 'experience' in the Government came in handy. He simply removed the sand bucket into which visitors and others used to throw their cigarettes and busied himself picking up the butts they now throw on the floor. We both laughed over this picture of the side-entrance guard 'creating' for himself a new function after an impersonal somebody in the guise of an official blank swooped down on him from nowhere, picked him off unceremoniously from his side-entrance post, and plunked him down, minus a function, at the front entrance.

"It was very instructive. Made me realize that the 'bureaucrat' is not just the big shot. He is also the in-between shot and the little fellow. They all have to accommodate themselves to the setup if they want to survive and get along. Or else they have to get out.

"December 7, 1942. I was ten minutes early, but the phone was ringing. It was our Bureau's Administrative Assistant to let me know that our budget has been 'frozen.' What, I said, again!

"This is nothing new, of course. A 'freezing' of the budget means temporary paralysis. We can't fill vacancies. We can't replace anyone in case anyone leaves. Promotions are stalled; so are transfers. A sense of impending doom hangs over the office. Everyone knows that a 'freeze' usually presages a 'reorganization,' and this means anything can happen. This tearing up of part of the organization (as if the Government were a street pavement) is periodic, or chronic. Eventually everything is put back in place—though in a different order and with a different name—and we are told to go ahead. But meantime, for a week, two weeks, maybe a month or more, the traffic is detoured and office morale drags bottom. So I decided I'd better skip mentioning the Director's memo at our Division meeting. Not the right moment for a pep talk reminding us that today is the anniversary of Pearl Harbor.

"February 26, 1943. Today there was a blowup. Jenkins was put on the carpet because he had gone straight to the Chief of the Bureau of Programs about something without first getting 'clearance.' That's strictly against an unwritten law in the Government. A subordinate should deal through his immediate superior only. Which makes sense up to a certain point. Can't have everybody going off in different directions. But there are matters that require person-to-person contact. Dealing through intermediaries causes confusion. When comments from the policy level are relayed down, often it's hard to tell whether they come as orders or suggestions. And things may be seriously messed up when a casual remark acquires in transit the force of a command. It may cost days of work which three minutes of conversation would have avoided. Of course Jenkins didn't point this out to the Chief, who is merely playing the game the best he knows how.

"April 19, 1943. A little calculation showed me I had initialed to date over

a thousand memos. That's a lot of memos, but of course it's what one might expect. The 'initialed memo' is the official channel—and no other will do—for ideas to move upward through the hierarchy. If, for instance, somebody in the Division has a brainstorm, he writes it up in the form of a memo and sends it to his Section Head. The Section Head, if he approves, initials the memo and sends it on to me. I, as Division Chief, do the same and send it on to the Bureau Chief, and so on up. Of course I may delay the memo, mislay it, forget to send it. Any of these things may happen all along the line, and the chances are nine to one that the originator of the brain child so rebuffed, after a few vain attempts to rescue it, will think there is nothing more he can do. But there is something he can do.

"He can, preferably in writing, request the official who is sitting on his idea to send it along without deletions or changes. If said official takes exception to the idea or any part thereof, let him state such disagreement in a 'covering memo' that will be attached to the original memo and will travel together with it up the line. This is the recognized procedure. It is cumbersome and time-consuming, but it works, for no official who knows his Government will dare defy it for fear of being accused of holding underlings down, or something equally unpleasant.

"Unfortunately, the originator of the brain child usually does not know that such a way of settling the matter even exists. In the Government, essential information of this sort is at a premium. It's all somewhat like chess. If you are an experienced hand and know your plays, you go 'check'—regardless of who sits opposite. And he has to move his king out of the way. Then you go 'check' again. That explains why some of the regular 'old-line' agencies lay so much stress in their hiring on previous experience in the Government.

"June 14, 1943. On my way downstairs this afternoon I ran into Jenkins and he buttonholed me. He acted very mysterious, took me aside, and whispered he was transferring to another job, out of his line, but at a higher grade. I just looked at him. And he knew that I knew

what it was all about. He's not the first to play politics and fish for advancement when blocked in his work.

"'Jenkins,' I said, 'forget it. It's an illusion. You'll still be blocked regardless of where you go.' But he wouldn't listen. It gets them that way—those that stop fighting. In the end they make the best of bureaucracy—its rules, procedures, channels, levels, and the rest. They accommodate themselves to the setup. And what happens is that the initial purpose of the individual is then deflected from the job he set out to do. As disillusionment sets in, he turns to other things—he practices self-protective ingenuity, like the side-entrance guard, or jockeys for self-advancement, like Jenkins. Yet Jenkins came here out of patriotic motives.

"August 7, 1943. Attended our weekly Bureau staff meeting at 3:00 P.M. No absentees today. The Chief told us that a shift of policy is in the making. This morning, he said, at a meeting with the Director, new 'action objectives' were laid down. And the Motor-corrective Program received final clearance.

"He went on for a straight hour, and it's a wonder he didn't strain a muscle or something in his throat. But, of course, Bureau staff meetings are not held for purposes of discussion, or an exchange of ideas, at least not the conventional type. They represent the official instrument whereby everyone it may concern is informed of what's going on 'at the top.' This is how it works: The policy-makers and their assistants hold a meeting with the Bureau Chiefs and bring them up to date on the agency's policy and plans. Each Bureau Chief communicates these, together with other items of information he may have gleaned elsewhere, in a staff meeting to his Division Chiefs. Each of the latter does the same with all his Section Heads, and so on down. Net result: those at the bottom live in ignorant bliss. The staff meeting procedure is like a series of sieves—the farther down, the less comes through. And not necessarily intentionally, or out of malice. It just doesn't come through. That's all there is to it.

"September 3, 1943. Someone left on my desk a copy of a news magazine with the latest figures on the Federal payroll. There are three million United States civil servants in all, the article said, but of these many are not office workers, and only 12 per cent of the total are located in Washington. I couldn't help smiling at the limitations of uninterpreted statistics. There may be only 12 per cent of the total working here, but judging by the gripes of our men in the field, it's in Washington that the tunes are played to which the remaining 88 per cent have to dance.

"November 19, 1943. Left the office late, and who should turn up in the elevator but Woodbury. He seemed embarrassed at not recognizing me and chewed his lip all the way down. The encounter started me thinking about what happens to people who enter the Government in top executive posts, like Woodbury. They're usually men with reputations. It is assumed that if they have run anything successfully in their home town, they will do equally well in the Government. It doesn't seem to work that way.

"Almost from his first day as Deputy Administrator, Woodbury got himself enmeshed in all the regulations and procedures. Somebody at his shoulder all the time, saying you can't do this, you can't do that. And he was already nervous when he came, from the wild talk he had picked up about Washington. To add to his headaches, he found a host of pressing problems waiting for him. Problems requiring decisions—in fields he really knew little if anything about.

"Then, three days after he had arrived, there was a sudden blast of criticism of the agency in the press. He didn't expect that. It caught him broadside. I wonder what I would have done in his shoes? Anyhow, he made one frantic gesture toward meeting everybody—trying to get acquainted with what the different Bureaus and Divisions were doing. Then he vanished completely from our field of vision, as if he had never existed. Was lifted bodily, and, as it were, probably against his better judgment, into the skies of 'policy-making.' There he now sits by himself, completely insulated from those of us who are on the 'working level'

by several layers of intermediary officials. I've coined a term for this—'absentee management.'

"*January 3, 1944.* This was one of those days. Morale at the office took another tailspin, and there wasn't anything I could do about it. I'm supposed to head the Division, direct its work. But that's the last thing I do. What I do most of the time is fuss with administrative detail: reworking the budget, interviewing applicants, preparing our 'progress report,' which is a weekly, itemized listing of what we've accomplished and what we're working on—and writing 'justifications.' These are detailed explanations of every function in the Division; the why and the wherefore of each job, each report, each scrap of paper. Every so often somebody—the Civil Service people, or the Bureau of the Budget, or just our Administrative Office—calls for 'justifications,' and we have to produce them. And all of it in writing. Sure, I know we're public servants, and what we do must be open to inspection. But so much time is spent reporting what we're doing, it almost seems there isn't any left in which to do it.

"*February 16, 1944.* Now there is something else. A Mrs. Kirk, who signs herself President of the Patriotic Guardians of the Constitution, wrote us a scathing letter. Bawled out what we were doing, and threatened to carry her protest to every member of Congress. She had her facts all wrong, but Woodbury thought we'd better prepare ourselves for the worst. It took two days to make up an elaborate document to confound Mrs. Kirk and defend ourselves in case she carries out her threat. Because once a rumpus is started, Congressmen may make speeches and the newspapers may leap. They may accuse Woodbury of being a dangerous New Dealer. And nobody will be interested in the real facts or bother to discover that our operation is necessary or that Woodbury is a Republican. I wonder if people outside the Government have any idea of what a single, strategically placed protest, crackpot or not, can do to people down here. The strain, the time lost, the demoralizing effect.

"The trouble is that we're on the political firing line—and nothing to shoot back with, not while we're public servants. We're exposed to criticism, and any moment our jobs may be yanked out from under us as a result of bandwagon public attacks and sudden Congressional investigations. There isn't any balance sheet here, nothing to show if you are in the black or in the red—only the amount of activity, and whether you can justify it to your superiors and if need be to skeptical Congressmen. It gets you coming and going, but you've got to keep mum and take it. It wears people down, gets under their hide until they lose confidence in their own judgment, and in subordinates, even in what they're doing. They become jittery, lean over backwards trying not to stick their necks out. Keep out of sight and out of trouble. That's it. That's what bureaucracy is. It's turning work into a ritual. And ducking behind rigid formulas and time-honored procedures. To avoid visibility, for fear of being pounced on. The Government is ideal that way, because it's so huge. Plenty of places, and ways, in which to take cover.

"*March 22, 1944.* Just reached the office this morning when McNide called to say he'd heard Woodbury was getting out—probably fed up—and what did I know about it? I didn't know anything. But I had barely hung up when the Chief called to say Woodbury was definitely leaving—going back to his vice-presidency in California. That was a hell of a note, I said, to which he agreed. Woodbury's okay. Anyhow we are now used to him. And no matter who takes his place it will be the same thing. All over again. Phones will ring, directives will fly. But before we know it, the new Administrator will have disappeared into his ivory tower of 'policy.' And there we'll be, all wrought up. Which will be just too bad. After all the shake-ups last year, what we want is a chance to get a little work done. Without all this interference. Just a little peace. What we want . . . Say, am I by any chance turning into a bureaucrat?

"*April 8, 1944.* Well, that's that, and now it's over with. The Chief was very

sympathetic when I tendered my resignation. Said he realized the Division had been badly crippled in the latest shake-up, but perhaps we could get it all back on an even keel, and anyhow wouldn't I reconsider? I said I wished I could, but under the circumstances I felt I could be more useful outside the Government. He said he knew how it was. Said he was sorry, and we agreed I'd stay long enough to break in a successor. It all feels very strange, somehow, and unreal."

IV

THE day Colby Tate left the Government several of us took him for a farewell drink at the Washington Bar. There was much joshing and hilarity, but underneath was a feeling of loss. For two years Colby Tate had been our comrade-at-arms in the foxholes of Washington. Now he was leaving.

When the party broke up, McNide and I said we'd take Tate to the train.

"Let me give you a hand with your grips," McNide volunteered, and we started off. Behind us the dome of the Capitol stood out silver in the moon. Directly ahead loomed Union Station.

"How does it feel to be a free man?" I asked. "Escaping like this, out of the jaws of bureaucracy?"

Tate did not answer at once. Then he said slowly: "I'm not escaping. Nobody can. I've been thinking a lot about this. It's everybody's problem, and it will still be with me back in Amesbury." His voice rose as he continued: "I sup-

pose I've done as much crabbing about bureaucracy as anybody. But now I see that I'm as responsible as the bureaucrats themselves. And there's no use just talking reforms—changing the Classification Act, and personnel practices, and all the rest. That in itself won't weed out the red tape and delays—and the rigid procedures that have Government people by the throat."

He stopped as we entered the station and waved to a redcap.

"What will change it?" I asked.

Tate laughed. "If I knew the whole answer, I might be staying. But I can tell you this much. It won't change as long as the people back home just look on as armchair critics. And continue to see bureaucracy as the perversity or inanity of public servants—or as a New Deal monster. I'm going to tell them what bureaucracy is, and what it does to people. And how it lays hold of everybody—Republicans and Democrats, temporary 'war appointees' and long-term office holders, keen and faithful public servants as well as nest-featherers. I'll tell them that if we want to lick this we've got to stop sniping from the sidelines as if this were somebody else's show. We've got to understand bureaucracy as it is, not as the myth-makers have dreamed it up."

He walked ahead through the crowd, and we followed him.

"Well, good-by, you two. It's been swell working with you."

We stood watching him through the gate and down the platform as the conductor sang out, "A-l-l—a-b-o-a-r-d."

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{ This is her first piece of published fiction. }

LOOK AT MISS MULFORD

A Story

DOROTHY BÁRDOS



IN SPITE of my desire to forget her, for ten years Miss Mulford had remained a jagged memory that now and then broke through the layers of time that should have decently covered her. After so many years I had never expected to meet someone who would ask me, "Do you remember —?"

I had to go back to the time when I was twenty-two and had just received my M.A. In those days I understood man and the world completely because I had read so many books and could repeat what was in them. Like the books, I could analyze and tie up everything in neat conclusions. I was going to be a college professor, but with a few improving differences from the models we had at the university. I pictured myself as a famous scholar, the author of brilliant books, who kept her figure slim and was always stunningly dressed. Women would envy my freedom, and the slightly humble attentions of men whom I would firmly reject out of devotion to the purely intellectual life.

While this happy vision sustained me, I had to do a little intellectual slumming as a substitute teacher in the high schools, in order to earn money to go on with my Ph.D. work. In this unavoidable meantime there were some empty spots in my life, so I continued to go out quite often

with John, who claimed that he loved me next to his work in biochemistry. Although I knew that he was a good scientist, I thought that his tastes outside of his field were a little low. And worse than that, he had no sympathy for my ambitions. He said that he knew I was not wholly lost in the rare atmosphere of metaphysics as long as I wore skirts as short as the style allowed, crazy hats, and a little fur jacket that left half of me freezing in the middle of winter.

I was wearing that inadequate jacket on a very cold February day when I first saw Miss Mulford on my way to a new job in a Bronx school. There was such a crowd at the transfer station that I got stuck with one unsure spike heel on the high trolley step while I waited for the bottleneck at the clanging nickel slot to move. On the step above me I noticed a leg revealed by a stretched woolen skirt. It struck me as comical because the full calf was covered by a heavy cotton stocking with a ridge that indicated long underwear, and I hadn't seen high vici kid shoes for years. As we moved up to the fare box I saw that the leg was now covered by the long skirt of a tall, broad-shouldered woman with short gray hair, whose appearance made no concession to a plain fifty-five or sixty years. On her head was something that was just gener-

ically a hat. She carried a large colored raffia bag in which were a purse, a couple of books, and a bundle of papers. This told me that she was a teacher and that we were probably bound for the same place. As she dropped in her coin the handsome white-haired motorman said in a respectfully friendly tone, "Good morning, Miss Mulford."

"Good morning, Mr. Kelly," she answered in a deep voice.

The crosstown trolley was filled with children who banged briefcases against shins as they rushed to grab seats among the adult passengers, who were mostly laborers with bundles, and a few beaten-looking elderly colored day workers. To escape being knocked down I huddled on the little slotted wood seat at the side of the motorman next to Miss Mulford, who sat at Mr. Kelly's elbow. My knees were knocking together because there was nothing between me and the cold draft below the seat but a couple of layers of silk. Miss Mulford, however, was comfortably settled with her bag on her well-covered knees. Although it was so cold, the noisy car felt close. The crosstown trolley in the early morning always had a heavy smell that was a mixture of unwashed bodies, garlic-scented lunches, cheap perfume, and spearmint, laced with the bitter odor of electricity.

At the next stop more laborers tried to push in. When their force met an immovable knot of kids, Mr. Kelly, whose big bulk was wedged tightly between his little stool and the handle box, looked around expectantly at Miss Mulford. She stood up, able to see over the head of everyone, and clapped her hands sharply. The children shut up immediately. The workmen halted in amazement and the colored women turned up their big eyes with mild curiosity.

"Pick up those briefcases. Now move to the rear of the car. To the very back. All of you."

The children began to shuffle in obedience to the deep, peremptory voice, but the laborers in the aisle stood grinning at each other. Miss Mulford pointed a finger at one.

"You, there, will you please move back as I asked?"

The man, looking a little embarrassed, consulted his neighbors' faces to see if they would continue to grin with him or turn the joke upon him. His face grew red and he said something in Italian that made the other men snicker. The expression in their eyes showed that he had said something obscene. Miss Mulford, without changing expression, ripped out some sentences in fluent Italian. There were a few seconds of stunned silence, and then a shout of hoarse laughter. The men moved back with good will. One even shoved a slow boy self-righteously.

"Gwan, you. You heard watta lady say, dope."

Mr. Kelly stamped his foot on the clanger to close the scene. It must have been for the dramatic effect, because there was nothing in front of us but a red light.

The car crawled across town, waiting at every block for the long lights of the main streets. Quiet descended by degrees as kids and adults became absorbed in the *Daily News*. As I looked down the car I could see all the back pages with the same startling black headline:

DOCTOR CLAIMS 3,000
TEACHERS CRACKPOTS

My hands itched to reach out and grab one of the papers to see what it was all about. I could imagine what would go on in the city schools this morning. When the kids had worked through the front-page murder and the comics, excited squeals indicated discovery of what was on the back. A buzz mounted as heads were raised to stare at Miss Mulford, who, oblivious to this attention, was bending an ear to Mr. Kelly. I gathered that they were discussing some lurid scandal.

"Yes, I read it last night," he said in a light Irish voice that came oddly from his huge body. "That was one that made my hair stand on end."

He removed his sweat-banded cap to brush a hand over his thick white hair.

"Yes, it certainly shows you what human passions can be. But now that monkey business at the end—all right, when she found out it was her own brother she was about to kill, she would be helping him get away, and the storm coming up like that and all—but the way

he was rescued—that was kind of phony.”

Miss Mulford nodded seriously.

“Many people agree with you on that point, Mr. Kelly.”

At the next corner there was a mad rush for the door. The children raced up the block toward a dirty, chipped building whose big blank windows stared on a concrete courtyard against a backdrop of narrow tenements woven together by crossed clotheslines. As I tapped hurriedly behind Miss Mulford's long strides the cold damp wind blew gritty dust from clusters of open ash cans.

THE fifth floor of this old elementary school was an annex for first- and second-termers who would later feed the main building of a high school in another part of the Bronx. New subs were usually sent to such annexes, and frequently teachers whom somebody at the Main wanted to exile for punishment. The woodwork, walls, and dark stair wells were saturated with school smell distilled for over half a century. The metal-walled landings were decorated with obscene words scratched through the aluminum paint. On the fifth floor the six center rooms had folding doors instead of inner walls, so that they could be opened into one big space. Since the doors no longer fitted, they were no barrier to sound. Six different lessons going on simultaneously gave the effect of an Oriental school.

Ten minutes after arrival I found myself in one of these open-work classrooms, facing forty-five kids jammed into thirty-two small elementary-size seats. I saw rows of pale faces, big dark eyes, and bodies padded with layers of sweaters under torn lumber jackets and faded spring coats. The names were rolled out poetically—Piccarelli, D'Annunziata, Devito, Escamilli. I was to teach them civics while they steamed in their clothes because the room had no wardrobe. There were few shirts under the faded sweaters, and the boys' pants, worn until they disintegrated, smelled of hasty mismanagement in cold outdoor toilets.

The school had no library, lunchroom, or gymnasium. However, it did have a swimming teacher who was wonderful at

rounding up boys who sneaked out to nearby alleys or cellars to smoke.

That first day, at lunch time, the teachers' room was full of discussion about the article in the morning paper. Several people had confiscated the children's tabloids, so we could all read the blast from the Board of Education's doctor. He was indignantly damned and declared in need of a psychiatric examination himself. As we ate our sandwiches the excitement died down. A tired girl sighed.

“It's a wonder we all don't go crazy trying to teach under these impossible conditions.”

Another girl said in a reasonable tone, “Of course, if you're honest, you have to admit that there are some crackpots in the system. Certainly not three thousand, but there is at least one in every school. Look at Miss Mulford.”

“And N. Woodrow Tissler,” someone added.

“He's not a crackpot. A crackpot is one who was originally well formed by the potter's wheel. It was a vessel that contained something until it cracked. Tissler is as perfect as the day he was born—a perfect little stinker. That's why he became head of this annex. That's why he gets himself on every educational committee he can smell out—and keeps a card index of every breath he draws from the warm vapors of Teachers College. The residue of the leakiest crackpot represents more intelligence than Tissler ever had. He'll probably be a principal some day getting ten thousand a year while we're still waiting for appointments.”

“Tell me about Miss Mulford,” I said. “I saw her on the trolley this morning. She seems to be a queer old duck.”

“Couldn't you tell by looking at her?” the math teacher said. “She's so tight with her money that she hasn't bought herself a new rag in years. She used to be a Latin teacher, long ago before the classics were discovered to be a meaningless waste of time. When there were no more Latin classes she was shoved into the English department. The Head couldn't stand her because she disobeyed orders and taught grammar. It wasn't progressive. The others sneaked it in,

but she did it brazenly. Then she was kicked into the history department and sent to Siberia to teach civics. She doesn't give a damn for anyone and does just as she pleases. Tissler does his best to humiliate her but she just looks over his head as if he didn't exist. It eats into his liver."

"I'd like to know what she does with her money," another girl said. "She never gives fifty cents to the welfare fund, although I put a note in her box every term. Maybe she spends it on lawyers. She must be a nut about lawsuits. You can see by the time book how often she's absent to go to court."

A girl who had collapsed on the couch raised her head.

"Somebody once told me that she had lived for years with a domineering mother who had a heart attack every time she was thwarted. The old lady became so peculiar that no one was ever invited to the home. But maybe it was somebody else. There are so many teachers who make a career out of being devoted daughters to aged hellcats."

As a newcomer I established myself in the group by describing the scene on the trolley car. I was pretty good at imitations, and as my effort was received with so much appreciation I was tempted to dress it up a bit—especially the conversation with Mr. Kelly.

A few days later I gave a repeat performance by request of a few who had missed the first one.

ALMOST every morning I caught the same car, and since it was awkward not to notice Miss Mulford, I fell into the habit of walking to school at her side. Although she seldom spoke to me, the silence was not uncomfortable. After a while I even felt that she liked to have me there.

Since her classroom was behind mine, I soon learned more about her queer ways. We were both supposed to be following the same syllabus for the creation of good citizens. It began with a detailed description of the water supply system. While I was laboring to get explanations of aeration, coagulation, and the Ashokan reservoir, I could hear Miss Mulford

giving an enthusiastic description of Roman aqueducts. As the weeks went by I dutifully followed through with the prescribed topics, but Miss Mulford skipped entirely Garbage Disposal, Sewage, and Our Parks. I heard her talking about mythology, Greek temples, and Saracen art at Monreale and why so many Italians had to leave the mother country. Her kids were always quiet even though according to the latest theories she was a pedagogical sinner. When we were caught giving the pupils information we were chided for "dominating" the lesson. No supervisor ever went near Miss Mulford. She had long since been given up as hopelessly incapable of improvement.

Once in a while the other teachers asked me how my girl friend was getting along with Mr. Kelly. For some reason my imitation of her didn't seem funny to me any more. I stopped talking about her entirely. Maybe it was because we shared a joke, or because she once made me feel ashamed of myself.

One morning I was called into the office to bear witness before the father of one of my truants. Tony had quit school informally in the middle of learning about garbage disposal, although he should have been strongly motivated because his father worked on a sanitation truck. His only response to my attempt to use his "life situation" had been, "When ya woik on de garbitch ya get good money an' de boss he can't fire ya but when ya get home ya clothes, dey stink."

When I entered the office Mr. Tissler was red in the face and yelling at Mr. Gallucci as if by sheer noise he could beat comprehension into the brain of the stocky, weather-beaten man in a green suit who was calmly repeating, "Me no spika Eenglish. Me no unnerstan'."

The head of the annex was a little narrow-shouldered man who wore a heavily padded natty gray suit. His nails were perfectly manicured, his trousers sharply pleated, but the effect of elegance was marred by the tendency of his pants to form rows of fine creases fanning out from the crotch. It was disgusting that I always had to notice this. By the expression on Mr. Gallucci's face

it was clear that he regarded the raving little man as one of nature's idiots who had to be humored patiently. Miss Mulford came into the room to speak to the clerk just as Mr. Tissler threw his hands to the sides of his face and cried despairingly, "Why isn't there somebody in this school who can talk Italian?" Over his bowed head Miss Mulford turned and winked at Mr. Gallucci and me. The three of us grinned in a bond of understanding.

Patsy Delgreco was the cause of my shame. One period he sat in the back of the room, so intent on drawing a picture that he did not hear me call his name. When I ordered him to bring it to me he was overcome by an agony of embarrassment. Realizing the probable nature of his work, I decided that common knowledge of it had better not exist between us. Without unfolding it I carefully tore it up and threw it in the basket. However, I had deceived Patsy by slipping his drawing under the blotter and tearing up a similar piece of yellow school paper.

At lunch time I got the shock of my life. It was a recognizable drawing of myself, rather skillfully done. The lines of my clothes were descriptive, only it was an X-ray dress. Beneath it the anatomical features were detailed. Of course I knew that such art work is not uncommon among adolescents, but I was furious that he had dared to use me for the subject. The next day I lit into him unmercifully for some trivial offense. I was sorry afterwards, and very much ashamed the next morning when I realized that Miss Mulford had heard me. As we walked to school she made one of her rare remarks, with no introduction or amplification.

"There is no doubt that the most gifted person in the school is Patsy Delgreco."

That was the last time that we walked together. In March I was out two weeks with the flu. On my first day back Mr. Kelly motioned me to sit near him.

"Have you heard aught of Miss Mulford?" he asked.

"No. Is she sick too?"

"She's not come for several days. I thought you might have heard."

I promised to inquire and let him know.

At the next red light he turned to me again.

"She's a fine woman and a classical scholar. Now my head's too old for learning, but I was always one who liked to read a bit beyond the papers. One day a kid left a book in the car—the *Odyssey* it was, and I kept it to give to Miss Mulford. That night, having nothing better to do, I started reading it and since then I've been turning over and over in my mind that man on the raft in the wine-dark sea. I told her about it and she's been lending me other classical books. I don't always get them, but the language is elegant."

Before we got to the end of the trip I had worked out the meaning of the conversation which I had made such a joke of on the day I had arrived at the school. At first I was impelled to confess to the others how wrong it had been. Then I decided to let it go. They might think it was even funnier that Miss Mulford should be reduced to discussing *Iphigenia in Tauris* with an old motorman.

I was unable to bring Mr. Kelly any news. No one knew or cared much about her.

ABOUT a month later, the welfare fund having been exhausted by a grippy winter, a collection was being taken up for someone who had been sick long enough to rate a book.

"Why don't we send some flowers to Miss Mulford?" I asked on an impulse.

"We never do," the collector answered in surprise. "She never contributes. Last winter she was out for a long time and we didn't."

The teachers' room buzzed a bit over my suggestion and then one of the girls took out a quarter.

"Oh, let's send her some for the hell of it. The poor old crackpot will have quite a shock."

Everybody chipped in willingly enough, and I was delegated to find out from the payroll clerk in the main building where she was.

"That's life," the weary math teacher sighed. "You could die and the only person who would know or care would be the clerk who handles the pay checks."

I received the address of a hospital when I phoned. On Friday afternoons I was always in a hurry to get down to Columbia for my philosophy course, so I postponed ordering the flowers.

Spring came early that April. On Saturday morning I started out feeling happy because of the weather, because I had a new suit and shoes, and besides I was young and healthy instead of being old and sick in a hospital. I was moved to make a payment for my well-being by performing a kind deed. In an expansive mood I added a couple of my own dollars to buy the largest dark red roses, and decided to take them to the hospital myself.

I've always hated hospitals. The sight of long corridors of half-closed doors and the smell of emphasized sterility deflated my spirits immediately. I hesitated before the door to which I had been directed, suddenly feeling that I and the lush roses were an impertinent intrusion on a stranger's privacy. In spite of an irrational desire to run away I entered the silent room.

Miss Mulford was sitting half propped up in bed. She looked at me without surprise or question. Her slow smile accepted me and made unnecessary the exchange of foolish remarks you usually find yourself making in a sickroom. I put the roses on the table beside the bed. Curiously, she did not exclaim about them. She merely felt the velvety texture of a petal between her thin fingers. The lines and planes of her face were distorted by a wasting of flesh from the bony structure, and her hair looked whiter in contrast to the yellowish tinge of her skin. She looked toward a chair that stood in a broad band of sunlight near the window.

"Will you sit there where I can see you better?" she asked. "It is good of you to bring your youth and life into this room."

Like an obedient child I sat on the straight chair in the sunshine. We were quiet in a strange sort of peace. Sometimes when she closed her eyes and drew her mouth in a tight line, the knowledge of her pain came to me in a tension of my own muscles. When she smiled again I knew that she was glad to see me there.

A nurse came in with a little tray. She

was smooth perfection in a stiff white dress, painted mask of a face, and metallic waved yellow hair. She took Miss Mulford's arm as if it were her sole object of interest and deftly plunged a hypodermic needle in the flabby flesh. Although I wanted to follow the nurse out, my body did not obey my will quickly enough. Then I didn't know how to break away. I sat like a prisoner of unmeasured time. Miss Mulford began to speak in an unaccented monotone, as if the words were coming unbidden to her tongue.

"So little sleep now . . . then pain. When there is no more sleep the pain will devour me and then it will end . . . swallowed up in the pain of dying. Eating into my breasts . . . my foul breasts cut off but it is eating into my bones. An ugly, a final ghastly joke. An old maid's virgin, useless breasts. To bear the seeds of life that die in unfulfillment . . . the secret tragedy that makes the universal joke."

The unchanged expression of Miss Mulford's eyes told me that she had no suspicion that the drug had broken down the barrier between her mind and lips.

The revelation of naked thought made me feel cold with shock. My mind was like the blank walls of the hospital room, yet I knew that without my conscious volition I had made a decision that would change my whole life.

The nurse came to the door and beckoned. Outside, she said in a hard professional voice, "Are you a friend of hers?"

"No—not exactly. We used to teach in the same school."

Suddenly the smooth mask broke and the nurse's blue eyes filled with tears. I was surprised to realize that she was a girl of my own age.

"Isn't there anyone who gives a damn that she's dying? God, if she'd only yell and carry on a bit, but she just lies there patiently waiting and you're the only person who's been to see her."

The nurse turned her back on me abruptly and marched off with stiffly squared shoulders.

I ran down the stairs to escape into the warm sunshine of my own world. Everything looked unreal clear and sharp in the strong light. I stood still for a minute,

acutely aware of the lines of gray buildings against the blue sky, the shiny spokes of a new baby carriage, the tender green of city trees. Then I hurried to the corner store and telephoned John to tell him that I wanted to marry him as soon as possible and to the devil with my Ph.D.

If I could have brought myself to explain what had been to me the profound experience of knowing what hitherto I had only known about, my memory of Miss Mulford might not have remained a hurt. Caught up in the happy excitement of getting married, I resented the intrusion of a pity that was tinged with guilt and shame which I wanted to bury and forget. During the few days that I returned to school, a gnawing sense of guilt disturbed me because I did not tell the other teachers what would have amended my callous mockery of a woman on my day of arrival at the annex, and I kept putting off the decent gesture of another visit to the hospital. The day before my wedding I forced myself to face it. I was ashamed to realize that when I discovered I was too late, my first feeling was one of relief.

TEN years is long enough to forgive yourself for being young, and for emotions to become memories of emotions.

I was sitting on a bench on Morning-side Drive, running my eyes off the ends of the lines as I read, to watch my youngest boy on his tricycle, when I saw a tall, attractive-looking young soldier standing at the curb, looking at me with hesitant recognition. As I looked up he came over, smiling.

"You're Miss Howell, aren't you?" he said.

"Yes," I answered, surprised to be taken so far back.

"I don't suppose you remember me. I'm Pat Delgreco. They used to call me Patsy when I was in your civics class at the old annex."

I fished back into my memory for a grimy, skinny little boy with thick hair falling over bright black eyes. Because of the X-ray picture he was the only kid I could recall clearly out of a crowd of boys in torn knickers and wrinkled stockings.

"Of course I remember you. Tell me what you've been doing," I said, annoyed to find myself slipping into the hearty, slightly patronizing manner of the teacher.

A little of the old childish restraint overcame the man as he gave his account like a pupil called upon to recite. Few days' leave. Appointment to meet a friend giving a lecture at the university. Walking around to kill a half-hour wait. Before that? Army two years after finishing college. Future plans?

"I shall go on painting," he said, as if I had asked the obvious.

Our conversation lagged on the far side of intimacy. I couldn't say, "Tell me how that little boy miraculously became you."

He broke an awkward pause. "Do you remember Miss Mulford?"

The question came as a shock. For so long I had felt that the woman whose life had ended in a blank finality had gone on existing only in my own mind.

"Yes, I do," I said flatly, to prevent inviting the echo of a schoolboy's flippant comment that I expected to hear.

He must have been hoping for a different reaction from me, because he spoke with an edge of defense in his voice.

"She was the best teacher I ever knew. She helped us to grow from our background instead of kicking it aside and cutting ourselves in two."

He was a little puzzled by the warmth with which I said, "I'm glad you knew that, even though you were a child then."

"Maybe I didn't see it then. You know how you keep on dragging up things you didn't seem to notice as a kid, and fitting them into a meaning of your own. The people of our neighborhood had great respect for the only American they knew as a friend. They used to call her simply "Teacher." She left me some money to go to college. I grew up somewhat set apart in an aura of wonder because she had marked out a line for me to follow after her death. Even my father and mother felt that I had been sort of taken out of their hands."

"How did she get to know your people?" I asked. "It was all but impossible to get any of them to come to school."

"Yes—I remember. They were never called unless there was trouble, and then the best defense was to act dumb. Most of them understood enough English if it was convenient. Miss Mulford used to come to us. She spoke Italian and the Sicilian dialect. Whenever anybody needed help, like going to court with a bad boy, or having a row with the relief investigators, they sent a message through a child asking her to come."

"Did you know that she was especially interested in you?" I asked.

"No. That's the funny part of it. I never thought that she noticed me more than anybody else. She had been generous to lots of others. I remember that she used to come to our house and sit with my parents and visitors around the kitchen table. They talked about the old country and told stories or argued. I was usually at one corner, not paying much attention, drawing pictures on a roll of white shelf paper that I wound on two sticks like a Roman book."

As I listened to Pat, the old pity and regret that had disturbed me was dissolved in a new understanding. He spoke of a woman who stood above my sense of guilt and shame. They had never touched her. I had only violated a picture that I had set up of myself.

Pat rose to go, hesitated, and then said in a too-casual manner that betrayed more importance than he cared to show, "When I got out of college I went to thank the lawyer who had taken care of the money. He said to me, 'You're lucky. So many of those sentimental, thwarted old maids leave their money to cat hospitals.' . . . If that's all it meant, it wouldn't have much significance for me. But he didn't know her at all, did he?"

He looked to me for reassurance.

"He knew nothing about her," I said, emphatically.

As I watched his tall straight figure cross the street I thought to myself, "There goes Miss Mulford's instinct for immortality."

A R E Q U E S T

RICHARD DYER MACCANN

Give me a simple call to arms:

Do not paint your pages
With the indelicate trceries
Of gaudy, hired poetics.
Do not daub the walls
With glittering stories of my duty done.
Do not draw me many-colored pictures:
I do not wish to sell your goods.

Give me a simple call to arms,
With plain words of explanation
And the deeds to match,
And I will listen with respect.

{ Austin Gray is a writer and college professor who has taught in such widely scattered spots as the University of Queensland, Haverford College, and his own alma mater, Cambridge. }

FOR FUN AND FAME, OR THE YOUNG AUTHORS

AUSTIN GRAY



My father and mother in their hours of leisure always had books in their hands. On winter nights or wet Sunday afternoons they sat on either side of the fireplace, silently reading. Father sprawled in a deep armchair with his legs spread out, his spectacles pushed up on his forehead and his book held close to his eyes. Mother laid her book across her knees and read with a reverential bend of the head. Sometimes Father snorted and said with loud and bitter emphasis, "Bal-der-DASH!" Sometimes Mother dropped her book disdainfully to the floor with the one word, "Squalid!" Then again Father would chuckle, as though taken by pleasant surprise, and ejaculate, "Rubbish!" Or Mother would dissolve into peals of quiet and happy laughter, then check herself with a reproachful sigh and say, "But I'm afraid it's true!"

Now and then they read aloud to each other. On such occasions, when Father had to listen, he dropped his book on his knees, leaned back in his chair with a cynical smile, and examined his knuckles and his fingernails with quiet detachment. When Mother had finished, he grunted, "And so you may say, my dear!" and picked up his book. When Mother's turn came, she raised her head patiently and listened with closed eyes. As soon as Father was through with his reading, she

bent her head again and, remarking absently, "Have you written to the Dunlops?" returned to her book.

Father and Mother, it seemed to my young eyes, enjoyed their reading, although they usually spoke of the books they read with disapproval—they were stuff you called fiction and apparently fiction was something that you read under protest and with a sharp determination not to be amused too soon. I noticed, too, they seldom liked the same book. Long before my time they had agreed to differ on questions of balderdash and rubbish. But I envied them the mysterious enjoyment they got out of staring intently in between the covers of a book. I envied them their laughter, their sighs and snorts, and I made up my mind to read, too.

Once I looked over Mother's shoulder at her book and she kindly let me turn the pages. The pictures were lovely. Tall bearded gentlemen with straight noses and top hats. Tall beautiful ladies with small heads and, under billowing skirts, lovely long legs. A nice little boy with curly hair in an Eton jacket. A nice little girl with dark, straight hair, sucking her thumb and looking sad. And the loveliest big dogs in the world! One tall gentleman and one beautiful lady were always together and the beautiful lady seemed to be in charge of the story. As I turned the

pages I noticed that whenever this beautiful lady and her tall gentleman were with the little boy and little girl, you could look right through them—the grownups, I mean—and see tables and chairs and trees beyond. *They were transparent.* In an awestruck whisper I asked Mother, “How come?”

Mother told me to run along now, so I didn't learn the secret of transparency among the grownups. But I was haunted by those pictures. I showed them to Nurse and asked her what she thought. “They're spooks, you may be bound,” Nurse replied with bluff authority, adding, as she often did, “and more shame to them, say I.” We both agreed that the tall gentleman and the beautiful lady weren't married, so the two children didn't belong to them—“not by any manner of means,” said Nurse cheerily. They reminded us most of Captain Bill Sykes and Miss Acland, two charming visitors who dropped in on the nursery one Sunday afternoon after a walk in the woods and radiated demure benevolence all round the room. With the memory of that visit I tried to make out the story from the pictures—something about Captain Bill and Miss Acland being the same people as the two children—but Nurse dismissed the idea as “a pack of rubbish” and I gave it up.

Today I know that my transparent lady and gentleman were the Duchess of Towers and Peter Ibbetson, that mournful pair who lived together in a nursery dream world in George Du Maurier's novel. But my quest of the story—however vain—had revealed one thing to me. There was a yet greater pleasure in the world than reading stories and that was making them up.

METHODICALLY I set to work upon my task of authorship. I pulled down from the nursery bookshelf first a red book, then a blue book, and third, after some thought, a green book. I went through the illustrations carefully in order—from red book to blue and from blue to green—and slowly hammered out a plot. The red book was full of pictures of soldiers in leather jerkins and jack boots, of horsemen in three-cornered hats, of monks in bathrobes and smiling Negroes in white loin-

cloth bathing trunks, wandering through forests and over desolate mountains. The blue book had nothing but birds in it, roofs and treetops, attic windows and clouds. In the green book a stout, whiskered gentleman in baggy clothes was going for walks with two stout little boys in baggy clothes. Sometimes this whiskered gentleman pointed with a look of heavy reproof at a church steeple in the distance or a smug and busy bee, and sometimes the fat little boys brought him toads and birds' nests with anxious looks of smiling servitude. Eventually, when I had learned both to read and write, I set down the plot that I had beaten out of this heterogeneous material in a penny exercise book. The title of this—my first work—was *For Name and Fame, or The Doings of Duncan Matreel*.

I remember the opening line of this romance, as it cost me some mental pangs—“‘Adieu, my boy’ quoth Madam Matreel from the door-post to her participating son.” But today I remember little of the plot. Duncan was educated at a good school in London and, with his widowed mother's consent, left home for a life of incident and adventure. Once he fought a troop of elephants as a gladiator and good Christian in a circus at Rome. On another occasion he climbed down the crater of a volcano in Mexico and found a silver mine. Beyond that I cannot remember much. The manuscript was soon lost. If it ever fall into the hands of a scholar, I herewith inform him that my source books were *Tales and Travels of Long Ago*, by Henry Kingsley (the red book); *A Year with the Birds*, by Warde Fowler (the blue book); and—I think but am not sure—for the green book, *Walks and Talks with Two English Schoolboys*, by some worthy now unknown. My scholar will not find the episode of the elephants nor the silver mine in the volcano in any of these books. The elephants, I remember, came from a picture in a magazine called *B.O.P. (Boys' Own Paper)*, the silver mine and the volcano from another picture in *The True Story Book*. But otherwise the red, blue, and green books are the source of all the characters in *Duncan Matreel*—Baggy Trousers and his fat boys, sandaled friars, soldiers in jerkins, Negroes in loin-

cloths, kingfishers, swallows, seas, and clouds—all are there. Only my plot is different.

II

IN these early days I frequently collaborated with my younger brothers. Tony, the youngest, fitfully worked away at a novel with the brief title of *Conquers* and I helped him in prose style. *Conquers* was not so much a novel as a humorous study of character. The story really had no beginning and there was no reason why it should ever end. As long as the hero didn't die, it would go on. Whenever the mood took us, Tony and I added a chapter—or a character—to the saga. *Conquers*, our hero—Mister *Conquers*, if you please—was a policeman—big, fat, tall, with huge feet and a nose like a sausage. Now and then he chased a pickpocket or brained a burglar, but his real duty was to stand at a crossroads and direct the traffic by raising his hand. In time he thought he was "Jehoova"—thus we spelled the name. Jehoova *Conquers* was happily married to a fat wife and they had a scraggy daughter, Merrybell. Mrs. *Conquers* and Merrybell went through life in a state of cheerful pessimism. Mrs. *Conquers* wore spectacles. She was forever losing them, sitting down on them, breaking them, and getting up and saying "Such is Life, drat it!" Merrybell rubbed her hands in her apron and said, "I calls it crool, I do!" Their one distraction from tending on Jehoova *Conquers* was hunting and, as they galloped over ditch and hedge after a lone and panting fox, they murmured in dreamy compassion, "Oh, the poor 'orses!" But they were good souls. They worshiped the ground on which their Jehoova trod and would have died for his sake.

Mr. *Conquers* was a bad husband. He fell in love with a beautiful girl called Olive Heffer who sold barley sugar and candy drops at the local fair. On his way home at night *Conquers* would stop outside Miss Heffer's house, push open the window, snap up the blind, turn his bull's-eye lantern upon Olive as she lay asleep in bed and shout, "Now then, Miss, what price burglars!" But Olive Heffer was wild and witty and unkind and soon she

broke the heart of *Conquers*. Worse followed—he lost faith in himself as Jehoova. He fell in with a sinister character, a tramp whose name was (try to believe it) Charley Jesus. Charley had a long black beard reaching to his waist, long black hair falling to his shoulders, and ironical brown eyes. His clothes were ragged and dirty and a size too large for him. On his head he wore a battered and tipsy-looking top hat and everywhere he roamed with a hurdy-gurdy balanced on one wooden leg and a monkey dressed in crimson and gold. He lived in a broken shack by a deserted railroad and there grew poppies, chased butterflies, and ate maggotsy cheese. Mr. *Conquers* tried to arrest him for being a tramp. But Charley Jesus scoffed at Jehoova *Conquers*. "All the world is mine," he said with a wicked smile, and *Conquers* slunk home with a shaking head. Alas, poor *Conquers*! Ever afterward he would desert his crossroads at the mere sound of that hurdy-gurdy in the distance and dance with the monkey on the street. Finally he left wife and home, lured away over hill and stream by monkey, hurdy-gurdy, and Charley Jesus, and "joined the jipsies," who welcomed him into their tribe "with a stout oak cuddle."

AT this point in the story publication was suspended. Father and Mother had laughed over *Conquers*'s midnight pranks with the fair Heffer, though Mother found fault with the lady's unkind wit. But with Charley Jesus they called a halt. His name was, they insisted—or if it wasn't, it must be—Charley *Jenkins*. In vain we pleaded his name was *not* *Jenkins*—that he was a live man whom we had really met—that he and *Conquers* and Mrs. *Conquers* and Merrybell and Olive Heffer were all live people and members of our social set. In a poetic way this statement was true, but it wasn't the kind of truth that elders could understand. Mother glanced severely at Nurse, who took refuge in shrugged shoulders and eyes and hands cast ceiling-wards. The story, we were told, must stop—*now*. Regretfully I wrote at the foot of the last page, "And so poor *Conquers* did dye."

My brothers—let me confess it—had the creative genius, the eye for incident

and character; I was ever the prose stylist. They knew their public better, too, and adapted themselves to it with kindly irony. Humor, they realized, was a dangerous thing to let loose upon the grown-ups unless it were plentifully seasoned with a touch of the buffoon or, better still, a moral and slightly prim note. Jack, for instance, had a Rabelaisian sense of humor out of earshot of his elders, but as an author he toned it down and combined with effortless ease the qualities of clown and moralist and man of business. We joined hands one Christmas in producing a book of verse. I wrote an ode to Venus—naturally she was the goddess of love and dwelt above and I invited her “to clean us.” It was rightly reprov’d for being obvious in word and sensual in tone. But Jack wrote *A Song of Sixpence*. In faultless rhyme he told the world how he would spend sixpence—if he ever got it. He would buy a pencil and a bun, a stick of chocolate, a couple of oranges, some ginger pop, and—with his unerring eye for the moral touch—a penny stamp “to help my betters write their letters.” The general verdict was that “the lad showed promise” and he floated in ginger pop for days.

III

BUT let me get down to what really matters—my own unadulterated works. In the course of years I was guilty of four romances—*Prince Hollypole*, *Childerley Manor*, *Lyd the Slut* and *The Boy Crusader*. They were all, more or less, historical romances. I will pass over *Prince Hollypole* and *Lyd the Slut* with a bare mention. *Prince Hollypole* was a pirate who drank tokay and was drowned. *Lyd* was short for Lydia and my slut was guillotined in the French Revolution. But *Childerley Manor* was the longest work I wrote.

Childerley Manor was a red brick country house not far from home in which King Charles I was supposed to have slept when flying from someone or somewhere. So my novel was a tale of Cavalier and Roundhead wars. My Cavaliers were gallant souls enough but oh, my Puritans! They were a brutal and licentious crew, illiterate and foul-mouthed. My hero was a chorister, his name was Roland de Yorke, and

you don't have to ask which side *he* fought on. Once he and his fellow choirboys actually took Oliver Cromwell prisoner—at a real place called King's Hedges—by the simple device of setting a booby trap for his horse. How the tyrant screamed and cursed!

“O Zounds!” roared Oliver Cromwell, as he spralled lopsided up round his steed's neck.

“Belfries to you!” cried Roland and his band, as they galloped laughing up.

“Tush, ye gadsbies!” yelled Oliver with a truly blaspheming look; “Have done, I say!”

“Take that upon that bean of thine!” cried Roland as he smote the bastard on his bald spot.

“O Beelzebub! O Jezebel!” screamed Cromwell with a snorting hiccup and fell all swooning in the muck beneath the pyebalds.

“Tis thus!” cried Roland and trussed him soundly.

The story stopped short in sheer desperation—with a bang—in the opening paragraph of Chapter X. Roland by now was imprisoned in a ruined castle.

A year went by and nobody came to rescue Roland de Yorke. Another year went by. Then two or three years went by till Roland wept and lost count. Then in the middle of the last year he heard someone singing to a gutter under his window. He looked out and lo! it was Laurence Sterne!

UNLIKE my other romances, *The Boy Crusader* was mapped out ahead of time. The story once laid out in chapters, I hit the high spots by writing the more lively chapters first. With luck I hoped to fill in the gaps afterwards. Even under this strict system of composition, I couldn't help adding incidents and inventing new characters. One bad mistake I made twice over. I had said in Chapter I that my hero's mother was dead. In a later chapter she emerged unexpectedly in a convent and then again in a harem. Twice I had to rehash the plot and finally I chased the poor lady out of the story for good.

Here's the plot in its final form. Hugo, a lad of the noblest lineage, left home with another boy—Louis, a serf, but honest as the day and “of the sterlingest worth”—to join the Children's Crusade. The Boy Crusaders were commanded by Stephen—a youth with dark, blazing eyes and a power for preaching. Hugo and Louis soon were his most trusted lieutenants,

although another boy called Gregory conspired against them. Usually the Boy Crusaders were treated respectfully as they passed singing on their way, but the factory girls of France shouted rude remarks at them which made them blush.

As they were marching through a wood, Hugo and Louis found a small girl lying, half-dead, on a heap of leaves. She was richly clad—like Conquers's monkey—in crimson and gold and obviously was a child of noble birth, but all she could tell about herself was that her name was Beatrice. Hugo and Louis carried her along with them to Marseilles and there they placed her in a convent. The Abbess promised to look after her until Hugo and Louis returned from the Holy Land. Unknown to Hugo this Abbess was his mother—or rather I had that happy thought as I wrote this chapter, then decided to save her up for something better and made her just an abbess again. The Boy Crusaders then embarked upon a ship in Marseilles harbor but alack and alas!

they had all been sold as slaves to the Sultan of Morocco.

After incredible sufferings in the Simon Legree brand of cruelty, Hugo and Louis escaped from the Sultan's clutches. They were aided in their escape by a beautiful white woman in the Sultan's harem—she revealed herself as Hugo's mother, then I changed my mind and abolished that situation, too, with a stern artistic conscience. Louis vanished mysteriously in the desert. "‘Louis!’ shouted Hugo with despairing shrillness to the sunset but echo only answered ‘Louis!’"—a moving sentence that, but not so original as it ought to be. Hugo traveled on alone and somehow reached Marseilles. He "trudged" out to the convent and asked for Beatrice. Silently the Abbess led him to a little grave. Hugo fell down beside it and—I quote again—"died like a broken-winded dog."

Oh dear me, yes! It was a sad story and I gave it up; for when I tried to fill in the gaps, I relapsed into the earlier vein of *Conquers* and cheerfulness *would* creep in.

THE AWAITED TIME

PATRICIA MARTIN

Not then; not in the ever sacred moment
When first the word is heard. Not when the last
Arms are relinquished. No. Not even when
We greet the men who bear the gift, who share
With ghosts the infinite cost. Not yet. Not then.

But on that day, that morning, when we wake
And smile—and wonder why—and all at once
Remember:

Then.

{ *Erwin Lessner, a Viennese, served as
a major in the Finnish Army in the
First Russo-Finnish War, 1939-1940.* }

FINNISH TRAGEDY

ERWIN LESSNER



ON March 24, 1940, just eleven days after the end of hostilities between Finland and Russia, it was decided that the Finns would fight again as Hitler's allies. The decision was reached at a luncheon in the manse of Lapua, a large hamlet in central Finland.

The host at this historic party was Parson Kaarlo Riitekki Kares, leader of the Finnish Fascist Party and member of the Helsinki parliament. His guest of honor was Field Marshal Baron Carl Gustav von Mannerheim. Among those present were General Waldén (now Minister of War) and General Oesch, then Chief of Staff. Another noteworthy guest was Mrs. Hilja Riipinen, Kares's neighbor, schoolmistress, ex-deputy in the Finnish parliament, and since then dictator of the powerful women's organization, the Lotta Svärd. Several minor deities of Finnish totalitarianism also graced the occasion.

The manse was carefully guarded by a group of soldiers commanded by a lieutenant. All of them were picked members of the Finnish State Police, a newly organized force which bore a striking resemblance to Himmler's Elite Guards. The young lieutenant, Lauri Kauhanen, had boasted after several rounds of brandy the night before that he was in a position to arrest anybody who threatened the Field Marshal—including the Field Marshal himself.

The very fact that this group had been

brought together was a remarkable diplomatic feat. Mannerheim neither liked nor trusted the thick-necked parson, and until then he had succeeded in avoiding the talkative elderly schoolmistress. He did not wish to be forced again into a position of political initiative. When Parson Kares and Hilja Riipinen had applied for an interview at his headquarters, he had turned them down. But he could hardly refuse an invitation to attend the farewell parade of the International Brigade, which had volunteered for Finland and which happened to be stationed at Lapua.

So to Lapua the defeated republican Field Marshal went. Kares had arranged a popular reception for him worthy of a victorious king. Bells rang, flags waved, cheering crowds lined the main street. Mannerheim accepted the homage and graciously agreed to have lunch in Kares's house after the parade.

In his magnificent sable-lined coat, Mannerheim watched eight hundred shivering volunteers from twenty-one countries march by in a freezing gale. He addressed them first in Finnish, then in Swedish, English, and French. Finally he asked an officer to translate his speech into German. The officer, who knew that Mannerheim spoke flawless German, looked at him in surprise. "Of course I speak German," the Field Marshal said, "but I don't like to speak it in public." And he glanced at General Waldén, the

pro-Nazi, to make sure he had heard the remark. General Waldén kept silent, declining to rise to the bait. He knew that a showdown with Mannerheim was due that day.

At one o'clock the party assembled at Parson Kares's manse. . . .

At four the Field Marshal was expected at a reception arranged by the "international officers." He did not come at four. Five o'clock passed, and six o'clock. The Field Marshal still had not appeared.

At six-thirty a dark blue Dodge sedan raced from the manse to the railroad station—and a messenger from the manse announced to those of us who were waiting at the officers' reception that His Excellency was very sorry, he had had to leave.

Kares came instead. The parson was in high spirits. He had something to say to the angry officers:

The so-called German puzzle is solved. We can no longer doubt that Hitler is loyal to his true objectives. The Fuehrer, who is a leader of genius, chose to conclude a pact with Moscow—which will soon be forgotten. This is not a peace, not even a real armistice. It's only a lull in the fight to a victorious end. The Greater Finland is in sight. It will include all of Karelia, Murmansk, and the entire coast of the White Sea. We will get the Neva estuary and all the land around the Finnish Gulf—and Estonia, of course. . . .

Mrs. Hilja Riipinen made her appearance, too, wearing the Nazi Party emblem in gold. She promised pleasant surprises.

An elderly high-ranking Finnish officer, wearing a brown triangle with a "27" on his tunic, also made a speech. He was obviously under the influence of a number of drinks (alcohol was prohibited but easily obtainable in drug stores upon medical prescription). He explained with alcoholic vigor that an alliance with Germany had been concluded—not by the "yellow traitors," as he termed the democratic politicians, but by the rightful leaders of the country, its creators, who had been betrayed by the parliamentarians. Together, Finland and Germany would fight Russia and create the Greater Germany and the Greater Finland. The government and parliament, cowards that they were, would not dare to object.

The elderly officer's final remarks were addressed directly to me: There was only

one man who could have upset the plan, he said, and that was Mannerheim, with his morbid aversion to Germany. He could have induced the young officers to side with the democrats. But he would not do this. He had accepted the decision at the manse. He had refused to lead the pro-German plot, but he would not support the democrats either.

"But Germany is at war with the Western Powers and is bound to lose," I said.

"Germany will make hash of the French and British armies!" the speaker yelled back. Then, somewhat more calmly, he added: "Even if the Germans do not win, nothing can happen to Finland. We are too popular abroad."

This incident, a perfect illustration of the "Four Evils" of Finland, was one of a number of political events that brought the Finnish people to the brink of disaster. The Four Evils are: the Fascists centered in Lapua, the Jaegers, the Lotta Svärd, and the Schutzbund.

THE Lapua fascists (or Lappos), whose following in Finland never exceeded ten per cent of the population and gradually dwindled to about seven per cent, consider themselves the creators of independent Finland, since they were the first to rise against the Russian garrisons in 1917. They always opposed democracy and wanted to rule the country according to rather vague totalitarian principles. The Lappos, now led by Parson Kares, often terrorized Finland's politicians and sometimes kidnapped those who attempted actively to resist them.

Their program demanded "Greater Finland," a fascist-militarist government, an alliance with all totalitarian powers, and an obscure kind of "racism" outlawing the Swedish element in Finland. (Jew-baiting had scant appeal in that country, with only a very few Jews and none in important positions.) This did not prevent the Lappos from occasionally flirting with Rightist elements in Sweden, nor did it prevent fascist-minded Swedes from sympathizing with Kares. Nazi Germany encouraged the Lappos and vaguely promised to support them with German bayonets.

The Jaegers were a professional military

clique. They held no less than thirty-six out of a total of forty-five key positions in the Finnish army. They got their start (under another name) soon after 1900, when Russia had dissolved the autonomous Finnish army. Former Finnish officers created a secret organization called *Vojma* (Power). During the Russo-Japanese war, the *Vojma* got in touch with the Japanese ambassador at Stockholm through Swedish go-betweens. They offered a great Finnish uprising against Russia—in return for money and weapons. The Japanese paid cash and delivered weapons—bought in Switzerland—but nothing happened. The money, supposed to hire volunteers, disappeared instead into the pockets of the *Vojma* members. So there were no volunteers, and finally the Swedish go-betweens sold the Swiss arms to the Russians.

In 1914, the *Vojma* tried to drive a similar bargain with Germany. Kaiser Wilhelm's men were less gullible than the Japanese. They provided no arms or money, but told the "Finnish patriots" that, if they wanted to fight, they could raise volunteers and send them to Germany to create a Finnish army under German command. This army would then be sent to free Finland from the Russian yoke and establish a government according to German wishes. After two years of recruiting, the army of liberation was only one battalion strong. The volunteers were organized as a Royal Prussian Battalion, called the 27th Jaegers. This gave the *Vojma* its present name.

The 27th Jaegers never left their training camp at Lockstedt, near Hamburg, until after the Czarist collapse. Scores of ambitious Finnish ex-officers joined its ranks. Victory seemed to be just around the corner and Germany promised ample rewards at the Finnish people's expense. There were at least twenty officers for each platoon, but the commander of the battalion was a German and German troops took the lead in the "liberation of Finland." The result was a civil war which caused thousands of casualties among the unfortunate population of Finland, a war in which the Reds fought for the privilege of being ruled by Russia and the Whites fought for the just as doubtful privilege of becoming German subjects.

Ludendorff had made it very plain: "It shall be understood that German troops in Finland are fighting exclusively for German interests."

The Whites won. A brother-in-law of Kaiser Wilhelm was offered the crown of Finland, which he graciously condescended to accept. The Jaegers got commissions in the revived Finnish army. The German prince could not save his crown after the Kaiser's defeat, but the Jaegers kept their jobs and wanted more. The army remained in pro-German hands and its superior officers were an unreliable lot. Ties with Germany persisted, even through the period of Weimar. Blue-prints for some future war against Russia were drafted. After Hitler came to power, the Jaegers' relations with Germany became even closer. Finland always maintained a comparatively large army—to please the Jaegers and to keep them from running riot.

But the 27th gradually grew older. The Jaegers foresaw that younger and less pro-German officers would some day take over and leave them out in the cold unless they succeeded in establishing some kind of dictatorship. So they decided to cooperate with the Lappos for that purpose, despite some mutual mistrust between the two groups.

Another partner in the movement for dictatorship was the *Lotta Svärd*, the women's organization named after a heroine of Finland's national poet, Runeberg, who wrote in Swedish because he hardly knew any Finnish. No Finnish woman or girl who did not belong or had not belonged to this women's organization had any social standing. The *Lotta Svärd* had a hundred thousand active members—enough to run most of the male population of a country of only three and a half million—and the entire membership was dominated by one woman: Mrs. Hilja Riipinen.

She was a harsh dictator, who prohibited rouge, lipstick, and smoking and enforced the historic *Lotta* uniform despite all changes of fashion. Rita Hayworth or Betty Grable would look too plump for glamour in such a dress. At one time Hilja Riipinen was elected to the Helsinki parliament on a Rightist ticket, but she

was defeated for re-election and she never got over the disappointment.

Her neighbor Kares handed the ex-deputy over to Gertrud Scholtz-Klink, women's leader of the Third Reich. Frau Scholtz-Klink arranged a sightseeing tour for Mrs. Riipinen and her daughter through all of the German Potemkin villages and explained what a woman in charge of the Lotta Svärd could accomplish in a Greater Finland under Nazi control. Whereupon the Lotta Svärd turned super-Nazi and joined forces with the Jaegers.

If the women surrendered to Mrs. Riipinen's ambitions, the men had to be kept under control too. Every able-bodied Finn—and nearly all Finns are able-bodied—must be a member of the Schutzbund, a semimilitary organization, in which they serve between the ages of sixteen and sixty. The Schutzbund, nominally controlled by Mannerheim, was actually supervised by old Jaegers. Under their guidance, it became a totalitarian tool. Germany provided "instructors."

II

THE Finnish people had only one way of resisting totalitarianism: elections. Finland's constitution, drafted by President Ståhlberg, resembled the American constitution. The people, through their elected representatives, were supposed to have all the power. But this power was restricted by the army and the fascist terror. Finnish politicians were not courageous under duress. Although the Social Democrats and the Agrarian Party together have had a large majority in every Finnish parliament since 1919, they have been too timid or too venal to hold the totalitarians in check.

The Social Democrats especially failed to uphold their own program of true democracy. After the Red defeat in the civil war, they became very cautious. Many of their comrades had been interned in concentration camps. With many jobs at stake in party enterprises and co-operatives, the Social Democrats felt as if they were on the spot. None of them dreamed of taking strong action against the terrorist

elements. The Agrarians, the next largest party, had only one real objection to the Lapuan fascists: they feared the fascist slogan of blood and soil might be so popular that the Lappos would become serious competitors in the elections. So they adopted some of the Lappo slogans for their own political vocabulary and maintained good-neighbor relations with the Right-wing extremists.

Kares's Lappos planned a coup d'état in 1930 but it was called off. The conspirators were never brought into court. But a newly created Rightist government led by Svinhufvud, the man who had acted as regent for the German king in 1918, hastened to dissolve the Communist Party in accordance with Kares's wishes. In 1932, a Lappo-Jaeger combination again created unrest. The government tried to appease them instead of enforcing the law. Finland's democracy has always lived on parole.

The Finnish people nurse a fierce hatred for Russia. Although the Russian Czars, until the turn of the century, granted their Finnish subjects many rights they withheld from the Russians themselves, a Finnish nationalism emerged more than a hundred years ago and became violently hostile to Russia. Troubles in the early years of this century deepened the rift, and the Finnish civil war which followed the Russian Revolution made it an abyss.

In order to fight Russia, the average Finn would associate with the devil—and the German reputation in Finland was not much better than the devil's. When the Russians presented their claims in 1939, an outcry of rage resounded through the country. Only a truly heroic government could have ventured to make a deal with the Kremlin. The Finnish government was never heroic. It chose war.

It was largely the Lappos' and the Jaegers' war. The Soviets knew all about the flirtation between the Finnish totalitarians and Germany. The Finnish army alone was no threat to Leningrad and Kronstadt, but a German expeditionary force stationed in Karelia would be. Russian propaganda could not emphasize this fact, because of the Stalin-Hitler pact of 1939, but the Russians knew it nevertheless.

The Finnish mobilization concentrated all power in the hands of the army and its auxiliary formations, although parliamentary government was not officially suspended. Rigid censorship destroyed all freedom of speech and of the press. Mannerheim, president of the Council of National Defense, nominally headed the army. Actually he was a figurehead.

The Finnish fascists ran the show, but it didn't take them long to find out that they had made a bad mistake. By the time the Red Army knocked at the gates of Viborg, Finnish casualties had risen to about fifteen hundred a day (which meant that the Finnish army would be wiped out in three months) and eighty-five per cent of the young reserve officers had been killed or wounded. Moreover, the country was starving. Then the totalitarians began to worry in earnest—not about Finland but about their own skins. They feared that the people, when they realized who had brought the nation to disaster, would call them savagely to account.

So a Lappo-Jaeger messenger—the seventy-eight-year-old Pehr Svinhufvud—was hastily dispatched to Berlin. He knew how to deal with Germany. The Jaeger Colonel Glantz, military attaché at the Finnish embassy in Berlin, prepared the ground. Svinhufvud pointed out to the Germans that a Red invasion of Finland would cost the Germans a valuable base for the war to come. He argued that Germany should intervene with Moscow to save Finland. In return, Finland would comply with Germany's military demands. The Nazis saw the point.

Before Dr. Juho Paasikivi approached the Soviets on his official peace mission, Svinhufvud had already sold Finland out to the Nazis—without the knowledge or approval of the legally constituted Finnish government.

As a result Germany got all she needed to prepare her attack upon Russia from Finnish bases, and the Finns in return were given supplies to meet urgent necessities and the promise of a Greater Finland after the victory to come. Whether this Greater Finland was to be a sovereign state or just another Slovakia was not specified. Neither was it made clear whether the Finnish constitution would

remain in effect or a military, military-fascist, or fascist dictatorship would be substituted. Only one thing was certain: the Jaegers, the Lappos, the Lotta Svärd, and the Schutzbund would be the beneficiaries. The only one who could have opposed the deal was Mannerheim. He had to be neutralized—and this was done at Parson Kares's party in Lapua on March 24, 1940.

A FEW days later the Field Marshal, wearing civilian clothes, retired to his peaceful home in the country. His background is worth examining for clues to his role.

Mannerheim, built up as a Finnish hero, was never a real Finn. He was born in Czarist-ruled Finland, the scion of a family who had immigrated from Sweden and considered Swedish to be their mother tongue. He went to St. Petersburg at the age of fourteen and spent the next thirty-six years of his life mostly in Russia. His military career was indeed brilliant, largely because of his handsome appearance. Mannerheim became commander of the Czar's cavalry bodyguard shortly before the outbreak of World War I and a lieutenant general during the war. His mentality was that of a typical Russian court general, his fighting record rather sketchy.

To Mannerheim, Czarist Russia was the only country on earth in which a man could live and France the only one in which an aristocrat could spend his money. The British were something between traders and horse-breeders and the United States a big bank where the money came from. Germany was the home of efficient, bad-mannered, and bespectacled sauerkraut-and-sausage-eaters who constantly disturbed their neighbors.

When it became known in 1917 that the sauerkraut-eaters had encouraged the Russian Revolution and dispatched Lenin in a sealed car to St. Petersburg, Mannerheim's aversion to Germany became a fanatical hatred. He loathed the Bolsheviks and their German helpers with equal fervor.

Mannerheim reached Finland early in 1918, as a refugee, and offered his services to the Diet to fight the Reds. The Diet

appointed him Commander in Chief. He declared emphatically that no German help was needed for a housecleaning in Finland, but—as we have seen—decisions had already been reached without his advice. The Germans came and General von der Goltz's troops entered Helsinki before Mannerheim's Finns reached the capital. His angry protest against German overlordship had only one result: a discharge which could hardly be called honorable.

When the Reich collapsed, he was urgently recalled to represent Finland as a friendly nation to the victorious Allies—and to become the scapegoat for the continuous massacres that the army and the Rightists called pacification. In the first capacity he won Allied recognition for Finland, in the second he was shamefully defeated in the next presidential election. He never forgot this setback, which he attributed to German intrigue. After his renewed retirement, he "played soldier" with the *Schutzbund*. He organized it and hardly realized that Lappos and Jaegers took care of "political infiltration." Both the government and the fascists courted him.

Mannerheim was never a democrat. In his opinion, the people were buck privates who should be taught to obey. But he was thoroughly anti-German and anti-Bolshevik by education and experience. The government felt confident that he would not take part in any illegal action, the extremists that he would not support popular representatives.

In reality, Mannerheim disliked politics. He did not care much for political programs, but he did like some of the men who represented programs. He did not like Kares, of course, but he did like President Kallio, mustached old peasant and true democrat. In 1939, Mannerheim truly believed that the Russians had a poor army and that the French would beat Bolshevism and Nazism. He learned his lesson during the winter war. Russia was strong and France obviously weak. Only Hitler could defeat Stalin, he was told. Instinctively he still struggled against an alliance with Germany, but he felt it was useless to argue against what he considered to be facts. So the Field Marshal finally

gave in when the others at the Lapuan luncheon asked him only to wait and see.

III

AS EARLY as May, 1940, the first German soldiers entered Finland by way of the Baltic, disembarking at Åbo and Uleaborg. They had been ordered to behave decently and not to irritate the Finnish people. In May the construction of a large air base at Petsamo was under way, supervised by German specialists. Much war material flowed into Finland, but not so much food. The Finns had to tighten their belts.

There was no peace in the country and no genuine demobilization. Censorship was stricter than ever. The Finns learned only what Goebbels and his Helsinki helpers wanted them to believe. News from Finland was carefully selected to create good will abroad. No "undesirable" was admitted to the regions infiltrated by the Germans. The border control barred all overly curious visitors. Skillful propaganda kept alive the desire for revenge. The influx of refugees from Russian-occupied regions fanned hatred of Russia. No Finn spoke of the big eastern neighbor in kinder terms than "the accursed."

President Kallio was desperate but powerless. Risto Ryti, Prime Minister, ex-lawyer, ex-banker, and always a shrewd gambler, tried to safeguard his own position. He had good friends in Berlin, and these friends gave him comforting news. His government would be tolerated and even supported by the Germans if it complied with their demands.

On the other hand, the Germans had good news for Parson Kares too. He was told that he need not worry. The day would come when the Prime Minister would be hopelessly cornered and unable to agree with the Nazis. Then the Nazi divisions would establish a Finnish totalitarian government. Kares would become, not Finland's Quisling, but Finland's Hitler. The Jaegers felt safe. They would always have their share in running the state.

Parliament was not officially dissolved, but public political discussions might have

damaged pro-Nazi plans. Risto Ryti did his part by postponing elections for two years and restricting parliamentary sessions to a minimum. The political parties dared not complain. They too tried to make their deals. The Agrarians moved even closer to Kares. The Progressives felt safe because Ryti had been their man. The Finno-Swedes got assurances from Germany, through Stockholm mediators, that if their attitude was clearly pro-Nazi their party would be considered friendly despite Kares's Swede-baiting. The Social Democrats, trembling for their jobs, prepared to show a double face: a conservative one with Vaino Tanner and a democratic one with Dr. Juho Paasikivi. The first was for domestic use, the second, it was felt, might be useful abroad.

Only the Finnish people made no deal. Their share was fixed in advance. It would be blood and sweat and tears and starvation.

IN THE democratic countries, sympathy for Finland still ran high. "The brave little Finns"—"the nation that pays its war debts."

The debt business has always been over-rated in public esteem. Actually Finland had been non-belligerent during World War I—Finns were not compelled to serve in the Czarist army—and there was no war debt at all. During the relief period after the armistice, the Finns did receive some nine million dollars' worth of supplies. They were able and willing to pay cash, since they had made huge profits on transit trade during the war, but the Allies sold only on credit. Finland had to pay about \$250,000 a year to meet the terms of this unwanted obligation, approximately the figure of the military budget for twenty-four hours in 1939. The amount was insufficient to advertise a brand of cigarettes, but, as it turned out, sufficient to establish a nation's reputation.

Russia was well aware of German infiltration in Finland, but Stalin was still trying to appease Hitler and raised no official objections. Only a Moscow-supported Russo-Finnish Society tried to make a little trouble. The State Police took care of the Russo-Finnish Society.

Finnish diplomats abroad issued ready-made denials of all charges that Finland was pro-German. According to them, no German soldier was stationed on Finnish soil. There was nothing but innocent transit to and from Norway on the Swedish pattern. A look at the map showed that there was no reason for any such transit, with Sweden open to German transports, but foreigners readily swallowed the story and believed that Finland had not sold out to Germany.

One man in Moscow argued furiously that Russia should do something about it. He was Otto Kuusinen, ex-Finnish socialist and political refugee from the Finnish civil war. He had built an amazing career in Russia, having been an ardent follower of Stalin even in the days when Trotsky was thought to be the Red crown prince. Stalin did not forget Kuusinen's devotion and promoted him to membership in the Supreme Soviet and the Comintern.

Kuusinen was grateful—but never gave up his sole ambition: revenge for his defeat in 1918. He hated nothing so much as the present Finnish setup and all that it stood for.

Kuusinen gladly accepted the nomination as head of a puppet government of Finland established by the Russians after their invasion of the Karelian Isthmus early in December, 1939. This was, in fact, a minor job compared to his other posts—but it meant a grip on the throat of the Finnish Whites. Moscow, realistic as usual, dropped the puppet government in March, 1940. Kuusinen, still in high favor and high offices in Russia, mourned his lost assignment.

While Mannerheim waited, President Kallio tried vainly to reverse the Finnish government's policy. At the end of 1940, heartbroken and hopeless, he abdicated. Risto Ryti took his place. After the ceremony marking this event, Mannerheim accompanied Kallio to the railway station. In front of his car, old Kallio collapsed—dead of a stroke. He fell into the Field Marshal's arms. His death ended the last hope that Finland might not serve as Hitler's cat's-paw.

Risto Ryti, the new President, and his government busily prepared for war at

home and for good will abroad. In June, 1941, foreign observers still wondered whether Finland would join Hitler or remain neutral. Everybody in Helsinki was convinced that Russia would be defeated within a few months. Kares had already selected Lappo governors for territories to be won. Berlin played with both Ryti and Kares. Mannerheim had assumed command—again a figurehead, convinced that Germany was invincible and dreaming of a share in a future Czarist government of Russia.

To the Nazis, Mannerheim still seemed to be unsafe. It was known that he did not love the Germans. Hitler's personal charms were invoked for the benefit of the aging Field Marshal. The Fuehrer paid him a visit on his seventy-fifth birthday. The toasts were well written, but Mannerheim's voice—he still disliked speaking German in public—was remarkably cool when he read his part, and he called Hitler simply "Herr Reichskanzler"—not "Fuehrer" nor even "Excellency."

THEN came a series of events which revealed to the Finns the handwriting on the wall. The first was the Nazi retreat from Moscow. The next was America's entry into the war after Pearl Harbor. Finnish politicians thought a good deal more of the United States than the Germans did. One of Ryti's main objectives was to maintain friendly relations with the United States and, after the German reverses, with Great Britain too.

So the next painful blow was Great Britain's declaration of war on Finland. Ryti's men pretended to be astonished by this move. Finnish troops had, of course, never come to grips with British forces, but German planes took off constantly from the Petsamo air base to attack Allied shipping to and from Murmansk.

The Finnish army did not fight any major actions against Russia. Only a small band of volunteers, recruited by the Lappos, joined the main German forces on the eastern front. This small band was the spectacular contribution of Parson Kares, who, in a sermon, had cynically preached that "Thou shalt not kill" is an incomplete version of God's ordinance; He meant, said Kares, "Thou shalt not kill

thy friend, but thou must kill thy foes."

Despite comparative military inactivity, Finnish casualties were not negligible and economic conditions deteriorated to the breaking point. Germany "rationed" Finland. Without supplies, the Finns could not break away. Every drop of milk for a Finnish infant had to be paid for by a drop of his father's blood. The Finns starved and died, hating the accursed Russians, disliking the Germans who had failed to conquer Russia, and nursing vague angry feelings against the Allies who refused to accept the propaganda thesis that Finland was fighting a justified war of her own.

The weaker Germany's position grew, the more Ryti tried to keep up constitutional formalities. Parliament was convened from time to time to discuss unimportant matters. Ryti had himself re-elected for a second term by men whose power to elect a president had long since expired, and he made changes of government which changed nothing.

The United States repeatedly warned Finland to get out of the war. The Lappos assured Berlin they would take over if Ryti should try such a "treacherous step," and the Jaegers in the army supported Kares. The people were silent and Ryti fought on.

Ryti's Prime Minister, Edmund Linkomies, worked hard to protect his chief. He went to Budapest soon after forming the present government to confer with the Hungarian Prime Minister Kallay. The idea was to create a kind of "little Axis" of Germany's satellites for common action in matters of separate peace or armistice negotiations. Some of the German generals whose idea of the way to win the peace is to get rid of the Nazis watched his action with benevolence. Less benevolently, but not less closely, Himmler also watched Linkomies's travels. Kallay became the Gestapo overlord's scapegoat when the Nazis invaded Hungary.

On the other hand, Finnish industrialists were busy trying to convince influential Swedes that they should help Finland in the expected political crisis. Sweden was somewhat guilty, too, they pointed out, having granted the Germans transit rights, and the fewer Nordic questions dis-

cussed at a general peace conference, the better it might be for Sweden.

Germany finally decided to leave Kares in the lurch. After the constant reverses in Russia, the Nazis did not want to risk civil war in Finland. They tried to keep Ryti going as long as possible. Ryti, aware of the removal of the Lappo threat, had no other purpose in mind than to save what could still be saved. He was more concerned about his government than his country. Some of the Jaegers sided with him, wanting to salvage as much of the army as possible. If there was any safe way out of the war with Russia, they were willing to try it. Helpful politicians were at hand. Juho Paasikivi—the old-fashioned socialist, 1914 model—made his appearance as a front for genuine democracy to negotiate a “reasonable peace.”

Secretary of State Cordell Hull's warning came in very handy. Ryti called the parliament. The deputies of all political parties deliberated and played constitutionalism. They knew perfectly well that the failure of negotiations would doom them as well as Ryti. They realized that a prolonged war could only end in complete defeat, and Finland would become a communistic province without Social Democrats, Agrarians, Progressives, or Finno-Swedes. And if the negotiations should break down because of a parliamentary refusal to accept Russian conditions, the democratic United States had to be persuaded that it was the Finnish people, through their elected representatives, who had rejected the proposals.

Only a few Jaeger extremists still want to fight on unconditionally to the bitter end. Mannerheim is not the man to lead the country back to normalcy, but neither is he inclined to continue on the road to disaster. Even General Waldén, the ardent pro-Nazi, is now for peace.

Swedish intervention brought about the parleys at Stockholm. Madame Alexandra Kollontay, seventy-four-year-old ambassadress, daughter of a Czarist general and one of the shrewdest diplomats of our time, likes Paasikivi personally but she cannot be fooled. Finland's government, her parliament which failed to defend the people's interests, and

her oversized army all are at stake.

Stalin has asked for friendly governments in neighboring states. Even if his ideas on this subject are liberal, Ryti's government can by no stretch of the imagination be called friendly. Finland alone is no threat to Russia, close as the border may be to Leningrad, but Finland as now constituted would hardly fail to unite with a future enemy of Russia, provided one should emerge after Germany's defeat.

Kuusinen in Moscow is the man to watch in this situation. His war objective is nothing but Finland itself. As long as Finland is not a Soviet Republic, he has been personally defeated. Even if some terms are agreed upon between Russia and Finland, he will continue to stir up trouble and he is in a position where he can stir up plenty. There is dramatic irony in the fact that Kuusinen, a powerful member of Russia's Supreme Soviet, is an ardent Finn at heart, while Mannerheim, the synthetic Finnish hero, looks upon Czarist Russia as his spiritual fatherland.

If Kuusinen really had needed an argument against the Finnish negotiators' sincerity it was gracefully produced by the Jaegers themselves. While Paasikivi was trying to obtain some modifications of the Russian terms in Moscow, the Jaegers dispatched their man, General Osterman (who actually runs the army, while Mannerheim serves as a figurehead), to Berlin, where he delivered a flamboyant speech about German-Finnish comradeship in arms against the eastern barbarians. It would be no surprise if a new Finnish pact with Berlin preceded a new agreement with Moscow.

The high American regard for Finland has been based chiefly on the sentimental idea that the little nation is a gem of democracy. This is pure illusion. Finland has been run for years by fascists, militarists, and conniving politicians, and now she must pay the price. Her people have been bled white for nothing. No matter what settlement may be reached with Russia, she will come out of the war with a bitter legacy of hate and despair. That is the Finnish tragedy. Finland is therefore bound to become a critical test case of the possibilities of postwar reconstruction in Europe.

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IS MUNCIE STILL MIDDLETOWN?

JOHN BARTLOW MARTIN

{ As a reporter in Indianapolis, Mr. Martin used to cover Muncie for his paper and the AP. More recently he has made two fact-finding trips to Muncie—one in 1939 and another this spring. }

IT WAS in Muncie, Indiana, last April when Willkie withdrew as a candidate for the Republican nomination. There was a lot of talk about him—on street corners, at mealtime, and in the press—but almost nobody mentioned isolationism, internationalism, or any other issue of the campaign. Those who liked him did so, apparently, because he was practically a home-town boy. His international views didn't seem to make any difference one way or the other. This focus on home-town concerns set me to wondering.

"Muncie—the typical American city" runs the legend on place mats in the Town Room, or coffee shop, of the Hotel Roberts in Muncie, Indiana, and the same proud slogan adorns the stationery of the Muncie Chamber of Commerce. The claim is based of course upon Muncie's having been chosen as "Middletown, U.S.A.," by two sociologists for their 1925 and 1935

studies in mid-American culture. It raises the question whether today Muncie at war is, in little, America at war.

On the walls of the hotel's coffee shop there are murals depicting a factory and a worker, an executive making a phone call, a bridge table, a farm building, a pig, a workman pouring molten glass, and—prominently—two glass jars, symbols of the continuing might of the Ball brothers, the millionaires who once ruled Muncie completely. The Town Room, the dining room, the lobby, and the cocktail lounge of the Roberts are modern, but upstairs the rooms are high-ceilinged, the shower in the bathroom looks as if it were superimposed on older plumbing, the bathroom walls are streaked with grime and soot. Keeping curtains clean in a Muncie house is difficult. This is a factory town; it is a dirty town. From the window of my hotel room you could see

the railroad tracks, gray in the cold spring rain at dusk, and beyond them the factories shrouded in smoke and mist. Farther still, you knew, were the farms, the great flat rich Indiana plains; but you could not see them for the smog.

By nine o'clock the rain stopped and the April night turned fine. Nevertheless, as this was Monday, the sidewalks in the business district, thronged on Saturday night with window shoppers and folks who simply "go downtown to see what's doin'," were nearly deserted. Muncie is still a Saturday night town. A big red-necked Indiana farm boy, now wearing khaki and a paratrooper's boots, walked down Walnut Street, home on furlough with his girl at his side. They were headed for the Rivoli Theater. The Rivoli was advertising in the *Star* "THE PRESIDENT says that the American public should be entertained to keep up the morale of the folks on the home front. Muncie Theaters Need Experienced Janitors and Engineers. . . . These jobs are not just for today, but for tomorrow. . . ." Not one of Muncie's six movie houses was exhibiting a picture bearing on the war; most were showing musicals.

On Walnut Street near Jackson, in the center of town, a lookout sat by a window up in a second-floor gambling joint. He drew the curtain aside, and you could see him from the street. The game was craps and admittance was easy. "Muncie is wide open." Up on Main Street across from the courthouse is a row of cigar stores and beer joints, dingy, smoke-filled places. Crap games and poker games run in some. Nearly all the saloons in Muncie sell tip-books, books containing lottery tabs that cost five cents each. But this is not small-time gambling; some saloons sell as many as two hundred of these books a day at a net profit of \$1.50 each. War-plant workers flush on payday buy the tabs by the handful. "A lot of the cigar stores and beer joints would fold up if it weren't for the tip-books."

There are few prostitutes in Muncie and probably no houses of prostitution. The Army cleaned the town up while there was a specialized training group at the college and while soldiers from two Army camps were spending week-end

furloughs at Muncie; but by April about the only uniforms you saw on Muncie streets—fewer than in most cities—were those of local boys home on leave.

Over at the Greek's most of the stools at the counter were occupied by men and young girls drinking coffee. The boy behind the counter had an accent akin to the flat, slurred Indiana speech but less harsh. "Him?" said the newspaperman I was talking with. "He's one of the hillbillies. Haven't you heard that there are only forty-five states left in the Union? Kentucky and Tennessee have gone to Indiana, and Indiana has gone to hell."

In the nineteen-twenties Muncie industry started importing workers from Kentucky and Tennessee. Why? "To get cheap labor," some say. "Because management had to get down on its knees and beg local people to work," say others. Now the Kentuckians, as the Southerners are indiscriminately called, comprise a sizable portion of Muncie's population, and home-grown Muncie people resent them. The newspaperman said, "They work all week, then lie around drunk on Saturday and Sunday, sleep nine to a room." Their children become delinquent. The Greek's "help" changes daily. Maybe the kids are lured here by his advertisements in Kentucky newspapers, but they work for him only long enough to get a stake; then they quit and go into a Muncie factory. "The reason you see so many young fellows on the streets, driving jalopies all over town on black market gasoline at ten cents a gallon when they ought to be in the Army, is that the Army won't have them—they're illiterate. The hillbillies will work awhile and save fifty dollars in bonds, then go back home and live on it in the hills for two or three years."

"You want to know what the people are thinking about?" said the newspaperman. "Maybe I'm cynical but I don't think 2 per cent of them are thinking where their next meal is coming from, let alone about what's going to happen after the war. Not the hillbillies, anyway. And there's plenty others like them."

We walked through the silent streets of the city. There was a damp chill in the air. Spring was late this year. A top-

coat felt good. The only lighted places were the saloons. "There is a boom-town flavor in Muncie now," the newspaperman said. "A doctor told me the other day that people who used to pay their bills with township orders now are paying them with twenty-dollar bills. And they'll be on the township again. Right now they've got more money than they know what to do with. There isn't a vacant house or apartment in town. The saloons are crowded. The factories are working three shifts. But only one new plant of any size has come to town—Goodyear. It's just that the factories that've been here since before the war are all busier than they've ever been."

He had been a newspaperman here most of his life. Once he passed up a chance to leave Muncie as a well-paid public relations man. "I'll always stay here now, I guess. Been here too long." Sure, he said, better-paying jobs were plentiful on metropolitan papers now. But after the war, what?

"Just about everybody here thinks there's going to be a bust-up after the war," he added. "They're all scared of it. But they don't do anything about it because they aren't capable of thinking about the future."

Postwar international affairs? "I never hear any talk about that. People here don't care about other countries. They're strong isolationists. A few people think we'll have to fight Russia some day. You hear a lot of anti-British talk. People think that every time Churchill and Roosevelt get together, Churchill steals something else from him."

By now it was a little past 11 P.M. and the cocktail lounge in the hotel and nearly all the other saloons had closed. Liquor is getting scarce; early closing is a form of voluntary rationing. To buy beer to take out you need empty bottles; to buy whisky you need a friend. Nevertheless some saloons remain open past eleven, notably those catering to the home-going night shift of workingmen, places like the Pig Stand on South Walnut Street, not far from the railroad tracks and diagonally across Walnut from CIO headquarters. (The CIO and UAWA

offices, boldly marked by electric signs, are, oddly, only four doors south of the Ball department store. The fight to unionize the Ball glass works has been long.)

The Pig Stand was jammed. True, Muncie savings accounts and checking accounts have risen since 1941, and safe deposit boxes are not to be had, and debts are being paid off fast; and more than ten million dollars' worth of small investors' war bonds have been sold and are being cashed only at the rate of 7 per cent (below the national average); but not all the workers are putting their inflated earnings into the sock. Some, that night in April, were bellying up three-deep to the Pig Stand bar. The floor was covered with what appeared to be sawdust but turned out to be tip-book tabs that hadn't paid off. The juke box was banging away and the waitresses were on the run from one red leather booth to another. A great many of the men in the crowd were young men; nobody remarked them; in this industrial city it is assumed that a young man in mufti is either 4F or an essential industry worker.

Watching the shifting crowd at the bar, the young CIO leader, Ed Crago, answered my questions. "What are they thinking about? About their job; about the war. They are not thinking about the future."

He told me about the service flags hanging in the headquarters of the CIO locals, bearing silver stars, blue stars, gold stars, so many stars that they crowded the flags, and a committee was appointed to investigate the feasibility of adopting a one-star flag carrying numerals which could be changed. "Some of our best leadership is in the service," Crago said. "The boys in the service come back to see us. Last Saturday night we threw a dance at the hall and there were a lot of the boys there. There was a boy who's been up in the Aleutians twenty-six months. I asked him what he did with his spare time. He said, 'We sit around and discuss unions.'"

At the time of my visit, about 10 per cent of Muncie's total population—5,000 out of 52,000—had gone into the armed forces. Similarly, Delaware County,

of which Muncie is the seat, had sent about 7,500 men out of a total population of 75,000. About 60 had been killed.

Crago once coached "a ball club," that is, a basketball team, at his plant. (In Indiana they say: "First you put up two peach baskets on posts; then you build your high school around them.") "Two years ago the world's champion pro team only beat us by ten points. And we led them at half time. Well, one of my best ballplayers, he could shoot either right- or left-handed—his Dad works at Chevrolet too; he's one of the oldest employees. That old man. He is an old man but I've seen him even now stand and bend down and touch his toes with his fingers. Anyway, his boy was drafted. His last furlough home, the boy got married. Then they sent him to England. He can't have made many flights there. It seemed like he was home today and tomorrow he was reported missing over Germany. It like to broke the old man's heart. He used to kid with the girls at the factory. Not any more. He went up and saw the boy's wife and told her. We asked him over at headquarters how she took it. He said, 'She didn't say anything at all.' I guess she didn't know the old man real well. Since then he got a letter from somebody supposed to be in the boy's squadron, and they claim they saw him land safely. So the old man thinks maybe the boy's a prisoner. The old man's hopes have come up pretty much since then."

Several union members have been killed in action. Usually the union officials send a letter to the man's family. Crago said, "Once—the first time—we sent flowers. We found out later it was the worst thing we could do. Another thing, flowers, you can't keep them. But a letter you can."

Outside the rain began again. It washed down the dark, dingy walls of the Hotel Roberts. The lobby was empty when I went in. The elevator operator, an old man, was dozing on a stool. Upstairs, from my fifth-floor window, you could see the railroad tracks glistening beneath a single street light. On the south side of the tracks, invisible tonight from the hotel, were the homes of the

workers. On the north side of town the rain fell on the homes of the business people. Up the tracks a way the graveyard shift was making munitions in the bright-lit factories, islands of light in the night. Except for the factories the city on the Indiana plains was in darkness.

II

AMONG the trees on the courthouse lawn the morning sun lit up the huge white billboard on which were lettered the names of local men in the armed forces. In front of the billboard was a tablet-and-boulder dedicated to the memory of the eleven Revolutionary War soldiers buried in Delaware County. Inside the courthouse, on the first floor, was the county agent, Myron Cromer, a small, spare, dry man with a deliberate, orotund way of speaking. Like most people in Muncie, Mr. Cromer arrives at his office before 8 A.M. When I saw it, it was cluttered with scientific agriculture leaflets. Purdue University's influence has been great in Indiana, especially in the rich farmland in the northern part of the state. Although Delaware County lies outside the famous black-dirt region of Indiana, its soil is rich, its crops diversified. But corn and hogs—that is the base. The farms average perhaps ninety acres, though many are much larger. Nearly all look prosperous, with painted barns and mended fences. Muncie itself is a manufacturing town, and so its cleavage from its hinterland is sharp; but the farms impinge on Muncie, for it is also a marketing center, and many Muncie people, including industrial workers, originally came from the farms.

"The farmers," said Cromer, sitting on the edge of his chair, "are much exercised over not being able to get any help." It is the old conflict of farm against city, dramatized in wartime by soaring industrial wages, increased farm production quotas, broken irreplaceable farm machinery, the empty room where the hired hand slept before he went off to war. A hired hand who is married—"and Selective Service has got all the single ones"—is paid about \$100 a month, "plus keep," compared to \$40 a few years ago. There

are few takers. Today a farm hand must get a release from the county agent before he can leave the farm. But by the time this measure came the farmers were mad at the city and the government.

To mitigate the labor shortage, "city boys" (Muncie boys) were being taught to milk, to manure, to feed the hogs, to clean out the chicken house, and so to release the farmer for the fields. During summer vacation most of them would work in groups. A few would go individually as "live-in" boys, junior hired hands. Some might run tractors, though care must be exercised here: mechanical replacements were scarce.

But these boys, only thirteen or fourteen, could not do such heavy work as making hay. So the farmers were planning to help one another. In 1944 the late, wet spring produced a seeding bottleneck. As soon as one man's land became ready to work, you would see his neighbors moving in to help him, just as, later, he in his turn would help them. "It's the only way out." Co-operation is nothing new here: its history goes back to pioneer days, and on this firm ground-work rest the thriving producers' creamery and also the Delaware County Farm Bureau Co-op Association, Inc., which, organized in 1930, supplied about 1,800 of the county's 2,800 farmers in 1944.

I was told that dairying was in a mess. Production quotas were up, help was scarce, milking machines were scarce, and the draft took the milk companies' truck drivers, the strong young men needed to heft the ten-gallon cans. So the farmers were mad at the draft boards. They were mad at Washington because it cried aloud for more eggs (when feed came high), then let the price drop and implored people to eat eggs; because it screamed for hogs, then couldn't handle the carcasses at the packing houses; because it wanted mountains of tomatoes for the armed forces, but took away the labor needed for this high-labor crop.

The farmers are making more money than they have made for many years. Farm land values have been rising at the rate of about 1 per cent per month for the last couple of years, said Cromer, and land is worth anywhere from \$100 per

acre up, with one sale at \$237. But the older farmers, remembering the last war-time boom, are cautious (and their sons are in the Army). They feel that prices will continue high for only two or three years after the war, so they are paying off their mortgages and bracing themselves for the smashup.

"Postwar world affairs?" said Cromer. "I have not heard anybody mention world affairs for weeks or months. The farmer is too busy to worry about things like that."

ON A WALL in the office of the Muncie Chamber of Commerce hangs a slick air map of the world. But on another wall hangs a map of Muncie, much larger and showing evidence of much more use. And Lester C. Bush, the Chamber manager, told me, "We want to avoid foreign entanglements. Of course we can't stand for somebody who's a rabid isolationist—that's foolishness, like being an ostrich. But we've got to watch the other nations or they'll get the big end of the swag. We will co-operate with them after the war but we don't want to stick our neck out so far that they'll be telling us what to do. We've gone pretty far already. We don't want to be called Uncle Shylock again. I doubt whether we'll get a nickel of our money back. I've heard that Russia is paying for Lend-Lease; if it's true, they're gentlemen."

Bush thought that Stalin was "the world's greatest leader today." He suggested that, if Stalin was less than frank with the United States and England, "maybe it's because he don't think so much of our leaders." He said he "hated" communism "as much as anybody" but he thought the Communists had abandoned their efforts to proselytize the world and that we could "get along with Russia after the war," provided, of course, that the Russians "leave us alone. Any people ought to be entitled to any form of government they want."

"To fascism?"

"Yes."

In April of 1944 the United States Chamber of Commerce sent to its members a ballot containing seven propositions which tended to commit the United

States to a leading position in postwar world affairs. Bush thought the members of the Muncie Chamber exhibited a lively interest. But another man said, "They talked about the world awhile, then they got bored and said, 'Let's approve it.' It was easier than arguing." In voting "yes," the Muncie Chamber appended a note: "We do not want superimposed upon us, by any centralized world authority, any central state that will direct . . . our . . . affairs. In our international dealings we should always be motivated by what is good for America."

Bush, a friendly man who calls strangers by their first names when he meets them, said he was beginning to think that Churchill "is just a big bag of wind. He has served his time and purpose. And so's the boy down in the White House." He was afraid that Roosevelt "will peter out like Wilson. I don't think we're being told the truth about his physical condition. And what if Wallace got in?"

This same man in May of 1939 had written in a letter: "I do not think there will be a war in Europe for some time to come, unless the United States is again foolish enough to stick its nose into other people's [Europe's] business.

"We lost thousands of men, maimed other thousands and lost, up to date, 12 billions of dollars plus interest, for no good purpose at all. . . . [I] am not interested in wars between Germany and Russia . . . nor am I interested in any possible wars between England and Germany or France and Germany. If they want to go to war, it's their affair."

In his large office Bush was always calling in his secretary and asking her to bring him statistics or publicity handouts, and he was surrounded by ringing telephones and plans for "drives." But, once, he leaned forward in his chair behind his big shiny desk, and suddenly his guard came down and he said, "I will tell you the truth. We are all scared to death." The war, Russia, events in that outside world beyond Muncie—all these have shaken somewhat the confidence he felt in 1939. "But I hate to hear people talking about going back to the good old days. When were the good old days?

In the late twenties there were men walking the streets of Muncie out of work. Not today. We want to keep everybody at work, like they are now. We want to be ready for that evil day."

"You think there's going to be a bust-up after the war?"

"Don't you?"

When Bush turned from world affairs to speak of Muncie, he spoke with more confidence and enthusiasm. The city had simply expanded its old factories. Many of them were producing nearly the same products as in peacetime—auto transmissions at Warner Gear, batteries at Delco-Remy—and so the shock of reconversion should be light.

"We wanted it that way," Bush said complacently. "We didn't want a lot of fly-by-night war plants and a big new floating population that might be out of work when the war ended." But other business men have said that Muncie scrambled like most other cities to get new war plants but failed. Bush said that Muncie was slow to start on war work but "Today there isn't a single square foot of idle factory floor-space in town." Bush said that, to take up the unemployment slack during the brief postwar retooling period, a committee was planning a tri-city airport (six airlines have applied to the Civil Aeronautics Board for permission to fly to Muncie), a construction program for streets, schools, county buildings, a sewage system, houses, and apartments. "But where is the money coming from? Nobody knows." Maybe the federal government will help. But what about the federal debt?

In Muncie there are fifty-two general manufacturing concerns, but the big fellows employing more than three thousand workers are Warner Gear, Durham Manufacturing, Chevrolet and Delco-Remy divisions of General Motors, and the Ball Brothers Company. It has been claimed that "The Balls own Muncie." One informed man said recently, "The town is getting away from them; it is getting too big for them. They never did mess around in politics any more than they had to." They got in on the ground floor of Muncie's first and only big boom. In the 1890's, after natural gas was discovered in

northeastern Indiana, numerous cities boomed overnight. The cheap fuel was peculiarly adapted to glass-making. The Ball brothers made millions out of jars for home canning. They moved to power: banks, railroads, real estate, retail stores, manufacturing plants, national Republican politics, newspapers, a brewery, oil in Texas, and oil pipe in Pennsylvania. They became pillars of the church, the Chamber of Commerce, the Y.M.C.A., the local college (through their munificence it grew and was renamed Ball State Teachers' College). They were the solid rock to which Muncie clung during the depression of the 1930's. Their plant was, in 1944, one of the three last large plants in town to be without a CIO contract. Union men have said the Balls pay the lowest wages in town and fight the union the hardest. Business men referred to Frank C. Ball, the eldest of the five brothers, who died last year at eighty-five, simply as "Mr. F. C." George A. Ball was the only one of the original five brothers still living in April of 1944.

III

IN HIS signed page-one column in the *Evening Press*, Wilbur Sutton, the editor, wrote, "Talked to a Muncie young fellow who is going away to the wars and who has two kids. . . . [He said] 'I don't give a nickel for Russia, Great Britain, China, nor any other nation except us. If anybody thinks I am fighting for any other nation, he's crazy.' . . ."

"Hell," said Sutton in conversation, leaning back in his chair, "if you're not for America first, what are you for?"

Sutton is a graying man, feet on the ground, shrewd, with a quick, broad awareness. Perhaps a disillusioned liberal, he said he himself was convinced that some sort of international organization would be needed after the war, but he doubted if many people in Muncie agreed. He said he rarely heard any talk about postwar world organization, and what talk he did hear was unfavorable. "They're in favor of preparedness. They want to defend the American hemisphere. But to hell with everybody else. People want to get the Philippines back because

they were attacked—that part of the war is a crusade. But once they get 'em back they'd turn 'em over to the Filipinos or anybody else who was friendly." Another newspaperman said, "Underneath, a surprising number of people don't think we need to be in the European war. They feel we ought to fight Japan because Japan attacked us first. But Germany didn't attack us."

Sutton said that, nevertheless, "The war is uppermost in people's minds. It's bound to be; it's affected nearly every family in the county directly. They don't like gasoline and food rationing, but they don't kick much. They just want to get the war over with in a hurry. They'd make any sacrifice to do that. When will the war end? One prominent bartender said last summer it would end by Armistice Day of 1943. People have stopped guessing now."

Sutton had been a Willkie man, and he thought Willkie's chances for election had been good. (Although this is Willkie's home district, he lost Delaware County in 1940, though he carried Indiana by a narrow margin.) Sutton said that people in Muncie backed Willkie "just because he is so goddam honest." Another man said it was simply "a matter of home-town pride." As for his speeches, a common opinion was, "Oh, nobody paid any attention to what Wendell said. Wendell always did do a lot of talking, but nobody listened to him much."

Sutton believed that anybody who ran against Roosevelt would draw support from all farmers, most business men, and at least half of labor. The farmers were especially bitter, he said. They liked Bricker, considered Dewey a New Yorker. Sutton noted among the professional politicians—but not among the people—surprising support for Hoover. "But in the same breath they say Hoover wouldn't have a chance."

Many of the editorials in both Muncie newspapers deal with corn kings, traffic accidents, and similar matters. When they touch on international affairs they frequently are mere résumés of news. But the *Press* of September 25, 1943, said editorially that Roosevelt was interested in "putting over upon the American peo-

ple the belief that his continued presidency is necessary for the success of the war effort . . . he will become, under whatever name it may be disguised, 'the president of the world.' That is the plan and don't fool yourself about it." The editorial suggested that postwar world reorganization should await victory.

The *Morning Star*, in which one of the Balls held an interest, said editorially, just after Pearl Harbor, "[The attack] answers all the arguments that have been advanced by the isolationists, the appeasers. . . ." A few days later: "No division of politics or of class remains." A year later: "The sugar, gasoline, and fuel oil rationing was imposed by methods more reminiscent of Gestapo edicts than the American system. . . . The entire population is wholeheartedly behind the war effort but it is still sick at heart to see how needed efficiency is retarded by retention of the same old New Deal theorists and starry-eyed dreamers." A few days later: "There must be an end to bureaucracy and a return to the fundamental principles. . . ."

One newspaperman said, "They try to make the editorials follow public opinion—not lead it." Attempting to speak for all of Muncie and especially for the middle class, he said that the people never talked about international affairs in ordinary social conversation, that they thought "Roosevelt got us into the war," that they were anti-Churchill and anti-Roosevelt, that they were tired of the war and wanted to get it over with and get the best out of a bad deal. He said he thought Willkie's withdrawal would not change the 1944 political decision: any Republican would get a big anti-Roosevelt vote. Muncie normally is Republican. But of course Muncie also is normally conservative, and today Muncie is afraid, and this might produce a strong don't-change-horses vote. Above all, Muncie is interested only in Muncie.

THE taxi left the shopping district and headed out a broad street lined with trees whose branches interlaced to form a canopy overhead. Fine homes stood behind the trees, but only five minutes farther on we crossed the tracks and there

was the factory, one of the biggest in Muncie, a long, low, glass-and-brick building. Near the front entrance was a rack where a few bicycles and motorcycles were parked, but now, as the shift changed at 3:30 P.M., it became plain that most of the workers still drove automobiles: men and women streamed out of the plant and their cars clogged the streets for blocks around. Inside, at a desk in his cramped office, with light coming eerily through the glass-brick walls, an official of the company said, "Muncie is for America first and the reason is that we are ninety-eight per cent American born and foreign troubles aren't real to us. We didn't want the war. When France fell, France was a long way off. So was England. They still are. We didn't want to make weapons of destruction but we had to. We will be glad in Muncie when we can go back to making things for peace, useful things. Postwar does not mean international problems at all. Postwar means getting a job or a contract in Muncie."

This man was active in the task of re-employing veterans of this war. He had come in contact with about forty such men. All but one found jobs without much difficulty. This company official felt that the CIO contract provided adequately for veterans. Under it a man drafted retains his seniority at the factory during his service in the armed forces. Returning, he is to be given preference. "Of course, if there is nothing open at his seniority level he will get no consideration."

IN THE window of the Polly Parrot Restaurant I saw a "waitress wanted" sign, a common sight all over town. Housemaids, formerly to be had for \$3 or \$4 a week, are virtually unprocurable at \$25. Rents are frozen—\$35 for a bedroom apartment in an excellent part of town—but there are no vacancies. One man had hunted a house unsuccessfully for a year and a half. Even attics are scarce. People who had "doubled up" during the depression now can afford homes of their own. Muncie's population has grown by only about 2,500 since the prewar defense boom began.

Yet factory employment has jumped from 16,000 to 25,000. The explanation: war took up the unemployed slack; women went into factories.

In January, 1943, Muncie officially had a labor surplus. A little over a year later it was a Class I critical area and the local office of the U. S. Employment Service was one of the busiest places in town. Virtually all industrial hiring was done there. In the beginning, workingmen resented having to go to the U.S.E.S. office—"I never needed no help from anybody to get a job."

The U.S.E.S. office is long and narrow. Behind the counter at the front are rows of desks; here the interviewers work. Back of them are the desks of the personnel men from the larger factories. One of these, a big red-faced man with small but friendly eyes, said to me, "I have a pretty easy time selling men on the idea of coming to work for us because my plant will be in a good position for postwar reconversion. A man that asks for a job now wants to know whether we're strictly a war plant, and what his seniority'll be after the war." (Another man interested in personnel work corroborated this but added, "They'll still throw over their seniority for higher pay. They figure the war is going to last at least another year and a half, and that extra ten cents an hour looks good to them.") "Internationalism? No; all they're interested in is a job here after the war. Oh, you hear some of them say things are going to be different when the boys come home, but I don't know what they mean and I doubt if they do either," and he smiled indulgently. "Some of them think the soldiers will resent the strikes that have been going on some places. But then others say that the war's being fought for the workingman so they'd better get all they can now, while the getting's good. You hear some of them—just a few, mind you—say that the war'll be over as soon as the election's over. They think they've been taken for a ride by the Administration." His colleague thought that most workingmen in Muncie were still in the Roosevelt column, "although both Roosevelt and John L. Lewis lost prestige by fighting between themselves."

A little man sat down beside the desk. He lived at Newcastle, twenty miles away. He wanted one of those hundred-dollar-a-week jobs he'd heard about. The personnel man said he didn't have one for him "right now" but offered him eighty-three cents an hour and urged, "We've got a good bunch of fellows out there to work with; I'm sure you'll enjoy working out there." The man asked if he could get transferred to a higher-paying job later on. The personnel man told him, "It's possible, but I don't like to make any promises to a man even if I lose him." He continued, "We teach a man not to be just part of the machine but to take care of it and to read blueprints, grind tools. Two years' experience with us is worth six or seven most places. We use the point system, too [a modified Bedaux system]." He also offered to help arrange transportation from Newcastle. The man finally accepted the job.

The labor shortage forced this plant to hire women for the first time, but "Women are a liability in some ways. At least half of them quit. We've asked the men to take the heavy jobs and leave the lighter ones to the women. We give preference to war widows of former employees. A lot of women are taking their husbands' jobs after their husbands have gone into the Army; they expect to go back to housekeeping after the war."

Absenteeism recently had been attacked by a Chamber of Commerce publicity campaign. "I doubt if the campaign did any good. What most people don't realize is that all absenteeism isn't willful. Oh, sure, there's always the same few that get drunk and stay home with hangovers. But there's a lot more that don't come to work because of wartime strains. The war is starting to come home to them. I remember one poor fellow, he couldn't work nights because he had to take care of his wife; she'd been poorly ever since their boy was drafted. He was their only boy; they'd lost two other children; he was always a home boy, didn't run around much nights. After he was drafted his dad tried to go on working but he got so he couldn't work nights or days either; he just kind of went crazy. Finally he quit. You can't run a campaign against that."

IV

PAYNE's Restaurant at noon was jammed; the hostess seated me at a table already occupied by two young business men. Their talk was of personal matters, of the late spring, of gasoline restrictions ("I wouldn't kick if I thought rationing really was necessary"), but not of politics or world affairs.

It was the same at a steamy little restaurant near the tracks where the workingmen ate. Crops, the shop, victory gardens, the family, the house ("Thank God they froze the rent on us"), a boy they knew who now was in the Army—those were the things they talked about at the crowded tables.

Late in the afternoon the workers on the day shift came into the Pig Stand. Ed Crago sat in a little booth and talked about the history of labor in Muncie. He is president of the Delaware County Industrial Union Council, which includes thirty-two locals, most of them—but not all—auto and steel workers' unions. Crago, a soft-spoken educated young labor leader who works for Chevrolet, claimed 16,000 members for the CIO in Delaware County, not including men in the armed forces.

Muncie for years had a bad reputation among labor men. "This was a scab town until the CIO came in," one labor man recalled. "Now it's almost 100 per cent organized." The CIO came in 1937. In at least one plant, labor men claimed, Pinkerton operatives had been hired by management to pose as regular employees and find out who was active in the union. At the Chevrolet plant, after an involved controversy, the company union struck and the CIO broke the strike in a bloody riot in the spring of 1938. "It was brutal. When it was over the company union was through and we were in."

The CIO grew rapidly. "Now we get along with everybody in town. Take the American Legion. The last three post commanders have been CIO men. We co-operate on the war finance committee and all other civic enterprises. There's hardly a prominent man in the city that I haven't had dealings with in the past six months. I found out that

some of them aren't as reactionary as I'd thought. The CIO is accepted everywhere."

But a man who moves among business men and hears them talk said, "The CIO is not accepted in Muncie. It is tolerated. Because it has got a gun in its hand, and management knows it."

Confronted with this, Crago said, "We know there are some reactionaries left." And a hard-bitten old-time union organizer said, "Sure we're accepted—now. Wait until after the war, wait till hard times come again. They'll throw us out in the gutter—if they can. But they can't."

Crago finished his beer and the waitress brought two more. Only two brands were available. Crago spoke to a workingman who came in, then said, "The average workingman in Muncie today is probably making sixty or sixty-five a week. At Warner Gear, with incentive pay, the average might be seventy to a hundred." Whenever he mentioned a figure Crago wrote it down on a piece of paper that he laid beside the beer bottle. Doodling. "The workingman has a lot of expenses nowadays most people don't realize," and he ticked them off on his fingers: "Red Cross, taxes, bonds, War Fund, insurance and hospitalization, union dues." (The dues of most locals are a dollar a month.)

Unlike a number of business men, Crago didn't think increased taxes had turned workingmen against the Administration. "You hear them say, 'In lots of countries the workingman don't make enough to pay taxes.' Oh, sometimes they get a little sore about things. Take the fellow up at the Board—he's supposed to make the decision but you tell him about your work and he doesn't know what you're talking about. But, by and large, you ask will they vote for Roosevelt? Sure they will. Personally," he added, "I'm sure we've got to have some kind of international organization. We need the world markets." He smiled. "But in the locker rooms and the washrooms you never hear the men talking about things like that. They just plain aren't interested."

The woman in the black dress who sold

tip-books strolled past the booth again. Crago shook his head at her absently and said, "Postwar re-employment can be worked out very smoothly if there's a plan. I think most of our contracts are adequate. But all the contracts specify that a man 'in good health' is to get preference. What about a handicapped man, a man that was wounded? That's where the reactionaries are going to get in their licks.

"Men will have it over these women who've taken their jobs. The plants don't like women. One plant took what it thought was the lesser of two evils—Negroes, not women. But that won't make any problem after the war—most white men won't take the jobs that Negroes have. The poor guys, those Negroes have got some pretty lousy jobs."

Muncie's race problem seemed dangerous. In early April a Negro was accused of raping a white woman. That night in the saloons there was no lynch talk but there was what might be called pre-lynch talk. You heard that "at least once a week there is a case of a nigger raping a white woman in Muncie" (an exaggeration); that "a while back things got so tight that Chevrolet had to let its white workers out by one door and its niggers out by another" (untrue); "a fifth of the total population's nigger" (one-twentieth would appear more accurate). The newspapers, recognizing danger in the situation, kept rape stories off page one. One Negro who had lived in Muncie forty years said, "There wouldn't be any trouble but for a few bad colored people and a few bad white folks from Tennessee." Race prejudice is nothing new in Indiana. The Klan grew fat on it in the early 1920's. Muncie was a Klan hotbed. This Negro said the Klan was dead now but "it still has lots of sympathizers." The wartime labor shortage gave new opportunities to many Negroes. "But they'll spend all their bonds and then they won't have anything. Then the war ends and the depression comes. It's going to be terrible."

Crago said, "I don't want any more beer. I can't drink much beer. Come on up to headquarters and talk to some of the boys." Limping from the

effects of an accident several years ago, he led the way out of the Pig Stand and across Walnut Street, and up a flight of wooden stairs in a business block. Nearly all the second floor was occupied by union headquarters. "Fresh paint" signs hung on the wet yellow walls. Out in the corridors a dozen or so workmen were standing around and talking. They were waiting for a meeting to begin. One of them, a young fellow, was being kidded because though he had passed his armed forces pre-induction physical he had not yet been inducted. Somebody asked Crago when he was going into the Army and he said, "My number's coming up in June." Later he explained, "I don't intend to ask for an occupational deferment. I've got to live with those fellows the rest of my life." (This was a fairly common attitude; some workers refused to tell the boss what board they were registered with, thus preventing him from getting them deferred.)

The men talked about friends, families, jobs, plans for the CIO softball team. Asked if he heard much talk about postwar international organization, one man said, "Of course not." Another said, "If I do it goes in one ear and out the other." Not one displayed any interest in such matters. All said, grinning, that they intended to vote for Roosevelt. But they disavowed any deep interest in political matters. "We'll vote for Roosevelt because we're interested in our jobs."

In the headquarters office was a member of the CIO Political Action Committee, an intellectual, a professional labor politician, tall, thin, vocal. "As Murray says, why shoot mosquitoes when there are elephants to shoot? To hell with the county officers—Congress is what matters. Roosevelt is just one man. We've had Roosevelt for years and what've we got? The Smith-Connally bill is still on the statute books. The greatest liberal in the world isn't any good if Congress is against him."

He sat in an overstuffed chair beside a desk, his long legs dangling over one arm of the chair. On a couch opposite sat a chunky young woman in a red dress, a worker at Ball's. In the doorway stood Crago and an older man, president of one

of the locals, an old-time labor man who had grown up in Muncie. The Political Action man lit a cigarette and blew smoke carefully at the ceiling. "We've got our battlegrounds narrowed for the election this year and we're going to make a real showing. We may not win but we're going to scare hell out of a lot of people."

Crago grinned. "In 1940 we rang doorbells and took 'em to the polls. 'What time you want to go to the polls, lady?' We worked hard. And we turned a five-thousand Republican majority into a four-thousand Democratic majority. We can do it again. We've got to."

AFTER the meeting, the old-time labor man and the girl in the red dress went across the street through the dark and rain to the Pig Stand. The windows were steamed over; the place was crowded. The grizzled labor man, broad-shouldered, gentle of speech, humble but determined, seemed out of place in the Pig Stand, with its young workingmen, its juke box, its red-leather-upholstered booths. He hunched his shoulders and put his elbows on the table and said, "I can remember the streetcar strike here in 1900. There wasn't any union. They were just men getting twelve and a half cents an hour and they got fed up and struck. They got beat up and they lost the strike. That broke labor in Muncie until the CIO came in. I can remember when I worked for Ball for a five-dollar gold piece and four silver dollars a week. Fifty-four hours a week. But that was in the days when I could take my girl friend to the show at the Columbia—it's tore down now—for fifteen cents."

He ordered a beer for himself and a whisky and coke for the girl in red. She listened to him with respect. He was gray-haired. He clasped his gnarled hands on the table. "I was up at East Chicago making a speech when Little Steel happened, and I was in the Guide Lamp trouble at Anderson, and I was at Richmond too. Richmond was the worst. You know, after a while we find out we've got to fight for everything we get. If we wanta tell the boss we don't like the way things are going, how can we, unless

we fight for it? That's not communism," he said earnestly, "or socialism or anything else. I voted for Hoover and for Landon just like everybody else in Muncie before I finally got some sense in my head and voted for Roosevelt in 1940. It took me all those years, just because my dad was Republican. Well, I heard the fella say two chickens in every pot and two cars in every garage but I never seen it. It took me a long time to see which side my bread was buttered on. *I've* got to see it, because there's too many people that don't know the other side just don't butter bread."

His brown suit seemed too small for him; he moved uneasily while he spoke, and his voice had become intense. "Take it easy," the girl said, kindly.

"Show him that telegram," the man told her.

"Oh, that. That don't amount to much."

"Show it to him anyway."

From her purse she drew a folded telegram. In it the CIO urged Indiana legislators, then assembled in special session, to approve a bill permitting soldiers to use the short federal ballot. (The Republican majority subsequently defeated the bill.)

The old labor man said, "You see? We watch everything they do, and by God, like you heard that fellow say, we may not win but we're going to scare hell out of a lot of people. The soldiers have got a right to vote. What are they going to come home to? Listen. I was in the last war. I got home January 21, 1919, and I got my first job January 3, 1920. Almost a year. They wouldn't even talk to me. Some guy had got my job while I was in the Army."

The girl said she wanted another drink. He apologized for neglecting her and called the waitress. The juke box was quiet for a minute, and when he spoke again he spoke too loudly and was embarrassed. "Well, what are the boys coming home to this time? I'll tell you. Our contracts, the CIO contracts, have got to take care of them. Because the boss never will. We're the only ones will give them a break."

The girl in the red dress said, "The

Democrats aren't perfect. Look at the mess I'm in." She was sore because she was frozen to her job at Ball's, where, she claimed, she made only 48½ cents, and could not take a job at Warner, where she would start at 85. "And an appeal takes longer than the sixty-day waiting period."

The man was silent a moment. Then: "What about the average workingman, the men up there at the bar—are they thinking like you are about world affairs, about the political future?" He looked at them, at their backs as they stood three-deep. He laughed. He said, "Five years ago they could buy a hog's head and five pounds of beans and that's all. Now they can eat a dollar-and-a-quarter steak. A man can make a hundred and fifteen dollars a week and so can his wife. What the hell do you expect them to think about? They think about spending it." He said, "But maybe if we ring enough doorbells we can pull them with us anyway."

V

IT WAS almost train time. Outside, the rain was coming down hard. As I walked from the Roberts to the depot behind the bellhop carrying the luggage, it was easy to remember 1939, when Muncie had been strongly isolationist except for a few labor leaders. The Lynds, the sociologists, in 1935 had noted an inward-turning which, present in Muncie ten years earlier, seemed to have been intensified by the depression. The war appears to have built the fences even higher. In 1939, some of the workers had developed a hate-Hitler feeling. By 1944 most of that had disappeared. Perhaps some business men were less isolationist than in 1939, but not many. Labor leaders talked international affairs in 1944 but the rank and file did not. Fear of the future was almost the single common denominator. "To get the war over with and to get back to Muncie"—that seemed a fair summary. Isolationism, internationalism—those were labels, abstractions, and they simply were not issues. Muncie was a fact. Therefore

it appealed strongly to Hoosiers, who consider themselves shrewd, hard-headed realists. It always has been hard to hang labels on maverick Hoosiers. In the spring of 1944 they seemed headed toward postwar isolationism. But they were not thinking about it much and so perhaps they could be led in some other direction. (For example one could see also fertile ground—made fertile by intense nationalism—for imperialism.)

Domestic politics? The lines seemed drawn already. There was a strong anti-Roosevelt vote among business men which would go to any Republican. The workers, pulled alike by their progressive leaders and their own instinctive conservatism, seemed safe for Roosevelt providing that the war continued into November of 1944. The CIO might well hold the balance of power. Governor Henry Schricker, the only state Democrat elected in the 1940 Republican sweep in Indiana, will run for the Senate; his personal following is tremendous (but every vote for Schricker may not be a vote for Roosevelt: scratching always is widespread in Indiana).

Down at the railroad station a crowd was waiting for the train. A man and woman sat uncomfortable with their son in Army uniform between them. Obviously they were seeing him off to those wars outside of Muncie. They were all dressed up. None of the three talked much, and the others waiting for the train avoided looking at them, as people avoid staring at a cripple.

Far away in the rainy night the train whistled, long and lonely. At the station people picked up their suitcases and satchels and brown-wrapped parcels and went out onto the platform. The train came from Cleveland, from the East, a long way off. It was headed for Indianapolis and for St. Louis, but it was a local and it would stop at several other Indiana small towns. The train came alongside the station and the conductor and Pullman porters got off and stood waiting. Almost all the Muncie passengers got into the coaches. Nobody but the soldier was going far.

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WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO THE BRITISH EMPIRE?

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN



WHAT is the war doing to the British Commonwealth? Is it about to fly apart, become more tightly integrated, or continue much as before? How is it absorbing the shocks of the conflict and the changing power relations within it? Is the United Kingdom's prestige coming through untarnished? Questions of this character are not uncommon these days and deserve examination. The truth of the matter is this: The British Commonwealth is not going to pieces, but a number of changes have occurred which decisively affect the relations between Britain and the Dominions—Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa. The balance of power is shifting away from London toward Ottawa, Canberra, and the other Dominion capitals. When vital decisions are to be made, it is the Dominions and not the mother country which will really make them. The United Kingdom will continue to propose—though no longer always—but the Dominions will, ever increasingly, dispose. To a far greater degree than formerly, Britain will be seeking support, not extending it; and that is a revolutionary change.

That the British are well aware of the altered character of their position, both within the Commonwealth and internationally, was made perfectly clear in the

speeches of Lord Halifax at Toronto last January and of Field Marshal Smuts at London in November, 1943. While Smuts took the Dominions for granted, he urged the inclusion in the Commonwealth of friendly democracies in western Europe as a means of bolstering Britain's power. As for Lord Halifax, his confession of Britain's weakness was explicit.

"We see three great powers," he said, "the United States, Russia, and China, great in numbers, areas, and natural resources. Side by side with them is the United Kingdom, with a population of less than 50,000,000, with a territory which could easily be contained in one of the larger states of the American Union. . . . In the company of these titans, Britain, apart from the rest of the Commonwealth and Empire, could hardly claim equal partnership." Lord Halifax then went on to say that only with the support of the Dominions and the Empire could Britain be the Fourth Power upon which "the peace of the world will henceforth depend." The reception in Canada of this Toronto speech was distinctly frosty. Said Prime Minister King: "With what is implied I am unable to agree." It became clear very soon that not only Canada, but the other Dominions, had very decided opinions about the particular sort of co-operation desired.

THE notion that the Dominions ought to get closer to Mother is not new. Long ago, in the '80's, Professor John Robert Seeley got a knighthood for a series of lectures at Cambridge in which he anxiously discussed the relationship between Mother and the Boys. Professor Seeley rightly foresaw that if the United States and Russia—in an age of steam and electricity—each held together for another fifty years, the old European states would be completely dwarfed. Manifestly something must be done to tighten the imperial bonds if Britain were to escape a similar fate.

This warming up of the imperial concept was the motive power behind the writing of Rudyard Kipling; the Diamond Jubilee with all its imperial pomp and the first Imperial Conference in one way or another were pressing forward the same idea. Joseph Chamberlain, the great imperialist, tried to give the idea practical application. But the efforts came to very little because the promoters failed to reckon with the fact of colonial nationalism.

The Dominions, with every passing year, were building up complex economies of their own. Their early function as exclusively agricultural suppliers to the mother country was changing. The growth may have been slow, but it was in the course of nature and it threatened everything that Seeley and the other imperialists wanted.

Now the cry of integration is rising once more, and chiefly in Great Britain. Will the Dominions turn backward on the road, will they give first thought to shoring up and bolstering the United Kingdom? The answer is: no. Memory, affection, and political interests will be served. But there are other factors. Approaching the status of full-grown nations now, the Dominions have troubles of their own, and they cannot always be solved by collaboration with Britain alone.

II

WHAT is Britain's position today? The United Kingdom of which Professor Seeley was talking has disappeared into history. The England we must understand is the England which

will emerge from World War II. Like the United States, like every nation on the globe, Britain is confronted with some colossal ifs. To finance the war, the British have had to sacrifice their overseas investments—not all of them, but so many that they will emerge from the war as a debtor nation after being a creditor nation for generations. They will owe more than is owed to them. (This trend actually began before the war in the struggle to balance international accounts and was only slowed down to less than an appalling rate by the institution of Lend-Lease.) Their merchant shipping will be reduced in numbers, and competitive fleets, especially the American, will be larger than ever, thus cutting down the revenue from their carrying trade. They will have lost ground in banking, insurance, and other financial services which bring in income from overseas. In sum, British earnings abroad will be but a fraction of what they were in happier days.

Britain's exports of commodities have never been of sufficient volume to pay for the imports she has needed to live. The difference has always been made up by the earnings overseas, which in prosperous times not only covered the differences but turned in surpluses. If the earnings can no longer be counted on to offer material help in balancing international accounts, then England is going to be pinched. Dominions like Canada and Australia now have highly developed capital markets of their own and can take care of their own normal needs; China may want capital but it will be on terms of its own devising. Merchant shipping may come back, British capital may flow abroad again, but it is commodity exports which must rise if the situation is to be tolerable. And this can happen only if the world economy is expanding.

Everybody knows that England's position suffered severely after the last war. Foreign trade never got back to its prewar levels; its value in 1937 was but 65 per cent of that of 1924, and even this represented a recovery over 1932, when the proportion was 46 per cent of 1924. But even more important, when the percentages are closely examined, it is discovered that the traditional lines of British export

—such as textiles, steel, coal—recovered least. The most active items in the list, though they provided a small fraction of total exports, were such things as automobiles, tires, electrical machinery, radios, artificial fibers, chemicals, and so on. And in 1937 these most active items accounted for but 14 per cent of all British exports!

What are the prospects at the close of the present conflict? The British as exporters will be up against it. They will need more exports than ever before if the nation's international accounts are to stand a chance of being kept in good order. They will have to achieve this expansion by adjusting their exports to the changing demands of the newly industrialized countries overseas and they will have to do it in the face of competition—the United States is a powerful contender—which is immensely strong in those very items which are most active in the British list and upon which they count so desperately for expansion. If they are to corral customers there must be a prompt appearance in the customer countries of vastly increased purchasing power. That is why, in British writings, there is an ever more emphatic insistence on the indispensability of an expanding world economy. It is not surprising, therefore, that Englishmen, rather oftener than Americans, toy with the idea of cartels to divide up the world's markets.

In this fix, the British, naturally enough, turn to the overseas Dominions for support. But the Dominions, busy at the task of industrializing themselves, are nations whose character is precisely that which will give the English, as exporters, their worst headaches. This is particularly true of Canada and Australia, to a lesser extent true of South Africa and New Zealand. And, as in the case of the rest of the world, it will be increasingly true as time goes on.

The future of English exports in countries like Canada and Australia turns almost entirely upon the capacity of the English to capture the markets for their *specialized products*. Basic manufactures will be wanted only in very limited quantities. In Australia, between October, 1942, and August, 1943, when “no

new industry could be established unless essential for war purposes . . . about 300 substantial applications to start new manufactures had been dealt with, 70 being rejected and 230 granted.” One can imagine what the expansion into new lines will be like when wartime restrictions are lifted.

III

HALF a century ago the trading relations between the United Kingdom and the Dominions were pretty much those of a great manufacturing nation with her suppliers of foodstuffs and raw materials: simple and readily understood. The United Kingdom followed a free-trade policy and established similar relations with many nations outside the Empire as well as those inside. Her trading system was worldwide. Then protection was taken up by the Dominions to encourage the growth of manufactures. To protect the position of the United Kingdom in their markets, the Dominions established the “imperial preference” system, under which goods originating in the United Kingdom paid less duty than goods of foreign origin. In recent practice, however, preference has rarely meant low tariff hurdles. It has simply meant lower, but still protective, hurdles for United Kingdom goods to surmount. The industries of the Dominions have been protected against United Kingdom as well as against foreign competition.

For many years England offered no compensatory privileges in her market for the favors the Dominions granted, though the Dominions often asked for them. A generation ago, in the final stages of his campaign for imperial integration, Joseph Chamberlain urged that the United Kingdom adopt a tariff system to protect its own industries, to provide a *quid pro quo* to offer the Dominions, and to furnish a bargaining weapon for Britain in trade negotiations with foreign nations having protective tariffs. While Chamberlain failed, the idea gradually gained ground and finally, in February, 1932, the United Kingdom became a protectionist country.

Later in the same year at Ottawa the United Kingdom and the Dominions elaborately traded preferences and con-

cessions with one another, on the theory that an increase in trade within the Empire was a preliminary to an increase in world trade. Vain hope. From the very beginning Britain was bedeviled by the fact that she had to maintain the positions of various foreign suppliers in her markets, like Denmark and the Argentine, often at the risk of displeasing the Dominions by placing limitations on the quantities of goods they could consign to the English market.

When Cordell Hull's Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act was passed in 1934 it looked like an opportunity to get out from under, and Canada and Britain both eventually negotiated agreements under it. The other Dominions also sought ways out of the straitjacket, to the disapproval of the fanatic advocates of a closed Empire. But disapproval brought with it no idea of where wider markets might be found, and by the outbreak of World War II the British leaders generally were pretty much convinced that only an expansion of world trade could save them.

THE attitude on trade of the British today is: "We must hang on tightly to what we have, and we must—we simply have to—add to it more and more trade with the foreigners." There isn't a single Dominion that doesn't see it the same way. All want to keep every bit of the United Kingdom market they had in 1939, but there is no visible prospect that, after the war, Britain can offer much relief to Dominion food producers. Indeed, in some respects the prospects are increasingly meager. According to Professor L. Dudley Stamp of the University of London, "British farming [that is, farming inside the United Kingdom] will emerge from this war a fighting machine of a very different character from that of 1938 to 1939." This means that if agricultural production is to expand in the Dominions, markets outside the Empire must open up.

While the Dominion agriculturists look anxiously about, the Dominions' manufacturers look beyond their home markets and, having no prospects at all in Britain, search outside the Empire for outlets. The Canadians look to South America, the Australians to the Pacific islands and

southeast Asia, the South Africans to central Africa, both to satisfy current needs for markets and to provide the bases of industrial expansion beyond that already achieved. While in no case is this "big business," it is in every case important business for the Dominions in question, and any frustration will react badly on them. And in all cases they will compete to some extent with the United Kingdom for the customers available.

There is no easy relief in the Dominions from the pressures at work on the United Kingdom as an exporter; there is no easy prospect ahead of the Dominions for their own exports in the United Kingdom. Britain's problem still remains: how to increase the rate of expansion of that 14 per cent of her exports that were expanding in the years between 1924 and 1937. It isn't that the United Kingdom and the Dominions are hostile to one another with regard to trade; it is that objective factors have taken such a shape that close trade relations are impossible when sharp increases in volume are desired. *Close integration of the economies of the British nations is no longer possible.* The relations of the Dominions with Britain differ now only in degree, *but not in kind*, from Dominion relations with foreign countries.

IV

THE Dominions are today far nearer to being absolutely independent nations than they were in 1939. One ought not to overestimate the actual and prospective differences of opinion and policy within the Empire, for the British countries always manage to find enough common ground to stand on in a crisis; yet the present sharp divergencies will go a long way to determine the character of the relationship of the members in the next succeeding period.

Indeed the Canadian expert, Dr. Frank R. Scott, who is both Professor of Civil Law at McGill University and National Chairman of Canada's rising socialist party, the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation, wrote an article for the *American Journal of International Law* for January, 1944, which he entitled "The End of Dominion Status." He said that

the traces of colonialism implicit in Dominion status have been largely eliminated during the present war, and that they are "now of minor importance in comparison with the international status evidenced by the declarations of war and by the whole range of independent action in international as well as domestic affairs. . . . The terms 'Dominion' and 'Dominion status,'" he continued, "are obsolete as descriptions of inter-Commonwealth relationships, however much they may linger in the language of the law."

Professor Scott's views will scarcely win unanimous acceptance throughout the British world, for a great many people in the Dominions still remain colonials at heart, fighting even the mental advances to Dominion status. His ideas will bewilder many in this country also whose feelings are too firmly wedded to old-fashioned notions about the Commonwealth, founded on the colonial relationship, to be shoved forward into acceptance of the idea of independence, either nominal or real. Yet it is well to recall that the British people have traditionally conducted their Commonwealth relations well in advance of the letter of the law. The Statute of Westminster of 1931 did not initiate anything; it was an acknowledgment of something already existing.

Actually there are two tendencies at work in the British Commonwealth. One is the trend toward further elaboration of the autonomy of the Dominions which we have been emphasizing. The other is the trend toward regionalism, a direct and acute concern with the special interests of the Dominions in relation to the particular parts of the world in which they are located. To counter these, leaders of opinion in the United Kingdom urge the centralization of policy under United Kingdom leadership in the hope of presenting a united front to the world and staving off the decline of prestige that otherwise may be inevitable. "It is an immeasurable gain," says Lord Halifax, "if on vital issues we can achieve a common foreign policy expressed not by a single voice but by a unison of many."

The Royal Institute of International Affairs in a Research Report published in January, 1944, doubts "whether the

United Kingdom will be able to support such a large proportionate burden of the joint Commonwealth defense system as she has in the past. She will be poorer by the liquidation of most of her overseas investments and much of her mercantile marine. Her population of working age will decline before long, while the number of her [old age] pensioners increases. The future is veiled, but due warning should be taken from these facts. The Dominions, individually, are small Powers; as members of the British Commonwealth they are key elements in a Great Power complex. . . . As in politics and defense, so in economic affairs, the Commonwealth will only destroy itself by exclusive policies." In a debate in the Commons on April 20th, just a few weeks ago, Emmanuel Shinwell, one of Mr. Churchill's most acidulous critics, temporarily joined forces with the Prime Minister by vehemently urging the formation of an Empire economic council and the investment of British savings within the Empire, and argued that the United Kingdom "should do its utmost" to preserve the Empire's unity of purpose.

But however the thesis is phrased, it remains essentially the same: Britain standing alone cannot maintain her prestige and guarantee the defense of the Empire-Commonwealth to the degree that was characteristic even immediately before this war; for this reason primarily, closer *political* integration is essential. The argument is simple, cogent, and apparently convincing.

THE trouble is that the argument provokes no enthusiasm in the Dominions overseas. In Canada disapproval cuts across party lines. There is little hope that Canada will offer any support for Lord Halifax's program. Canadian reasoning is clear. As a small nation, Canada fears the emergence of great power blocs in the world; she feels strongly that she will be caught in the middle, not only in the obvious case of differences between the United States and the British bloc, but also of differences between the United States and Russia. "Can any Canadian in his right mind," asks Elmore Philpott, the C.C.F. columnist, "fail to see

the probable result of this process of throwing British Empire weight, first against our neighbor to the south and then against our neighbor to the north, the USSR?" Bruce Hutchinson, a supporter of Prime Minister King, says: "In such a world each of the smaller nations must seek a haven within one of the great blocs, and finally fight beside this bloc if the titans collide. Into what bloc would Canada ultimately be drawn by its geography and necessity? A look at the map will show that it will not be the British bloc in the event of such a collision."

Where then can Halifax and his like-minded associates turn? Not to South Africa, for even Smuts cannot deliver the Union for collaboration in such a scheme. Even in New Zealand and Australia it is difficult to find much agreement, for while these Pacific Dominions incline to move closer to Britain than either Canada or South Africa does, it is a question of degree of intimacy, for the underlying facts cannot be argued out of the way.

On the face of it, the proposal of Prime Minister Curtin of Australia for a "supreme consultative body to deal with Empire problems," may seem to contradict these generalizations. Examined closely, however, his proposal turns out to be merely a new kind of machinery for the exchange of data and opinions; the council would not be an administrative body handling policies common to all members of the Commonwealth. Curtin is apparently seeking to gain for the Dominions a stronger position than they have hitherto had in the formulation of those policies originating mostly in Britain which inevitably react on the Commonwealth as a whole. Curtin's proposal got a lot of applause in Britain, but it seems likely that most of it sprang from the notion that stronger Dominion backing for Britain was in prospect; whereas what Curtin had in mind was greater Dominion influence on Britain's policies—the reverse of what the imperialists so ardently desire.

The stubborn facts remain that in no way does Curtin propose to diminish Australia's powers of decision; Australia intends to follow a strong regional policy to guarantee her special position in the Pacific. When Curtin's proposals were

phrased as a resolution at the Labor Party conference last December, the text concluded: "Participation in further development of co-operation between members of the British Commonwealth, the nations of the world at large, and the Pacific nations in particular should be subject to the sovereign control of the policy of Australia by its own people, parliament, and government." That is clear enough to chill any notion that permanent integrating machinery of collaboration designed to rivet the Commonwealth together in a unit of power, directed from a central point, is going to emerge.

V

THE two trends that are really going to determine the form of the Commonwealth are nationalistic autonomy and close contact between the Dominions and their next-door neighbors. One reason for the growth of Dominion nationalism has been the slackening, so terribly obvious, during this war, of the power of the United Kingdom. This decline forced the Dominions to rely heavily upon themselves for their defense, a fact which has intensified the nationalism. Australia and New Zealand had to turn to the United States for salvation. The growth of nationalism by no means indicates that the Dominions propose to go it alone. They are moving toward closer relations with their immediate neighbors and direct relations with more distant foreign countries important to them. (Canada, for example, is not represented by Great Britain at Chungking; the Canadians have a legation there of their own. So also have the Australians. Both, too, have ministers at Moscow, and so does New Zealand.)

Four regional groupings now seem to be in the making:

1. The United Kingdom and western European democracies
2. Canada and the United States
3. Australia and New Zealand
4. South Africa, Southern Rhodesia, and the British African colonies

I doubt that the European nations will enter the Commonwealth; it is more probable that they will set about strengthening their own ties, as in the proposed Dutch-Belgian-Luxembourg customs union.

But Britain is going to be deeply involved in Europe and she is confronted with the new problem of balancing Russia. She will need close associates. She will have to deal with them as sovereign nations, however, for the war has heightened nationalism in Europe as elsewhere. Britain will have to assist in building up a western European regional group of which she may be the leading member, especially because of her extra-European associations, but not the unquestioned boss.

The trend in Canada has already been mentioned. Indeed, Canada may, at long last, join the Pan-American Union. If this should happen it would be a striking illustration of the distance Canada has traveled since 1928, when the American delegates to the Pan-American Conference at Havana were instructed to oppose Canadian participation, because "If colonies, possessions or dominions, whose foreign relations are controlled by European states, were represented in these conferences, the influences and policies of European powers would be injected into the discussion and disposition of questions affecting the political entities of this hemisphere." Canada's admission to the Union would, therefore, be a kind of acknowledgment that her foreign policy is now completely under her own control.

The Australian-New Zealand relation has already been formalized in the agreement signed at Canberra in January, 1944. It provides for a far more intimate association than the joint Canadian-American projects add up to as yet. It includes an Australian-New Zealand Secretariat, with branches in both countries, for exchanging information and co-ordinating policy, and the agreement itself specifically defines policy over a wide range of topics including defense, aviation, colonial policy, migration, and mutual domestic social objectives. Of course this regional arrangement will not be complete, especially in its defensive aspects, until American policy in the Pacific is clearly defined;

provision is made in the agreement for discussion of policy not only with the United States, but also with the British, the French, the Dutch, and the Portuguese.

Finally, there is the African region, about which I had a good deal to say in *Harper's* for April, 1943. I there outlined the South African aspirations. Smuts, in his speech last November 25th, simply underscored an ancient notion of his, derived from Cecil Rhodes's imperialism, that the Dominions take a direct interest in the colonies of their regions. This sounds well, but there are reasons for deploing any increase of South Africa's influence in the African colonies, especially in respect to race relations. In his *Empire in the Changing World* Professor Hancock, who heartily dislikes most foreign critics of Empire policy, takes much the same line in respect to South Africa, but is more hopeful of a change in outlook.

THIS is the situation in the Commonwealth today. Necessarily the character and strength of any organization for security which may eventually emerge—from a Four-Power Concert to a League of Nations—will deeply influence the character of what will eventually be known as the Fourth British Empire. The idea that the constituent parts of the Commonwealth can, in some mystical manner, be closely linked and interlocked into one power unit is a dream, although that does not mean that the Commonwealth is falling apart. As Professor Frank Scott points out, there is a distinction to be drawn between *association* and *independence*.

We shall see more independent action on the part of the Dominions while association yet remains. I am confident above all that the Dominions will emerge stronger than ever before relative to the world, to one another, and to the United Kingdom. That is the logic of their evolution and any effort to thwart it will inevitably fail.

AMERICAN DIARY. PART I

The Observations of a European Philosopher

PAUL SCHRECKER



Paul Schrecker, philosopher of history, is one of the most eminent scholars yet rescued from Nazi Europe. Brought to this country by the Rockefeller Foundation, he has joined the faculty of the New School for Social Research in New York City. Last summer, under Rockefeller Foundation sponsorship, he toured the United States, visiting universities and museums to acquaint himself with the regional historical material collected in those places. On his tour he kept a notebook, recording his impressions of American civilization as seen outside as well as inside the museums. This month we print the first of three selections from this notebook.—The Editors

Madison, Wisconsin

MADISON is a small town, but it is by no means provincial. I rather had the impression—and am eager to check it with other places—that it is a potential, but unfinished, big town. As if people had not yet had time enough to carry out the blueprints. Amid big and well-built houses in the main arteries you see empty lots of ground or parking places; or you walk from the districts of the state administration, of business, and the university campus to the beautiful residential districts, and on your way have to pass through unbuilt areas or slums which break the continuity of the town.

To a certain extent the motor car may be the cause of this strange aspect, which Americans do not even notice, since they are so accustomed to it, but which strikes a European. If a man owns a lot of ground in a town and can draw profit from it by making it a parking place, he will not be prevented from doing so by aesthetic considerations; the less so since it requires less capital and involves less risk to run a parking place for motor cars than to build a house. The motor car also easily bridges the gap between residential and working districts. One could say

that American towns compared with European towns of the same number of inhabitants are spread over so wide an area because practically everybody can afford a motor car.

In all the countries of Europe I have visited there is a patent difference between metropolises and smaller towns. In the provinces of France, or Austria, or Germany you notice the difference in every shop window, in every coffee house, in the universities themselves. When, for instance, you go from Paris to Lille or to Orleans or to Bordeaux the dresses, the books, the furniture you see in the windows will lag some months if not years behind those you were used to seeing in Paris. The hotels and restaurants will be more modest, uncomfortable, and rather shabby. Universities will lack the stimulating élan of the Sorbonne. Nothing of this kind distinguishes Madison from, let us say, New York or Chicago. Here you see just the same merchandise in the windows as in New York, the same neon lights, the same pictures in the same movie theaters, you read the same columns and comics in the local papers as in those of New York, and the university with its splendid installations, its rich library, its

almost luxurious Students' Union certainly does not fall behind any university I saw in New York, though it is smaller.

LONG discussion with several historians, philosophers, and sociologists of the university about the structure of American civilization. I noticed with surprise how much their approach is influenced by Marxian theories, even without themselves being conscious of this influence. We talked about regionalism. One of the historians went so far as to deny that it exists at all in America. He thinks that regionalistic theories are only designed to call attention away from the class struggle; that is, to maintain reactionary politics.

I objected, first, that compared with European conditions there are no economic classes in America; in Europe you are born into a class without any chance to get out of it by your own efforts. The whole economic history of America proves that nothing of this quasi-natural determination of your life by the economic conditions under which you are born exists here. Secondly, I objected that even in European history, the notion of a class may perhaps be a useful instrument for economists and sociologists, but certainly not for historians. The conception of history as a permanent class struggle is, indeed, just as mythological as the old one which considered history as a struggle between ideas. It is a sort of economic Manichaeism—history as a fight between the good and the evil principle. Classes as well as ideas can only act and struggle through individuals who are united under a common norm of conduct. Classes are integrations of traditions and conventions, just as nations or religions or styles of art are. The historian who would stop at those ready-made integrations, and not investigate the elements constituting them, would be behaving as unscientifically as would a physicist who would stop at the sensorial qualities of heat or color without investigating the objective processes which create the subjective sensations. In other words, he would not be a modern physicist at all. The theory invented to back the doctrine of history as a class struggle is that classes are always united by a community

of economic interests. This assumption is an entirely unwarranted dogma rather than a scientific theory or even a working hypothesis. Maybe classes are somewhere and sometimes united by a community of economic interests, but it is absolutely gratuitous and contrary to historical experience to assume that this was always the case everywhere, in ancient Egypt or Athens as well as in the Catholic Middle Ages.

I referred as an example to the religious wars of the seventeenth century; the people who actually fought them sacrificed their lives for or against the belief in predestination, for or against the material presence of the body of Christ in the sacrament, for or against liberty of religion, not for any more or less sublimated business interests. Of course, some princes or big business men may have used those religious passions for their economic interests, just as they are wont to do now. But most of the people who actually fought those wars did not even know anything or understand anything about economic matters; and the historian of that epoch should not pretend to know better what they fought for than they did themselves.

To this argument one of the historians replied that psychoanalysis has made us realize that our consciousness reveals only a small sector of the motives of our actions, so that the religious fighters of the seventeenth century may well have believed they fought for or against predestination, and yet, subconsciously, have fought for economic class interests. I replied that, if psychoanalysis were to become the method of history, we had only to close our shops or surrender them to surrealist literature, because in that case, the actors of historical processes being dead, psychoanalysis could no longer be applied to them.

When I came home I tried to find out the reason for this Marxist approach to history, which seems to be much more widespread here than in any country of Europe except official Russia. The main reason may be that within the relatively short time in which an independent American civilization has been developing, economic concerns, interests, and problems have stood in the foreground of almost everybody's preoccupations. Within a few

generations—frequently within a lifetime—wilderness has been transformed here into big towns, gigantic industries, extensive agriculture, and all the other institutions which make the United States the most powerful economic unit in the world. But this observation does not yet account adequately for the strange, almost religious intensity with which some historians who certainly are not predestined to Marxism by their own social background stick to this doctrine.

SHOWN through the campus and some of its institutes, I was amazed at the splendid opportunities students are given here. I almost envied them. The Continental universities abroad, even the biggest ones, cannot in any respect match the facilities this university affords. In Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Rome, the universities are just places where the student attends his lectures or works in laboratories. All the rest of his life is unconnected with that of the university. Nobody cares where he studies or where he spends his leisure time. If he is poor, he may be compelled to spend all his spare time in a coffee house with the classical *café crème*, because the attic where he lives is not heated. Here, most students spend almost all of their time on the campus; studying is a form of life, not just an occupation which consumes so many hours a day. The students find everything for work and leisure in their Union, which provides all the attractions of a good club. Most Continental students have never seen—let alone used—an institution offering so much comfort.

I wonder how the results of studies being made so easy will influence the intellectual future of this country. In so far as the natural sciences are concerned the question may already be answered. The perfect equipment of university institutes has already given the sciences in America a big advance over Europe. But I think it will be some generations before the general intellectual standard in this country can possibly profit from the excellent conditions under which students are educated. The European in this country forgets too easily when he walks through these splendid campuses that they date practically from yesterday and that hardly

enough time has elapsed for the formation of a scientific tradition.

On the other hand, I wonder whether the sacrifices which studies require in continental Europe are unproductive; and whether the student who takes for granted the comfort that campus life offers him, and needs make hardly any sacrifices, gets from it the ardent inspiration, the deep desire for knowledge which produce great results. Goethe once stated that "only the insufficient is productive." Pasteur made his great discovery under conditions for which a modern American scientist would only have a sympathetic smile. Monsieur and Madame Curie discovered radium with the most primitive equipment installed in a sort of barn. Yet, to my mind, these experiences do not prove anything against the way universities are organized in this country. It may be European prejudice that universities must at the same time be research institutes for an élite. American universities, and chiefly state universities, are right, I think, to aim in the first place at educating good average citizens, useful specialists, not creative geniuses. And I do think that the better the average is, the more chance there will be of really great individuals emerging from the crowd.

From my talks with many professors of the humanities I got the impression that sciences which are not immediately practical, such as philosophy, are somewhat neglected because of the unwillingness of state authorities to spend money raised by taxes for research that does not directly further local interests. The only means of changing this state of affairs would be, I think, to enlighten public opinion about the close relation between the abstract humanistic sciences and immediately practical research. In a talk with two younger and very intelligent and learned philosophers of this university I argued that, as a matter of fact, the achievements of experimental science and technology in this country were possible only because the capital accumulated by humanistic studies in Europe throughout the centuries had proved up to now sufficient to fertilize practical studies. But once the credit on which this productivity is based is exhausted—and the symptoms of near-ex-

haustion are manifest—practical science will certainly lose its productivity, if humanistic culture is slighted in the meantime. I referred to very concrete examples drawn from the history of science which show that the roots of modern science are to be found in scholastic religion and theology, and that even in the nineteenth century the most important mathematical discoveries originated in thought inspired by religion. Technology by itself invents means for ends. It never can settle anything about the ends to be pursued; it is the aim of humanistic science to deal with ends worthy of being pursued.

It is very fortunate, I think, that private initiative in this country has taken over the function which in Europe was fulfilled by governments. As things are now, nobody would be willing here to pay taxes for the promotion of philosophic or even historical studies. So the Rockefeller Foundation and other endowments, which realize the necessity of providing American civilization with an adequate humanistic background, are, indeed, fulfilling a historic mission.

ONE of the symptoms of the comprehensive role the university plays here in a student's life is the relation I noticed between professors and their students. In European universities this relation is limited to the classrooms, the laboratories, and perhaps now and then to a professional talk in the professor's office. Hardly any personal and social relation exists between the professor and his students, of whose lives he knows nothing. The professor, so to speak, hovers above the crowd of students as inaccessible as a demigod. I observed just the contrary here: professors call students by their first names, invite them to their homes, give them their advice in adversity, and play, to a great extent, the part a father plays in Europe.

This familiarity between professors and students no doubt also influences the relation between students and the science which is represented by the professor. From the height which in Europe endows it with an almost religious awe, science here has descended into everyday life and

lost the majesty which an object gains through standing on a pedestal. There is no real difference between studying philosophy and studying bookkeeping.

At a luncheon with some philosophers of this university I remarked that the danger for modern American civilization seems to be the cult of efficiency without any hierarchical order among the aims to be reached by this efficiency.

This order can be established neither by technology nor by the natural sciences but exclusively, in so far as general civilization is concerned, by a philosophy penetrated with religious motives. Mere "pursuit of happiness" will not do the thing as long as no hierarchy of happinesses is established. If no such hierarchy is accepted the danger will always be that "pursuit of happiness" becomes the only happiness people know, that is, that the means becomes the end. I referred to a specific point in the theory of civilization I am working on, which is that the very essence of religion is to indicate the revealed way toward genuine and lasting happiness. This happiness may, but must not necessarily, be conceived as transcendent. It may as well be conceived under the form of democratic ideals. Historically the idea of democracy originated in religious thought. Anyway, without such a religious background technological civilization tends necessarily to degenerate into the automatism of a beehive. It is, indeed, a historical experience that all anti-religious civilizations are at the same time antidemocratic. This relation, however, cannot be reversed. Religious civilizations are not always democratic.

I have the impression that the best of American scholars and subconsciously even the masses are well aware of this danger. An immense amount of sincere effort is spent toward putting the amazing achievements of American civilization on a sound intellectual basis, toward integrating the various elements which produced this civilization into a consistent and well-poised whole. American historians should play a momentous part in this process of self-realization. The best of them have already broken away from the patterns of European historiography, and are well

aware of the fact that the more American civilization becomes a civilization of its own, the more its history needs a particular approach, particular methods, and must not be worked upon with the special tools developed by two thousand years of European historiography.

In this respect a prominent historian of this university pointed to the revival of historical novels with American topics, which is no ephemeral fashion, but shows that America is becoming conscious of her past and endeavors to get from its study directive principles for the particular role she will have to play in future world civilization.

I found out that the telephone directory is just as good a source book for studying the particular character of a town, at least superficially, as any reference book. Here, for instance, the fact that Wisconsin was one of the first states to favor immigration, and the nationality of her immigrants, may be deduced from the enormous number of typical German and Scandinavian names in the telephone directory.

The drug store seems to be still more popular here than it is in New York. The big and elegant one near the campus is filled at almost any time of the day with students, boys and girls, reading, writing, talking, meeting each other without flirtation or coquetry. In Europe one would always notice a sort of electric tension between student boys and girls. One does not notice it here at all. Have they more self-discipline or is the sex problem so perfectly solved that it does not obsess their minds?

I was struck by the incredible number of music boxes everywhere: before every seat in the drug stores, on every table in restaurants. People seem not only not to mind the noise, but to enjoy it. Perhaps it is with music as it is with science: it has stepped down from its pedestal and lost its solemnity. This is an almost unavoidable effect of its mechanization through phonographs, radio, and the horrible juke boxes. On the other hand, this profanation of music may well turn out to be a necessary transition to its reconse-

cration. Only very good works stand the test of being heard an indefinite number of times, and people will soon get fed up with listening to bad or even to average music and return to the dignity of the great works of art.

Yet there is something in this enjoyment of noise which must have deeper reasons—some desire to escape from meditation or contemplation; in short, some kind of very deep unhappiness which people try to repress by this means.

II

St. Louis, Missouri

IN MY hotel room I found a copy of the Gideon Bible. Every American probably knows this edition, but I had not seen it before. It is published by a society of Christian commercial travelers and distributed to all the hotels where these travelers used to live. What made it strange to me was the sort of directions for use printed on the first page. It gives such advice as, for instance, "If trade is poor, read Psalm XXXVII; or, "If you desire peace, power, plenty, read John IV." I wonder what makes this appear impious, even sacrilegious, to me. In Europe, too, every prayer book contains special prayers for all sorts of dangers and emergencies—for illness, for sea voyages, etc. I think it is the kind of danger against which the Gideons give advice which seems so odd to me.

Still more than anywhere else I notice here the unfinished character of the town. Between the downtown business district and the uptown residential streets along Forest Park, there is nothing but slums. In the business district itself, one sees wasteland or parking places between skyscrapers, department stores, and the typical symbiosis of movies, drug stores, and five-and-ten-cent stores. The metropolitan character of St. Louis makes those contrasts still more pronounced and aesthetically shocking.

Forest Park is very beautiful, in the English style. The Art Museum in its center is extremely well kept and rich in old and modern paintings; much more important than most of the provincial mu-

seums in Europe, except, of course, in Italy. Yet I had the feeling that it is a bit too hygienic, just as if it were a clinic where the pictures are being taken care of. Some excellent old paintings, a Giovanni da Paolo, a Greco, a Cranach, look as if they felt very uneasy, almost unhappy in their rationalized rooms. In the department of modern painting and chiefly of French impressionists and surrealists, I again had the impression which had haunted me in the Art Institute of Chicago—namely, that even modern painting does not escape the influence of standardization and mass production, an impression which perhaps becomes the more evident since works of the same painter are here put up together in one room, so that you cannot but become aware of their common pattern.

But this cannot be the only reason: you never will get the same impression before the many square yards of Michelangelo in the Sistine Chapel or of Tintoretto in San Rocco in Venice. Even the murals of Hans von Marées in Naples will never provoke the impression of standardization and mass production you get in a room with a score of Renoirs or Monets. To my mind the deeper reason is that the old artists created their works not for the open market but, if one may say so, for the individual art lover and patron. The art dealer of today replaces the patron and operates just as a producer operates on script-writers and movie stories, standardizing and typifying the product. Anyway, in their modern departments, museums are in danger of becoming just as standardized as Woolworth stores.

The only escape would be for each museum to lay stress on regional art. And I saw hesitant beginnings of such a trend. They are not very encouraging and involve a vicious circle: if the museums, the instruments for art education, are standardized, no regional art can ever develop. This vicious circle, I think, does not only threaten American painting; it threatens American spiritual civilization as a whole. Political and economic unification entails almost inevitably the suppression of regional achievements in the spiritual fields. This makes the question of regionalism a momentous one.

III

Columbia, Missouri

I NOTICED how intimately the universities are connected with the agricultural concerns of the states. Many professors are farmers' sons or own farms themselves near the town. A professor of philosophy who drove me in his car through the country proved to be an expert on agricultural matters. He knew the quality of the soil, the breed of the cattle we saw, the yield per acre, the methods of exploitation, just as if he were a professor of agriculture and not of philosophy. Yet he is a good and inspired philosopher. What a difference from Europe. In Germany and in France I happened to know scholars who, too, came from farms. Not only would they never have mentioned it but they seemed ashamed of this origin and would have considered any allusion to their nonacademic background as a personal offense. Not surprising, therefore, that in this country the agricultural departments of the universities play big parts in academic life.

This is a trend which I think should be welcomed as an antidote against the disintegration of civilization. American universities are different from the European ones just because they justify the name of *universitas*, which for the European institutions became merely conventional long ago. Here at the university you can study agriculture, bookkeeping, business management, dramatic art, technology, just as well as the humanities, science, law, and medicine, which are the only fields cultivated at universities abroad.

I even remarked that the professor of bookkeeping enjoys just as much consideration as the professor of philosophy or of surgery, if not more. Maybe because he attracts more students. But in the long run this union in one institution of all the branches of human knowledge and skill may lead towards an interpenetration and reintegration of the various branches of knowledge which in the course of specialization have grown farther and farther away from each other. It must be admitted that a historian who knows something about agriculture will get a better understanding of American history than one who cannot distinguish wheat from rye. The

very fact that in this country and particularly outside the Atlantic region big universities are mostly not located in big towns may contribute to this evolution.

SUNDAY morning I attended service in a small Methodist church in the poor north section of the town. The church, a wooden building, looks from the outside just like any other house. About eighty people attended, mostly middle-aged women of the lower middle class with children who behaved noisily all the time. The service is simple and lacks any solemnity, and it seems as if all were arranged in order to assimilate the ceremony to everyday life. After the final hymn the minister hurries to the exit, shakes hands with everybody. To me: "How do you feel this morning, we were so glad to have you with us, come again," just like the landlady in a boardinghouse. One would expect him to say something in connection with his sacerdotal mission, something like "God bless you"; but nothing of the kind happens.

This and similar experiences are an exact analogy to what I observed before about science and art. Religion, too, has stepped down from its pedestal and joined the earth-born achievements. Of course, in Europe too religion a long time ago gave up, in fact if not in right, the claim of dominating all the spheres of human life and submitting them to its own law believed to derive from revelation. Yet, and especially in Latin countries, the claim to be something higher than the other provinces of civilization, something that has to be kept apart from everyday life, something that acts through aesthetic suggestion and not through the common means of mass propaganda, is still being upheld.

In this leveling and mixing up of the provinces of civilization there is a certain historical ambivalence whose future effects can hardly be anticipated. However, the fact is so characteristic of American life that any analysis of American civilization and any attempt to influence its future development must take it into account. On the one hand, the often observed disintegration of civilization abroad—that is, the emancipation of each province of

civilization from the links which bound it to the other ones, the confinement of art or science or religion in an ivory tower—deprived civilization of its natural structure, which is that of an organic unity. In every epoch of the past, one of its provinces played a leading and unifying part: science and art in Athens, the Christian religion in the Middle Ages, politics and law in Rome, rational knowledge in the Age of Enlightenment. There is no such leading and unifying power in present-day civilization, either here or abroad. For I do not think the common opinion that economics is this power today is more than a practical and easy working hypothesis of politicians and pragmatist historians. Of course, on the frontier, economic needs were the most obtrusive and all work available had to be devoted to their satisfaction. Roughly speaking, when people are starving and surrounded by hostile nature they will not care for art or science, just because they have neither any time nor any strength left for it. Yet in this very situation America created her original religious achievements: Puritanism and Mormonism. And the simple and functional styles of houses and furniture people produced then are certainly superior to those they manufactured later when they could afford to care for "beauty."

On the other hand, the lack of a leading power in civilization manifests itself in very different ways here and abroad. In Europe each province of civilization claimed independence and got it. Thus not only were the life lines of the various branches of civilization not organically interrelated but in general there was a tendency towards avoiding interrelation and co-operation. This led to the effect that finally brutal force came to suppress all of them. In this country the disintegration of civilization has the opposite result. All the various impulses of civilization have been collected in one and the same caldron and coagulated into one amorphous and unstructured thick liquid. The process of distillation from this mass and of crystallization of new nuclei started as early as the end of the eighteenth century and is going on very intensely. If I might try to illustrate the divergence between Euro-

pean and American civilization by means of a biological analogy, I would say that in Europe the provinces of civilization behaved like the various organs of the human body in the fable of Menenius Agrippa. The brain and the stomach and the hand each claimed to be the master and refused to be the servant of the whole. In American civilization the process of differentiation had to start again, beginning with a very simple structure, that of an amoeba in which the whole organism exerts all functions. The aim is clearly within sight. It is a federal democracy of civilization in which every province enjoys a certain amount of independence but in which also every province contributes freely to the whole under the laws of reason and justice. It may be said that this federal structure, which is America's great and original achievement in the political sphere, will prove to be the general pattern for an American civilization. At the present moment vast extents of this civilization are still in the condition of territories and have not yet crystallized into states.

It looks indeed as if the traditions and conventions America imported from Europe had been unsuitable to the conditions of life in this country and had to be scrapped as raw materials for new forms. This goes not only for the racial or national elements, for which the image of the melting pot is commonly used; it goes as well for the departmentalization and specialization of civilization as a whole which was a pattern of civilization abroad. The present state of transition from compliance with European standards to a new and autochthonous American civilization often creates for the newcomer the impression of shapelessness. But if one analyzes present-day civilization microscopically, if I may say so, one discovers the crystallization centers which will slowly give shapes of their own to all the provinces of American civilization—religion, science, and art as well as language, politics, law, and economy. In short, American civilization is at work at a recrystallization process.

I discussed this approach with some historians and philosophers of this university who are well aware of the difficul-

ties American history and civilization present to penetration by the traditional methods of historical research. European history started, indeed, with mythology. The historical facts which gave the background to those mythological elaborations are unknown. All we know is that at a certain point of time the Greeks invaded Crete and assimilated its higher civilization. We do not know what the Greeks were then nor what was the civilization they took over. In America the picture is quite different. We know the state of the country when the Pilgrim Fathers and later on other immigrants took possession of the soil, and we know as well the cultural charge of these immigrants. From the interaction of the natural state of the country and the cultural implements of the immigrants we have to derive the present state of American civilization. How did this civilization come about? It was the effect of the work done by the immigrants, of work determined on the one hand by natural conditions, on the other hand by the norms of civilization which the successive waves of immigration brought with them—their religious creeds, their scientific and practical knowledge, their economic traditions, their aesthetic conventions, their political convictions and claims, their language. These are the initial data and from them we have to understand the eventual result.

I was pleased to note that historical materialism has fewer adepts here than, for instance, in Madison. Maybe this is because Columbia is much more of a country town. On Saturdays it is full of farmers who come in their cars for shopping. They do not look like European peasants at all, rather like middle-class artisans abroad. It is strange, however, that nearness to country life should predispose to materialism less than life in industrial towns. You would rather expect the contrary. Of course, a trained materialist would give you lots of reasons for this paradox: for instance, the greater isolation of the country which accounts for the conservative character of peasantry everywhere, their backwardness in every branch of civilization, and so forth. But the American farmer, at least in this region, is not isolated, and if he is con-

servative, the question is what he wants to conserve.

On the way to Centralia we stopped a while at Sturgeon, a place of exactly 571 inhabitants, surrounded by farm land. You would call it a village in Europe. But it has nothing of a European village. No dung heaps along the street, no hens or pigs or other animals on the ridged loamy roads, no smell of cow stables, no church bells ringing every hour. It is just a town in miniature, with a drug store, a pool room, three churches of various denominations, a local paper which I was told is very influential in this region, a bank, shops for agricultural supplies, many cars, and even a beauty parlor.

The train from Centralia to Kansas City was overcrowded with service men who behaved quietly and without the slightest arrogance. A sergeant told me he had an uncle who was a professor at the agricultural department of the University of Missouri. "But," said he, "I have more horse sense than all the professors together; I am more practical." Even this was expressed nicely, without presumption.

IV

Kansas City

OF ALL the towns I have visited so far, this one makes the most unfinished impression. Stretched out very widely with many vacant lots, service stations, parking places, car cemeteries, that neighbor skyscrapers, big and rather pretentious buildings.

I wonder why American towns look so much alike that I sometimes mix them up in my memory. The reference to the standard influence of mass production whose agents are the traveling salesmen, the mail-order houses, the five-and-ten-cent stores, the chain stores, the movies, is not sufficient. If you stay two days in Bologna and in Ferrara, or in Arles and in Avignon, you will never mix them up in all your life. But it may well happen that after you spend two days in St. Louis

and in Kansas City the images of these towns soon merge into one. I think the real reason for this is that these towns have not yet had time enough to individualize and to crystallize visible local traditions of their own. Physiognomically speaking, children are much less differentiated from each other than grown people.

The overcrowded train from Kansas City to Oklahoma City was about eight hours late. So we stopped in the morning at a small station to get breakfast. The counter was not large enough to accommodate all the passengers and the train was supposed to stop for only thirty minutes. Behind every occupied stool stood another hungry passenger waiting for the first one to finish his breakfast. I happened to stand behind a middle-aged lady who did not seem to be in a hurry. She ate her ham and eggs following the orthodox code of Emily Post; fork in the left hand, knife in the right hand, cutting a bit, laying down the knife, taking the fork from the left hand into the right hand, bringing the morsel to her mouth, shifting again the fork from the right hand to the left hand, taking up the knife with her right hand, cutting a bit, and so on. I was very much afraid of getting no breakfast at all. It struck me that I was seeing how a tradition which once made sense and somehow was useful can degenerate into a frozen and harmful convention. The American way of eating may perhaps have originated in a desire to show your guests that for them you sacrifice the most precious thing you have: time. This etiquette of showing consideration had here deteriorated into utter lack of consideration.

In the train I met a gentleman from Dallas, Texas, who told me he had been teaching psychology in a college for many years, but later went into business. "I never understood what I was teaching," he confessed; and when I told him that I was a professor, too, he advised: "You are wrong; you seem to be a shrewd fellow; you should go into business, too."

(Paul Schrecker's diary will continue next month with his observations at Oklahoma City, Boulder, Denver, Salt Lake City, Berkeley, and San Francisco.—The Editors)

{ Charles L. McNichols was brought up on eleven }
different Indian reservations. He is the author of
Crazy Weather, a recent Book-of-the-Month. }

THE BUCK IN THE BRUSH

A Story

CHARLES L. McNICHOLS



MISS DAISYBELLE STACEY said, "I can't abide to have a man see me take a bath. If I got to have somebody along I'll take little Jed."

I didn't want to go. Miss Daisybelle had a face like a meat axe and a voice like a crow's.

When we got down to the river Miss Daisybelle took off her shoes. Then she took off her long black coat. Then she said, "Jed, turn your back!"

I turned my back and she took off her topmost skirt. She had other skirts she left on, and what all she wore under them I don't know. No man knows.

She gathered all the other skirts close around her and she stepped off the bank into the red, muddy Colorado and sat down, and she sighed when the cold water seeped through her clothes, for it was very hot. One skirt got full of air and puffed up like a gray balloon in front.

As for me, I lay down on the damp ground and looked through the willow leaves at the hot, hot, burned-blue sky and wished Miss Daisybelle would get the hell out so I could strip and go swimming myself. The noises that I heard were mostly very many and very small, like a fly buzzing around, and the sweep and gurgle of the water against the sand bank, but from somewhere off downstream I could hear a bigger noise like a "tunk!" and then a

"tunk, tunk" and then another "tunk."

There was a buck Indian down there in the brush cutting willow poles. My eyes went shut and the tunks of the Indian's axe pushed all the thoughts out of my head.

So I was asleep when Miss Daisybelle started yelling. I opened my eyes and saw her a rod or more out from the bank, hugging that gray balloon with her two skinny arms and floating off downstream.

I was too small to try towing her in, so I ran back to the agency and told them, "Miss Daisybelle done drowned!"

So the doctor and the cattle foreman rode down to the river to collect the last remains of Miss Daisybelle Stacey, but when they come to the place where I had heard the willow-pole cutting, there was Miss Daisybelle, wringing wet, trying to talk the buck into coming to the meeting at the agency on Sunday and getting Christianized—which was the particular reason Miss Daisybelle was amongst us.

The brush-cutting buck, he couldn't understand any English. He just looked at Miss Daisybelle, and looked and looked. And he kept on looking when the cattle foreman had heaved her up onto his saddle and led the horse away.

His name was Yammum; meaning "crazy." He wasn't so very crazy, but he used to howl at the moon like a dog, and no woman would live with him very long.

THE next day this Indian came up to the agency with his three brothers and two uncles and another Indian who wore pants and spoke Spanish. The locoed Yammum came all dressed up like a bridegroom. He had his hair twisted into fifty or sixty little ropes and there were a couple of hawk's feathers tied to them with a foot of gut string so they hung forward over his shoulder. On his right arm was a bow of pink ribbon. But the rest of his clothes was a dirty gray G-string he wore every day.

The interpreter said, "He has come for his woman."

"Which woman?" asked the agent, talking Spanish—like the interpreter.

"The woman who would have been dead if he had not pulled her out of the river."

"He's crazy!" said the agent.

The interpreter spat. "We know it. But still, he pulled her out of the river, and a man can claim his salvage if he wants to. That is the custom."

Just then Miss Daisybelle came to the door and her face got red like it always got when she saw a lot of Indians near-naked. And the brothers and the uncles, they clapped their hands to their mouths and turned their eyes away as soon as they saw her, and they all began singing in Mojave, "Crazy, crazy for sure, our poor brother!"

"The man who pulled you out of the river," said the agent, talking English to Miss Daisybelle. "What do you want to do about him?"

"Tell him I'm going to get him a nice present," said Miss Daisybelle, fidgeting with her hands and looking away from the naked Indians.

"She'll make him a present instead of going to his house," said the agent in Spanish, and the interpreter put that into Mojave.

But the loony buck, he was the only one who would look at Miss Daisybelle; he looked right at her and said four Mojave words which the interpreter made much longer in Spanish.

"He says he wants no present. He wants to sleep with that woman!"

The agent bit his lips very hard and said, "Tell him it can't be done!" Then the agent ran into his office and shut the

door. He lay down on the office floor and laughed and rolled and yelled until his clerk thought he was going to have apoplexy and threw a bucket of water over him.

As for the loony buck, he raised so much cain when they told him what the agent had said that his kinfolks had to throw him down and sit on him and then pack him off to the jail to cool him down.

Miss Daisybelle watched them carry the Indian off to jail, and it seemed 'most like she was crying.

Next morning she went to the agent with a traveling bag in her hand. She said, "I'm not the proper person to carry the Word here. Please get a team to take me to the railroad."

The agent said, "Yes, I reckon you're handicapped, not knowing the languages or anything," and he kept biting his lips until he got her set in the buckboard.

Well, that was the last they saw of Miss Daisybelle at the agency. From Los Angeles she sent back a purple suit of clothes and a pink necktie for the crazy Indian. He'd forgot all about her, but he was so tickled with the clothes he put them right on and never took them off. The Mojaves cremated him in them when he died of consumption a year later.

THAT winter I went to Los Angeles to school. My folks made me go call on Miss Daisybelle. I didn't want to go.

Miss Daisybelle had a little old house next door to a Baptist church, and she had lived there eight, ten years, between missionarying. A Mexican woman opened the door for me. Miss Daisybelle was sitting in a rocker, reading a red leather-bound copy of *Hiawatha* that she had mighty near wore out, and on the wall over her head was a picture of such a fancy-looking Indian as never was born. There was a big bow of pink ribbon tacked onto the picture frame.

She said, "My land, Jeddy, how you have grown!" Then she said to the Mexican woman, "*Tome el sombrero del senorito.*"

Well, you could have knocked me over with a feather. I said, "Back at the agency we never knew you savvied Mexican!"

I reckon Miss Daisybelle thought I was

thinking about what the friend of the crazy Indian had said in Spanish, because her thin ugly face got very red. When she spoke it was like she was mad at something. "This woman is a half-wit," she told me. "I've had her eight years and I can't

help speaking Spanish because I can't teach her English. Otherwise I don't let on I know a foreign language. It ain't patriotic, and it ain't moral," and she began trying to hide the leather-bound copy of *Hiawatha* in the folds of her wide skirt.

Restore the Ruins?

I'VE seen Cassino Abbey blown to pieces six times in newsreels. Some day it will be restored, as will Coventry and the rest. But what will be restored? Nothing. We build something new on the shattered site. It's the triumph of the fetish over the symbol. The symbol would be stronger if we did nothing.

Years ago I began fighting this problem out with myself at old Fort Laramie, the crossroads of the early West on the Platte in Wyoming. The roof was gone, pigeons flew through the thick 'dobe walls, delphinium grew through the trappers' hearth. Returning in dissolution to nature, Fort Laramie was charged with meaning until I bumped into some brand-new concrete masonry designed to prop it up. Instantly the symbol vanished; the fetish intervened. I could cite a hundred instances from Canada to the border. The most ridiculous was the complete destruction of what remained of old Fort Vasquez between Denver and Cheyenne. The WPA, after tearing it to pieces, built a Hollywood fort on an adjacent site. All that Fort Vasquez could possibly stand for was already perpetuated in history, folklore, and poetry, which is as it should be. A bronze marker under the cottonwoods would have been more eloquent than the stupid restoration.

Whether restoration moves toward symbolism or fetishism depends entirely on the cultural context. The great cathedrals of Europe were not built as we build a church, but—over a period of centuries—grew by devout increment. The mood of heaven was on the people. Any mutilation of a cathedral, however severe, could be repaired without violating the mood of growth. It actually intensified it. Restoration was simply a phase of construction. That period is over and nothing can bring it back. The mood of earth is on us now; we work on an economic and social edifice. Only in repairing this edifice can reconstruction stand for honest growth. Renaissance, material or immaterial, will find its own terms. So I say, let Coventry and the rest go the way of nature. Let weather and erosion take them down. While they stand they will be stronger as symbols than anything we can add to intensify their meaning—symbols of the dark labyrinths of the spirit in which we still wander, appeasing beast-gods with human sacrifice. — Thomas Hornsby Ferril

{ *Emily Genauer has for the past*
twelve years been art editor of the
New York World-Telegram. }

THE FUR-LINED MUSEUM

EMILY GENAUER



EIGHT years ago the Museum of Modern Art in New York City—the most highly publicized museum in the world—staged a show of “Fantastic Art, Dada, and Surrealism,” and among the exhibits stood a fur-lined cup and saucer. It was set on its own pedestal like a piece of sculpture; and near it were displayed such other “art objects” as a bird-cage containing lumps of sugar, parrot food, a thermometer, and an inverted postage stamp, the whole conglomeration labeled “Why Not Sneeze?”

The cup-and-saucer ensemble tickled the fancy of headline writers, who promptly let fly with the phrase “the fur-lined-cup school of art.” It amused the dilettantes, who thought it different and chic. But it bewildered and outraged a quantity of people who had been brought up to believe the simple thesis that an art museum is a place where you find art. And today the fur-lined cup remains in the memories of many observers as an apt symbol of the Museum’s aberrations from its essential purpose.

That purpose was reasonably clear at its beginning in 1929, when its founders announced that its function would be “to hold a series of exhibitions . . . which shall include as complete a representation as may be possible of the great modern masters—American and European—from Cézanne to the present day,” and “to establish a permanent public museum

which will acquire, from time to time, collections of the best modern works of art.”

This summer the Museum of Modern Art is celebrating its fifteenth anniversary. Columns of publicity sing the triumphs and achievements of its history. Yet at the very moment of the anniversary its affairs are in crisis; it is rent with internal conflict; and it is forced to defend itself against increasingly bitter attacks—against charges that its course has been over-precious and erratic, that again and again it has sponsored the fashionably odd rather than the fine, the decadent rather than the original, the spectacular rather than the sincere.

That the Museum wields immense influence is undeniable. Furthermore, as far as the eye of the general public can see, it is a thundering success. Its dazzling modern glass-and-marble home on West 53rd Street is thronged. Its roster of officers and trustees glistens with the names of Rockefellers, Whitneys, and Fords. Its audiences range from kindergartners, for whom there is a special Young People’s Gallery, to soldiers who come in to see not only the painting exhibitions but also the occasional shows of sketches made at the front by their brothers-in-arms. There are departments devoted to photography, industrial design, modern architecture, and old-time movies. There have been displays of maps, charts, posters, and documents about the war, about postwar air

communication, and about occupational therapy. Last year the attendance exceeded 350,000 persons, more than a third of the number who attended the Metropolitan Museum. What is more, those who came paid twenty-five cents to get in, while the Metropolitan is free and has twenty times the exhibition space. And most of them loved the place, charmed by its shiny newness and by the ingratiating absence within its walls of the hush-hush atmosphere traditional with museums. They might be completely confused by the things they saw there, but they accepted them all unquestioningly, beguiled by their ingrained respect for a museum as such, by the physical impressiveness of the institution, by the solid substance of its backers, and by the great air of authority with which its exhibitions were skillfully staged.

Yet it is precisely because the Museum's façade is so glittering and its influence upon the general public is so persuasive that its critics are so caustic in their charges that it has betrayed its trust. Said the *Art Digest* last summer, "Art to these amiable folk [the officials and trustees] is something to make fashionable conversation, finding cultural intoxication as they whiff the fragrant chi-chi flower. . . . While serious professional artists fight for the recognition that means life to them, the Modern fiddles away its resources, building a precious cult around amateurism." In November, 1943, *Art News* accused the Museum of supporting "playboys and primitivism" instead of important contemporary art. As far back as 1940, members of the organization known as American Abstract Artists picketed the Museum's show of Italian masterpieces of the Renaissance; and though their display of resentment at the consistent ignoring of the younger European and American abstract artists might perhaps be dismissed as a bid for attention on the part of a group of painters with a circumscribed aesthetic approach, there was no such easy answer to the blast issued only a few months ago by the Federation of Modern Painters and Sculptors, an organization incorporating many widely varying points of view. The Federation accused the Museum of "sacrificing seriousness of purpose for publicity" and "of proving an enervating influence

rather than a stimulus to the more inventive artists of America." All the Museum's critics were resentful because it showed more interest, they held, in stunts like the display of a tinsel-bedecked shoe-shine chair, of the doodlings of inmates of insane asylums, and of the pathetic efforts of frustrated amateurs, than it did in the significant creative work of the nation.

NOR have adverse reactions been confined to those outside the Museum. There have been ructions within its own walls. The private opinions of some of its trustees have been searing. In July, 1943, for example, A. Conger Goodyear, president of the Museum during the first ten years after its founding and now a trustee, wrote a letter to Stephen C. Clark, chairman of the Museum's board, in which he said of a current show, "It seems to me that this exhibition is very silly, perhaps the silliest we have ever had, and that I think is saying a good deal. . . . I have acquiesced in this exhibition, but I certainly am not going to do so in the future. . . . Really I think we must put a stop to it. It would be far better to have no exhibitions at all than things of this sort. . . . I think that together we can stop the present tendency."

The show to which Mr. Goodyear referred was the exhibition—most elaborately staged—of the amateur efforts of a retired Brooklyn manufacturer named Hirshfield, a quiet-spoken man who had meant only to occupy himself in his declining years by harmless puttering with paint and canvas. The imposing sponsorship by the Museum of the innocent Hirshfield "primitives" not only was regarded with wide-eyed amazement by artists and critics but brought to a boil the long-simmering conflict over the Museum's policy. Within two months thereafter came the bombshell announcement that Alfred H. Barr, Jr., its director throughout its fifteen-year existence, was "retiring" in order to "devote his full time to writing the books on modern art which he has had in preparation and which his heavy directorial duties have made it impossible for him to undertake." Mr. Barr, the announcement said, had accepted an appointment as "advisory director."

The art world was galvanized by the announcement. Barr, because of his position, had become one of the most influential figures in the field of modern American art. He had been in the driver's seat during the Museum's wavering course down the road which led from Cézanne to the little Brooklyn manufacturer. Artists and the art-conscious public churned with speculation over possible causes and effects. What was going to happen now? Would the Museum change its direction?

Those questions still remain only half answered. And this anniversary year seems to be an appropriate time to add to them other questions of concern to a wider public. Has the Museum really fumbled its great opportunity? Has it failed to recognize the more inventive products of that extraordinary activity among American artists which had its genesis at approximately the time when the Museum itself was born? And if so, why? These are not idle questions; they are of moment to everyone who believes that the vitality of the contemporary arts is a measure of the quality of a civilization.

If we are to answer these questions, a brief examination of the origin of modern art and of the Museum's own career will be necessary.

II

IN THE second half of the past century there were at work in Paris a group of painters of great originality and power. Beginning in the sixties, these painters—however they differed among themselves—were distinguished for their intransigent opposition to the lifeless conventionality—the insipid, illustrative realism—of the Salon, and for the vigor of their search for new forms. The great names of this group before 1900 included Manet, Degas, Cézanne, Renoir, Van Gogh, Seurat, and Gauguin—names now familiar and admired everywhere. After 1900, and developing out of the work of these masters, came still another succession of artists including Matisse, Rouault, Braque, Modigliani, Chagall, and many more, of whom the greatest perhaps is the Spaniard, Pablo Picasso.

In America there was no such sustained pitch of aesthetic activity. There had

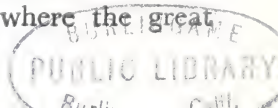
been a very few men of exceptional talent—Ryder, Eakins, Sargent, and Homer among them. But Ryder and Eakins were utterly neglected. Sargent frittered away his great abilities making expensive portraits of the rich. Homer—the least imaginative among them—achieved the greatest popular success. The principal museum in the country was the Metropolitan in New York, which was bossed by its most powerful trustee, the banker John Pierpont Morgan. Morgan may have heard of the new painting in France, but it is certain that he had neither understanding of nor respect for what the insurgents were trying to do.

Despite the stifling air of this desert in which they found themselves, there were in America small groups of artists who knew what was going on abroad and were themselves infused with the same rebellious spirit. Some had visited or studied in Europe and seen at first hand the work of a revolutionary generation. But they could find practically no support here among dealers or museums.

By 1911 the American rebels were so inflamed with the desire to publicize their experiments and thereby break down American art smugness that they took matters into their own hands. They raised money. They assembled pictures here and abroad. And they hired a hall—the 69th Regiment Armory at Lexington Avenue and 25th Street. In 1913 the Armory show, of *Nude-Descending-the-Staircase* fame, opened. It shocked America out of its complacency and provided the most powerful single jolt that art in this country had ever received.

Among the thousands who flocked to see it was a wealthy New York woman, Miss Lizzie Bliss. So impressed was she with what she found that she started at once that famous collection of modern French art which eventually became the nucleus of the present-day Museum of Modern Art.

IN THE winter of 1928 Miss Bliss was in Egypt and there met and talked with Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., who had also become a collector of modern art. They discussed the possibilities for an institution in New York where the great



modern art of Europe which they had collected might be shown to the general public. At the time of this conversation, although Cézanne had been dead for twenty years and Van Gogh for nearly forty and both were familiar to comparatively small groups of artists and collectors, they and their contemporaries were still far from acceptable to many of the more conservative museums, dealers, collectors, and even artists.

Upon their return from abroad, Mrs. Rockefeller and Miss Bliss enlisted the help of another devotee of modern art, Mrs. Cornelius Sullivan. Shortly thereafter they drafted A. Conger Goodyear, manufacturer; Frank Crowninshield, editor of *Vanity Fair*; and Mrs. Winthrop Murray Crane, widow of the Massachusetts senator. This group became trustees of the new museum and presently they were joined by Chester Dale, Duncan Phillips, Sam A. Lewisohn, William T. Aldrich, Stephen C. Clark, and others. Most of them were or had been picture collectors. To their number as trustees they added Professor Paul J. Sachs of Harvard, sometimes known—because of the number of museum officials appointed at his recommendation—as the Felix Frankfurter of the American art world. To Professor Sachs the trustees applied for aid in selecting a head for the infant institution, and upon his suggestion they appointed Alfred H. Barr, Jr., twenty-eight years old and an associate professor of art at Wellesley. Before that Mr. Barr had been an instructor in the history of art at Vassar, an assistant in fine arts at Harvard, and an instructor in art and archaeology at Princeton.

Temporary quarters were taken in the Hecksher Building, at 730 Fifth Avenue, and on November 7th, 1929, the first show of the Museum of Modern Art was opened. It was a smash hit, accompanied by an outpouring of fashion comparable to that at the opening of the Metropolitan Opera House forty-five years before. And small wonder. Mrs. Rockefeller, Miss Bliss, and Mrs. Sullivan had brought to the Museum not only their money, their energy, and their time, but the use of their extraordinarily fine pictures. So had the other trustees. Many institutions in Eu-

rope had been induced to make impressive loans for the occasion. The result was such a distinguished collection of paintings by the four great ancestors, so to speak, of modern art—Cézanne, Van Gogh, Gauguin, and Seurat—as America had never seen before. Forty-seven thousand persons crowded the galleries in the month that the show was open. Its tremendous popular success proved that although the general public was unfamiliar with the paintings, it was a great deal more than ready for them. The years of learning and understanding of the “new art” by American artists and art-lovers, and all the impulses which had originally sprung from modern art and which were now manifesting themselves in architecture, in industrial design, and in other ways had had tremendous cumulative effect.

The loan of the trustees' pictures to the Museum, and especially the eventual presentation to it of the whole Bliss collection, served, in effect, as a capital sum slowly gathered through the years and presented by an older generation to a group of young men about to embark on a hazardous but extremely promising enterprise. But bringing to an eager public the works of Europe's modern masters was only part of the Museum's job. More important was its duty to see that the story of these masters' neglect by their own contemporaries was not repeated in this country. The question was what the Museum would do with that American art of the present which, stimulated by the experiments in Paris, by the artistic revolution south of the Rio Grande (the ring-leaders of which were Rivera, Orozco, Siquieros and Charlot), and by the increase of popular interest in the arts, was beginning to burgeon.

The interested public waited with intense curiosity to see what would happen next. The masterpieces of a group of ancestors having been shown, it was assumed that the work of some of the bold spirits of the present generation would be presented next. The second Museum exhibition, “Paintings by Nineteen Living Artists,” opened December 13, 1929. The brilliance of the beginning quickly faded. Too many of the artists represented, however serious and proficient, were

completely lacking in the fire and invention which had made the masters of forty years before so significant and rewarding.

With the third show, "Painting in Paris," the Museum got back onto comparatively safe ground, with special emphasis on the work of the great Paris moderns—Picasso, Matisse, Derain, Braque, Rouault, and others. These men were still far from being household words in America, but they were so well established among *avant-garde* painters and collectors, and they had been the subject of so much published comment, that showing them at this time amounted virtually to drawing on capital once more.

This move on the part of the Museum foreshadowed a tendency which has been apparent in its management from that day to this. The emphasis has been largely upon two elements: (1) Those Sure Things which it has inherited, and which as time has gone on have become accepted as classics by a wider and wider audience; and (2) Those Shockers (the fantastic, the precious, the bizarre, and the decadent) which excite the crowd that might be called the Café Society of the Arts.

III

THAT the Museum of Modern Art has done many things very well goes almost without saying. It has presented some splendid exhibitions, such as "Painting in Paris" (the third production, mentioned above), the Homer-Ryder-Eakins show, the Corot-Daumier show, the Matisse retrospective show, the Picasso show, the show of "American Sources of Modern Art," and the theater arts show, to mention only a few. Its Van Gogh exhibit of 1939, which attracted enormous attention both in New York and in its tour of the country, helped to make that artist's work extraordinarily popular even among the completely uninitiated, to the point where department stores were hanging Van Gogh reproductions in their show-window displays of furnishings. Its exhibit of Italian masters—though an odd enterprise for a "modern" museum—was well worth seeing. Its technique of exhibition has been the most ingenious and effective ever seen in this country. Many of its sub-

sidary and peripheral activities, such as its showing of old-time movies (which the Museum maintains are a legitimate American art form), have merit of a sort. And they do attract the customers and help convey the impression, so neatly reinforced by the Museum's air of dazzling intimacy, that this is a place for enjoyment.

But surely the central task of such an institution, a task even more important than that of showing its Sure Things effectively, is to aid, promote, and celebrate the best contemporary art, both foreign and native: to be a force steadily and surely working to foster and encourage the ablest living artists, and to bring them the backing of the general public. In this task the Museum of Modern Art has failed.

It has made a show of discharging its responsibility to the living by concentrating most of its attention on a handful of teacher's pets. Those who today are actually at work in modern art—and they are more numerous than ever, despite the depression, Hitler, and the war—may whistle for all the help and recognition which they may expect from that gilded shrine of modernism on 53rd Street.

On the occasions when the Museum *has* shown American art of the present, its selections have hardly been reassuring from the standpoint of either judgment or knowledge. Back in December, 1930, when the Museum presented an exhibit called "Painting and Sculpture by Living Americans," one critic wrote that it "had the mediocre taste of seventy-cent roast beef," and another said that it was termed "Living Americans" to avoid the "somewhat awkward designation of 'Some Pictures We Thought Good and Some That Have Been Bought by the Directors.'"

Only two years ago the Museum, in another half-hearted gesture of supporting young and serious living Americans, presented the show called "Americans 1942: Eighteen Artists from Nine States." This was the clearest evidence yet of uncertainty and even downright ignorance. The foreword to the exhibition catalogue referred to the artists as "a small number of painters and sculptors whose work is new to the New York public or has not been adequately represented here in recent years." Of the eighteen artists shown,

eight were familiar in New York and had been shown again and again. Of the remainder, though they weren't in the art headlines every day, one had had three one-man shows in New York during the ten-year period preceding the Modern Art exhibition. A second had had a one-man show five years before and is represented in the Whitney Museum. A third had had two one-man shows—in 1937 and 1939.

As long ago as 1933, when the Museum announced a one-man show of work by Edward Hopper, artists and the more discerning public became inescapably aware of the lack of any adequate museum measuring-stick. How could an institution which had presented "Painting in Paris" possibly see any justification for the exhibition of paintings by the proficient but uninspired American realist, Edward Hopper?

Their concern found voice in a letter which appeared in the *New Republic* for December 6, 1933. It was written by Ralph Pearson, writer and lecturer on art, and it protested the Museum's presentation of a "naturalistic, realistic painter whose work, in its viewpoint and procedure, is the reverse of that which characterizes a modern movement. . . . The modern work," continued Mr. Pearson, ". . . definitely breaks with all transferring of actual appearances from nature to the picture—all copying or mere reporting of facts. It recreates all data into an invention. It organizes all the material and concepts of those data into a 'form.' . . ."

Mr. Barr's reply, also printed in the *New Republic*, was as revealing as it was positive. "Modern art," he said, is a popular and temporary term, and he disapproved its being transformed into "an academic and comparatively permanent label." "Hopper is not a great colorist," he admitted, "not a great master of pictorial composition or invention, yet many people feel that his positive, vivid realism and the evocative association of his subject matter . . . are some compensation for his lack of a passive over-emphasis upon formal design." And finally he went on to say, distorting and limiting Mr. Pearson's excellent definition, "If modern art

means only the art of formal design," the Museum of Modern Art "will not so far as one knows become a museum of 'modern' art."

From that point on, artists and art lovers at least knew what to expect from the Museum. It either didn't know what modern art was—or didn't like it.

THERE has never been, of course, in any country unanimity as to which works of any period are "best." But there are certain aspects of modernism which are agreed on internationally and may be recognized in a work immediately. And there are those intangibles of originality and sensibility which the experienced know wherever they encounter them.

The list of modern artists who possess these intangibles but who are not possessed by the Museum of Modern Art is long. Ossip Zadkine, for instance, one of the most talented and original sculptors living today, and equally celebrated on both sides of the ocean, is not on the Museum's roster. But there are no fewer than thirteen of Hans Arp's "collages" and "concretions." Nine of these were *purchased* by the Museum; four were gifts (and the question of purchase is extremely important; nine-tenths of the Museum's collection are gifts). And there are eight of Alexander Calder's "mobiles" and "stables"—arrangements of wood and metal segments that are suspended from lengths of cord and wire, to be moved by a motor or a passing breeze.

The Museum doesn't own an Oscar Bluemner, a Boardman Robinson, a Waldo Peirce, a David Burliuk, a Henry Varnum Poor, to mention a handful from among the scores of estimable artists who come to mind, but there are eighteen works by Max Ernst, the dadaist whose spongy-textured canvases have little beyond their crypticism to stimulate interest—and of the total the Museum purchased fifteen! Ernst's twenty-year-old son, Jimmy, is represented in the collection, but you'll look in vain for Milton Avery or Jean Liberté. There is only a water color to represent George Grosz, but there are two oils by Morris Hirshfield, the manufacturer whose one-man show in 1943 created such a storm. There is no Jon Corbino

but there are no fewer than sixteen of the bird-and-snake-in-moonlight studies of Morris Graves—all bought by the Museum. They didn't get around to buying a Feininger oil until this season, but their collection includes eight by Malevich, the Russian suprematist whose neatest demonstration of the supreme was the arrangement of one white square over another white square, titled, logically, "White on White."

Examine the list of the Museum's haves and have-nots and you come on some interesting findings. Question the Museum's former director about it and the situation becomes, as Alice said, curiouser and curiouser. Asked about the plethora of Arps and Ernsts bought by the Museum, Alfred Barr replied in financial terms: "Of the eight Arps bought the total cost was \$282, the item prices ranging from \$17 to \$68. Of the eleven works by Max Ernst bought by the Museum the total cost was under \$750. Half of them cost from \$8 to \$30 apiece. . . . It would be difficult to compute the rise in value since the purchases were made, but at a conservative guess I would say that it was about 400 or 500 per cent. I agree that we should have acquired works by Stella and Feininger years ago. . . . The Feininger, which I wanted to purchase for the Museum in 1938, has actually gone up in value only about 50 per cent rather than 500 per cent."

Dismaying as the criterion of the buy-for-a-rise speculator may be to artists and art-lovers, it offers an illuminating basis for comparison. On this basis, how does the Museum justify its purchase, for several thousand dollars apiece, of "Hide-and-seek," a large fifth-rate canvas by the contemporary neo-romanticist, Tchelitchev, and of "The Eternal City," by Peter Blume, surrealist? How does it justify the purchase of Van Gogh's "Starry Night" and Rousseau's "Sleeping Gypsy" (with money given by Mrs. Simon Guggenheim) for over \$25,000 each?

The explanation is simple. Tchelitchev and Blume are favorite sons. Van Gogh and Rousseau are practically old masters. Again we note the Museum's preoccupation with Sure Things and Shockers.

IV

WHY these divagations and uncertainties of policy, to the neglect of the Museum's primary function?

The course followed by any such institution is naturally the resultant of many forces—conflicting interests, points of view, attitudes. The director does not rule alone. There are exhibitions committees and acquisitions committees to be taken into account, for example; there are trustee gifts and trustee pressure. It has been said that Stephen Clark is a friend of Edward Hopper, that Sam Lewisohn is a friend of Maurice Sterne, that Mrs. Rockefeller is a friend of Charles Sheeler, and that this may explain why Hopper, Sterne, and Sheeler are three of the few Americans to be given comprehensive one-man shows. It was Sidney Janis, a retired manufacturer turned collector, and a member of the Museum's advisory committee, who not only suggested the Hirshfield exhibition but assembled it. It has been said that, since Nelson Rockefeller succeeded Conger Goodyear as president of the Museum in 1939, mediocre Latin-American artists have been exhibited and purchased along with good ones not because of any illusions about their merits but because of Mr. Rockefeller's good-neighborly plans as Coordinator of Latin-American Affairs.

Yet a certain amount of partisanship is to be expected; if a trustee believes in a painter strongly enough to buy and sponsor his work, one can understand his wanting the Museum to show it too. And in any case the end of the list is reached in short order. All the trustee pressure in the world would not fill more than a fraction of fifteen years' exhibition time; and a careful study of the Museum's career reveals comparatively little trustee log-rolling, especially in the exhibition program. If the trustees are partly at fault for the Museum's shortcomings, it is not because of arbitrary interference in matters of professional competence but because of acquiescence in an erratic program. The shortcomings result primarily from the Museum's administration.

To a certain extent every museum mirrors the personality and background of

its director. The Metropolitan, for example, has been considerably enlivened since the young and dynamic Francis H. Taylor came down from Worcester to take the reins. But beyond a certain point not even Mr. Taylor can venture. To some extent he is the prisoner of his own and the trustees' consciousness of the establishment's august tradition. But the Museum of Modern Art was a baby when Alfred Barr came to direct it. It had neither background nor tradition. It had a board of trustees who—in the words of one of them, Stephen Clark—were certain only that they wanted a fluid rather than a fixed policy. Personnel was to be more important than policy, and the head of the staff—to quote one of the trustees—was “to be on top, not on tap.” And on top Alfred Barr certainly has been.

Mr. Barr is a tall, slender, dark-haired, bespectacled, austere-looking man who startlingly resembles Eamon de Valera of the Irish Free State. Whisper-voiced, he rarely smiles, and when he does the effect—in the apt phrase of one of his friends—suggests soil erosion. His appearance gives the impression of no great strength of body or of will. Yet for fifteen years he has expended tremendous energy and effort on the Museum. And there is abundant evidence that his has usually been—and still is, despite his “retirement”—the determining voice in its councils.

During his tenure as director he handled his trustees with the diplomacy of a Talleyrand. Time and again he disagreed with them—and prevailed. As early as the second exhibition, which was to consist of paintings by living Americans, with the selections made by a committee of the trustees guided in its choices by the ballots of the whole board, it was said by Conger Goodyear in his report on the proceedings that the board was neatly guided by Barr's “fine Italian hand.” When the show of “Fantastic Art, Dada, and Surrealism”—the one that contained the celebrated fur-lined cup—was to go on tour, there was trustee opposition to sending along the madder items; but Barr wanted them to go, and go they did. He backed Sidney Janis in the matter of the lamentable Hirshfield show, and it went on as scheduled—and down in the

Museum's history as its worst blunder.

Only once, apparently, did the trustees stand firm against Barr in a big issue. When Philip Goodwin, a trustee who is also an architect, had been selected to design the million-dollar building which was to go up on the site backing the land on which the Rockefeller mansion had stood on Fifty-fourth Street, Barr was authorized by the executive committee to talk with three well-known European architects—Oud, Gropius, and Miës van der Rohe—about the possibility of one of them acting as consulting architect. Miës van der Rohe had practically accepted when Nelson Rockefeller and Goodyear agreed that it would be a mistake to introduce a European collaborator and both decided independently that Edward D. Stone would be the best candidate for consultant. Barr protested by letter and cable but Stone was chosen, and brought to the job such ability and imagination that Goodyear still jokingly speaks of the building as “The Education of Philip Goodwin.”

Yet still Barr had his way with the board. When a battle was waged in the committee over the relative advantages of natural and artificial light, Barr, insisting on sunlight, won out. Sunlight itself didn't, however, at least not for long. It proved, in this supposedly most “functional” of modern buildings, to be impractical except for decorative purposes. Artificial light, which could be controlled, was more practical for displaying works of art. In the upper-floor offices, which were not air-conditioned, it turned out that the sunlight which flooded them so handsomely also made them unbearably hot in the summer. (Incidentally, as a functional building, the Museum of Modern Art falls short on a number of counts. There is, for instance, a single passenger elevator for the six storeys, and it is so woefully inadequate that the freight elevator is pressed regularly into service.)

In short, Barr was enormously persuasive: a “Svengali,” in the uncomplimentary view of one trustee; “the pituitary glands of the institution, without which it could not prosper,” according to another more flattering version. He brought to his job great learning. His scholarly catalogues for Museum exhibitions attracted the at-

tention of savants at home and abroad. Yet some defect of judgment or of initiative seems to have dogged his steps. Chiefly it may have been an uncertainty such as was suggested in the *New Yorker* cartoon of a man in an art gallery saying, "I know all about art but I don't know what I like." Or it may have been a coolness of intellectual approach to art which seems to make him uneasy before the emotional depth of such painters as Rouault or Chagall. Or perhaps it was a combination of these qualities with stubbornness. He once said, by way of explaining his choices, "Each man is motivated by hate as well as by love. Every time I hang a picture, there are about five hundred others I would prefer having in its place. They aren't available, or for some other reason it is not feasible to hang them. So I begin to resent the picture we have to use. And then those who are so quick with their condemnation. Presently I begin to hate myself. And so finally I develop a callous, to-hell-with-it feeling. And the show remains as is."

But the heart of Barr's difficulty seems to have been a failure to keep in touch with—or to appreciate—the important things which have been going on in the contemporary art world unless these happened to have attracted the attention and admiration of those within the closed circle in Fifty-third Street. And this difficulty has been intensified by the fact that the Museum's staff has been too ingrown.

WHEN the Museum has needed a new curator or department head, it has rarely gone out to examine the rising stars in the colleges or in the less important museums. Too often it has hired friends or connections of those already there, or bright young people—usually rich—met at cocktail parties. In 1934, the year Professor Sachs resigned his active trusteeship, he warned against this narrowing tendency. "The Museum," he said, "should be a comprehensive and enduring community of scholars," and "the quality of the service which a museum renders will be proportional to the capacity and distinction of its directors and curators."

Barr himself, of course, met this requirement of scholarly or professional train-

ing. So did Jere Abbott, the assistant director whom Barr brought along with him (although he was so close a friend of Barr's that in mind and temperament he seemed to many almost a carbon copy of the director). So did Sarah Newmeyer, the Museum's skilled publicity director, and a number of others. But the interested volunteer and the dilettante have been consistently fed into the institution.

A few examples are necessary to show the trend. Iris Barry, formerly film critic of the London *Daily Mail*, came to this country at the beginning of the depression, got a job at the Museum as volunteer librarian, and in 1935 became (because of her film training) the logical curator of its new film library. By that time she was married to John E. Abbott (no relation to Jere Abbott), who had been working as—to use his own words—an "office boy, messenger boy, mail sorter, and bookkeeper" in one of the more conservative Wall Street houses; he too, at the age of twenty-six, came to the film library to serve as its director; in 1939 he became executive vice-president of the Museum, and since Barr's retirement he has been the top administrator of the institution. James Thrall Soby, the director of the painting and sculpture department, is another who came to the Museum on a volunteer basis. A young man of means who had run a bookshop, acquired an interest in modern art, and been helpful to the Hartford Museum, he served as a volunteer staff member, went on the payroll in 1941, and later moved into his present focal position. Ernestine Fantle, formerly curator of the Museum's department of architecture and industrial art, came to work there as secretary to Philip Johnson, then the department head; she had previously worked in the office of William Lescaze, the architect, and before that had been a receptionist in a New York art gallery. After Johnson left, she got his very influential job—at a time (1936) when architects and authorities on architecture were a dime a dozen. (It was Johnson, by the way, who with Alan Blackburn, former executive director of the Museum, fell under the influence of Lawrence Dennis, tried to organize a national party of "Gray Shirts," and left for Louisiana to examine Huey Long's possibilities

as a leader, only to be rebuffed by Long.)

Any institution may be lucky enough to find in its employees' circle of intimates, or among its volunteer workers, precisely the talent that it needs; but it is an unreliable method of recruitment, especially in an institution that may be tempted to pay too much attention to the fleeting cults and crazes of the well-bred. The need for vitality, breadth of knowledge, and breadth of view cannot consistently be met on any such basis.

V

THE Museum has been the beneficiary of many very generous gifts. Not only did it start its career with a rich collection in which the Bliss items alone have been estimated to be worth half a million dollars; but the Rockefeller family gives \$100,000 annually (meeting, it is said, between 15 and 25 per cent of the operating expenses since the beginning), and Stephen Clark adds \$50,000 more each year out of his own pocket. Even so the institution has a hard time making both ends meet. Its largest item of revenue during the fiscal year ended in June, 1943, was membership dues, totaling \$57,593; the next largest was admission fees, totaling \$45,845. But its operating expenses had jumped from about \$124,000 in 1929 (of which the trustees put up 87 per cent) to about \$374,000 last year (not counting \$61,000 spent on services charged to the government); and its exhibition costs have been so large that despite continued large-scale financial assistance from the trustees, each year there is a cash deficit. And this without any provision whatsoever in the regular budget for the acquisition of pictures!

For new acquisitions the Museum must rely upon special gifts such as those generously made by Mrs. Rockefeller and Mrs. Simon Guggenheim for this purpose—and from money gained by selling items from its permanent collection. Up to May of this year it had realized \$47,389 from such sales; and on May 11 it sold at auction, at the Parke-Bernet Galleries, thirty-eight more items—works by Bellows, Cézanne, Delacroix, Derain, Dufy, Eilshemius, Hartley, Lachaise, Maillol, Matisse, Picasso, Redon, and others. The Museum care-

fully explained that “nearly all the works to be sold are closely approximated by other works by the same artist” in its collection; that “one of the objects of the sale was to replace these with works needed to round out the collection”; and that “no work of art by any living North or Latin-American artist” was included in the sale. In short, for lack of funds from regular sources to carry out its original intention to “acquire, from time to time, collections of the best modern works of art,” the Museum is going fluid with a vengeance.

That raises more insistently than ever the question of what it will buy, and whether it will at last grasp the opportunity to be a positive stimulating force in the encouragement of the most vigorous and promising art of today.

RECENTLY there have been signs of a groping toward a new approach. A few months ago the Museum followed its announcement of twelve new acquisitions with a bulletin in which it went to great lengths to explain and justify these and previous purchases. Further acknowledgment of its responsibility to the general public and to artists is contained in the introduction to the Museum's catalogue for “Art in Progress,” the exhibition which it opened late in May to celebrate its fifteenth anniversary. And yet the show itself, handsome as it is, paradoxically proves a perfect Q.E.D. for the criticism which has been leveled at the Museum. There are many great pictures and sculptures included. They are, almost without exception, either the *Sure Things* on which it has always depended or work by living Americans whom it has hitherto almost completely ignored in its search for Shockers. And there is no more brilliant section of the exhibition than the wall given to three important borrowed canvases by Georges Rouault, whose paintings the Museum has never presented in a one-man show.

Perhaps the current exhibition is the Museum's face-saving admission of its awareness of its shortcomings. Future presentations will prove whether it has at last become truly conscious of the importance of the real job to be done, and resolute to do it.

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OUR SEARCH FOR THE EARLIEST AMERICANS

FRANK C. HIBBEN



ONE afternoon in 1927, a Negro cowboy was riding along the edge of a ragged, steep arroyo in New Mexico. On the opposite bank he saw something that struck him as peculiar.

The slanting sun showed a line of jagged bones and bits of flint jutting from the arroyo wall—bones and bits of flint in a layer deep below the surface. No ordinary cow carcass could be so deep; not even buffalo bones would have twenty feet of earth on top of them.

Had the cowboy grunted and spat and ridden on we might never have learned about the first human invaders of North America. He did not. He reported what he had seen, the word slowly spread, and in 1929 a large number of scientists—including Dr. Figgins of Colorado, Dr. Barnum Brown of the American Museum, and Dr. Nels Nelson of Gobi Desert fame—converged upon the spot to survey the evidence.

Historians, geologists, and archaeologists were, for once, of a unanimous opinion. Before them in this arroyo lay the evidence of an invasion of North America by man far earlier than any previously known.

But how did man get here? The expanses of the Atlantic and Pacific are formidable barriers even in this day of ships and planes. How came man here

from a Garden of Eden thousands of miles away and across the seas?

The textbooks all say man was not developed in North or South America. Man, as a being, developed in Asia, Africa, or Europe. Man is a tool-using and reasoning animal. He first learned to manipulate tools with his hands somewhere in the Old World. All the evidence points to this. There is no reason now to question it. The New World of North and South America was indeed a new world. Its forests and jungles and plains lay fallow and untouched by this development until comparatively late in the span of man's progress.

But how late? Your guide at the museum in 1925 would have told you that no human being had even seen America much before 1000 B.C. We knew then that the Mound Builders and the Mayas and the Basket Makers had all lived in North America in comparatively recent times; that by and large all of the so-called ancient civilizations of the New World had occurred after the time of Christ. By Old World standards this was extremely late. The archaic levels underneath the lowermost vestiges of Mexican civilization, in spite of being extremely crude, were probably only a few hundred years older.

Here in New Mexico, however, was

incontrovertible evidence that *some human hand, and a skillful hand at that, had killed bison some fifteen thousand years ago, or possibly more.*

The bones which the cowboy had seen sticking out from the bank of the arroyo were bones of a large buffalolike animal now extinct. This particular animal looked much like the buffalo of our plains days, but had straight horns and was considerably more massive in body than the "Buffalo Bill" type of animal. Mixed with the bones were flint points—points indubitably made by the hand of man. These points were carefully fashioned and peculiar in shape. They looked like the blade of a bayonet with a groove down each side, and there was no doubt that they had killed the bison whose bones lay with them.

The excavation in this lonely place was called Folsom after the small town of that name which lies in this part of New Mexico; and these flint points became known as Folsom points, and are among the most famous and significant of archaeological discoveries, in spite of their small size.

BY THE best scientific calculations this particular variety of bison did not inhabit North America less than ten thousand years ago. Also, the masses of bones, as they were carefully uncovered by the archaeologists, were shown to be lying around and in a small lake bed where no lake exists today. The geologists, from this evidence, have linked these times with the last of the great continental glaciations that swept over North America many thousands of years ago. As these glaciers were retreating they left in their wake, and around their edges, lakes and pools and rivers which have long since dried up. No Western bunch-grass plain was Folsom in those days, but a green valley with a great, active volcano at its head, and the rainfall was heavy.

Into this valley crept a band of men armed with spears tipped with flint. The men crouched behind the bushes and grass as they stalked a band of bison drinking at a small lake in the middle of the valley. At a given word they rushed forward and launched their spears. When the hunt was done, the carcasses of some

dozens of animals lay strewn around the edge of the lake. The hunters butchered them where they fell and ate much of the meat raw. They wrenched out what lances they could and salvaged them. Others had broken off against bones in the animals' bodies, or had missed and shattered against the rocks at the edge of the water. The Folsom hunters skinned the bison, using as knives long strips of flint which they carried with them, and took the skins and as much of the meat as they could carry. Behind them they left the bison carcasses much as they had fallen, with here and there a flint point wedged between the ribs or vertebrae, or lost in the trampled grass where the hunt had taken place. Within the space of a few years the bones had whitened and become somewhat scattered by prowling wolves. Finally the bones and the evidence with them were covered by sand and mud and leaves.

The lake dried up. The rains ceased. The volcano at the head of the valley smoked and steamed, and finally hardened and became completely extinct. Millenium followed century over these places. The bison which the men had hunted here so long ago did not survive the tremendous changes which came about. The glaciers retreated to the north, and finally became but a dim memory, and then were forgotten altogether. As the land became drier and the animals died off, the hunters found it more and more difficult to find food. As a matter of fact, during these troubled times after the passing of the great glaciers we lose sight of man almost altogether. All we can be sure of is that he somehow survived.

The history of the New World thus was jumped back fifteen or twenty thousand years by a single discovery. Thousands and thousands of years before the ancient Incas and Mayas and Aztecs and Pueblos lived here there were other men—hunters, nomads, but men nonetheless. After the initial discovery at Folsom, scientists, American and European alike, began to look for other evidences of these early hunters. Where did they come from? What did they look like? Were they primitive in feature and in stance like Neanderthal Man, or were they essentially modern, like ourselves? If man did not

originate in the New World, then obviously these hunters, being men, must have come from the Old World somehow, at some time. If this supposition was true, how did they get here?

II

MOST invasions are discovered, and then afterwards traced back to their sources. So it was with this one.

After the newspapers had shouted the news of the Folsom discovery—"Ancient Man Older than Tutankhamen Found in the West," "American Indian Pushed Back Twenty Thousand Years"—letters began to come in from Indiana, Ohio, the District of Columbia, Virginia, Saskatchewan (Canada), and even Alaska—all of them variations on the same theme: "I saw a picture in the local newspaper of a Folsom point with its peculiar shape. I found one on my farm . . ." Most of these reports turned out to be erroneous. Many reports were indeed of Folsom points, but a single isolated point only. Others, such as one from eastern Colorado and another from Wyoming, led to further discoveries. Other camp sites were uncovered, especially in eastern New Mexico and the panhandle of Texas and Oklahoma, where the dust-storm winds, blowing off the topsoil, revealed in many places points and bones, and even campfires where Folsom men had grilled an occasional bison chop.

So in the early 1930's our knowledge of the invasion grew. The late Dr. Howard of the University of Pennsylvania excavated a camp site near Clovis, New Mexico, where Folsom Man had killed not only bison, but also camel, horse, and mammoth. This site at Clovis was an immense one, extending intermittently for hundreds of yards, and evidently represented the bones and spoils and debris of hunting over a period of many years.

Gathering all this evidence together we found that Folsom Man had hunted in a territory which is roughly a long, oval area just to the east of the Rocky Mountains. We found him as far south as the Mexican border, and north by sporadic discoveries up to Saskatchewan and Alberta in Canada.

We also discovered many things about

the sort of life he led. He was a hunter, wandering about the Western plains region where the game was thickest. He traveled about in small groups, camped along streams and by springs and lakes. In one place he lived for several years on the small, llama-like camels; in another part of the country he killed the Pleistocene horse, which thousands of years ago roamed these regions in great herds. Mostly he is associated with the great straight-horned bison, with which his points were first found at Folsom. Not infrequently Folsom points, wood ashes, bones, and other evidences of human meals and human hunting are found with remains of the now extinct mammoth. This animal captures our imagination possibly more than any other, not only because of its large bulk, but also because we now associate elephantlike animals only with Africa or Asia; it seems strange to think of a scattered herd of trumpeting mammoth straggling over our Southwestern plains!

Folsom Man had a knowledge of fire, and cooked some of his food. He undoubtedly ate a considerable portion of it raw. He liked it rare, very rare. He carried and used a knife of flint, made with only slightly less skill than the points of his spears. He used other small pieces of flint, chipped into needlelike points, with which to tattoo his skin, probably by pricking the skin and rubbing into the wound the black color from the fire ashes; and he also left behind on his camp sites many flint scrapers with which he must have scraped the flesh from the interiors of animal skins. This could only be for the purpose of using these skins for clothes, and possibly for bedding.

Thus from mere pieces of flint we can reconstruct his private life. We can picture him, with a camel or a horse pelt thrown around his body in the conventional manner, setting forth to the hunt with two or three lances in his hand and a small bag at his belt—nothing more. We know what he hunted; we know approximately how he hunted it; we know what he did with the game when he had killed it. But the most important thing about him we do not know—that is, what Folsom Man looked like.

It is usual, when one finds the abodes of Early Man—whether in Asia, Africa, Europe, or the New World—to find remains of the inhabitant himself. But in spite of assiduous search, we have not as yet discovered a single fragment of the physical Folsom Man himself, not even so much as a stray front tooth. We have now excavated some acres of the places where he camped and lived and hunted and undoubtedly died; but we have not, among the tons of bones on these sites, secured so much as a single fragment which could be identified as human. An expert, of course, can identify human bone even from a small splinter; and the possession of a jaw or a leg bone, or even an upper arm, would give us considerable information about Folsom Man himself. No such bone has appeared.

It has been thought Folsom Man may purposely have disposed of his dead in some manner such that they would disappear. Burning them would not suffice, for that would leave fragments of charred human bones; these are extremely distinctive, and are a common archaeological discovery in ancient cities and tombs where the inhabitants cremated their dead. The probable truth of the matter is that Folsom Man left his dead where they fell, gored by a mammoth tusk, trampled by a herd of bison, or simply withered and desiccated by disease or starvation. We can even imagine a fear of the dead, such as we find among early peoples. Even with this supposition, it seems very peculiar that we have not come across such a skeleton, by chance preserved at the edge of some lake or water hole, or lying mixed with the remains of the animals he had eaten in some cave.

III

BUT even if we do not possess a skeleton of Folsom Man, we are not completely at a loss. The flint points which this hunter made, and with which he tipped his lances for his hunting, are extremely well made. They may be described as the work of a highly skilled artisan in flint. The shape of ordinary flint arrowheads, such as the American Indians used, is no mystery. It can be duplicated, and any-

one with a few hours of perseverance can produce very creditable arrowheads out of flint, if he has it, or out of an old milk bottle, or any other glass which is an artificial flint. The making of a Folsom point, however, is another matter.

The point has a distinct groove up either side. This groove in itself indicates a considerable knowledge of the physics of penetration. The penetrating power of a Folsom point is some four times as great as that of the average arrowhead made by Indians many thousands of years later. If there is any such thing as a "lost art" in flint chipping, it is the making of a Folsom point. Probably, too, the grooves up either side of the Folsom point served as blood rills; they allowed the wound to bleed more freely and thus exhausted the animal more rapidly. Quick kills were seldom made with weapons of flint, and most of the hunts must have ended with the all-day pursuit of some hunted animal which finally bled to death from several puny cuts inflicted by these weapons.

Although the wooden portion or shaft of the Folsom lance has, of course, not been preserved, we can get a fairly good idea of how the weapon was used from the shape of the head. It was a light lance, made to be thrown from the hand, not held and thrust in, like the heavy spears of medieval times. We do not know, but we suspect, from the shape of the point, that Folsom Man used a wooden spear-thrower—an ingenious contrivance consisting of a piece of wood with a hook at one end, and a handle to be grasped in the hand at the other end. The butt of the lance to be thrown was fitted onto the hook, and the lance shaft held in the fingers. With a sweep of the arm the lance could be cast and the spear-thrower retained in the hand. It acted as a sort of sling by which the leverage of the arm was increased by two or three feet. A lance can be thrown with a spear-thrower for a hundred yards with considerable accuracy and surprising penetration. Such equipment was far from primitive.

THE story of Folsom Man then, in the early 1930's, had neither a beginning nor an end. That such a man had lived,

and had killed and eaten animals now extinct, there was no doubt. We were fairly certain that he was essentially modern in his physical appearance, because of the skill with which he made his tools; they were not the work of an ape-man. But we did not know what he looked like, where he came from, what happened to him. If man had not originated in the New World, where then did Folsom Man come from in the first place? If he came from the Old World, where we can trace the steps of man's development with fair thoroughness, how did he get to North America? Also, if the animals upon which he preyed for his existence became extinct, what happened to Folsom Man? Presumably these early hunters were the ancestors of the modern Indians. If so, what of the gap between Folsom times and "Indian times,"—a gap of at least nine thousand years? It would be useless simply to say that Folsom Man died off. We would then have to explain another invasion of early Americans.

WHILE the Folsom question was floating in the limbo of uncertainty, just a few years ago a student of the University of New Mexico was spending his Sunday afternoons exploring caves in the vicinity of Albuquerque. He brought to the university on one memorable Monday morning a cigar box full of oddments which he had gathered from one of the caves. Spurred by these promising remains, a group from the museum examined this and other caves in the region. While crawling with flashlights in the back of one of them, a member of the party scuffled up a peculiar-looking bone. This bone added new life to the investigation. It turned out to be a bone from the claw of the giant sloth, now extinct for several thousand years. In the cave also were slight evidences of human occupation. Who else could have been here but our friend from Folsom?

For the next four years the University of New Mexico dug in this cave, now called Sandia Cave from the name of the mountains in which it is located. The entire cave revealed not so much as a fragment of Folsom Man himself. Folsom points, yes, in fair numbers, along

with other evidences that Folsom Man had used the cave as a hunting station, where he lived, slept, ate, and dragged portions of the animals he had killed. But nothing to fill the tremendous gap between Folsom times and the times of the ancient inhabitants of Mexico and Peru. Instead, in the Sandia Cave evidences of another and still earlier hunter were discovered!

Deep below the cave floor, which was littered with the remains of the Folsom occupation, was another cave floor. A sterile layer separated these two, evidently representing a tremendous space of time. On this lowermost and earliest cave floor were ample evidences that man had lived here in those times also: pieces of flint, fire hearths, burned stones, bits of bone shaped into points, and above all, masses of animal bones, all of extinct types—remains of many ancient meals. The points found in and around these bones were lance points, somewhat like the Folsom ones and used in much the same way, but different in shape. These were pointed and rounded in the manner of a willow leaf, and with a small notch, or shoulder, on one side to affix them to the lance shaft.

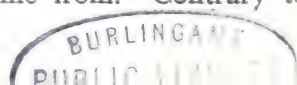
The plot grew thicker. Now we had a hunter roaming these plains and mountains, and hunting the mammoth and the horse and the camel, even before Folsom Man!

IV

THE Sandia Cave left still unanswered the question as to where these hunters originated. A clue to the answer was found in a curio store in Ketchikan, Alaska.

On the dusty shelves of a typical Alaskan store catering to the tourist trade was a flint point. It was dirty, unnoticed, and had been kicked around for some time amid a welter of Eskimo flint, Indian basketry, and other oddments of primitive life. This, however, was no ordinary flint point. Yes, it was a Folsom point, distinct in shape, in chipping, in use. There is nothing else in the world like it.

It was only a few years ago that we pounced on this flint point, blew the dust from it with a cry of exultation, and asked the somewhat startled curio proprietor where it had come from. Contrary to



usual curio custom, this man, an astute and enthusiastic Alaskan, remembered. "Sure, I know where it came from. Eagle Johnson, up at Seldovia, found it over on the north shore of Cook's Inlet. Why do you want to know, anyway?"

Why we wanted to know is all too obvious now. A Folsom point in Alaska could mean only one thing—Folsom Man had passed that way. Alaska is close, very close, to the northeastern tip of Siberia. If we could demonstrate that Folsom Man had come across from Siberia and come down through the reaches of Canada, hunting as he came, we would have answered with certainty one of the most crying questions which we had posed for ourselves. Here was a clue of importance.

But one Folsom point does not make a history, or an invasion. So in 1941 we fitted out an expedition to Alaska and set sail from Seattle in a small, chartered boat to retrace the steps which Early Man had taken. From the evidence which we had already at hand it seemed most likely that man came down from Alaska via the inland route—roughly the same route which the Alcan Highway now occupies. Nowadays, however, a boat still offers the easiest and quickest way to get to almost any place in Alaska.

Hunting for gold in Alaska is hard enough. Hunting for the origin of one Folsom point is even more difficult, although the results are scarcely less valuable—at least in the scientific world. All the way up the coast of British Columbia, and in every one of the small Alaskan ports where we stopped, we questioned everyone we could find, especially "old Alaskans," or "muckers."

Alaskan "muckers," hard-rock miners, trappers, Indians, in fact all the real Alaskans that we questioned, were of one opinion—if we were interested in bones, we should go to Fairbanks. We showed the two or three Folsom points that we had with us to all of those questioned, but invariably they shook their heads. "Never saw anything like it. But if you are interested in bones, go to Fairbanks." Or, as one old, one-legged mucker put it, "We never find any Indian gadgets, nor any Indians, for that matter, but if you

are looking for bones, my mine up on the Yukon is full of them."

FIRED by these stories, we decided that our first real point of investigation would be the Fairbanks area. It seemed logical that if we were looking for the earliest remains of a hunter, we should follow the evidences of the animals that he hunted. Then too, there had been some suggestions of human evidences in these frozen muck deposits near Fairbanks. One miner, using a hydraulic stream of water to wash down the muck deposits, had reported finding evidences of a fire frozen in a muck wall. Another had reported finding a flint point of uncertain shape which had washed out of the muck with the stream of water. It was impossible to tell whether this flint point had come from the very top of the muck near the grass roots or had been buried many feet below the surface. At all events, it looked promising.

We were not disappointed. These Alaskan miners, digging down through the heavy silt, or muck, which blankets most of the northern or peninsular area of Alaska, encountered animal bones in trainload lots. It took no expert to tell that these were not ordinary bones, but the remains of animals no longer living—at least in Alaska.

This muck is a black silt, eternally frozen from three feet below the surface down to an unknown depth. Its origin is a little mysterious, but apparently it is made up largely of wind-blown dust—dust and dirt swept up in gales and winds many thousands of years ago when the Yukon Valley was surrounded by glaciers. Mixed in the muck at all levels, and in practically all places, are the remains of animals, and also of vegetation—all frozen solid. As the miners in their pits thawed their way down through the muck with steam jets and boiling water to get at the gold beneath, they encountered bones and trees, masses of leaves, peat, and all other evidences that there had once been in these places a populous animal life, as well as the bushes, grass, and other vegetation which sustained it. The remarkable thing was that many of these animal bones still had flesh on them, or tendons, or

scraps of skin. Here in one place we would find the foreleg of a mammoth; in another place a portion of a mammoth trunk jutted out of a frozen wall. There, melting out of the side of a miner's cavity, was a small patch of lion skin, with yellow hair on it. It has been a long time since there were any lions in Alaska.

FOR three weeks we haunted the muck pits of the Fairbanks area. In this region the Fairbanks Exploration Company, with the aid of tremendous streams of water, had washed away the muck from acres of ground, exposing whole creek valleys, to get at the gold beneath. In the summer, as the muck gradually thawed back an inch or two a day, this sludge was sluiced away. Constantly in this sluicing process bones and animal remains came to light, so that around many of these pits great piles of paleontological material had been collected by the simple process of the miners' throwing it out of their way. We were amazed at the tremendous number of bones that had been preserved simply by having been frozen these last ten thousand years. Nothing would do but that we taste a piece of almost black, frozen mammoth meat. This particular portion was a piece of the hip of one of the animals. The flesh was dark, coarse-grained, but apparently perfectly preserved. After rudimentary cooking it tasted very much as one would expect it to taste—like a combination of sand and mud. However, the Eskimo dogs attendant upon the expedition seemed to relish this ten-thousand-year-old meat greatly.

Whatever the edible disadvantages of the animal remains of the muck pits might be, the scientific value was enormous. Whereas in parts of the Southwest, where Early Man had first been discovered, bones accompanying his relics were very fragile, and in many cases were jacketed with plaster of Paris and removed whole to the museum, here in the frozen muck of Alaska the bones of these animals were as solid as when the animals first died. Not only that, but if one specimen of one particular kind of animal should be chipped or injured in any way, there were a dozen other identical specimens near at

hand. The picture was one of animal life in abundance. Great herds of mammoth, bison, camel, horse, moose, deer, and all of the carnivores that preyed upon these animals were present. The ferocious Alaskan lion, which looked like a combination of an African lion and a Bengal tiger, was there, as were a large wolf and a bear and several lesser cats. In one place in the Fairbanks area a bulldozer was scraping off the top of the muck and pushing the oozy mass into a sluice box so that the water would carry it away. At each passage of the blade of the bulldozer, tusks and bones of mammoth rolled up in front until the machine could not push them. As the black ooze among the bones thawed out in the Alaskan summer sun the stench could be smelled for miles—the stench of thousands of tons of rotting mammoth meat that had just thawed out after ten thousand years of refrigeration.

The mammal remains indeed were so prolific in this region that we were somewhat at a loss as to how to find the remains of man among them. These animals were of the same species, and presumably of the same time, as those which man had killed in New Mexico. With game in such abundance it seemed a certainty that we would find some evidence of man among them either where man had killed the animals or where the animals had killed man. Week after week rolled by. We trudged the muck pits for miles in every direction. We visited every mining operation that was penetrating the muck blanket and that had encountered any mammal bones at all. We explored the banks of the Tanana River and the upper Yukon River for many miles where these streams cut through the muck deposits. Nowhere was there evidence of man; and yet it seemed a surety that he must have been there and must have left some evidence. Game in such abundance, herds of animals of every conceivable description, must certainly have attracted a hunter of his prowess.

AND then came the day! We had just finished helping some paleontologists collect the skull and jaws of a particularly fine specimen of Alaskan lion. We had

asked the hose man to play his stream of water over a section of the muck where we suspected more of the lion might be. As the muddy water ebbed away, there it was—pink, and flint, and undoubtedly made by the hand of man—a point of the Folsom shape, still frozen securely into the muck bank not three feet from the remains of the lion upon which we had been working. This place was seventy-five feet below the surface of the present-day valley. Here was one single point in almost a month's work—the only evidence we had that at least one pair of human eyes had seen these great herds of animals in their prime. It was not much evidence, but nonetheless frozen in place, indubitable, and man-made.

V

WE HAD one point; now we wanted to know more. But this one single, infinitesimal bit of flint which we had finally found lay underneath a tremendous thickness of muck. How could we hope to find more evidence in all the vastness of Alaska, when this muck blanket was pierced only in a few pinpoints where man had dug down through it to get out gold? The gold that we sought was scarcer even than that yellow stuff which had caused the rush into the Yukon in 1898. But then, there was the point which we had seen in the curio store in Saskatchewan, that same flint point that had originally brought us to Alaska. Now for Eagle Johnson and the place where he had found one of these distinctive pieces of flint, apparently on the surface.

Eagle Johnson lived in Seldovia, a small fishing town on the Kenai Peninsula. Just short of Seldovia our little boat—our base for scientific operations—had to put into shelter because of a violent storm such as only this part of Alaska can offer. As the wind blew and howled and whipped sheets of water across our deck we crept into a small inlet, called Dick's Hole, on the Kenai coast. In the darkness of the storm we anchored alongside a small fishing boat already there. In two days' time the storm had blown itself out to a series of fitful gusts—still nasty but not bad enough to prevent our making a visit to

the fishing craft. We had no more than thrown our legs over the rail than we began as usual to ask the Folsom question. The response was immediate: "Eagle Johnson? Sure, I know him, or rather, knew him. He has been dead for a couple of years."

Eagle Johnson dead! The one man in all Alaska who might have told us where we would find the most evidence of the Folsom invasion! But the burly fisherman continued: "Why, if you are so danged interested, seems to me I remember Eagle finding a lot of flint points and bones over at Chinitna Bay."

We could not wait until the storm had finally whipped itself out to leave the Kenai coast and head for Chinitna Bay across Cook's Inlet. Chinitna Bay is vast, with many miles of shore line; and we might easily be unable, with this sketchy information, to find anything so obscure as a few bones or a few pieces of flint weathering out of a bank some place. However, it narrowed our problem so much that we certainly could not complain.

We celebrated our advent into Chinitna Bay by running hard aground at full speed on some lava rocks at the entrance of its uncharted waters. A lucky tide and, for once, a lucky wind got us off only slightly damaged. By some feeling around and much sounding we discovered that even though the bay itself was many miles in length, there was only one part of it which was deep enough and sheltered enough to float even our small boat. There we anchored. Close to this spot on the west side of Chinitna Bay a small creek emptied into the salty water. There were some evidences on the beach that fishermen occasionally landed here to get fresh water; and almost from the moment we first stepped to shore and pulled our dinghy up on the shale, we felt somehow hopeful. I do not think we would have been very much amazed to have seen a herd of mammoth grazing on the shore, so close did we feel to Folsom Man.

We had scarcely left the boat at the head of the beach when we found our first piece of flint, and then another and another. It was easy to see where Eagle Johnson had made his discoveries several years before. The high tides and vicious

winds in this section of Alaska had swept into the mouth of the bay on innumerable occasions, and had cut away the western shore far above normal high-tide mark. The result was a bank at the head of the beach from which bones, pieces of frozen wood, and bits of flint projected. Littered at the foot of the bank, already washed out by this process, were many other remains. Here was the place!

Excitedly we followed the evidence along the beach for almost a mile. It seemed that Folsom Man had camped and killed and eaten here on many occasions. And here were the results of campfires, bits of charcoal, charred mammoth bones. Folsom points were not numerous, but bits of flint which had been chipped from the points during their manufacture were everywhere.

WE RETURNED to the boat that night elated. We would stay here and excavate at least a week or so in order to gather more evidence and be absolutely certain of our ground before we announced the find. But that night another storm came up. The wind blew viciously for three days. Sheets of rain swept over the ship. Occasionally through rifts in the storm we could see the great bulk of Mount Iliamna, a large volcano looming above us, sending up a great plume of smoke and steam into the troubled sky. On the fourth day we got ashore with much difficulty, again for only a brief stay. A great Kodiak bear had very carefully smelled all of the places where we had sat or dug or left our scent, and had excavated great holes in the site with his claws. The anger of this bear at our intrusion had dug out some very nice specimens for us from the extremely hard bank, but we were slightly apprehensive

lest he return in the middle of our excavations rather than in the evening after we had finished.

We had anchored off the Chinitna Bay site for only a week when we began to find why Folsom Man had moved out from this position, no matter how good the hunting had been here. Storm after storm swept over. The tides ran in and out of Chinitna Bay like a millrace. Anchor cables chafed through and snapped. The wind blew off or broke everything movable on the superstructure of our boat. (The unfortunate thing was, of course, that such weather was not at all unusual in that area.) At last, goaded by the elements, but vowing our intention to return as soon as possible, we left with only a handful of specimens and a few photographs.

Discouraging as this was, we had enough to prove conclusively that Folsom Man had been there. Even though we had again failed to find any skeletal remains of the man himself, the evidence of his flint points was distinctive. He had been there, and undoubtedly Chinitna Bay had been one of the first points of his invasion. He had come from Siberia across the Bering Strait, following the herds of animals that now lie frozen in the eternal muck. Even as we left Chinitna Bay to the wind and rain we had visions of some day finding Folsom Man himself frozen solid in some muck bank; not only his skeleton would we have, but the skin and tendons and flesh and hair—the whole man himself—so that there would be no doubt that we were looking at the face of one of the first Americans.

Then came the war. Immediately after it, God willing, we hope to fare forth again, still on the back trail of the invasion of Folsom Man. This time, as you can guess, into Siberia.

THE Easy Chair Bernard DeVoto



IN THE May Easy Chair I described the illegal suppression in Boston of Miss Lillian Smith's novel, *Strange Fruit*. This month I want to discuss an issue of literary censorship not often raised. But first I had better summarize what has happened in our local case.

Shortly after the May *Harper's* went to press, the Massachusetts committee of the Civil Liberties Union undertook to coordinate the protest, which had been sporadic and unfocused. The first step was to strip away the comfortable illegality which is unique to Boston and which permits a private citizen, who has no official status whatever but is head of a booksellers' committee, to prevent the circulation of a book. It was decided to force the responsible public officials to accept responsibility for the suppression of *Strange Fruit*. A Cambridge bookseller proved willing to sell a copy of the novel for the purpose of making a test case. The Civil Liberties Union asked me to buy a copy from him. When our arrangements had been made, we asked the publishers of the book to co-operate with us and they agreed to. I take care to say this flatly, for some of our opponents have repeatedly alleged in print that the test case was made on the publishers' initiative and for the primary purpose of advertising the book. That allegation is entirely untrue. The initiative was ours. We are citizens of Massachusetts and have no books to sell. We had completed our arrangements before we asked the publishers to come in. We should have gone ahead without them if they had refused.

In the presence of the Cambridge police, then, I bought a copy of the novel from the bookseller. The police confiscated it, charged me with buying an obscene book with intent to lend or circulate

it, and charged the bookseller with possessing an obscene book with intent to sell, and with selling it. In the lower court I was found not guilty and the bookseller was found guilty on both counts. On appeal the case will probably be tried in the Superior Court before this issue of *Harper's* is on the stands. We hope to carry it to the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts. We hope that that court will decide in such a way as to establish the interpretation of the Massachusetts anti-obscenity statute for which we are contending.

AN AMENDMENT passed in 1930 was clearly intended to liberalize that statute, and our present case is based on the fact that the amendment has not been construed by a court of appeal. Even with this liberalizing amendment, however, and quite apart from a higher court's construction, the statute stimulates meditation. It covers every kind of printed matter, picture, image, phonograph record, "or other thing," which is obscene, indecent, or impure, or manifestly tends to corrupt the morals of youth. The statute makes it a crime to import, print, publish, sell, or distribute any such item. It makes it a crime to introduce such an item into a school or into a family. Finally, it makes it a crime to receive or to possess such an item for the purpose of exhibiting it or loaning it, or with intent to introduce it into a family.

I count myself an ordinary and ordinarily decent citizen. I have a library of several thousand volumes. By the interpretation adopted by the police, by the criteria of the Boston booksellers' committee and the local society which undertakes to improve Boston morals, many hundreds of those volumes come under the statute.

I bought them with intent to introduce them into a home, my own. I have lent many of them. I have received many from publishers without paying for them, and the publishers introduced them into my home. Unless a high court construes the statute otherwise, then, I have committed, not once but many hundreds of times, a crime punishable by a fine of two thousand dollars and a sentence of two and one-half years in jail. Every official and every trustee of a public library in Massachusetts has frequently committed the same crime. Many thousands of citizens of Massachusetts commit that crime every day.

The only protection of decent citizens against a statute otherwise absurd and intolerable is such a construction as we hope to get from a high court—a construction which will secure us in the right to own and circulate good books. Such a construction, the very least that can be asked for, must establish an intelligent interpretation of the wording of the statute, “. . . which is obscene, indecent or impure, or manifestly tends to corrupt the morals of youth.” But if this is the very least that can be asked for, it is by no means enough.

I think it is futile to try, for purposes of literary censorship, to define impurity, indecency, and a manifest tendency to corrupt the morals of youth. And I think it is extremely dangerous to forbid the ownership of any books whatsoever and almost as dangerous to try to limit their circulation. To establish a reliable public policy I am willing to compromise with those who think otherwise—I am willing to state a point beyond which I will not urge the individual's rights if my adversaries will secure him so far. But I do so in a profound conviction that if there be any evil in circulating literature, any measure to limit it is a far greater danger than the one it undertakes to prevent.

OUR opponents try to define erotic stimulation in such a way that they can, so they believe, limit it short of action. There is no satisfactory index to such a definition and I can imagine no limitation that would not seriously infringe basic rights. Certainly literature

can be an erotic stimulant, though certainly also it must always be one of the weakest. But it is absurd to limit literature while other, stronger stimulants go free—and it is quite impossible to determine what they may be. Everyone knows from his own experience—and psychology would inform him if he did not—that the world is full of sexual stimulants, that casual and accidental associations may endow anything at all with erotic significance and so with the power of stimulation. Everyone lives his daily life in an environment which at any moment may thrust sex into his consciousness—from the song of birds to the melody of a waltz, from a department store window to the way a woman walks down a sidewalk, from a glimpse of a landscape to a memory of one's youth. The idea that the world can be wiped free of such suggestions is not only abhorrent, it is obviously preposterous. Moreover, I do not understand the ground on which anyone who may chance to want casual stimulation, from literature or otherwise, can be denied it.

In fact, we must go well beyond that. The Bible, Shakespeare, and many other literary classics contain impure, obscene, or sexually stimulating passages but no one would forbid their circulation—they are not obscene books, they do not manifestly tend to corrupt the morals of youth. The same must be said of all seriously written fiction, poetry, and drama. But I doubt if society can, either intelligently or expediently, draw the line I draw when I say “seriously written.”

Take a celebrated eighteenth-century novel, *The Memoirs of a Prostitute*. It is graceful, charming, and amusing—and it is pornographic in fact and in intent. But I can see no grounds in law or statecraft on which John Doe, the ordinary decent citizen, can be forbidden to own it or to lend it privately to his friends. If John Doe must not be constrained, on what ground can we deny the same freedom to Richard Roe, who is perhaps by no means ordinarily decent? In short, how and wherefore can we prohibit even vulgar, disgusting, and deliberately exciting pornography to either Doe or Roe so long as he remains orderly in possessing it and uses it in socially inoffensive ways? I hap-

pen to dislike blatant pornography, but neither dislike nor a difference of taste sanctions me to forbid it to others. Taste, fastidiousness, and moral judgment are one thing, but the legal enforcement of them on others is something else. I do not see how such discriminations can be given the sanction of law without curtailing a basic civil right. The right to own and read pornography appears to me unquestionable.

Justice Holmes reminded us that the freedom constitutionally guaranteed the press extends to ideas which, perhaps, we may hate and abhor. It is the hateful, the abhorrent idea whose freedom must be most vigorously defended, since there will be serious pressure against no other ideas. This principle is nowhere more urgent than in literature which deals with the perilous and paradoxical matter of sex, since not only our most profound beliefs are involved but also inflammatory prejudices and violent unconscious drives. The right to treat sex decently must by all means be secured, and most protests against censorship, including our current one, are intended to secure that right. But there would appear to be another right as well, a right to write and read pornography in socially peaceful ways. Whether there is or not, I can see no way of giving indecency a legal definition without opening the door to evils far worse than indecency.

THOSE who hold otherwise think of literature as an incitement to action. We must forbid people to read a given book, they believe, because if they read it they will forthwith seek sexual intercourse, perhaps committing seduction or rape in their haste. One of my current opponents holds that we must not modify the Massachusetts statute because "every time there is a sex murder we find the murderer's room full of sex pulp magazines." The more common argument is that though adults cannot be driven wild by a printed page we must not let them have a given book because some adolescent might get hold of it. But we must take care of the potential sex murderer as we take care of other psychopaths. We do not forbid the sale of liquor because dipsomaniacs

use it, of matches because pyromaniacs use them, or of automobiles because nymphomaniacs use them. We put no limitation on their socially acceptable use, and refuse to regard them as incitements to crime on the ground that the young or the morally crippled have access to them. We protect society from the psychopath, we do not force it to conform to his disease. And, even if elements of society are dangerous to adolescents, we cannot rearrange it for their protection. After the ordinary measures of public safety have been taken, the ordinary activity of adults must proceed without reference to the young.

Is anything more desirable? The adolescent as well as the mature must run their chances in a world of reality, and the conception of a world stripped of hazard is abhorrent. It is also fantastic. With sex as with diet, religion, and ethics, we must depend on intelligence, sound training, good judgment, and good taste. If these cannot equip adolescents to deal sanely with sex, then assuredly no legislature or police chief can. Is it not absurd to confide the management of a fighter plane in battle to an adolescent and yet suppose that his moral sense needs protection against something which a novelist has written in a book? Certainly sex may be a menace to the young—it may be a menace to anyone who is hampered by ignorance, bigotry, superstition, or fear—and there are many other menaces and possibilities of downfall which cannot possibly be destroyed. Let teachers, parents, priests, and pastors give the young knowledge, and let legislatures protect adults from a mistaken and cowardly antisepsis which can by no means serve the young or anyone else. It is not the state's business to forbid me to read anything whatsoever or to make my purchase of it criminal. It is particularly not its business to forbid me to read a book on the ground that that book might excite my neighbor's son. Let my neighbor educate his son. Let him have the wisdom to allot the police no part in his son's education. And if it fails, let him not penalize me.

BUT the compromise? Well, I do not believe that good books are a danger to adolescents, and I do not believe that

pornographic books are, either, but I am willing to compromise my belief in accordance with Justice Holmes's doctrine of the clear and present danger. Freedom of speech, the Justice said, does not sanction anyone to shout "Fire!" in a crowded theater. I think, however, that one is free to shout "Fire!" in the privacy of one's library, and the ordinary adult should be secure in his right to read in his own home any kind of book he may desire to read there—and to buy it free of imputation and penalty.

It is obviously true that an adolescent may encounter a book in a private home or a public library or a bookstore. But that risk, and the supposed risk that it may excite him, cannot be obviated without curtailing the essential liberties of everyone. A clear and present danger, I am willing to agree, might be a peddler trying to sell blatant pornography to high-school students in the back rooms of corner stores. I am willing to forbid the surreptitious sale of such literature to adolescents. I am willing to make it illegal, on behalf of adolescents—and on behalf of the inevitable father who touches off most censorship in the fear, the usually belated fear, that his daughter may find something in a book that is altogether new to her.

But I require something of that father in return. He must help me to make sure that the police, once they have been empowered to do so much, do not do more. He must defend the right of adults to read whatever they may choose to read. He must defend them, especially, in their right to read books whose treatment of sex he himself hates and abhors. He must bind himself to do so in the contract which binds me to protect his daughter from pornography. But let him do so for a weightier reason as well: that, if he does not, then he and all the rest of us will be put in peril.

FOR make no mistake, when we limit expression in any way, we take a knife from its sheath and hold its edge against our own throats. In relinquishing part of our own freedom we have circumscribed the freedom of writers, and we have thereby interfered with their search for truth, on whose success our own well-being rests. I am not dismayed by that, though I resent it, for nothing can long or successfully impede the search for truth. No penalty will stop it and no prohibition can prevail against it, and in trying to limit the freedom of writers we succeed only in impairing our own dignity. But when we accept any limitation on our own freedom to read and speak as we see fit, we do not merely lose dignity. We put ourselves under threat of destruction and invite the police power to execute the threat.

Between protecting your daughter from the chance of encountering *The Memoirs of a Prostitute* and forbidding you to read *Venus and Adonis* or the nineteenth chapter of Genesis there is only a single step, across an almost impalpable line. But short as that step is, the next one is still shorter. Once taken, it will forbid you to read whatever offends the caprice or endangers the interest of those who make the prohibition—Marx, the catechism, the Declaration of Independence, Mr. Roosevelt's speeches, or the editorial page of a newspaper which any gang of revolutionaries, bigots, ward politicians, or mere fools may happen to hate, fear, or dislike. That knife is at your throat and you put it there when you consented to the first step. You consented to the political infringement of an intellectual liberty, and there are always forces interested in extending that infringement. When you voluntarily agreed to the first step, you agreed to let a breach be made in the common, fundamental defense. That breach is an open invitation to whoever may profit by widening it.

{ *Earl Brown, well known for the
accuracy of his political reporting,
is on the staff of Life magazine.* }

THE NEGRO VOTE, 1944: A FORECAST

EARL BROWN



THE Negro vote—about two million strong—is shifting back into the Republican column. The shift began soon after the presidential election of 1940 and it hasn't stopped yet. In 1942, Negroes gave a majority of their votes to Republican candidates for congressional and state offices almost everywhere north of the Mason-Dixon line. It was the first time since 1932 that they had done so, for in 1936 and 1940 they had abandoned their traditional Republicanism to swing heavily behind President Roosevelt. Now they are swinging away from the Democratic Party; and the change is important not only in itself but because, if it continues, it may prove a deciding factor next fall in case the presidential race is otherwise close.

The recent shift in some localities has been very revealing. Take Harlem, for instance—one of the few Negro communities in the country that was Democratic before the New Deal. In the 1938 election Governor Herbert H. Lehman, Democrat, carried Harlem by four to one against Thomas E. Dewey. In that election Lehman carried the state of New York as a whole by only 64,000 votes; if Harlem had gone against him he would have been defeated. In 1942 Harlem swung the other way, contributing to Dewey's election. And in a special election held last February in the Twenty-first Congressional District of New York, a

large part of which is in Harlem, the colored people again went Republican—a fact which is said to have caused President Roosevelt deep concern.

Or take the state of Kentucky. There are more than a hundred thousand Negro voters in Kentucky, and they hold the balance of power in Louisville, where state elections are often decided. In 1936 and 1940 the colored voters in the state went Democratic by about two to one. In November, 1943, by contrast, the Republican candidate for governor, Simeon E. Willis, declared after the election—which he won by the narrow margin of less than 5,000 votes—that he owed his victory to the Negro voters; and Mrs. Willis said that as far as she could figure every Negro in Kentucky who had ever voted the Republican ticket did so on that occasion.

In a special election held last March in the Second Congressional District of Pennsylvania, which is located in the colored section of Philadelphia, a Republican won for the first time since the New Deal; 58 per cent of the colored voters voted for him, though they had previously gone Democratic by as much as three to one. In Baltimore last year, Negroes gave a majority of their votes to Theodore J. McKeldin, Republican candidate for mayor, and aided measurably in his election. In the meantime a majority of the colored voters in New Jersey, Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Missouri, West Virginia,

and other states have either registered as Republicans or supported Republican candidates in the past year or two. In Cleveland more than 80 per cent of the Negro voters are said to be registered in the Republican column.

Nor is that all. Though the colored vote is important in at least seventeen Northern states, its greatest significance lies in the fact that it constitutes a balance of power in eight big ones. These states are New York, Illinois, Pennsylvania, Ohio, New Jersey, Indiana, Missouri, and Michigan. They have a total of 202 electoral votes—and it takes only 266 to win. No man has ever been elected President without carrying at least some of them, particularly the first four. And these four states have more colored voters than any others. That is why the current shift may be of pivotal importance.

II

WHAT is behind the shift? The following are the chief reasons:

1. *The outraged feeling of many colored citizens over the way Negroes are treated in the Army.* Accustomed to hearing the President champion the rights of the underprivileged during the depression, colored people have expected him, as Commander in Chief, to do something about the numerous cases of intimidation, discrimination, and segregation which have been reported both in letters written home by Negro soldiers from Southern camps and in stories played up in the Negro press. These reports have probably done more than anything else to dampen the ardor of the colored folk for President Roosevelt.

2. *The scars left by the race riots last summer, and the fear that more riots may break out this year or later.* Many Negroes felt that the President let them down last summer. They deeply resented Attorney General Biddle's recommendation, after the Detroit riot, that Southern Negroes be stopped from migrating to that city in order to prevent more racial trouble. They felt that the President himself should have made a radio address to the nation condemning race riots and assuring the general public that the government was taking resolute steps to prevent them.

When he failed to do this, many colored leaders predicted that he would pay for it at the polls if he ran again.

3. *The failure of the government to enforce the President's executive order prohibiting discrimination in war industries and government departments.* Though the President set up the Fair Employment Practice Committee to see that his order was carried out, it had no power, and Negro opinion regards its performance as having been little better than a farce. When, for instance, the FEPC found that Southern railroads were discriminating against Negroes in the employment of firemen, and ordered them to hire Negroes, the railroads refused to do so, the problem was dumped in the President's lap, he appointed another committee to "investigate" the situation, and nothing more was heard of the matter.

4. *The numerous attacks on the colored population by Southern orators in Congress, and the new campaign for "white supremacy" in the South.* Since the authors of these attacks have been Democrats, there has been an inevitably adverse effect upon the Democratic loyalties of Negro voters—an effect summed up in the recent statement of Earl B. Dickerson, a Negro leader in Chicago and former member of the FEPC: "Though I have long been a Democrat, I cannot go along with the party and maintain my self-respect. . . . I am now convinced that the Negro can never get anywhere in the Democratic Party as long as it is dominated by Southerners."

In addition to these four chief reasons for the swing toward the Republican side, there is of course another. Negroes seldom vote along racial lines unless the records of candidates compel them to. Like other citizens they vote as they do for a variety of reasons; and their shift since 1940 has not simply been due to their reactions on racial issues but has also been a part of the general nationwide drift toward the G.O.P.

III

ALL this is not to say that the vote is in the bag for the G.O.P. Many Negroes will undoubtedly vote the Democratic ticket again this year—if Mr. Roosevelt runs again. (If he does not, the



Democrats may just as well say good-by to the colored vote.) Some Negro leaders who have been among the severest critics of his Administration are ready to back him again because of what he has done in their behalf in the past, and argue that when he begins to campaign he will certainly woo colored voters back into his fold by the thousands. "Just wait till he gets going along about September," they say. Furthermore, in Governor Dewey the Negro voters have a probable Republican candidate at whom they will certainly level devastating broadsides. For they hold three specific things against Dewey: first, his failure to back a state fair-employment-practice bill last winter—a measure which had been introduced by a Republican state senator and would have passed if the Governor had supported it; second, what they consider his double-talk about the anti-poll-tax bill (he said he was in favor of it, but refused to ask any Republican senator to vote for cloture); and third, his refusal to favor the Green-Lucas soldier-vote bill, which they supported solidly.

There are other factors, too, which will probably produce Democratic votes. In Harlem the congressional candidacy of the Rev. Adam C. Powell on the Democratic ticket—with solid Communist support—will have its effect, for although the Rev. Mr. Powell is a preacher-demagogue he is popular with the Harlem masses. If the CIO Political Action Committee prosecutes a doorbell-ringing campaign in the colored sections of the large cities, it will win thousands of valuable votes for Roosevelt, and the influence of pro-Roosevelt unions on their Negro members will probably be strong anyhow. Finally, the Negro population still admire Mrs. Roosevelt fervently for having the courage to stand up and fight their battles for them, and they will remember this when they go to the polling booths next November.

THOUGH these factors will certainly cause many Negroes to vote for President Roosevelt if he runs again, and may, in fact, swing a majority of them back into the Democratic column, it is now equally

true that the reasons why they have supported Republican candidates since 1940 will cause them to support them this year. As matters stand now, the Democrats have more worrying to do about recapturing the colored vote than the Republicans have about keeping it.

Moreover, the colored voters cannot be wooed any more by either party through payoffs to a few Negroes near election day or even during the heat of the campaign. It certainly will not help the Administration to appoint some Negro to high office between now and November 6th, for this would be interpreted as a purely vote-seeking gesture and be discounted. If by chance a serious race riot were to break out this summer, or if there were grave trouble in an Army camp involving Negro soldiers, the movement toward the Republican column would become much more pronounced.

The so-called Negro vote is the result of residential segregation in Northern cities, such as New York and Chicago. When Negroes migrated from the South to Northern cities by the hundreds of thousands during and after the First World War, they were segregated in the least desirable sections and prevented from moving in many instances because of real-estate covenants and other restrictive measures. The fact that they lived together in "black belts," however, made them easily accessible as a group to politicians, who usually appealed to them for their votes on racial lines. Thus Negroes were taught to think of their votes as a quid pro quo, and that is how many of them use them today.

Actually, however, Negroes have no real status in either major party nationally, although during the campaigns both parties employ a few would-be Negro leaders to electioneer among the colored voters for their support at the polls. Many Negroes are well aware of this fact; and so the party that nails a real plank into its platform concerning the Negro this year, and then enlists the co-operation of first-class colored citizens to work as equals with other party leaders to put over its candidate, will go a long way toward winning the Negro vote.

{ *Arthur L. Mayer, operator of the Rialto Theater in New York as well as other theaters, is now high in the management of the movie industry's war activities.* }

PREMATURE OBITUARY

The Adventures of a Movie Theater Operator

ARTHUR L. MAYER



I STRAYED into the motion picture industry through a blunder, achieved my first advancement through a blunder, and have prospered, in moderation, since then through a series of immoderate blunders.

In my youthful and less vigilant days, I was on friendly terms with a banker. To him I confided—apparently with more zeal than lucidity—my enthusiasm for pictures, meaning all that passes for pictorial art. My financial adviser, however, with the intuition for which his vocation is famous, failed to comprehend that my interest was confined to pictures of a strictly static nature. He told me that he was lending several millions to a leading light of the picture industry, Mr. Samuel Goldwyn, and gave me a letter of introduction to him.

This was just twenty-five years ago. Mr. Goldwyn was not yet the legendary character that astute press agents have since made him. Indeed, though it would have pained him to know it, his name meant nothing to me. It did not take me long to realize, however, that he was no dealer in fine arts. He was—and still is—an unbeatable combination of Barnum, Dali, and Rockefeller, with overtones of Mrs. Malaprop thrown in for sound commercial considerations. He is one of the few picture producers who are assets

rather than liabilities not only to their publicity departments but also to their technical staffs. But at the very outset of my career he impressed upon me a basic creed which has for many years served to shackle American picture production. "Get yourself," he said, "a few stars, a well-known author, and a competent director, and you have the mucus of a good picture."

My apprenticeship to Goldwyn also taught me, and experience has since confirmed the lesson, that radical or artistic productions like "Caligari," which he gallantly imported in spite of his associates, have to be forced upon reluctant picture-goers, but that there is an unfailing market for tawdry romance, ancient sentimentalities, and hokum humor. Mr. Mencken once said, "No one ever went broke underestimating the intelligence of the public." Certainly no man like myself, who has peddled pictures for twenty-five years, can have anything except a profound skepticism concerning popular taste or its receptivity to new ideas and experimental techniques.

For 1943 the National Board of Review rated "The Ox-Bow Incident" the year's best picture. It had another distinction—it was the lowest-grossing "A" feature released by Twentieth Century-Fox that season. The New York City Critics Guild gave first prize to "The Watch on the

Rhine"; it did less business than any other recent Bette Davis picture. On the other hand, synthetic shockers like "Hitler's Children" will gross between three and four million dollars.

I CAN refer disrespectfully to "Hitler's Children" because I was, so to speak, their godfather. The story of their genesis may help to confirm my contention that luck rather than logic is the determining factor in material success—or possibly that it is wiser to eat at Sardi's than at Childs's. For it was at Sardi's one day that I bumped into Mr. Jake Wilk, the sagacious book and play reader of Warner Brothers, who, probably more than any other man, is responsible for Warner's selection of such magnificent social documents as "Confessions of a Nazi Spy," "Black Legion," and "The Watch on the Rhine." Mr. Wilk, as befits a man of his vocation, is invariably morose. On this occasion he was, if possible, more morose than usual. Over his canneloni he confided to me that his organization had decided to make no more propaganda films and was consequently passing up the book *Education for Death*; but that he was certain that this theme, if translated into picture terms, would help to awaken the American public to the menace of Nazi militarism. (It might be added that only a few weeks later Warner Brothers undertook the production of "Mission to Moscow"!)

Mr. Wilk expatiated so eloquently on the social values inherent in *Education for Death* that in a moment of zeal for the public welfare I urged its independent production, and even offered to make a small investment in the project. I suggested as producer Mr. Edward Golden, an affable and experienced veteran. Under Mr. Golden's astute auspices the propaganda elements of *Education for Death* were eventually transmuted into the box-office blandishments of "Hitler's Children." The total cash investment made by the producing group amounted to \$20,000. The balance of the \$160,000 production cost was promoted from the distributors, a bank, and the laboratory. The net profit to all concerned approximated \$2,000,000. Devotion to the common

weal has rarely been more amply or promptly rewarded this side of heaven.

BUT to get back to my blundering start in what movie people in a rare display of reticence call the "game."

While working for Goldwyn, I formed an attachment for a personable young woman with dramatic ambitions. Nightly she acquitted herself of the lines, "Tea is served, Madam." Fortunately the tea was served in the first act, permitting my young lady to be available for more substantial services after 9:15 P.M. Frequently, therefore, I puttered around the Goldwyn Fifth Avenue offices until that hour, and on such occasions often noticed a tall, saturnine man gliding noiselessly and observantly about the premises. One day he summoned me into what had been until that moment Mr. Goldwyn's private office. He forced a cigar, thick as three thumbs, upon me, and told me that he, Joseph Godsall, was the new boss of Goldwyn, Inc. He was favorably impressed, he said, by a young man like myself whom he had observed spending long hours of unrewarded overtime at the office. I was forthwith appointed, without increase of salary, his special assistant.

Godsall was a financial genius who during the last war had sold spavined mules instead of spirited horses to France, was engaged in merchandising artificial pearls to Fifth Avenue dowagers, and was now prepared to produce second-rate pictures, labeled de luxe specials. He started work daily at 8:00 A.M. and stopped at 2:00 A.M., when he proceeded to inspect the Broadway hot spots. Occasionally he went home, but apparently only to discuss business with Mrs. Godsall, who managed the pearl-vending organization.

"The trouble with you," Mr. Godsall told me after I had handled his correspondence for a few months, "is that you cannot write good English. You have a genuine flair for finance but I need somebody to handle my mail who has enjoyed the educational advantages obviously denied you. In the meantime, we need your business acumen to safeguard our interest in the Ascher Theaters." Godsall was a man of action if not of perception. Before I could adequately establish my com-

mercial deficiencies or my Harvard culture, I found myself en route to Chicago, headquarters of the Ascher circuit.

Nate Ascher, who owned theaters in Chicago, Cincinnati, Dayton, Milwaukee, and other Midwestern cities, was typical of the first generation of picture operators—shrewd and shortsighted, aggressive and timid, kindly and unscrupulous. Goldwyn had purchased a controlling interest in his circuit, with money borrowed from the duPonts, and for a while everything was rosy. But, cursed by premature success, Ascher expanded too rapidly, and by the time I reached Chicago in 1922 was deep in debt, dissension, and disaster. He initiated me into three-entry bookkeeping, consisting of one record indicating rosy prospects for creditors, one showing business so bad as to merit film adjustments from the picture distributors, and a third revealing the actual situation. He himself was far too busy trying to finance his topheavy craft to pay much attention to theater management. Consequently I found myself a full-fledged theater operator.

Never did a man know less about the job he was assigned to. Next to a thorough knowledge of an industry, however, abysmal ignorance is the surest road to success. I summoned the house managers, told them I was a firm believer in personal initiative, free enterprise, and individual theater operation, and instructed them to take over immediately the active operation of their theaters, subject only to daily reports to me; and I put them all on a profit-sharing basis which made it almost as lucrative to run a successful theater as to filch money out of the cash register. The business responded promptly to the enthusiasm engendered by increased responsibility and remuneration.

We further relieved Ascher's financial stringency by selling the Roosevelt, the circuit's first-run theater on State Street, to Balaban and Katz, the rising colossi of show business, who, with characteristic vision, were planning to control the Chicago Loop theatrical situation. By such means we soon placed the Ascher circuit on so sound a business basis that it was able to buy out the Goldwyn interests, start a second expansion campaign, again

get hopelessly in debt, and wind up in bankruptcy.

II

IN THE meantime, I had joined Balaban and Katz. They were as typical of the second generation of theater operators as Ascher was of the first. More intelligent, industrious, and aggressive, they exerted a far more profound influence on show business. They are primarily responsible for the artistic atrocities of the modern picture palace, the obsequiousness of the Arrow-collared usher, and the fake splendor of rococo decorations, sinking carpets, and rising pipe organs. Their unerring showmanship made it obvious to them that men and women who had worked hard and subserviently for others all day long would appreciate entertainment under conditions approximating their notions of luxury and glamour. Today this is the basic principle of de luxe motion picture theater operation. It has made the American picture palace the leader in the installation of air-cooling, adequate acoustics, comfortable seating, well-planned illumination, and courteous service. The legitimate theater, vaudeville, and burlesque would not be in their present plight if they had been controlled by men with equal foresight and vigor.

Like so many other determining factors in my life, my close acquaintance with Sam Katz was due to a misunderstanding. At the time he bought the Roosevelt Theater from Nate Ascher he was only a little over thirty, an ex-piano player in a nickelodeon, a student of law, a barber's son with the manners and bearing of a man of the world and the indomitable spirit (as well as the slight stature) of a Napoleon. After the deal had gone through, Katz heard that I was promoting the erection of a new theater on Ascher property in the Loop, figuring that he would buy it rather than have it fall into the hands of some competitive theater operator. Such a business maneuver, which had never occurred to me, aroused his genuine interest. He also attributed to me the improved showmanship of the Ascher houses, for which the managerial bonuses were entirely responsible. Thus misguided, he persuaded me to become the representa-

tive of his firm in the operation of Lubliner and Trinz, the leading Chicago neighborhood theater circuit. Balaban and Katz had just purchased a 50 per cent interest in this outfit, leaving the name unchanged because (fortunately) no theater marquee was large enough to permit the names of all four proprietors to appear on it.

Lubliner and Trinz had twenty-four theaters, twelve managed by Lubliner relatives and twelve managed by Trinz relatives. At the time I became associated with them they had just acquired a twenty-fifth, which created an impasse; the balance of power was in jeopardy! I suggested disposing of a losing theater, but this was heresy. Theaters are to new circuits like heirlooms to old families. Eventually, therefore, we acquired a thoroughly undesirable twenty-sixth theater, sent a hurried call to an equally undesirable Lubliner relative in distant parts, and restored peace in the company's inner sanctum.

Lubliner and Trinz were specialists in costless advertising. We did not take big newspaper ads or use billboards, but we promoted our pictures through any channel which did not require an outlay of cash. If we played "Love Comes Along," we inserted a small notice among the want ads reading, "Wanted, a young couple to get married. We will furnish trousseau and pay expenses." We then promoted from neighborhood merchants far more generous gifts than the bride and groom would have received if they had been married at home. Flowers would be furnished by the local florist, and the happy young couple would be married on the stage, with excellent results for the box office if not for their future happiness. If we played "Flight," we would arrange a special showing for airport employees and aviators, in return for which, the following day, planes would nose-dive and barrel-roll free of charge over our theaters. We promoted ice cream for distribution on hot days and gave prizes, donated by local merchants, to patrons who guessed the correct temperature on cold days.

I worked amicably for several years with Lubliner and Trinz until I found one of the Trinz henchmen confusing the company's finances with his own. This dis-

covery, strangely enough, made Trinz far more furious at me than at the offender. The most dispassionate party to the affair was the culprit, who promptly found a more lucrative job at which, he gratefully assured me later, he could afford to be honest. After this incident, my relations with Trinz remained strained.

III

IT WAS decided that in the interests of amity, if not efficiency, I should transfer my activities to another Balaban and Katz subsidiary, Great States Theaters. Great States was a mushroom growth, which was rapidly spreading all over Illinois. Its meteoric rise was due to the unquenchable energy of its chief, Jules Rubens, whose career and character are both so representative of American showmanship at its best that I cannot resist telling a little about them. Rubens left school three days ahead of graduation day because he figured that this would give him the jump on his schoolmates in getting on a payroll. It did. He landed a job with the vaudeville booking department of The White Rats of America. The pay was small, but three dollars a week for a boy of twelve with thirteen indigent relatives was helpful. Two years later he was already officially the manager and head mechanic of a penny arcade in Sans Souci Park in Chicago. Actually, all he had to do was to yell, "All machines operate for pennies," and learn how to change a dime into nine or possibly eight cents.

The penny arcade life, however, was too tranquil for hyperthyroid Jules, so he joined Harry LaThomas's Great Carnival Show. This high-sounding outfit consisted chiefly of a half-fed monkey looping the loop in a small automobile to which he was securely fastened. Everything was satisfactory until Mr. LaThomas insisted that Rubens should ballyhoo in front of the show with a blond wig. This was asking too much even from an ambitious youthful showman, and he quit. His next job was selling tickets, sweeping floors, and posting bills for a dime museum. From the museum, Rubens went into business for himself. He opened up a chain of quick photo postcard studios

known as "wet-paper joints," because the photographs were delivered wet to patrons. He also operated concessions in summer parks until he had accumulated enough money to fulfill the consuming ambition of his life: to own a picture theater. He found a closed one in Aurora, Illinois: a small, unattractive, side-street shooting gallery, but a theater nonetheless.

It did not take Rubens long to realize that in a little town with two theaters operating against him, the film distributors took all the traffic could bear for film rentals, leaving nothing for the operators. He cured this situation by consolidating with his competitors and underpaying the motion picture salesmen to an even greater extent than they had formerly overcharged him. Operating his theaters aggressively, but inexpensively, Rubens made money and proceeded to invade other Illinois towns. He put his faith in good product, purchased at non-competitive prices, rather than in de luxe motion picture cathedrals. Theaters, he confided to me one day, were like women. For a brief period, their beauty was appealing. After that, only their daily performance was of importance.

In spite of his native kindness and genial good fellowship, Rubens knew no scruples in pursuing his natural prey— independent theaters. Rubens' emissary (frequently, it must be confessed, myself) would go into a town and negotiate for the best house. If our offer was refused, an option was obtained on some adjacent property, a signboard was erected depicting a palatial new theater, and a steam shovel was ostentatiously put to work. The local papers would be flooded with publicity stories that Great States had closed contracts cornering all good pictures to be made in the next decade. Actually, the picture companies would be cajoled or threatened into withholding their product from the existing theater. If these maneuvers failed to bring results, Rubens' lieutenants would move into town prepared to drink local politicians and newspapermen under the table and to make love, if necessary, to the exhibitor's wife, the publisher's sister, or the banker's daughter. These high-pressure methods almost invariably produced results.

Deals were usually worked out on a partnership basis. Rubens recognized, long before the big circuits, the advisability of having local partners who could retain the good will of the community and, at the same time, keep a close eye on the activities of the hired manager. Once entrenched in a town, he would either make pooling arrangements with competitors, so as to obtain another closed situation, or rearrange his schedules, even if it meant a daily change of pictures. In this manner he could play all of the major product in his own house, thus depriving the other theaters of first-run features. He would then demand twelve months' protection on these pictures, so that if any local theater wanted to play them second-run, they could not do so for a year. To-day these practices would land a man in jail, but twenty years ago they were only good business.

Working along these lines, Rubens and his associates rapidly created a compact, efficient, and highly profitable circuit. They eventually sold their theaters to Paramount Publix for \$3,000,000. But unfortunately instead of taking cash they took Paramount stock guaranteed to climb to eighty by a certain date. The stock spiraled down to three-eighths. Rubens took his loss like the good sport that experience makes of every showman. I suspect that he is happier today, back in harness operating theaters, than he was in the brief period when, on paper, he was a millionaire.

My years with Rubens were among the happiest of my life. Warned by Trinz of my habits of observation, he had strongly resisted my transfer to Great States. Three months later he was demanding that Katz raise my salary. Devoid of interest in any sport, except acquiring and managing theaters, he loved to make me work on warm Saturday afternoons, when he sensed that the golf links were calling; then unexpectedly he would insist on my taking a week's vacation. His chief joy, to my constant vexation, was changing the policy of successful houses to see if he could make them even more profitable. He booked legitimate shows, vaudeville, or bands into the theaters—anything to vary the monotony of consistent success.

IN THE meantime, my ex-boss, Sam Katz, had become head of the Paramount Publix circuit of fifteen hundred theaters. He wrote a letter to Rubens asking his opinion about the future of vaudeville, which was then engaged in a life-and-death struggle with motion pictures. Rubens never wrote letters. Moreover, he was out of town trying to promote a 50 per cent interest, gratis, in a theater in Decatur. So in his absence I dictated a detailed analysis of the situation. The years have demonstrated substantial flaws in my reasoning, but at that time my opinions appeared plausible. What is more important, they coincided with Katz's. The result was that he insisted that I join him immediately in New York.

Sam Katz was at that time conducting the only thoroughgoing attempt ever made to convert the show game into a legitimate business. He had built up a system of centralized management and supervision for Paramount Publix which would have done credit to a national chain-store operation. In the field were managers, district managers, division managers, all supervised by ten home-office divisional directors, of whom I was one. To the average layman this may not sound strange, but to the show world—which habitually operated on a basis of hunch and managerial intuition—it was an unprecedented and blood-curdling phenomenon. Every theater had a budget which required the divisional director's consent before it could be altered. All purchases were made from the home office and all bills were audited and paid there. Instructions how to advertise every picture emanated from New York. A managers' school was maintained; manuals were prepared telling exactly what a manager should do in every conceivable predicament. If a union delegate became obstreperous, or an outdoor circus came to town, or a film feature failed to arrive, or a baby was born in the theater aisle, or a pair of teeth was left in a seat by an absent-minded octogenarian, all a manager had to do was to turn to the appropriate page and paragraph and learn how to handle the emergency. We published a pep magazine; we had conventions, drives, service buttons, and prizes (medals, not

money). The divisional directors consisted of a group of the ablest exhibitors in the industry. They were graduates of the circus, advertising, vaudeville, or legitimate theater. In the field, there were few problems that their experience, ingenuity, and wide acquaintance could not conquer. Behind home-office desks, however, buried in budgets, charts, letters, reports, and forms to be signed in triplicate, they were miscast and miserable.

The Paramount Publix theaters had been acquired at grossly inflated prices. Paramount, Fox, Warner's, and other major companies were engaged in a desperate effort to obtain as many picture houses as possible as rapidly as possible. Cost was a secondary consideration. At the mere rumor that a competitor was interested in a location, they were prepared to outbid any offer, however fantastic, that he was reported to have made. An acquaintance of mine sold his theaters at a fabulous price to Fox merely because he had been seen playing golf with one of Katz's lieutenants.

Paramount Publix, moving westward from its well-controlled towns in Iowa and Illinois, acquired a seven-hundred-seat theater in North Platte, Nebraska, a prairie town with a population of some ten thousand souls which also had a smaller independent theater. Mr. Fox, powerfully entrenched in the Rocky Mountain area, regarded this as an invasion of his God-given territory and ordered the construction of a palatial new theater which could well have graced Broadway or State Street. On hearing of this, Mr. Zukor, president of Paramount, declared that an unprovoked assault had been made on one of his towns, and in order to teach Mr. Fox and all other competitive circuit operators a lesson, he proceeded to build an even larger and more de luxe playhouse. Before the contest for prestige was over, North Platte had a theater seat for one of every three inhabitants, and four theaters—all losing money.

This kind of thing inevitably burdened Paramount Publix with heavy carrying costs, and the enormous investments which had been made in metropolitan de luxe theaters added to the circuit's troubles. But the local theater managers were the

worst thorn in the company's side. Instead of being grateful for all the assistance furnished them by the New York office, they were fretful and rebellious. Most showmen are individualists in the circus and medicine show traditions. They curse the business and adore it. Their resourcefulness and initiative are amazing. They are tireless in promoting any stunt that they themselves have conceived. But they resent discipline and desk work, and are allergic to any form of system or supervision. Their reaction to the centralized office management of Paramount Publix was as kindly as that of a rock-ribbed, down-East Republican to the New Deal.

The great Publix organization was built on a frail foundation. The theaters profited greatly during the halcyon days prior to 1929, continued to prosper and regard themselves as a depression-proof industry during the first two years of business stagnation, and then collapsed with a resounding bang. This probably ended for all time the drive for home-office paternalism in the operation of a movie circuit. Most of the Publix houses reverted to the hands of the men who had originally constructed or assembled them and from whom they had been purchased by Publix. They now operate as local partners of Paramount. They were doing well prior to the war, and, except in small towns devoid of war industries and denuded of manpower, are now making unprecedented profits. Indeed, the only way that they possibly could make more money would be for the government to divorce them completely from their producer-distributor affiliations.

MEANWHILE I had become Paramount's director of advertising, exploitation, and publicity. In this capacity it was my duty to satisfy the production, distribution, and theater departments. In the process I rarely pleased any one of the three. If a picture did well, this naturally was due to its intrinsic merits. If it did poorly, the advertising was to blame. Stars would phone at four in the morning to complain that their names on some billboards were one-sixteenth of an inch smaller than their contracts demanded. Producers would

wire that the boss's new sweetheart must be put over regardless of cost, or that they had secured the services of, let us say, Kate Smith, who because she was a radio star was certain to be the greatest box-office attraction of all time. A sales manager called me up, or rather down, to say that my copy was not sufficiently "trite." Theaters would complain that the advertising was emasculated, while the Hays organization was objecting that it was too salacious.

In this connection, it was my agreeable duty to handle the first advertising campaign conducted to sell Mae West to the movie-goers of America. Indeed, I have always claimed that I was the man who made Mae West. We selected a pre-pin-up luscious portrait of Mae, embellishing at strategic points what nature had already so bountifully blessed. Underneath it I wrote a few words of chaste advertising copy, phrased carefully (in my opinion) to avoid controversy or rebuke. They read, "Hitting the high spots of lusty entertainment." This I submitted to Mr. Zukor, who refrained from comment until the advertising material had been prepared and distributed and could no longer be recalled. Then he summoned me into his walnut-lined office and spoke to me sadly, as to an erring son. "Mr. Myers," he said, "I thought you were such a lovely gentleman, and yet, in times like these [it was 1933 and the grosses were heartbreaking] you use a dirty word." "Why, Mr. Zukor!" I expostulated. "Nothing could be further from the facts. My language is distinguished in this industry for its purity and refinement." "Lusty," he answered. "Lusty. What a word to use at such a time!" I tried to explain to my sagacious employer that "lusty" was a close relative of the German word *lustig*, implying vigorous and full of life. "No need to tell me what lusty means," he countered. "When I look at that picture, I know what lusty means."

IV

AFTER a few years of hurried and harried trips to Hollywood, interrupted slumbers and uninterrupted indigestion, I of-

ferred to swap my exalted position as director of advertising for the lease of the Rialto Theater in New York. It is a fitting commentary on the efficiency of big business, at least in motion pictures, that this two-thousand-seat theater, located at Forty-second Street and Broadway (the double crossroads of the world, as we later christened it), had had to close. All of Paramount's vast resources had been unable to make its operation a financial success. No individual operator, with a minimum of experience or industry, could have failed to make a profit from a theater with such a huge transient population at its doors. But the Paramount trustees were so enmeshed in a study of operating results rather than operating potentialities that they were considering defaulting on the lease and returning the property to its owner. The lure of getting rid of a theater that was in the red and of an advertising chief who seemed to them even redder could not be resisted.

On March 4th, 1933, just as all the banks were closing, I reopened the theater. Anyone lacking cash was admitted in return for an IOU. As a matter of record, it should be reported that our confidence in public honesty was entirely misplaced. We received a considerable number of promises to pay, only a small percentage of which were ever redeemed.

As usual, we found our way through accident rather than acumen. Because of the Rialto's independent status, the only Hollywood products offered to it by the distributors were the "B" pictures rejected by the circuit-controlled Broadway houses. Many of these dealt with mystery, murder, and horror. We transformed our liability into an asset by booking only movies of this nature. Thus we attracted to the theater a faithful clientele who knew just what they could expect from a Rialto show. They were, needless to say, primarily male.

For many years, the motion picture industry has proceeded on the assumption that feminine taste is the final arbiter of the fate of its product. "Papa goes where mama goes, or papa don't go out tonight," is the producer's theme song.

Back in the good old days, it was the men who patronized the movies. The

first feature pictures, like "The Battle of Manila Bay," "The Great Train Robbery," "Life of an American Fireman," "Trapped by Bloodhounds," and "A Lynching in Triple Creek," were fit fodder for he-men. All the masculine craving for adventure and struggle uninhibited by the restraint of civilized urban existence was gratified vicariously by these early shows.

But with the coming of sound, the movie moguls went static. They photographed plays, they deserted the saloon for the salon, and God's outdoors for De Mille's bedroom. The most popular of all movie sequences, the long chase, was replaced by the chaise longue. The saccharine and the respectable were enthroned. As Dexter Fellowes, sage of the circus, said, "Woe betide a generation that prefers Errol Flynn to Buffalo Bill."

As a result of these unfortunate innovations, the entire structure of the picture industry was transformed. Female attendance, formerly negligible, zoomed to astronomical heights. Action pictures were banished to the sticks and to the shooting galleries. Men had no recourse except to attend de luxe theaters, to sit where the usher instructed, to expectorate in sand urns, and to try to stomach Victor Mature.

We had the most successful three weeks in the Rialto's history when the male bookers of the Radio City Music Hall passed up "The Lost Patrol" because it had no women in the cast. We played to over two hundred thousand patrons, proving that sex and success are not so synonymous as is generally believed. Rialto patrons invariably prefer nature to art. No fictional fight was ever so popular with our audiences as the first Louis-Schmeling bout. We filled every seat in the theater more than ten times a day for over a week.

Fortified by these experiences, we barred from our screen sophisticated drawing-room chatter, precocious kiddies, and men fencing in doublet and hose. We specialized in sinister murders in haunted houses, bowlegged cowboys riding recklessly across the plains, gangsters victorious over G-men until the final reel, thwarted treachery, and lovemaking as ardent and realistic as the Legion of Decency would permit.

Our short subjects were confined chiefly to sport reels and comedies with all the ancient gags and well-worn wheezers so dear to masculine hearts. In addition, we always showed at least a half-hour of newsreels, omitting only the fashion items, the Mardi Gras celebration in New Orleans, and the baby parade at Ocean City, New Jersey.

We replaced ushers picked for their profiles with amiable, hospitable lads who urged you to smoke and take the seats you desired. We reconstructed the house, removing the marble stairways and tons of bastard Renaissance plaster decoration. We banished perfume machines, statues of Greek gods, and paintings of cows grazing in the meadows. Working along these lines, without any preconceived plans, to our great amazement we gave birth to something quite unprecedented in American de luxe motion picture theater operation—a theater with a specific character.

As a result of our policy the Rialto became in a brief time a minor New York institution and a major subject of ribald jest and good-natured criticism. The *New York Times* in summing up our record for one season described it as “no hits, no runs, just terrors.” We were inundated by stories about taxicab drivers who refused to take respectable old ladies to the theater. One young woman, in my presence, remarked to an usher, “I don’t suppose you have a ladies’ lounge in this theater.” In Hollywood writers’ conferences, horror and mystery mellers came to be referred to as “Rialto pictures.”

With a thoroughly adequate location and a thoroughly inadequate budget, we were forced to use our theater front rather than the advertising pages of the newspapers to convey our appeal to the public. These fronts, costing from \$350 to several thousands, were changed frequently, except in cases—happily increasingly prevalent—when pictures were held over for longer runs. Although I received much credit and reputation from them, the bulk of the creation rested upon Mr. George Hoffman, the famous frontman of Broadway. George has probably given more children nightmares than Karloff, Lugosi, and Peter Lorre rolled into one.

A good theater front must do two things: it must first stop passers-by and then it must persuade them to buy tickets. The first we accomplished through the media of sound and animation. For instance, if we played “Pacific Liner” we reproduced on our amplifier the sound of gales at sea, and if we played a Laurel and Hardy comedy we reproduced the sound of gales of laughter. We perfected animal noises to such a degree that whenever we played an African adventure film, potential patrons would ask where we kept the roaring lions. Animation was supplied chiefly through the medium of a sixteen-millimeter movie trailer, which, running continuously, was a source of continuous interest to milling Broadway millions. Indeed, it blocked traffic so frequently that eventually the police compelled us to discontinue it.

For “The Mummy” we constructed a colossal and terrifying figure of Boris Karloff with a lightning sparkler strategically located in the intestines. The *New York Times* critic caustically commented that the show on the outside of the Rialto was better than the show on the inside. In appreciation of his perspicacity, we sent him the huge compoboard creation. Unfortunately, it proved too bulky for the *Times* elevator. The car stuck between floors, and until Karloff could be cut up into little bits, indignant executives as well as indigent reporters had to use the stairs. Twenty-four hours after we had made the gift we had a message from a Brooklyn exhibitor offering two hundred dollars for the masterpiece. Before we could transmit these happy tidings to our friend the critic, Karloff was in the junk pile.

Displays can sometimes prove too successful. For “Six-Day Bike Rider” we had four bicyclists out front on stationary machines, peddling away for dear life and twenty-five dollars a week. We gave passes to people who guessed most accurately the mileage covered. Unfortunately, there was far more interest in the contest than in seeing or hearing Joe E. Brown on our screen.

In this and in innumerable other fashions we attempted to convert passers-by to lookers-on. The real problem is to make

a looker-on a goer-in. Exciting stills are our chief stock in trade, though in recent years, through the pressure of the Legion of Decency, these have been emasculated.

Since the pictures we played were usually handicapped by weak casts, we had to rely heavily on good titles. "A Son Comes Home" by itself was too innocuous to attract patrons, so we added the phrase "from Gangland." We strengthened "Fit for a King" by inserting the word "Murder" ahead of it.

Copy is also of great importance. Three words, "Doctor, not that!" were all that were needed to sell a picture entitled "Once to Every Woman." We lifted a "B" product called "Boy Slaves" into importance with the phrase "Shame of a nation." "Bad Guy" was "The man who couldn't be killed"; "Behind Two Women" was "Horror behind hospital doors"; and when we ran "The Crime of Dr. Crespi" we asked, "How would you like to see your own burial?"

V

IN SPITE of these advertising activities, the operation of the Rialto did not keep me fully occupied. The nearest approach as yet devised to making a living without working is the management of a first-run motion picture theater. My predicament was even more exaggerated than that of my confrères. The horror and mystery pictures which I play are the dullest and most obvious of all Hollywood formula productions. As a sheer matter of self-preservation I was compelled to experiment further than other exhibitors in the quest for *exciting* methods of losing money. At one time or another, to escape the desperate ennui of murder, mystery, and mayhem, I tried to corner the Panama hat market, popularize parachute jumping in amusement parks, operate a bankrupt hotel, and bankrupt an operating farm. But the most hazardous of all the enterprises in which I ever engaged was the production of legitimate stage shows, in which I dabbled as a silent partner and loquacious angel of the late, much-loved Harry Moses.

The first play I put money in was Harry Moses' production of "The Old Maid"

with Judith Anderson and Helen Mencken. The play won the Pulitzer prize, but I made no contribution, except financial, to its success. This was not due to any modesty on my part. As an experienced movie man, I was confident that I had much to offer to the legitimate branch of the industry. I attempted to do so on every conceivable occasion. But my suggestions, it must be admitted, were not gratefully or gracefully received. Indeed, our eminent director issued orders that whenever I was seen entering the Empire Theater, where rehearsals were being held, the curtain was to be automatically dropped.

In spite, or possibly because, of this failure to appreciate my ideas, "The Old Maid" proved a box-office as well as an artistic success. We sold it for forty thousand dollars, a substantial sum in those days, to Paramount. Under the impression that it had immoral connotations necessitating substantial revisions before it would be fit for the screen, they tried over a period of years to rewrite it. Eventually, in discouragement, they sold it to Warner Brothers, who produced it with no marked changes from the stage version. In this form it fully satisfied the demands of the Hays organization as well as the public, and made a mint of money for Warner's.

In the meantime Harry and I, as well as our stage-wise legal associate, Irving Ottenberg, had invested all of our profits in "Oh, Evening Star" another play by Zoë Akins, the adapter of "The Old Maid." The star shone dimly for less than a week.

I WAS recuperating from this dramatic debacle when I received from my friend Oscar Serlin a thoroughly misleading wire which led me to a new variety of interesting and unprofitable experiences. Serlin, who was later to become the producer of "Life with Father," was at that time living with Zukor as Paramount's talent scout. All day he interviewed, encouraged, instructed, and took camera tests of prospective film stars. All night he wandered through theaters, night clubs, and cabarets. Somewhere in his comings and goings he had run

across a print of "Gulliver." This was a Russian puppet film, somewhat similar in effect to our cartoons, although instead of being drawn the puppets were photographed in every change of posture. Its good-natured spoofing of the proletariat had so disturbed the serious Amkino representatives in this country that they decided it was unfit for American distribution under their auspices. Serlin's wire to me, as I recall it, stated that he had just seen a picture which was right up my Rialto alley, with a gallant white lad captured in the land of innumerable Lilliputians; how he revolted, murdered the king and his advisers, and made his escape to safety. It contained no love story, no clever conversation, and no adorable children. I suspect he added that it was a swift story, but he certainly did not tell me that it was a classic.

Together with an indomitable little man named Burstyn, I purchased it and found myself an importer of foreign arty films. Mike Mok in the New York *Post* accused me of "leading a double life selling mayhem to lowbrows with the left hand and peddling psychological tidbits to highbrows with the right hand." Actually, I found these foreign pictures a delightful relief from the American product which I was playing. The French produced most of their pictures in small studios without heavy overhead expense. The industry was not tied up economically or traditionally to the boy-meets-girl formula. Financially it had more in common with our publishing industry than with picture production. It could show a profit with patronage secured in thousands rather than in millions. It was not geared up to mass production or mass appeal. It could afford to gamble with social, economic, and psychological problems, sex in its less romantic manifestations, and new and exciting techniques. It was hitched not to stars but to directors. They, rather than performers, received top billing.

Actually, however, the number of outstanding pictures turned out annually in France, in spite of these advantages, was comparatively small. Burstyn and I used to travel to Montreal, immerse ourselves in a projection room, and look at French

pictures sometimes for three days, leaving the projection room only for sleep and food. We sustained ourselves against the ravages of eyestrain and brain strain with large quantities of liquor for Burstyn and cigars for myself.

Sometimes we would emerge with a prize like "The Lower Depths" or "They Shall Not Die." Sometimes we would come home empty-handed, and sometimes with a box-office debacle like "Louise" or "Katia." Actually, we purchased films on the basis of the reverse twist. We knew that any picture which would be popular with the average run-of-the-theater film fans would prove poison to the aesthetes who patronized the small art houses—the "sure seaters," as we used to call them. We made a point of ignoring even European success as a guide to the selection of product. Most of the pictures which did best in this country had not been popular on the Continent.

"Eternal Mask," our first picture after "Gulliver," came to us minus two reels. This confused us considerably but not the critics, who raved over its semi-scientific schizophrenic theme as well as its novel photography. Our next picture, "Club de Femmes," which introduced the future renegade Danielle Darrieux to American audiences, was imported by us under the impression that it was an art picture. Instead, we awoke with consternation to discover that it was being sold as a salacious story with intimations of indecent relationships between the charming young ladies. Needless to say it proved a bonanza.

Much of the heartache and some of the fun with foreign pictures was the result of battles with the Hays organization and the local censors. "Generals Without Buttons" had some charming pictures of little boys six or seven years old running around with their little rears exposed. Censors all over the country were shocked in various degrees. Some insisted on the complete elimination of rears. Others permitted a fleeting glimpse.

When the outbreak of the war terminated the distribution of foreign pictures, Burstyn and I had little to show for our efforts except a greatly improved knowledge of French and some agreeable ex-

periences. Among the best of these were the handling of social documents like "Crisis," which told the story of the rape of Czechoslovakia, and "Lights Out in Europe," made at the beginning of the war in England and in Poland. These documentaries, produced by the indefatigable Herb Kline, helped to awaken the American public to the threat of fascism and to the necessity of our standing shoulder to shoulder with other free people in combating it. Their distribution was unprofitable only in a financial sense.

VI

WITH the fall of France, the production of foreign pictures suitable for social-minded or art-loving American audiences came to an abrupt end. After Pearl Harbor there was also no longer any necessity for the independent production of documentary films exposing the bigotry and brutality inherent in the fascist ideology. The major producers in this country, who, saving only the gallant Warner Brothers, had previously shunned this form of public service, now swamped the market with pictures showing one American soldier overwhelming Japanese hordes or one American girl outwitting the best brain of the Gestapo. There were pictures to be proud of, like "Battle of Russia," "Mrs. Miniver," "Watch on the Rhine," "Wake Island," "Desert Victory," "Destination—Tokyo," and a few others, but there were far too many sleazy spy stories, marine stereotypes, and flag-waving melodramas.

In spite of such productions, or because of them, theater business zoomed to unprecedented proportions. Amusement was one commodity not rationed and a pleasure-hungry, prosperous public stormed the doors of our playhouses. Even good pictures did well!

ALONG with thousands of others, I rushed to Washington eager to be of service as a dollar-a-year man or to obtain a commission in the Army. I haunted government offices, filled out innumerable forms, and begged for a non-remunerative job as I had never asked for a salaried one. Eventually I knew that I was beaten and

ceased to struggle. Shortly thereafter I was appointed a special film adviser to the Treasury. With considerable perspicacity, at the end of the year, they sent me one cent for my services. I double-crossed them and cashed the check.

Not to be outdone by the Treasury, the Army instructed me to report for a physical examination. At the time I was suffering from a sacroiliac strain. I spent most of the evening applying benzine to remove the adhesive with which my back was strapped. The following morning, in company with a score of sturdy lads in their early twenties, I reported to the Army doctors. They took one look at my mangled back, instructed me to touch the floor with my fingertips twenty times, shook their heads sadly, and sent me back to Broadway.

Eventually I abandoned all hope of serving in the armed forces, whereupon I was promptly appointed Industrial Film Consultant to the Secretary of War. I knew little about Army industrial films, less about military procedure. Once again I am trying to do a good job in a position for which I feel inadequately equipped.

Meanwhile I had become Assistant to the Co-ordinator of the Motion Picture Industry's War Activities Committee, whose job it was to mobilize all branches of the industry into a co-ordinated whole, dedicated to the successful prosecution of the war. Current feature pictures and shorts reprinted on sixteen-millimeter sound film are furnished without cost to the Army and Navy for non-admission showings to service men in combat areas overseas. Utilizing all of the industry's resources, the War Activities Committee created overnight the greatest distributive agency in the history of the motion picture business. We supply one picture weekly conveying government war messages to practically every theater in the nation. We also organize drives in the theaters by which millions are raised for war bonds, the National War Fund, the Red Cross, Army and Navy Relief, and other national agencies. At the same time Hollywood sends its performers all over the country. They kiss babies, sign autographs, make speeches, and act playlets. They travel

to hundreds of USO camp shows. They make personal appearances at Naval stations, Army posts, hospitals, and recreation parks. They broadcast to the men all over the world and follow our fighters to the battlefield—in limited numbers.

All of these and many other activities are conducted and supervised by our organization. Scores of nameless hard-working men all over the United States give their services night and day to see that the work is well done. For once, distributors and exhibitors, actors and producers, affiliated groups and independents forget their business animosities and personal vendettas and labor together in harmony for a common cause. There are those in the picture industry who are optimistic enough to believe that after the war is over this unity may be retained and that the different branches of the business may co-operate not only to protect their mutual interests but also to enhance the value of American pictures as a medium of both entertainment and information. Candor compels me to add that I am not among those who think so.

THE phenomenal success of the Rialto during my absence has been discouraging. During the first month I was away from the theater only a few hours

daily. Business improved, but I ascribed this to some more than usually harsh reviews and was not unduly impressed. The following month I stayed away every morning. Grosses soared to the highest mark in recent years. Then I took the final plunge and never went near 42nd Street and Broadway. Three new box-office records and an unprecedented four-week run promptly ensued.

Moreover we had the lowest operating expenses in our history. Thanks to government restrictions, carpets could not be repaired, seats replaced, or projection equipment improved. Contrary to all rules of theater operation this seemed to make no difference to the public. Cashiers chewed gum and talked to the patrons, ushers—when we had any—slouched in the aisles and watched the pictures. Fronts were constructed whose appeal was devoted even more than in my day to the basest and most sadistic human passions. The shows were shortened to an unreasonable degree and the admission prices raised exorbitantly. But instead of ruining business, all these violations of the fundamental principles of showmanship seemed to help it.

That's the way I've always found things—the way I always hope to find them—in the most entertaining of all businesses, the entertainment business.



{ Before joining the Army in August, 1942, Staff Sergeant Charles E. Butler was librarian of the Kanawha County Public Library in Charleston, West Virginia. }

POEMS FROM AN ENGLISH BASE

CHARLES E. BUTLER



Dedication

FOR you to whom the word was Singapore,
Crete, Malta, or the long word Leningrad:
Toulon, Tulagi, and Corregidor:
For what you gained or lost, or never had:
For you to whom Salerno was the word
Marking the end: Here were their lives interred—
Born April, August, May, and died September . . .
Remember us, their ending cries, Remember . . .

For Rotterdam, the flowers drowned in the useless water,
For Dunkirk, the fog falling at last:

For the ships gone down,
For the planes falling, spiraling earthward,
Seaward, curving ruined, plumed, from the sky . . .

For Dieppe, for the harbor of pearls,
For Attu, cold and lonely in the mist,
For Buna, for the bright dream islands:

For the numbered hill in Africa,
For the unnumbered hills of all the world,
For Narvik:

For you in the cities gone bit by bit,
The towers, cathedrals, gardens,
The familiar rooms, all of them smashed,
And the bells stolen or broken:

And for you who will splash toward shore
In the shallow waters of beaches,
The gateways:

For you who will step from the open
Doors of the planes with the great silken
Blossoms opening above you in the sky:

For those of you hidden from stars,
Hidden from sunrise, winds,
The silent sailors deep below the foam:

For you who will sit in offices, even,
Lifting the heaped-up papers, the piles of records,
Waiting, watching the shadow creep over the calendar
Like a stain of ink, keeping the records:

For what you have done, or will do,
Performers of the bidding of your world:
For your footprints on the sand of the shallow beaches,
On the broken grasses after the great
White silken blossoms have crumpled on the fields,
On the long roads . . .

For agony, endurance, peace:
For silence:

For you recorded, for you yet to be
Cut in the stone for time's poor memory,
Fastened in lettered bronze upon the stone,
For you the unrecorded, the unknown:

For all of you. . . .

The Ranks

THERE will be room for them: there will always be room.
The earth is deep and wide, and the seas are deep,
And the earth and sea will take them and consume
Whatever pain they know, falling to sleep.
There will be room for them in the dust and foam
Of all the wild and quiet ranks that run
Through time as in some half-remembered dream,
Falling eternally to spear and gun.

Upon their grief, as on the tears of those
Whose lives break with their dying, the seas will close:
Spacious, unquestioning, the earth will fold
Upon them now, as on the men of old
Who fought for Helen's beauty or some king
Whose name spelled honor, or for anything.



{ *Rumer Godden is an Englishwoman who was brought up in India. She is the author of Black Narcissus, Breakfast with the Nikolides, and other novels.* }

YOU NEEDED TO GO UPSTAIRS

A Story

RUMER GODDEN



AND just when everything is comfortably settled you need to go upstairs.

You are sitting in the garden for the first time this year, sitting on a cushion on the grass by Mother; the feel of the grass is good; when you press it down and lift your hand the blades spring up again at once as strong as ever; they will not be kept lying down. You sit with your legs straight out in front of you; they have come out from their winter stockings and are very thin and knobby, but the sun is beginning to warm them gently as if it were glad to see them again. Your back is against Mother's chair and occasionally she puts her finger between your collar and your skin, to feel if you are warm; you are warm, and you are learning to knit; you follow the wool along the big wooden pins and you say, "Knit one—knit another," with the slow puffs of wind. The wind brings the garden scents and the sounds to you, sounds of birds and neighbors and the street.

"I like it, Mother."

"So do I."

Then Dorcas brings a visitor; voices and footsteps; Mother has to get up but you hang your head and go on knitting. Voices, creaking and rustling, and a sigh. The visitor has sat down. Presently she whispers to Mother, "What is her name?"

"Her name is Alice," says mother loudly and clearly to blot out the whisper. "We call her Ally. Ally, stand up and say how do you do."

"Ah, don't!" says the visitor and you do not stand up, you press the grass down flat with your hand. Then you need to go upstairs.

The visitor's voice falls from high up almost into your lap, cutting off the wind and the birds, cutting off Mother, so that you have to stand up.

"Yes, Ally?"

"Mother, I need to go upstairs," and you hurry to say, "I can go by myself, Mother."

Mother is looking at your face, you can always feel Mother; now she is doubtful but she is proud: she says "Very well, dear." You understand what she does not say, "*Be careful, be careful.*"

"Alone?" breathes the visitor.

WELL, you have said you will do it alone, now you must. From the chairs to the elm trees is easy, you can hear them straining and moving their branches just enough to tell you where they are; there are two of them and when you are up to them you separate your hands the distance apart you think they will be and you do not hit them, you find them; their boles are under your hands

and you stay to feel them, they are rough and smooth together, they are like people, they are alive.

On the other side of the trees is a smell of cinders. That warns you. Move your feet along the grass, don't lift them, because the path is there and it has a little brick edge hidden in the grass. You fell over it last summer; suddenly you were down on the grass and you have a fright about falling. You won't fall, the cinder smell has warned you. You find the path. Lift your feet—one—two. The cinders are crunching, now you can go along the path to where the flowers are.

"It's wonderful," says the visitor and her voice sounds like tears. "Her . . . little blue . . . jacket . . ."

"It is a nice jacket, isn't it?" says Mother to cover up the tears. "We got it at Pollard's bargain counter. Ally feels it warm and gay."

That visitor there would be surprised if you picked the flowers one by one and took them to her and told her what they were. "I see no reason why you should not know your flowers," said Mother. "Flowers have shapes and smells as well as colors." This is the hyacinth bed; they are easy, strong in scent and shaped like little pagodas; and these are crocus and these are aconite . . . and then you remember that Schiff may be out on the path.

Schiff! You stop. Schiff is small, so that you might easily step on him, but Schiff is large enough for you to fall over. Mother . . . but you must not call, you must go on. You think of falling, you can't help thinking of falling—down—into nothing until you get hit. . . . Mother. Schiff. Mother . . . but you have not called and Mother is saying in a kind voice to the visitor, "How strange! With all this sun our tortoise has not come out on the path today."

At the end of the path are two orange bushes with bitter-smelling leaves; they are bad little bushes, with twigs that catch on your coat; you don't like them and you think you will hurry past them. There are two bushes in two tubs, and there are four steps; you can remember that, twice two are four; soon you will be going to school. One—two—three—and four, your foot is on the last step; and you catch at

the air, catch at the door with a sharp pain ringing in your shin, catch your breath and catch the door and save yourself.

SOMEONE, somebody has left the scraper on the step. It is pulled right out. You stand there shaking, boiling with anger, the pain hurting in your leg, but there is no sound from the garden; the visitor has not seen.

Now you come into the house. At first it is always curiously still; and then always out of the stillness you find it. This is the hall and in it are the smells and sounds of all the rooms; of furniture cream and hot pipes; of carpet and dried roses from the drawing room, tobacco and a little of pickles from the dining room, mint and hot cake from the kitchen and down the stairs comes soap from the bathroom and a whiff of banana from the piece you put in the canary's cage. The closet is up, next door to the bathroom—it has a piece of pine-smelling brick in a wire holder on the wall. With the smells come dozens of house sounds: footsteps in the kitchen, a whirring like insects from the refrigerator and the clocks, a curtain in the wind, and a tapping, a tiny rustle from the canary. You know all these things better than anyone else. Now you let go of the door—like this—and you go across the hall. Of course you could have gone round by the wall to the stairs, feeling around the hat rack and chest, but you would not do that any more than you would go up the stairs on your hands and knees. No, you go across—like this—like this—and the round knob at the bottom of the stair is in your hands. Dear knob. You put your cheek against the wood; it is smooth and firm. Now you can go upstairs.

You are not at all afraid of the stairs. Why? Because mother has put signals there for you, under the rail where no one can find them and they guide you all the way up; now your legs go up the stairs as quickly as notes up a piano—almost. At the top is a small wooden heart for you to feel with your fingers; when you reach it, it is like a message and your own heart gets steady. It was not quite steady up the stairs.

"Ally, always, always be careful of the landing." The landing feels the same to

you as the hall but it isn't. Once you dropped a ball over and the sound came from far away down; if you tripped on the landing you might drop like the ball. Dorcas once left the cord of the vacuum cleaner here; someone could move the chair—they moved the scraper, why wouldn't they move the chair? Now. Not now. Are you facing the right way? That is an old fright. Did you turn round and never notice? You feel the stairs behind you with your foot and they are still there but now you are afraid to let go in case you can't step away. It is steep, steep behind you. Suppose you don't move away, suppose you hit something—like the chair—and pitch down backwards.

Little stickers come out along your back and neck, the back of your neck is cold, your fingers are sticky too holding the heart. Suddenly you can't move away from the stairs. Mother. Mother. You must not call out.

You hear voices—voices from the path.

Drops of water burst out on your neck and under your hair, and you leave the rail and step out onto the carpet and walk very boldly toward the verberna and warm toweling and the hot-metal-from-the-hot-taps, and the pine-brick smell.

"Is she all right? Is she?"

"Ally, are you managing?" calls Mother.

"Perfectly," you answer and shut the closet door.

Thoughts for a Campaign Year

1. There is no such thing as greatness.
2. Public men have flatterers and abusers, but neither friends nor enemies.
3. Lying is inseparable from Oratory.
4. None of the great qualities are necessary to make successful public men; a combination of the minor ones is far more certain. Truth, Courage, Candor, Wisdom, Firmness, Honor, and Religion may, by accident, now and then, be serviceable; but a steady perseverance in them leads inevitably to private life.
5. Some public men affect mutual repugnance, in order to conceal their devotion to each other. Each one knows that he is endangered by the dislike in which his secret friend is held.
6. Sincerity is, perhaps, the only virtue which public men cannot under any circumstances practice.
7. It is a singular fact, that although everybody knows that American public life is full of annoyance and leads almost invariably to poverty and repentance, yet nobody believes you when you disclaim a wish to enter it, or express satisfaction in getting out of it. The thought always is, "The grapes are sour." — Written in the eighteen-forties, in a recently discovered volume of the diary of George Mifflin Dallas, 1792–1864, who served as Mayor of Philadelphia, U. S. Senator from Pennsylvania, and Vice-President of the United States. He was the man for whom Dallas, Texas, was named. He wrote these "Deductions from Public Life" after presiding over the Senate, 1845–49.

{ Professor Truog is head of the Soils Department of the Wisconsin College of Agriculture and }
{ originator of the widely-used Truog Soil Tests. }

PLOWMAN'S FOLLY REFUTED

EMIL TRUOG

In collaboration with Walter Byers



*An extraordinary phenomenon in American farm history—and in book-publishing history, for that matter—has been the furor over Edward H. Faulkner's *Plowman's Folly*, which argues that the great enemy of American agriculture is the moldboard plow. The book has already sold more than fifty thousand copies, and orders are coming in faster than the publishers can fill them. It is a subject of fierce debate in farm circles; in some Western communities it has become the staple subject of conversation. Discovering that many farmers are becoming half converted, Professor Truog rises to the defense of the plow.—The Editors*

RIGHT at the start, let's acknowledge that we are doing too much plowing in some sections of this country. Then, having made that clear, let's go on to say that it is nonsense to maintain, as Edward H. Faulkner does in *Plowman's Folly*, that the moldboard plow has sapped the soil of its fertility, raided the nation's food basket, fostered crop pests, and even paved the way for the current vitamin-pill fad.

Mr. Faulkner's book is well written, and his thesis has attracted wide attention in a nation which has been increasingly conscious of a "farm problem" ever since the dust-bowl disasters of the middle thirties and especially since food rationing and victory-gardening have made almost everyone interested in crops.

But Mr. Faulkner's thesis is not sound. The moldboard plow is not the cause of our soil problems. Even though it is true that in some areas we have plowed too much, it would be folly to discard, as he wants us to, an implement which has done much to make the United States the

world's leading food producer. Surely we're not ready to discard it because a former county agent and insurance salesman has cultivated a bountiful tomato patch near Elyria, Ohio, without using it. Faulkner contends that the moldboard plow, which turns up the soil to a greater depth than other methods of cultivation, has ravaged Mother Earth's fertility and thus made it necessary for farmers to depend more and more on artificial fertilizers to nourish their crops. It seems to me essential to refute his reasoning and present sound advice for revitalizing our farm lands.

THE evangelist of *Plowman's Folly* bases his gospel largely on his own supposition that crop roots tend always to develop very near the surface of the soil. (This is not true, as I will later explain.) The moldboard plow, he argues, buries fertilizer and green manure well below the surface and thus beyond the reach of crop roots, and as a result the released nutrients are of no value to the plants.

Secondly, Faulkner also visions the manure and surface residues, buried at the plowsole, as a sponge layer which absorbs water as a blotter absorbs ink. This layer of decaying organic matter draws water from the soil above, Faulkner explains, and also interrupts the capillary rise of water from the subsoil below. As a result, Faulkner believes, an artificial drought is produced in the surface soil where the plants are rooted.

His third important point is that plowing is a violation of nature's laws; he explains that nature has done very well without plowing, as exemplified by her giant redwood trees, tropical jungles, and pampas grass. The naked turned-over soil which the plow leaves, Faulkner continues, is bare to the wind, rain, and sun. Eventually these agencies ruin the topsoil and even remove it by erosion or wind.

Warming to his subject, the author claims that tillage with the disc harrow—or some other implement of shallow cultivation—will cancel all the plow's follies and in addition eliminate weeds, make food richer in vitamins, prevent crop diseases, and foil insect pests. Some of the advantages of using the disc harrow, as he sees them, are: (1) The sod and manure rubbish would be left near the surface—just right for the shallow roots. (2) This surface mulch would hold rain water at root level and prevent erosion. (3) It would prevent dust-bowl disasters by serving to anchor the topsoil against the winds.

II

IF WE are going to examine Mr. Faulkner's arguments, we must become acquainted first of all with the rooting habits of common crop plants.

In our Soils Building on the University of Wisconsin campus, there is a large glass case containing uprooted plants at various stages of growth. Oats, corn, clover, and other plants were carefully dug out by a special technique, leaving all of their roots intact, and placed in this case some fifty years ago by Professor F. H. King. Many of the roots of these plants extend to a depth of two or three feet and some much deeper. Less than one-fourth of the total mass of the roots is found in the three-inch

surface layer where Faulkner contends that the great bulk exists.

Investigations throughout the world regarding the root development of crop plants have confirmed King's findings. Anyone who wishes to investigate root development for himself must remove the soil slowly and very carefully—preferably by a special technique using water under pressure. When a plant is pulled up, most of the roots (and all the deep ones) usually remain in the soil, which accounts, in part, for the misconception concerning their length.

It is not to be inferred that all plants are deep-rooted. The common bluegrass which is grown in lawns and pastures, for example, is relatively shallow-rooted, although many of its roots penetrate to a depth of five or six inches. But even this shallow-rooted plant fails to support Faulkner's reasoning. Bluegrass often grows indefinitely without plowing. Under these conditions, according to *Plowman's Folly*, it should seldom suffer from drought, because there is no "blotter" (plowed-under organic matter) to soak up available moisture. However, everyone knows that bluegrass lawns, unless artificially watered, suffer from drought long before the farmer's corn, for which he has plowed under a heavy application of manure and crop residue.

Actually there is little basis for Mr. Faulkner's contention that plowed-under organic matter acts as a blotter and steals needed moisture from the roots of growing crops. Calculation based on precise information shows that if forty tons per acre of manure were plowed under, this manure, in itself, could hold only about one-tenth of an inch of water, that is, one-tenth inch of rainfall; and much of this water would be available to nourish plant growth just as is water held by the soil proper.

Careful investigations have also shown that the capillary rise of water in soils is always rather slow. That is one reason why some plants, like corn, have developed the habit of going after the subsoil water by means of deep roots. Most crop plants go after the water rather than waiting for the water to come to the roots near the surface. If they did not, they would dry up in midsummer like bluegrass.

As a matter of fact, it is fortunate that water does not rise too rapidly in soils by capillary movement (similar to the movement of oil up a lamp wick to the flame), for the topsoil becomes so warm and the air movement at the surface is so rapid that evaporation and loss of water would be extremely serious. Owing to the slow water movement, however, the evaporation during warm weather runs ahead of the capillary rise, and as a result a two- to three-inch layer of very dry soil is formed near the surface. This layer of dry soil acts in two important respects: (1) Since it is very dry, it fails to function efficiently in bringing water to the very surface where it would be lost rapidly because of active air movement and relatively high temperatures. (2) It serves as a good insulator for preventing the water underneath from becoming so warm that it would vaporize and escape right through the layer of soil.

Thus the layer of soil in which Faulkner proposes we do our farming must be dry much of the time so that it may serve as an insulator for the soil below where plants obtain most of their water and nutrients. And since crop plants obtain most of their nutrients below this surface layer, the farmer must plow to place manure and crop residues where it is moist, so that they can function most advantageously.

FAULKNER says that in all of his experience no one has ever advanced a scientific reason for plowing. I have just given one. Briefly, here are three more:

(1) Plowing, because of the special shape of the moldboard, produces a shearing action in three directions on the thick layer of soil that is lifted and turned. As a result, the turned soil layer is pulverized, and thus a more satisfactory seed bed is possible than with an implement that turns shallow layers.

(2) Plowing also helps to improve and rejuvenate soils by bringing the deeper layers from time to time near the surface where the desirable processes of aeration, oxidation, and alternate freezing and thawing are more active.

(3) And by plowing under organic matter it is possible to maintain an active soil layer deep enough to provide satisfactory conditions for crop plants.

OF COURSE you will say "the proof of the pudding is in the eating." Do field tests actually show plowing to be superior to other methods of cultivation? Experiments conducted by the Wisconsin Agricultural Experiment Station, in which surface tillage was compared with plowing, gave the following results: on a heavy soil, wheat yielded 32 per cent more with plowing than with surface tillage; and similarly, on a light soil, the yield of corn was 16 per cent greater. Results of other experiments showing the superiority of plowing could be cited. In his "research" Faulkner did not compare the two tillage operations; he simply grew crops with surface tillage and then concluded that his method was better than plowing. For the most part, he does not even tell us the yields he obtained.

Because of the almost limitless tractor power which will be at the disposal of the future farmer, the form of the plow may change. However, for many conditions the trend will not be in the direction of shallower plowing, but rather in the direction of deeper plowing so as to make a thicker layer of active soil and thus improve conditions for crop growth.

There are, of course, good and poor kinds of plowing. When heavy soils in a very wet condition are plowed, puddling rather than shearing action takes place, and the soils become lumpy and in poor physical condition. Also, when excessive amounts of raw organic matter are plowed under at one time, a loose porous layer at the plowsole is produced which is detrimental to crops that follow immediately. In order to obviate the difficulty under these conditions, farmers are advised to disc before plowing. This promotes an ideal condition for crop growth because the organic matter is then thoroughly mixed with soil at a sufficient depth to function most satisfactorily.

Of course there are certain conditions where plowing is not advisable. For example, when hilly pasture land is to be reseeded, it is often desirable to disc rather than to plow, so as to lessen the danger of erosion. And in the dust bowl, subsurface tillage, leaving the trash at the surface, is recommended in order to help the soil absorb water during heavy downpours

and also to prevent the wind and water erosion that would result from too much disturbance of the surface layer.

Land can be plowed too often. It can also be surface-cultivated too often. This is particularly true of sandy land, which tends to be so open and porous that the organic matter oxidizes or burns up too rapidly. Surface cultivation and plowing both hasten burning. For soils of this type, crop rotations which keep the land in perennial legumes and grasses a good share of the time are advocated. If such a system is followed, plowing need occur only when an annual crop like corn is planted.

III

PROBABLY the most fetching part of Faulkner's thesis—because we can apparently see proof of it in nature all around us—is his reference to the healthy weed patches, sturdy trees, and tall corn stalks which, without benefit of plowing, flourish in or near the farmer's fence row. Are we to infer that nature always produces a good soil when the plow does not interfere?

Sometimes she does, sometimes she doesn't.

In the evergreen areas of northern Wisconsin, Michigan, and Minnesota, where all the tree residues were deposited on the surface for centuries, relatively poor soil developed in most cases. There occurred but little mixing of the leaves and other residues with the soil, and the strongly acid character of the rotting organic matter caused the percolating rain water to be acid. It in turn leached out the beneficial nutrients, leaving a strongly acid and rather infertile soil.

In the hardwood forest to the south, the leaves and other plant residues, being rich in lime and potash, produced rotting organic matter of such mild acidity that it served as good food for earthworms. These worms multiplied profusely, and in their travels up and down brought about a mixing of the organic matter with the mineral soil below, doing on a small scale what man does with his plow. Thus the soils of the hardwood areas became much better for crop production than those of the evergreen forest regions, where the organic matter was left at the surface.

But let's look at the nation's bread basket—the broad plains of the Midwest. Why are the prairie lands of Iowa, Illinois, and southern Wisconsin so much richer and more productive than the previously forested areas to the north? The profuse root development of the prairie grass—three to four feet in depth—is the answer. This grass covered the area for thousands of years. Each year some of the roots died, adding organic matter to the depth of the lowest roots. In this way, over a long period, the rich, deep black soil of the Midwest was developed. That soil is the agricultural equal of any soil in the world, largely because of the introduction and accumulation of organic matter at considerable depths. This organic matter was not derived from the plant material at the surface, but from the roots which penetrated deeply.

The author of *Plowman's Folly* made an error when he connected nature's bountiful yields and towering trees with his no-fertilizer theory. In nature's cropping scheme there is no removal of plant growth with accompanying soil elements, as there is in man's program of food production. Man harvests and carries away the corn and wheat, rich in fertility elements; but nature's crops are left to die, rot, and add to the fertility of the soil. This cycle is repeated year by year, and gradually insoluble soil minerals are changed over to more soluble or usable products.

If nature's soil could, by itself, nurture a nation of 130,000,000, all soil and crop specialists would be without jobs, for all the farmers would have to do would be to sow and reap. However, the constant harvesting of crops gives to us as food the nutrients which nature would normally return to the soil. Therefore we cultivate the land and give back in the form of fertilizer the nutrients we have removed in crop form.

Farmers now know that land which is in pasture continuously, and is never plowed, gradually deteriorates in fertility. Like all harvesting, the pasturing of cattle removes nutrients from the soil. It is not plowing, but the removal of vegetation, that causes depletion; if no vegetation is removed, the soil retains its fertility. That is the ABC of agriculture.

ANOTHER point which Faulkner uses in haphazard connection with his no-fertilizer theory is the Egyptians' cultivation by hoe of the Nile Valley. The Egyptians harvest good yields, and Faulkner reasons that inasmuch as they neither plow nor add fertilizer to the Nile loam, their abundant crops are proof of his contentions. Of course the Egyptians don't use the moldboard plow. Each year the Nile overflows and deposits a layer of rich silt on their bottom land, supplying all the necessary mineral nutrients but not nitrogen fertilizer, which, contrary to Faulkner's beliefs, is applied annually in the form of Chilean nitrate. The cheap labor makes possible hand-hoeing of the crops, and not a weed survives. Because of the lack of rain, and the type of agriculture practiced, sod or grass crops are not grown, and hence there is little occasion to plow under organic matter.

And then there is the myth concerning the fertility of Oriental soil. Surely if Mr. Faulkner plans to restore "our birthright of virile health" by junking the plow, he should not point to the Orientals as successful advocates of his theory. A large portion of the Chinese population suffers from malnutrition due to an exhausted soil, much of which they have hand-cultivated, rather than plowed, for centuries. And the primitive agriculture of India produces an average yield of only five to six bushels of wheat an acre.

NO, Mr. Faulkner has not found the answer to our major crop production problems. Some of his thesis is

sound. We have been doing too much plowing in certain areas and under certain conditions. This is now recognized by many agricultural authorities.

But there is just one way to maintain the fertility of our farm lands and that is to return as much of the essential fertility elements in manure and fertilizer as we remove in the crops harvested. No system of tillage, be it discing or plowing, can make good this removal. In fact, the larger the harvest because of better tillage methods, the more rapid the exhaustion and the greater the need for fertilization. This should not cause gloom or discouragement, for this country possesses deposits of mineral fertilizers that will last thousands of years. From the air, nitrogen fertilizer can now be produced in amounts sufficient to satisfy all possible needs. Every year agricultural scientists give farmers improved strains of crops to grow—and better methods of combating diseases and insect pests that destroy crops.

What is needed is not a will-o'-the-wisp formula for crop production, but proper education based on the great fund of sound practical and scientific information now at hand. By properly applying this information as interpreted by our crop production specialists, it will be possible to double food production in this country and at the same time follow systems of soil management which will conserve our soils indefinitely for future generations. There need never be a famine here even though the population doubles in numbers.

{ Tina Safranski has worked at window and interior display in a large New York store and is now with the Condé Nast publications. }

WINDOW DRESSING

TINA SAFRANSKI

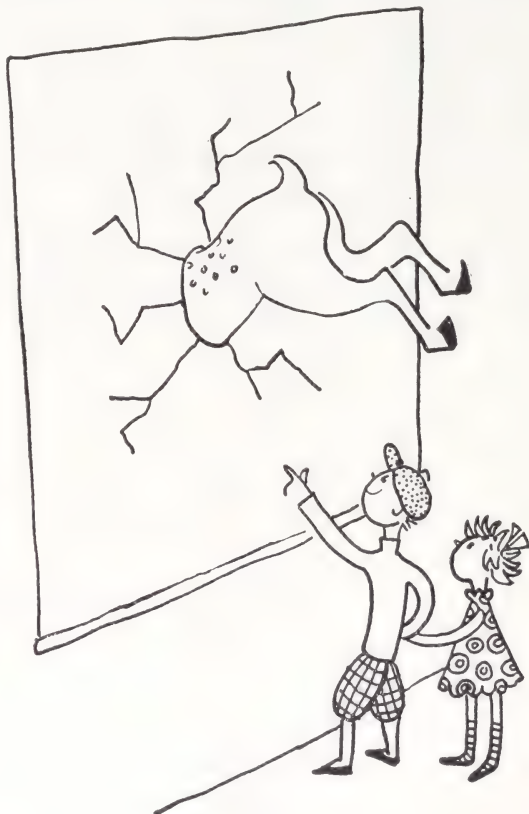


ON March 17, 1939, Salvador Dali, in a bathtub, crashed through one of Bonwit Teller's plate glass windows and landed right on the Fifth Avenue sidewalk. He—and Bonwit's—made the headlines, of course. More important than that, however, he had brazenly shattered the transparent wall dividing the passing crowds from the merchandise on display and had removed for a well-publicized moment, at least, the barrier between reality and The Dream.

Proximity is temptation. Show a woman a black-and-white advertisement in a newspaper and her interest is piqued; present the real article in a store window and she wants it; let her touch it and (as the self-service trend is proving) the sale is made.

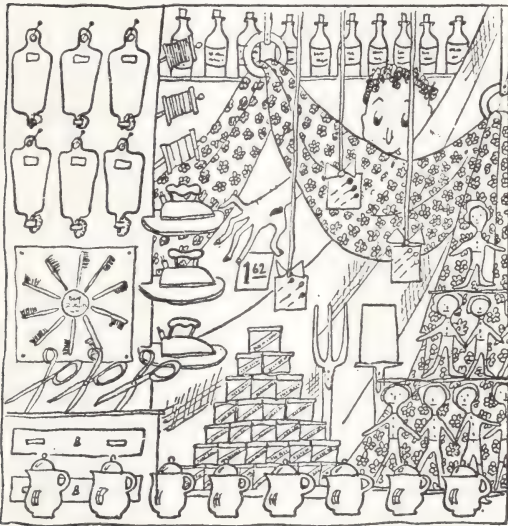
Others, less erratic than Dali, striving for immediacy in merchandising, have used all kinds of display tricks and devices to achieve that illusion of proximity. Auto accessory stores used to cut tires in two, mount half on the inside and half on the outside of the window, and paint cracks on the glass so the tire seemed to be smashing through the pane. Two years ago the same trick was borrowed by a Fifth Avenue display artist ("window dresser" to Main Street). This time reindeer jumped through Franklin Simon's Christmas windows, their fannies on the outside and their antlered heads inside the pane. Since then, window shop-

pers have been treated to countless variants, especially trees whose branches grow right out through the glass—always high enough, of course, to escape the reach of the crowd. Even more tantalizing is the use of curved, non-reflecting windows which, if kept clean, give the illusion that there is no glass at all between the passer-by and the merchandise. And



again, a furniture store once installed an ingenious arrangement of mirrors and lenses which reflected the miniature image of the window shopper into the room-setting on display.

Whatever device is used, a window's big job is to attract attention, first to the store and then to the particular merchandise or message the store wants to plug. Although recently many stores have been constructed with backless windows, allowing the shopper a view of the store's inside activities past the objects on display, more frequently the window is still a dramatic, three-dimensional billboard on the store front.



THE idea behind window dressing used to be simply to shove as much merchandise as possible into the available space. Windows were crammed top to bottom with hardware, dry goods, shoes, or whatever the store sold. And abundance and variety are still the main aim of window display in by far the majority of stores, from Woolworth's and Kress's palatial five-and-tens on Fifth Avenue to the chain druggists and the small-town Combination Cash Store.

Much of the display material for these windows is supplied to the retailer by manufacturers of such products as cigarettes, soft drinks, cosmetics, clothing, and processed foods who distribute it on a mass basis. From simple posters to intricate, mechanically operated moving figures, complete with easy-to-follow assembling

instructions, these props are shipped, like Philip Morris's Johnny, to thousands of store windows all over the country. The store needs only a limber-jointed someone to arrange a maximum of merchandise among the cardboard and crepe-paper display materials and then extricate himself from the window without toppling the pyramids of inkwells, ashtrays, hot water bottles, penknives, bath salts, neckties, stationery, and brassieres.

A cut above this are the chain stores, like the Lerner Shops, that have developed display to a science which they can teach to any nimble-fingered applicant (ninety per cent of them are women these days). The course begins with simple draping problems—a sweater, a blouse, a slip, to be arranged over a cardboard shape and its stand. Two pins to cinch the waistline—two to take the wrinkles off the front—two more to hold the shoulder straps—the hemline semicircled on the floor—you practice it till it becomes automatic. The shops have perfected a series of half a dozen platforms which can be used in hundreds of combinations. At first with paper shapes on a drawn plan, later with a miniature model, and finally in a life-sized practice window the student learns to manipulate platforms, stands, and merchandise the Lerner way. After five or six weeks she is ready to pass her last test: by herself, within a few hours, to install a window including a complete cross-section of the average store's merchandise.

On her first real jobs the green student is accompanied by a supervisor, but soon she should be free to accept assignments alone. From then on she travels about trimming one to three Lerner windows a day. The whole procedure equals an algebraic equation, the results uniform through dozens of branch stores, so that you can spot a Lerner Shop anywhere, once you've seen one.

THIS sort of thing has little in common with the esoteric artistry which has turned Fifth Avenue's splendidest store windows, and those of the fashionable shops on the side streets, into a unique blend of aesthetic design and the psychology of upper-class retailing. A process

which began with the mere introduction of suggestive addenda among the merchandise—reddish-brown leaves and ripe grapes among fall suits, frills and flowers among February dresses—has been carried to the point where a window by Jay Howe in Mandel Brothers, Chicago, sounds like this when described by the Chicago correspondent (male) of the trade magazine *Display World*:

Using the "If-winter-comes-can-spring-be-far-behind" theme, Howe ingeniously has devised a composition spiraled motif dunked in white froth so that it looks as if it had been uprooted from somewhere in a pixie's garden. And half-hidden by this snowy mist of blossoms a shadowed poster carries the message "Winter into Spring—Suit Yourself. . . ." Back of the set and the [two] mannequins is a tip-tilted rectangular panel. The whole scene is cleverly bathed in shadow, pierced here and there by gleaming highlights from colored spots concealed offstage. Finished by heavy side draperies, the window creates a feeling of excitement that should prove a stimulus to any shopper.

Indeed, the "setting a mood" tendency has sometimes gone to such extremes that a *New Yorker* cartoon not long ago showed two perplexed displaymen undertaking a new window setup, with the caption: "Here's a novel idea! How about putting some *merchandise* in the window?"

Most stores have a pretty definite picture of the kind of women they want around their counters, and they direct their sales psychology accordingly. Through advertising, merchandise styling, and displays they develop a definite mood, create a distinct store personality. And Fifth Avenue, more than any other street in America, has become the appointed place to show off these personalities for all they are worth.

There's Best's, renowned for conservative good taste and sterling quality, whose windows speak to the introvert: single figures, unpretentiously posed in tweeds and gabardines—Best Classics. Here you could shop blindfolded and the result would frighten no one. Next door is Russek's, reaching out for the extrovert, pushing brilliantly colored goods by dint of repetition: not only the show cards but thirty mannequins, dramatically lighted, all in purple, proclaim that purple is a *must*. There's Lord & Taylor, prepossessingly direct in its presentation of

gay merchandise. L. & T. says it "just *loves* people," and people reciprocate practically by spontaneous combustion. The store has made one of the first attempts, by the way, at putting a spark into men's-wear display. Rejecting the matter-of-fact type of men's window, they present their merchandise with a special brand of humor. Masculine acrobat mannequins in shocking-pink tights demonstrate "perfect balance" in the construction of men's shorts; two dogs playing tug of war with a shirt emphasize its tensile strength; an English naval officer watching with dismay an American lieutenant who is throwing his collars out a porthole advertises paper neckwear for busy men. This approach has been a huge success. Whether it proves that men can be won with the same sort of psychological appeal as women, or merely that women do most of the buying *for* men in department stores, is debatable.

On the upper Avenue, Bonwit Teller has suffered rather a rapid succession of display managers in recent years, yet still remains a startling sparkler. There's Tiffany, which—realizing that a very small window with a few gems is more intriguing than a very large one filled with glitter—scales its display cases accordingly. And interspersed with these and other big establishments up and down the Avenue there is a whole company of beauticians, fancy nutritioners, candy palaces, and shoe stores.

The whole motley assortment is kept in step through the Fifth Avenue Association, a sort of Hays Office of the window mart. This group sees to it that the world's finest retail center remains fine, that valuable real estate remains valuable. "It can easily be seen," they say, "that motion used indiscriminately in window displays [small stores with graphically moving mannequins and live models have in the past disturbed the Association's sense of fitness] will quickly result in creating a situation which will be extremely detrimental to all who have investments or businesses on Fifth Avenue." Besides requiring a special permit for the use of motion, they frown on sound effects, but have approved the hushed refinement of Lord & Taylor's annual Christmas-tolling

bells. Most of all the Association is bothered by a series of cheap linen stores that insist on "small town" methods to stimulate sales, clogging their display space with huge roughly lettered announcements of clearances, bargains, mark-downs, and fire sales.



TO UNDERSTAND how the typical big-time department store window gets that way, you must go to where it all begins. You will have to search out the display manager in his small office way at the back of the store, somewhere behind cliffs of boxes marked "Geraniums," "Ribbons," "Stands," "Birdcages," "Heads," and so on. Just as you can tell a lady editor or stylist by her hats, you can spot a displayman by his tie: it is usually bow, often homemade, invariably of some eventful color and texture.

The display manager—let's call him Mr. Vance—is sitting at his desk critically contemplating the raw materials for his next set of windows: twelve black summer sheaths. He has just returned from a session with the store's ready-to-wear buyers and stylists—unhappy meetings these days. "It's like pulling teeth to get a dozen dresses from those girls," he complains; there just isn't enough merchandise of any kind. (If a dress is featured in the window, there should be plenty of the same model backing it up in stock; but since the war this has become a pipe dream.)

The theme for the particular display now in the works has been set by the store's advertising department: "Sum-

mer black—cool elegance." (At other times the idea will originate with the display people, or with the buyers; it works three ways.) Mr. Vance's job is to interpret it in visual, three-dimensional form. Like most of his compeers he does not prepare a formal sketch for the average window. The scheme emerges, evolves, frequently with no more in the way of paper work than a rough scribble decipherable only by the displayman who does the actual installation.

Mr. Vance quickly runs through his ideas. One follows another: cool elegance—terrace—awnings—balustrades—mint juleps—moonlight—butterflies—lacy wire furniture—that's it! He has caught the mood of his window and can now fly into action and materialize it. First, a color scheme. Consulting a box of colored paper samples in thousands of shades, he decides to tone one window in pink, the second in mauve, the third in aqua. His assistant—we may as well call her Diane—is informed of this scheme and goes off to comb the store for suitable accessories: hats, bags, gloves, jewelry, shoes, and flowers in mauve and pink and aqua. The black dresses are dispatched to the alteration room to be checked for missing buttons, spots, or other flaws, and to be pressed to perfection.

An awning is ordered, and since Mr. Vance envisions it as gay and papery, Staples-Smith, famous for their exuberant paper cutouts, are commissioned. A dealer comes in with samples of flagstones for the terrace, but fails to please; his wares lack the necessary elegance. Mr. Vance decides to cut out his own flagging from beaverboard and cover each "stone" with marbled paper. Diane travels to a far corner of Brooklyn to purchase butterflies and returns with a box of softly colored specimens, lovingly dried, spread, and mounted on pins by the old vendor. She haunts Third Avenue for Victorian wire furniture and finally persuades an antique shop to rent out three small tables and six chairs for a week. Some of the stuff is borrowed intramurally at the store: the linen department, for instance, yields napkins, the china section is touched for some tall glasses, the gift shop for coasters and straws. Stale

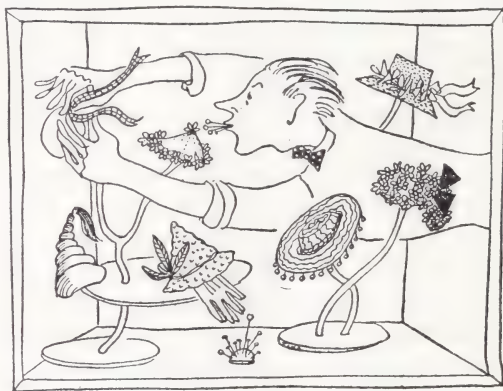
beer and salt produce a realistic frosting on the glasses, and a sprig of artificial mint is the finishing touch for the juleps. Mannequins are checked for broken parts and given a thorough scrubbing. The temperamental hand-letterer is coaxed into hurrying the signs. Such details keep the display department busy for days, till finally everything stands marked and ready for installation.

Most windows are changed during the night. After the rush hour a curtain is drawn and the display dismantled while the window is washed or repainted. Because a New York state law forbids women to work at such jobs after 10:00 P.M., the display business is peopled almost exclusively by males or reasonable facsimiles thereof. Stripped to their shirts, their feet in felt scuffs, their mouths filled with pins, the displaymen and any assistants they can find proceed to dress the dummies backstage. Shoes first (since the war most stores have dispensed with stockings), then a slip, then the garment pinned into a smooth, easy fit. Finally the accessories, with all price tags and washing instructions carefully concealed. On-stage the awning is raised, the floor slabs put down, and the furniture grouped. The electrician experiments with floodlights and spots. If everything goes smoothly the window may be trimmed in three or four hours. But you can never tell what snags will come up. If an assistant has forgotten to match the bases of the mannequins to the color of the floor, or if the signs are not ready, or if wartime pins won't pin or glue won't stick, the work may take till dawn. And even around 9:00 or 10:00 A.M. you sometimes see a tired little man on the sidewalk taking a last critical squint at his window, gesturing unintelligibly to the sweating helper (only a few stores in New York have air-conditioned windows) who crouches under the blazing spotlights inside. There go the finishing touches—are there any poorly cast shadows? drooping hemlines? stray wisps of hair? dust or tools on the floor? Are the price tags (if any) correct?

Most stores offer rewards to the customer or clerk who finds a mistake in the window. Macy's, for instance, pays a

dollar; and so far it has paid off to people who have discovered errors in spelling, detected mops among the dinner clothes, spied misnomers in styles. But mishaps happen anyway. Once a squadron of ants stole the show when it attacked the groceries in a Macy picnic scene, and I. Miller's had a traffic-stopping mouse which peeped out of an open-toed sandal in a shoe display.

However, accidents aside, once a window is finished it isn't supposed to be touched until the next scheduled change comes along. (Changes, incidentally, are made anywhere from weekly to seasonally, depending on the store and the kind of merchandise.) But nowadays, when stocks are low, Mr. Vance or one of his assistants may get as many as a dozen calls a day to substitute different articles in one or another of the store's windows for some out-of-stock item which a customer wants.



It is hard to get any actual figures on the relation of window display to sales increases, but when an article appears in a window the demand for it obviously goes up immediately. Now that merchandise is scarce and people have so much money to spend, Mr. Vance's store, like many others, actually discourages window shoppers by eliminating price tags and signs telling where the articles can be found in the store. One of the minor mysteries of retailing, even before the war, has always been why the average shopper who liked something in a window never could find anyone inside the store with the faintest idea where the article could be bought,

or indeed anyone who had any acquaintance with the article at all. Sometimes, of course, the trouble is caused by a mistake. A woman appeared in the hat department of a big New York store not long ago and wanted the blue lace hat she had seen in one of the windows. The salesgirl didn't know of any such hat and appealed to the department head. He knew nothing about it either, but said he would check up. What he found was that the "hat" was really a ruffled lace collar which some imaginative assistant had stapled hatlike onto a mannequin. A few ingenious and surreptitious stitches were all that was required to convert the \$1.98 neckpiece into a \$20.00 hat. The customer was satisfied.

In addition to preparing next week's windows, Mr. Vance—as a typical display manager—must be looking forward to the big promotions which require extensive planning. Few would suspect that the little man with the big portfolio who slips into Mr. Vance's office each July is carrying Christmas window designs. Macy's elaborate mechanical windows, for example, are generally commissioned by midsummer. This advance planning facilitates logistics for everyone concerned. The manufacturers of the merchandise must obtain materials and turn out and deliver enough of the finished products to cover the promotion by the time it is scheduled. The store must mark the merchandise and have it ready on the shelves the day the newspaper advertisements have been scheduled to break. By then the window must be ready too. Only long-term co-ordination can guarantee success.

And in addition to everything else, a hundred prosaic matters constantly harass the displaymen. In most cases there is a budget to haunt every move. Money is allotted seasonally, and Mr. Vance must apportion the lean weeks and the fat. (Single windows cost anywhere from as little as \$6 to as much as \$600 or more.) A city fire commission is on constant watch for inflammables, and all gewgaws must be sprayed with fireproofing. Windows are washed daily, at least on the outside. And then there are the mannequins—an endless source of trouble.

(Most big stores have at least two sets to allow for repairing and refinishing.) Hair fashions change, and when the pompadour comes down, as it did a couple of months ago, the mannequins must conform. Stores can either buy new wigs for approximately \$35 or (in New York) employ the extraordinary services of a little lady who travels from store to store coiffing mannequins with lacquer and cleaners and solvents and pins. The mannequins' skin tones must also be watched carefully; they must be painted and repainted to match the seasons—pale elegance for winter, robust tan for summer, dead white or brilliant colors for special occasions. Make-up styles also vary. Some dummies' heads are realistic, eyelashed copies of feminine faces. Others have merely sketchy indications of features or are simply blank eggs (on the theory that this helps the shopper to identify herself more easily with the figure under the dress).

Finally, when a window is dismantled, the display manager must return the various articles to their sources or sell or salvage them. Many stores are reluctant to sell any display items which aren't strictly merchandise, though there are usually plenty of customers who want them. The trouble is that many props are flimsily built, to be looked at but not to be used, and the no-selling policy avoids complaints when the charming pieces fall apart after a few weeks. That's why most of the non-merchandise items are either sent to the warehouse for later use (Macy's fills several floors of a giant storage house with its display overflow) or warmed over for use in inside displays or in other windows.

A VAST industry has grown up around display. There are companies whose services a store can hire to do the complete job for them, designing the windows, supplying all the props, and installing the set; for, after all, there are few stores which can afford a Mr. Vance to do the work. Other firms limit themselves to one particular field, making wigs, paper sculpture, wax or paper flowers, wicker weaving, tassels and cordings, mannequins, motion mechanisms, floor coverings (including artificial grass), plaster moldings, and

countless other specialties. Some of these companies have been hard hit by the war, and quite a few have quit for want of materials and labor. But others have profited by the fact that stores in general are making big money in the boom and can afford to spend more on display than ever before.

All the materials which are the traditional backbone of display—lumber, wire, paper, paint, and glue—are affected by wartime shortages. Paper has been restricted to sixty-five per cent of prewar use; standard glues have practically disappeared; lumber over six inches wide is unobtainable, and plywood and pressed woods are not available. Yet the show windows of America look about as glamorous as ever.

In some measure this is the result of ingenuity on the part of displaymen and those who supply them. They have turned up with any number of substitutes and improvisations. When metallic papers were no longer available, one com-

pany developed a glazed paper with an equally high sheen and better colors. Many of last year's sparkling Christmas trees were made of strands of cellophane bubbles which had been scrapped by a Navy life-raft manufacturer. Snow, heretofore made of unroasted cornflakes, is still looking for an "ersatz" replacement. But any displayman will tell you that many an eye-catching window could be traced to the black market. As one manufacturer told his customers in a published comment on a WPB order: "What we will do is problematical. . . . You may rest assured we will do everything in our power to stay in the display business, and will stop at nothing to keep our clientele supplied as we have in the past."

It would be unjust, however, to give the impression that the display business has not done its share to support the nation at war. Urged on by the industry's International Association of Display and the Victory Display Committee, stores all over the country have devoted their windows to war bond drives, victory garden campaigns, recruiting drives, and so on. Soon after Pearl Harbor many patriotic merchants pledged all the window space they could possibly spare to the government for the duration. For several months they did a fine job, but after a while, according to Ray Parks, president of the I.A.D., "some grew complacent, and many merchants went back to their routine operating policy of merchandise windows only. The government," Mr. Parks added, "is certainly justified in condemning the lack of interest and execution of a pledged obligation." So in March, 1943, the Association launched an all-out drive to put store windows on a war basis again.

How effective these war windows have been, everybody knows. Perhaps the nicest one, though, was the window of a small jeweler's shop on 32nd Street, New York. There was no merchandise for sale in the window—only some repaired watches and clocks, and a few restrung necklaces, each tagged with a claim number and the owner's name. And just one crudely lettered display card which read: "DON'T BUY JEWELRY. BUY BONDS."



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THE CLASH BETWEEN PROGRESS AND SECURITY

ALLAN G. B. FISHER



IN WHATEVER terms the proposition is put, everybody seems to agree that the greatest hope for the postwar world is a higher standard of living for all. An acquaintance who visited the New York World's Fair has described to me the great General Motors exhibit called "Highways and Horizons" and the immensely long queues of spectators waiting impatiently for admission. If those spectators had been asked whether they wanted a higher standard of living, some of them, perhaps, might have wondered what you meant; but there seems to have been no doubt about their enthusiasm once they were inside the General Motors Building and found themselves borne along through the darkness in upholstered chairs while spread below them was the landscape of the future with marvelous speed highways, orchards under glass, dream cities of modern architecture, and streamlined cars and busses and trucks and planes. This, by implication, was what the United States was going to be, this was the happy land which the children of the spectator could look forward to—a land with a higher standard of living for all.

It is not inconceivable that the landscape of the United States may come to resemble the dream of the General Motors Company, but this will never be if the passion for security that one senses on

every hand is permitted to paralyze the country. Sometimes in the open, sometimes far below the surface, there is a violent war going on between the forces of progress and the forces of security. The purpose of this article is to examine the character of the clash.

Not long ago Paul G. Hoffman, chairman of the Committee for Economic Development, urged us to "strive with all our might for an increase of productivity of not less than 30 per cent" as compared with the prewar level. This echo of an almost unanimous enthusiasm for productivity does not, by itself, get us very far. An increase of 30 per cent in the production of corn, radio sets, terra-cotta tile, and cocktail shakers would be meaningless unless people wanted to increase their purchases of these articles at the same rate.

A very different sort of picture would be presented if *average individual income* rose by 30 per cent after the war. The new purchases which people would make would be distributed over a wide range of goods and services. Some persons might want twice as many clothes as they used to buy; some others might want larger houses with more bathrooms; still others might want to go to twice as many concerts as before. But there would be few, even among the poorest, who would care

to eat twice as much as they had been accustomed to eat.

If Mr. Hoffman's 30 per cent is to have any useful meaning it must therefore be interpreted as an average covering the widest diversity in rates of expansion for some businesses and contraction for others. In some businesses there would be relatively little increase; in others, where low-quality goods are dropped by persons who can now afford better ones, there would be a decrease; in others there would be varying degrees of expansion. Talk about increased production and a rising standard of living is actually talk about a series of changes in the relative importance of the various enterprises which constitute the national economic system. This is nothing new. The whole of economic history is marked by such changes. Sometimes the change is violent, as in war, when so much labor and capital is rapidly shifted to military production. Sometimes the change is gradual, as, for example, the steady decrease throughout American history in the proportion of the population engaged in agriculture and the corresponding increase in the proportion of those employed in industry or who earn their living by providing various services.

If, in the postwar period, an attempt is made to shift back from military to civilian production and to increase the nation's average productivity by 30 per cent—more or less—the problems encountered are going to be very considerable. It would help if a picture could be drawn of what our economy will look like. What proportion of the working population will be engaged in producing food, in manufacturing automobiles and refrigerators, or in providing the numerous services which in recent years have become increasingly important fields for employment and investment? These questions cannot be answered precisely, but a useful impression can be formed of the trends that will inevitably develop in the important fields of economic activity.

It will become clear that there can be no progress if, at the same time, an attempt is made to freeze the economy in any structural pattern; it will be clear that some businesses will have to retrench or fold up entirely while others expand; that many

persons will have to shift from familiar occupations to new and strange ones. It will be possible to get a rough idea of those who stand to lose—in the short run, at least—as a result of these changes *and will therefore resist them*. Finally, it will be clear how important it is that both private action and public policy assist these changes rather than obstruct them, as has so often happened in the past.

Is there, at bottom, any justification in expecting an overall increase in production? Numerous persons doubt it, regarding such an increase as a promoter's dream. But continued growth of the sciences justifies the belief—despite all the losses of the war—that the long-term trend of increasing production and rising income levels can be resumed. But it cannot be resumed unless the character of the changes necessary in the structure of our economy is understood. And the current controversies between the "planners" and the champions of "free enterprise" obscure and hinder any such understanding. The real point at issue is, or ought to be, which form of organization is most likely to encourage the varying rates of expansion and contraction of production and keep them moving toward an overall increase of productive activity.

Many people think that the growing burden of debt is a sufficient reason to discount any optimism. War debts are certainly troublesome things, and their indirect effects, through the transfer of income by means of taxation and through their repercussions upon monetary policy, may so clog the machinery for increasing production as to make realities fall far short of possibilities. But the burden of debt does not involve any *net* subtraction from national income; it means a redistribution of income. The process of redistribution may stimulate some people to increase their contribution to national income; others may find their energies sapped and their eagerness diminished. However, the so-called burden of debt need not prevent us from achieving increased production and higher standards of living, so long as the essential elements are present upon which increased production depends. The most important of these is the knowledge which enables us

to control and make use of our material environment.

In the early stages of economic history most human effort was devoted to agricultural occupations. Science was primitive, people were poor, and capital for trying out new ideas was scarce. Most of the money was spent on food and simple necessities, and the production of these things provided most of the jobs. The Malthusian population pressure was a real thing, and technical improvements were urgently needed as a safeguard against the constant threat of famine.

The era of manufacture and industry—which began in England toward the end of the eighteenth century—changed the character of production and consumption. Not only were more people employed in making textile and iron and steel products; revolutionary improvements in the technique of agriculture at the same time made it possible for a smaller fraction of the population to feed the whole people. In due course, and in the same way, the refinement of manufacturing methods made it possible for the current requirements of the people for many goods to be satisfied by the labors of a smaller fraction of the working population. Later—with the growth of great cities like London, New York, Sydney, Buenos Aires, and Yokohama—an increasing share of the community's resources came to be devoted to services of various kinds and to what had previously been regarded as luxuries. Such luxuries include everything from public education and municipal garbage removal to scientific research, permanent waves, the arts, and amusement parks.

Recognition of the economic importance of these and other services has been strangely delayed, but during the inter-war period the census returns from all countries with high standards of living showed clearly that a large part of the population was engaged in them. The level of remuneration in these fields is extremely varied, as is the return on capital investment. The demand for some of them is uncertain and ephemeral, and many people deplore the standards of taste which some of these "services" satisfy. But the important fact is that *they represent the growing-points of modern economic systems,*

and healthy and steady development for the economy as a whole inevitably depends on healthy conditions at the growing-points.

These trends in economic organization as outlined briefly here are what anyone would expect in a community whose income level was steadily rising. (The poorest countries throughout the world still have the highest proportion of working population employed in producing bare necessities.) As income increases an ever larger portion of it is naturally devoted to industrial products, and as income rises further *the economic importance* of things previously regarded as luxuries becomes very great. Countries which have the highest standards of living ought to pay increasing attention to the production of the amenities of life. These are the changes which in the past have been the essence of material progress. They must be carried still further if material progress is to continue in the future.

II

WHAT are the obstacles in the way of further development along these lines? The main obstacle is the fact that while most people want to enjoy the advantages of a higher income, many are afraid of the insecurity which often seems to be associated with the process of raising the general income level. Throughout the whole of economic history there has been a succession of transfers of the resources of production from one type of work to another. Carriages and wagons are doomed when the automobile appears, and those who have jobs or investments in carriages bitterly resist the change. Some, of course, recognize the inevitable and jump while the jumping is good.

However unanimous the feeling may be that increased production and a higher standard of living after the war are highly desirable, it is an ironical fact that the chief fear of the future is that there will be unemployment on a grand scale. Where are the jobs to come from? Obviously the biggest part of the answer lies in the transfer of thousands of persons from agricultural, industrial, and manufacturing enterprises—where the productivity of

machinery has been so enormously expanded and where the changes effected by applied science have been most profound—to the service industries, professions, and trades.

Against any such transfer are:

1. The inertia of many of those thousands who are past their youth and no longer have the adaptability which they had when young.
2. The vested interests of those whose fortunes depend upon the maintenance of what, in many instances, are outmoded forms of production.
3. The vested interests of those who have jobs in trade unions, trade associations, political organizations, and other groups whose reasons for being are these same outmoded forms.

This opposition can and will exert very great pressure against change. Anyone who presses upon our attention any general economic policy should be urged to explain how he proposes to handle this opposition. In the past such changes brought bankruptcies in their train and doubtless they will again. It is easy to tell an individual farmer attached to his holding in Iowa or Rumania or New South Wales that he ought to abandon his farm and prepare to earn his living as a member of an orchestra or as an employee of a rapidly expanding aviation company. For many individuals such a change is quite impossible. But the problem in real life is seldom so impossibly difficult as this illustration might suggest—as has been shown during the present war, in which men from the farms have piled into the aircraft plants and men from a dozen trades and professions have gone to work in precision instrument factories. If it is impossible for a middle-aged coal miner to adapt himself to the requirements of an aviation company, it may be quite easy for his son.

It would be misleading to suppose that any unwillingness of wage-earners to change their jobs is the main obstacle to material progress. Some men hate to move, of course, but in the United States, anyway, the alacrity with which people will migrate to better themselves is proverbial. On August 16, 1943, *Life* published a photograph of a farm family which had moved to the Northwest for wartime employment. All told, the family was earning \$50,000 a year!

No; the responsibility for resistance to structural change may be much more

fairly placed upon the shoulders of the controllers of capital investment—a group in which government has a strong representation and influence now—than upon the wage-earners whom they employ. It is not only the man who tries to protect an obsolete investment who blocks the path to progress; much more dangerous are those who (whether they be manufacturers, labor leaders, or whatever), having got an early start in performing some scarce and highly paid service, presently attempt to bar the field to later comers. People hate to give up privileges and, unless they are checked, they will take steps to hinder or completely prevent the adjustments necessary if the potentialities of economic progress are to be realized.

Monopolistic resistance to changes in economic structure is a commonplace. All of us have heard of the purchase and suppression of inventions by corporations whose product is threatened; all of us know how unions have spread-the-work and feather-bedded useless jobs. But the resistances go a great deal deeper. For the higher income groups, material progress of a general character often demands significant changes in some of the elements of real income to which traditionally they have come to attach great importance. These changes are annoying to them, and if they feel that the loss of certain customary personal conveniences is inadequately compensated by the increased opportunities for the enjoyment of new things, they will probably add the weight of their influence to the other resistances to structural adaptation.

Personal services, for example, traditionally have been paid at low rates. Cheap personal services are always most abundantly available in countries with a low general level of income. Unskilled labor, male or female, is relatively plentiful in such communities, whereas in wealthier countries there are numerous alternative outlets for low-paid labor, whose price thus tends to rise. In normal times the proportion of working women employed in domestic service in the United States is only half the corresponding proportion in Great Britain. This is not a matter of chance, but an inexorable consequence of the more rapid material

progress of this country. If the general income level rises, wealthy people accustomed to a great deal of personal service soon begin to complain that they cannot get what they want, or indeed, as they are apt to put it, what they ought to have. During the war we have heard of people regretting the "good old days" of the Great Depression, when personal services were abundant and cheap! Such complaints are really identical with complaints that production is becoming more efficient, for that is the most significant explanation of rising incomes. The amount of time spent by members of the middle classes in all highly developed countries in discussions of "the servant problem" is merely a reflection of a widespread social outlook which finds it difficult to stomach the inevitable consequences of material progress. From many people with great economic and political influence, material progress demands significant changes in their mode of life. Some would find the changes, once made, quite agreeable. But timid people often dislike the prospect of being obliged to make them. If they successfully resist the structural changes which the economic system needs, they are at the same time checking the general improvement in standards of living which ought to be the normal consequence of scientific and technical progress.

III

A PROGRESSIVE and healthy economic system requires a steady flow of resources into types of economic activity which less wealthy economies cannot afford. The growing-points of the economy must be invigorated by new investment and expanding employment. But this means insecurity for some people, and *seems* to mean insecurity for many more.

Security cannot be attained by frantically clutching at it and sitting tight. If we sacrifice progress we usually find, and without having to wait very long, that security itself has also eluded us.

These are not new problems, but they seem to have become more acute in our own time. "For the past ten or twenty years," as Thurman Arnold said in a speech to the Economic Club some

months ago, "and I don't blame this on the Democrats because I have heard more of it from Republicans and business men than any other source, we have been obsessed with the economics of security. We have been thinking of stabilizing profits, keeping a fool from losing his money, social security, ironing out depressions, creating a situation where anybody who remained sober and didn't run off with somebody else's wife was assured of a comfortable old age." This obsession with security has been carried so far that some people have elaborated a theory of a "mature economy" to explain the slowing-down of the normal processes of economic development which had been characteristic of the last century and a half.

It is, of course, both true and important that an "advanced" economy necessarily differs in many important respects from a more "primitive" one, but analogies based on the life history of individuals are in this connection quite misleading. The character and quality of our economic growth must be different in the future from what it has been in the past, but when we observe the low standards of living which still prevail among many citizens of even the most "advanced" economies, it is difficult to take seriously the suggestion that normal growth must from now on inevitably slow down.

The exponents of the mature economy theory frequently seek a way out through programs of public works. In certain circumstances there is much to be said for public works, as a subordinate instrument of policy, but it betrays a woeful ignorance of the real economic possibilities of the modern world to put them in the forefront of our policy. For this means that, despairing of the possibility of organizing the production of things which consumers would be eager to buy, we fall back on the production of things which, though they are sometimes quite useful in themselves, no one is very anxious to have.

The decline in the rate of population growth has something to do with our reluctance to encourage structural change—for when population is comparatively stable there is less likelihood that the necessary structural changes can be made merely by slowing down the rate of entry

into certain occupations. But this factor is not so important as many people have supposed, and is certainly less significant than the obsession with corporate and personal security, which is the natural consequence of the depression years and their violent fluctuations in employment. Mr. Ernest Bevin, the British Minister of Labor and National Service, has gone so far as to say that his war aim is summed up in the phrase, "The motive of our life must be social security." The longing for security has always been with us, of course; but it has now become a much more significant factor in economic and political life than formerly because those who emphasize security now know, or think they know, how to attain it.

The fundamental question remains, however, *whether these devices can be effective for anything more than the short run.* Is it possible to allay the natural apprehensions of those who fear that economic change may harm or even ruin them without at the same time checking the structural changes which our economic system must undergo if the people as a whole are not to be condemned to unnecessarily low standards of living—in other words, without deferring to the antisocial prejudices of privileged groups?

It is from this point of view that the claims of both the planners and the supporters of private enterprise should be assessed. Before we approve of any planner's program, we ought to examine with a highly critical eye the possibility that planning may be used merely to bolster up traditional positions and therefore to impede necessary processes of adjustment. Such a policy cannot succeed, for the power of technical progress is too great to be kept permanently in check. The effort to impose a stability which runs counter to the adjustments demanded by progress may, however, build up a rigid economy whose ultimate disruption—when the effort finally fails, as fail it must—will also destroy the security which has been the immediate objective.

But our suspicion of "plans" should not lead us to accept protestations of devotion to "private enterprise" as a guarantee that essential structural changes will not be resisted. Some of the most vociferous

clamorers for free enterprise are interested only in free enterprise for themselves. They too want to control the economy and parcel out the labor (on a tidy basis convenient to themselves)—which would be no less damaging to progress than some forms of the planning which they so vigorously oppose. The emphasis should be placed less on "privacy," with the opportunities which privacy has already too often given for restriction of production and obstruction of necessary adaptations, and much more on "enterprise"—that is, on the prompt acceptance of new techniques and the readiness to assist those transfers of resources which expansion entails. From this point of view there is often little to choose between the planners and the supporters of private enterprise. Both are aiming to protect everyone from the changes which the advance of science will make inevitable. Such tactics will serve only to arrest progress and dam up vital economic forces until at last they break through the obstructions and the whole concern bursts. It is not only hard, it is also arrant folly to kick against the pricks. Struggle as we may against the adjustments which a changing world imposes upon us, they must at last be made. If we refuse to accept them and attempt to freeze an existing situation, we shall presently find the whole machinery slowing down or falling to pieces.

IV

IN THE nature of things, no simple clear-cut remedy can be offered which we could pretend would clear up all these difficulties. Action must be taken simultaneously on many fronts. To many ardent supporters of particular remedies, the scriptural injunction may appropriately be applied, "These ye ought to have done, and not left the other undone." The forces of resistance to structural adaptations in our economy are so powerful that no useful device for countering them can safely be neglected. Here we shall mention only two or three outstanding points.

In the first place, the problem of "social security" cannot be seen in proper perspective unless we have firmly fixed in our

minds the argument here outlined. The adjustments demanded by the public interest carry with them obvious risks for certain individuals and groups. The days are past when intelligent people could regard unemployment merely as the personal responsibility of the unemployed man. He is often the innocent victim of trends and changes quite outside his control. But while the case is strong for measures against the risk of being sacrificed in the public interest, the form and purpose of such measures will be quite different according as we think in narrow terms of provisional aid until "recovery"—i.e. until things improve and everyone is right back where he used to be—or in the wider terms of maintaining a flexible and healthy economy by continuously encouraging the development of new kinds of work. We will get nowhere—and incidentally fail to get "social security"—if we aim first at stabilizing progress. *The proper approach is to put progress in the forefront of our thinking and action, and then to provide supplementary measures for those who are unfairly penalized in the process.*

The second point is the importance of educational policy as a constructive element in economic development. Extensions of education have frequently been more or less forced by the pressure of economic changes. Widespread illiteracy is obviously intolerable if the efficient performance of the ordinary man's tasks demands that he be able to read and write. This, of course, is a very low ground on which to put a case for universal primary education, but even on this low plane, the increases in production which scientific advances and increased demand for services will make possible simply cannot occur without a more widespread dissemination of higher educational facilities than even the most advanced countries today provide for their citizens. If a rapidly progressing economy needs considerable additions to the ranks of its musicians, medical men, and other purveyors of skilled personal services, our educational policy must be molded to make possible a larger supply of these people. Unless a larger proportion of the population is trained to understand and use new industrial and agricultural techniques, we cannot hope

to make the most of our opportunities in industry and agriculture.

The social resistances discussed earlier are often a clogging influence at this point. Some ten years ago a minister of the Crown in New Zealand expressed his doubts about the wisdom of further extensions of secondary education. For, if everybody received a secondary education, "who, then," he asked, "would do the dirty work?" This obstructive attitude is widespread elsewhere, though seldom so clearly and crudely expressed. We cannot seriously claim to favor higher standards of living unless we are prepared to face and overcome such resistances.

Finally—and this above all—there can be no progress if special interests—government or private—are allowed to check the expansion of investment in enterprises which produce goods and services that people with rising incomes would be likely to want in increasing quantities. It is impossible here to deal adequately with the many intricate technical questions involved in determining the best methods of preventing monopolistic restrictions. It is unlikely that any single method will be suitable in all economies or even in all parts of a single economy. In Great Britain it has been urged that monopolistic organizations and cartels would become less dangerous if they were granted statutory authority to exclude or control potential competitors in return for submission to some kind of public supervision. Interested parties have approved of this idea, no doubt in the confident expectation that they themselves could, in the last resort, control the supervisors. No doubt there are interested parties in the United States who feel exactly the same way and, in some quarters, the "inevitability" of the extension of international cartels after the war is often discussed. The demand for authorized monopolies doesn't at present attract open support in the United States, but it was not so long ago that many business men welcomed the opportunity afforded by the NRA to control the entry of new competitors into their spheres of operations. It may not be entirely cynical to suppose that in some cases American business men forego the advantages of legislative checks on competitors because

the informal but real checks are quite effective enough without the backing of any statutory authority.

We shall enjoy neither the full measure of progress which is possible nor the benefits of security unless we keep the path clear for those who are competent to supply the new goods and the new services which a progressive economy will demand. The critical spots in any economy will always be the points where growth ought to be taking place, and anything which impedes development at these points will have harmful repercussions on the economy as a whole. New institutional devices may well be needed in the new circumstances which arise *when services become more important fields of employment than agriculture or industry*. The organization of the capital market evolved for the latter fields may not be in all respects suitable for the needs of the newer types of production. There is, however, nothing fixed or eternal about the constitution of the capital market at any given point of time. The process of evolution of which it is the product is continuous and never-ending. In asking for further adaptation, therefore, we are not asking for anything revolutionary, but merely for a continuation of the same developments which enabled Western countries to reach their present position.

Thousands of people today are worried and fearful about their economic prospects in the postwar years. In the face of these fears, is a rational man entitled to be optimistic? The general picture of the growth of a progressive economy justifies a cautious optimism, but it cannot give us any certainty. Everything depends on whether we do the right things, and the most important right thing is to provide conditions which will encourage the production of the goods and services which people living in a progressive economy would wish to buy in increasing quantities. Such conditions do not spring up automatically. The resistances provoked by the attempt to create them are numerous and powerful, and it is an unfortunate consequence of the otherwise legitimate interest in social security that it so easily diverts attention from them and their baneful consequences.

There is one important short-term quali-

fication to be noted. Though the effects of the losses inflicted by the war ought not to be exaggerated, those losses are nevertheless very real. The United States has not suffered as much as some other countries where capital equipment has been destroyed or its maintenance neglected. But the United States cannot avoid repercussions from other economies, and the capital structure of all belligerent countries, including the United States, has been so violently distorted to meet the requirements of totalitarian war that its redirection to meet the requirements of peace will present great difficulties. The solution of all the tasks arising in this situation will take time. We may reasonably expect after the war to resume the movement of progress which marked the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, but we must not expect too much too quickly. Some of our troubles during the interwar period can be traced back to the impatient expectations of those who, after the last war, thought wartime losses could be neglected.

Nevertheless, the very profundity of the disturbances of the war justifies some hope that we may be able to snatch from this catastrophe an opportunity to direct our economic structure into more expansive channels. Nearly everywhere before the war there was too little flexibility in industry. The war brought flexibility to an unprecedented degree. The structure has been thoroughly loosened. It will take more shoving to get it into working order for peace conditions. We must not allow the desire for security to reinforce an effort to restore something resembling the prewar layout of employment.

The truth is, however, that it would take no more effort to construct a working basis adapted to the new conditions of production techniques and consumer demands than it would to restore the prewar status quo. If an effort toward a new working basis is made, then we shall be in a better position than ever before to begin the further and continuous structural adjustments which will always be needed so long as our knowledge is expanding and there are still people dissatisfied with their existing standards of living.

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THE FUTURE OF FOREIGN TRADE

A Problem in Social Dynamics

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EVERYBODY wants more foreign trade after the war. Politicians talk about it, newspapers write red-hot editorials about it, manufacturers think of it with anxious hope, and labor union leaders—who are concerned about the future jobs of their rank and file—want increased foreign trade as badly as any of the other groups.

In the future the size of the unemployment rolls will be of enormous importance. That's one reason for the feverish interest on all sides in exports at this time. Government, employers, and unions sense that the problem is jobs! Every eye will be cocked at the unemployment figures—witness the shiver that went through industry

a few weeks ago when the Navy cut its Brewster aircraft contract and the about-to-be-sacked workers stayed in and sat down—and these figures will be the barometer of both economics and politics after this war.

Most of the current dreams and hopes for foreign trade are uttered without any close examination of the economic realities of the world today. Any such close examination will reveal two circumstances of fundamental importance: (1) Domestic prosperity in the United States is essential first of all if there is to be any substantial increase in our foreign trade. (2) There is no promise of much long-term expansion of international trade unless the push

toward higher standards of living goes on also *throughout the world*. Such a push will produce political instability in many countries and revolution in others. But many of those who are most eager for expansion of foreign trade fail to see the connection with political instability—a phenomenon which they dread and want at all costs to avoid. Yet the fact is, as this article proposes to demonstrate, that the two things almost inevitably go together, and those who want the one without the other are trying to eat their cake and have it too.

CURRENT forecasts about the great demand for American goods abroad when the fighting stops are based chiefly on three possibilities:

1. The rehabilitation needs of devastated countries.

2. The huge accumulation of dollars held by countries, especially in Latin America, which have been supplying us with raw materials and have had little chance—because of our concentration on war production—to buy from us the manufactured goods they want.

3. The well-advertised plans for expanding production abroad—building railroads, dams, and manufacturing plants for the Chinese, expanding the steelworks of the Brazilians, and so on—which will require purchases of American equipment.

But these prospects—save for Number 3—won't sustain the international market for very long, given our present speed in production, and even Number 3 won't get us very far if the development is improperly carried out. "The place where a good deal of thinking must be done," said Donald Nelson on June 8, 1944, "is in capital goods. Unless we can develop a broad export market for capital goods, I don't see the opportunity for them to be prosperous. We've got to have them in a healthy condition if the entire economy is to be prosperous." A postwar boom seems now to be expected and the commentators and economic writers are busily mistaking this expected boom for the basis of long-term prosperity. It's nothing of the kind. It may be agreeable to some of the participants, but the boom will be of short duration.

No; if the reader is really interested in a long-term upswing in international trade, he will have to descend to the subcellars

of the economy of this world and discover what changes will have to be made in the underpinnings if we are to have a sound structure of trade designed *for our day*.

IN 1929 the United States was the most influential trading nation on earth. At that time we had just about reached the maximum development we could hope for under traditional methods. What might be called the "peddler theory" of selling things abroad was in a fair way of being completely invalidated. The peddler theory had its genesis in the days when Britain was serene in rarity as an industrial exporting power. Her traders moved about the earth and Lancashire cottons went to the ends of the world. In due course other industrial nations developed, and as they did so the beauties of free trade waned and competition became acute. Industrial countries put up tariffs to protect their "infants," and their salesmen sallied forth to compete with each other.

As the competition stiffened and as more industrial countries were added to the second-comers, the whole terrain of international trade began to be cluttered up with fences, tariffs, quota systems, and other devices put together for a variety of purposes. Some were to protect home industry, some were to insulate a home economy from unforeseen international trade shocks, some were designed to aid the salesman as he went abroad—devices that protected one nation from the salesmen of other nations went hand in hand with devices that were to assist the salesman in jumping over the neighbor's fences. Contradictory as some of these devices may have been, remarkable things were accomplished by the salesmen in their palmy day and every effort was made to assist them; but the crash of '29 was a warning that the utility of such competition was over.

There is a common saying, when the subject of foreign trade is up for argument, that the soundness of the foreign demand for our stuff is determined, in great measure, by the extent to which we buy the goods that foreigners have for sale. This is a true saying, but it is often oversimplified and misinterpreted. The most important imports to the United States are

largely raw materials—in 1929 we were the world's greatest single purchaser of them—and our need of them is determined by the level of our domestic industrial production.

"Throughout the interwar period from 1919 to 1939," says a government publication, "the physical volume of imports followed a path closely parallel to the index of industrial production." This is fundamental: we can hope for a soundly based international trade *only to the extent that we are prosperous here at home*. Dependent upon this generalization is another, subsidiary but vital: domestic prosperity achieved by methods of economic nationalism is possible, but such methods can thoroughly cancel out the healthy effects of the prosperity they support, as far as international trade is concerned. That is to say, it is possible that the United States by means of tariffs, exchange regulations, domestic subsidies, and so on can achieve a measure of prosperity at home while other countries get the short end; but any such prosperity will paralyze the hope of healthy international trade.

The problem is how to guarantee domestic prosperity while encouraging foreign trade. Meanwhile the domestic prosperity of foreign nations is also indispensable to healthy foreign trade, and they too must achieve their prosperity without resorting to nationalistic policies of a restrictive character. But, as already stated, increasing international trade is possible only in a dynamic society; dynamism means change; the push for change means resistance by those vested interests whose fortunes will be diminished by change; this means—in today's context—social uproar, even revolution. No one looking for peace and quiet has any business talking about increasing international trade.

II

THE true character of the enormous role which the United States plays in the world economy is difficult to grasp. In part this is because we ourselves are bedazzled by the achievements of American production in a lush economy built on an incredible richness of natural wealth within the boundaries of the nation. From

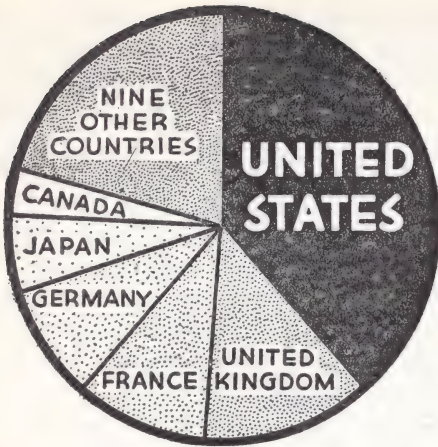
childhood the Briton has known that his sugar, apples, oranges, bread, and bacon came from overseas. But for the American any sense of dependence has been obscured by pictures in his mind, not only of amber waves of grain and apple orchards and orange groves, but also of incredibly rich oilfields and coal pits, iron mines, and "inexhaustible" timber. We have tended to forget that we did not have everything. But no matter how vast our riches, we were still dependent on vital supplies from overseas.

What we had was a vast domestic market, cultivated as few domestic markets ever have been. It drew our domestic resources into production in incredible measure; and it set up a vast demand for supplies from beyond our borders. This domestic market was a giant prime mover, the effect of which on foreign trade was immeasurably great. The larger part of our imports were raw materials, destined for manufacture into articles the majority of which *would be sold here at home!*

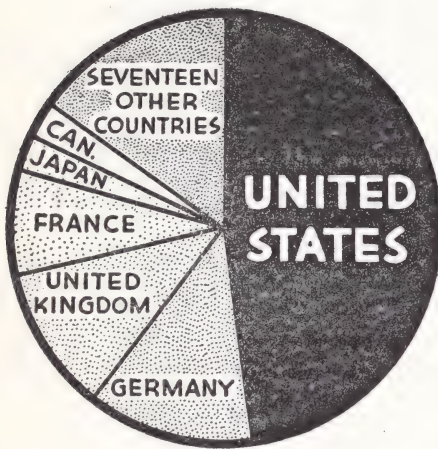
The world contributed huge stores of materials that were worked up to satisfy this tremendous home market. It was this demand that made the mare go in so many parts of the world: it was the clothing of American women that absorbed the silk from Japan; it was tires on American cars that made worth while the expansion of the British and Dutch rubber plantations in Malaya and the East Indies.

As a publication of the Department of Commerce puts it: "Crude materials, crude foodstuffs, and semi-manufactures used by American industry constituted 66 per cent of total imports during the period. Another 6 per cent, included in finished manufactures, consisted of newsprint and jute manufactures, which in reality are more in the nature of raw materials."

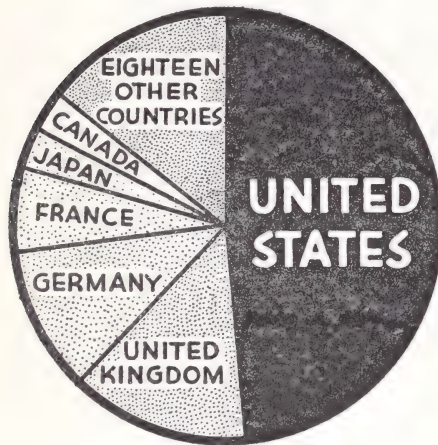
Now, take a look at the three circular diagrams on the next page and try to imagine what the world would be like if the American share of the pies were simply not there. How much smaller world income would be, how much smaller world industrial production would be, how the consumption of raw materials would shrink! The anxiety of foreigners about



Relative value of consumption of nine principal raw materials and foodstuffs, 1927-28



Relative value of industrial production, 1925-29



Relative value of national incomes expressed in dollars, 1929

THE WEIGHT OF THE UNITED STATES
IN THE WORLD ECONOMY

America's postwar foreign policy is clearly understandable. What we do or don't do will deeply influence the whole world. Surely it is abundantly clear that the American capacity to absorb raw materials, broadly interpreted, will play a decisive part in future world trade.

HERE was our relation to world trade before the Great Depression: the United States was "the *premier exporting nation* during the interwar period, accounting for 15.6 per cent of the world total in 1929. In the same year, *its share of total imports* was 12.2 per cent, *being exceeded only by that of the United Kingdom*. With respect to imports of raw materials only, the United States was easily the most important importer."

All this must not be forgotten in discussing the future of world trade. If it is to expand with good results for everybody, then the levels achieved must rise above those reached in 1929. The United States must, if expansion is to be its watchword, either exceed its 1929 position on the old competitive basis—in which case the outcry from foreign manufacturers is going to be deafening—or else get its proportional share of a total volume of world trade decisively bigger than it was in 1929. Of course, it's the latter that's really wanted, and it's what those who emphasize the need for extensive developmental programs abroad actually have in mind. The idea is that if there is an all-round increase in trade, all parties can do better than if they're in there gouging and knifing each other in the attempt to get the biggest share of a shrinking market.

It is obvious that the joining up of domestic industrial combines into the international trusts known as cartels will result in no expansion of trade but rather the reverse. The aim of a cartel is not to expand trade but to divide the market and maintain a price.

TRADE tables prepared by the Department of Commerce clearly show that in 1929, before the depression distorted it, American trade was, in order of importance, with Europe, North America (emphasis on Canada), South America, Asia

and Oceania (emphasis overwhelmingly on Asia); and that Africa was of small significance. In the future the common presumption is that trade with Europe will probably recover to its old levels in volume, but that its proportionate share of the total will continue its long-term decline. There is small hope for much for us from Africa. It is on North America, South America, and Asia that American attention is chiefly concentrated when increases in trade are up for discussion—on such countries as Canada, Brazil, and China.

III

WE HAVE said that the foreign trade of the United States—both import and export—is based upon the domestic prosperity of the nation. Given the uses to which so much of the imported raw material is put—the supply of foodstuffs and manufactures to our home market—it is impossible to imagine any considerable volume of foreign trade if the American economy is depressed.

To those preoccupied with foreign problems we would say: the quickest and best way for America to confer solid benefit on the world at large is to see to it that our domestic affairs are so conducted that a high level of prosperity, spread over the nation as equitably as possible, is the normal rather than the exceptional condition. In a Department of Commerce publication called *The United States in the World Economy* it is shown in detail that our domestic economic conditions, good or bad, decisively influence the volume of our imports and hence the supply of dollars available to foreigners for purchasing our exportable goods, servicing any loans we may have made to them, and paying for any services rendered by us. This circumstance quite overrides such matters as the prices of imported goods and even, to a degree, our tariff laws.

Any foreign trade policy based exclusively on the narrow national advantage of the United States, however, will inevitably provoke disastrous reactions in other trading nations. If the United States attempts a trade policy founded simply on competitive advantage, obviously Great Britain will respond by feverishly attempt-

ing further arrangements like the trade treaty with Argentina described by Mr. Setaro elsewhere in this issue of *Harper's*. Other nations will follow suit. And soon we shall be back in the Great Depression as far as trade is concerned.

Let us never forget that it was shown during the latter years of the Great Depression that rising domestic prosperity—rising production and increased employment—could and did go on while conditions in world trade were very bad. Such domestic prosperity occurred in countries where new types of industry were needed to fill domestic needs. This was a *short-run* outlet for national energies which was freely utilized. In Great Britain, for example, there was considerable activity in housing and in the mushrooming of light industry on the outskirts of London. This domestic activity occurred at a time when British foreign trade was having a painful time. If such a situation looks like an enigma it is explained by the fact that, in large part, these evidences of British home prosperity were not “natural” but were the result of manipulation by government, just as in this country the plowing under of cotton was a manipulation to raise the price and the spending policy was a manipulation to “increase purchasing power.”

When other nations undertook to deal with trade their efforts were nationalistic also and took the form of bilateral treaties, import and export quotas, currency manipulations, “blocked” money, and so on. In recent years the American public has been so exhorted and belabored to avoid being “isolationist” and living behind a wall and shutting out the world that people forget that that was precisely what most nations were up to—as economic units—during the past decade. No nation tried to give up international trade entirely and live like a hermit, but the majority tried to use trade as a lever and a weapon to support a nationalist domestic policy intended to insure domestic prosperity. It is ironical that many writers who blast away at “trade barriers” seem to have no idea of what many of these barriers were really designed to accomplish. Look at this quotation from a document prepared for a meeting of the

International Chamber of Commerce at Copenhagen in 1939:

... a great part of the practical opposition expressed in recent years to freer trading initiatives and to exchange stabilization springs from such motives of social welfare as concern with national and group standards of living, the distress arising from unemployment, and the desire to mitigate, and if possible control, the violent cyclical fluctuations of economic activity that bring insecurity to employers as well as employed. It must be recognized that there is a widespread and popular opinion that deems it intolerable for human beings to live in the shadow of economic insecurity, poverty, malnutrition, and unemployment. Arguments for freer trade based upon *laissez faire* and the long-run maximizing of national income are often rejected because of the preoccupation with social security in the short run and the demand for safeguarding employment.

What this means for us is that in the postwar world, where security is sure to be an obsession—security for jobs, security for money, security for old age, security for everything that can be nailed down—there will have to be general domestic security, no matter how achieved, before there can be a reasonable discussion of world trade. Men want jobs; and the pressure for jobs will be so intense that politicians will be tempted to supply them even by methods which, on a long view, are detrimental to international trade.

One may say that here at home we ought not to do thus and so because what we do will clog the stream of world trade, and that the free flow of the stream is important to our future well-being. All very fine, but voters are not apt to be persuaded by theories in such matters. Since they are human beings, each concerned about his own fortunes and future, they are apt to grasp at what seem to be tangible benefits with which they are able to become familiar, rather than embrace theories they don't completely understand. To confuse the picture further, there are many vested interests, often created by policies of economic nationalism, which will fight to retain their lives and privileges. They will scream bloody murder if suggested changes appear to menace them. There is no magic that can conjure away the factories, foundries, and farms held by these interests—and in many instances it would be undesirable to do so. They are

the *given factors* in our problem. The number of these factors has been markedly increased by the war, for the war is, in one of its phases, a "natural protection" for infant industries.

What we are saying is this: domestic prosperity and high employment will be the goal toward which all alert nations will strive after the war; the efforts to reach these objectives are sure to be mixed up with many restrictive nationalistic policies similar to those that cluttered up the decade of the thirties; and while domestic prosperity is indisputably vital to a high level of world trade, the essential problem is how to combine this emphasis on jobs and home prosperity with policies which encourage international trade rather than restrict it.

Such encouragement will not be as easy as the missionaries of economic internationalism may think. We have to do our work with the facts at hand, not with notions of the nineteenth century nor with laboratory constructions of "logical" theorists who have never learned that nature is more subtle than any argument. It won't be enough to demonstrate the case theoretically; the problem will be to demonstrate it in practice.

It must be shown that there is a distinct national advantage in allowing domestic prosperity to flow over national boundaries to the world at large; and that the goods and services in which this flow is expressed must move in both directions, inward and outward. All nations must buy freely as well as sell. If the United States wants tremendous exports to help keep its industrial plant going full blast and the unemployment rolls down, then it must be prepared to buy imports in tremendous quantities to keep its foreign customers supplied with the necessary dollars. We must be prepared to accept the consequences of our hope for exports—or abandon the hope.

IV

WE MUST accept those consequences at home and abroad. It is utterly senseless to promote an economic policy and then louse it up because we timidly shrink from its consequences. If a dynamic world of expanding trade is wanted,

then the price of dynamism must be paid; and since dynamism and change are identical, *adjustment to change must be an integral part of economic policy.*

Most of the favorable predictions about world trade after the war-delayed purchases and rehabilitation demands have exhausted themselves turn upon vast schemes of development to be carried out in the underdeveloped and undeveloped nations and areas of the world. These are usually talked of in terms of heavy exports from the United States and the other advanced nations of loans, followed by machinery and other equipment for increasing production of raw materials and manufactured goods, improving transport and communications, and so on. Henry Kaiser has had ideas of this character; others have argued about "opening up the Tigris and Euphrates valleys," still others want to put hydroelectric plants in the gorges of the Yangtze, the Mekong, and the Salween rivers. These things—according to the popular argument—will increase the productivity of the receiving nations, national and individual incomes will rise, and the general demand for goods and services from abroad will increase.

If such projects go through, they will produce consequences. One of them is that the trade between the developing and expanding areas—say China or Brazil—and their suppliers—say Great Britain or the United States—will go through a fairly rapid evolution. The exact composition of the trade will shift constantly as the relative industrial and other development of the receiving country changes. (The completion of the Brazilian steelworks is certainly going to alter the character of steel imports into that country.) This doesn't mean that the total volume of trade has to decline in the case of either the receiver or the supplier. It simply means that the nature of the trade will change. As our industrializing customers advance further along in their task, the list of things we sell them will change. There will be no hope that we can continue to ship them overalls, unbleached muslin, calicoes, and earthenware dishes, for textile and pottery factories are examples of early stages in the

industrial history of a country. Fessenden S. Blanchard, president of the Textile Research Institute, says: "So far as textile goods are concerned . . . broadly speaking, the East will supply the East." If American manufacturers reject the consequences of these changes, then our foreign trade must suffer. They should remember how they often beat their British competitors in the past by meeting new situations successfully: the British, having sold iron skilletts and "cheap tin trays" for generations, were worsted by the American smarty whose kitchenware was light, bright, and shining. But if we—and the other advanced industrial countries, including Britain—can keep pace with the changes we may do very well indeed.

In the long run our best export bets will be those specialized goods in which, for one reason or another, we have established and will try to maintain a marked superiority: motor vehicles of all kinds and descriptions, household machines, business machines of all kinds, complex and highly specialized machine tools, complex chemicals, and so on. This is the old mouse-trap theory: if we build better mouse traps than the other fellow can produce at home, he will surely beat a path to our door. Our problem is to discover and exploit our superiority, not to try to compete in fields that the newly industrializing countries are quite capable of occupying themselves.

What is the long run and what the short? Well, the Chinese economists have worked out a scheme to transform their economy in ten years, but let us say the short view is two decades. (Mr. Setaro points out that it's thirty-three years since the Mexicans set out to raise their standard of living.) The long view, therefore, is something above twenty years. These things cannot be measured precisely.

Once stated, these points appear fairly obvious and are certainly supported by reference to history, including American history. When the changes aren't made, then there is trouble. For example, the reader will recall that in all the talk about future world trade for the United States, there is little mention of agricultural prod-

ucts. As far as our country is concerned, they have a dubious future. Their share in our exports began to decline years ago and, if it hadn't been for the First World War, our fiber and foodstuff exports might have shrunk gradually and relatively painlessly. But the war of 1914-18 caused an enormous expansion of our farm plant; we came into the interwar period with a bloated farm economy, and no sensible way was found to deal with it. Instead, Hugh Johnson, who was running a farm implement factory, began the campaign for direct farm subsidies and, though the subsidy boys were frustrated in the Coolidge-Hoover era, the New Deal in '33 brought farm relief with a vengeance. We began increasing the national debt to sustain a farm plant of a sort for which there was no economic justification either in our domestic economy or in the world economy.

The present war has offered a temporary support for this overextended plant, but evidence of permanent support is difficult to find. If it isn't found—and we don't think it will be—within a few years American agriculture will once more be in a mess. The accomplishments of the United States Sugar Corporation at Clewiston, Florida, and of the King truck farm at Morrisville, Pennsylvania—showing what can be done with the close application of science and machinery—provide no comfort for the mass of American farmers.

The only way to clear up the situation will be to direct workers away from the production of such staples as wheat and cotton, either into the production of protective foods—milk, butter, green vegetables, fruits, and so on, for which there will be an increased demand as living standards rise—or into manufacturing, or, best of all, into the service industries, which must certainly expand as prosperity mounts. Otherwise we are going to overburden the traditional occupations with excess workers, and create areas of extremely low living standards as well as hard cores of unemployment that will plague us for years to come.

Prosperity, domestic or international, can be sustained only in proportion as labor and capital are mobile, both within

the backward nations moving to higher levels of economic development and within the more highly developed nations which stand in the relation of suppliers and customers to them. It is hopeless to try to freeze things as they are. Change inevitably means shifting relations among social groups and such change means "trouble" for someone. There is simply no way of having progress without facing the uproar it occasions.

V

THE problem of really getting international trade on a higher level and keeping it there necessarily runs even deeper than the "technical" economic problem of dealing with capital and labor in a changing world. And these two problems are, as we well know, precisely the problems which are encrusted with political and social issues of the most profound and explosive kind. Imagine what an all-out effort to raise the standard of living in Spain would encounter! The Spanish economy as it now is and has been is a maze of complicated vested interests, some hoary with age. The adjustments required will be resisted, and the resistance will take on a political form. As the world is constituted, it is impossible to name an organized group which will not fight any drastic change in its current position—capital, labor, or what have you. We must therefore plunge immediately into the midst of violent political disputes, which, if they are deliberately brought to the surface, will force some nations into disastrous political chaos, even revolution.

That we are living in a revolutionary age has become a platitude of conversation. It would seem, however, that many who accept the platitude have drained it of its obvious meaning. They speak and write as though, in some mystical manner, they expected to go through this revolution with their status and comfort intact. It is difficult to see how we are to live through a revolutionary age without revolutions, or how revolutions can be effected without downing the opposition of vested interests which resist the changes the revolution requires.

Social violence gives the authors of this article the heebie-jeebies, but we still think that the prospect of working out the revolution in which it is agreed we are involved, without violence somewhere in the world, is remarkably poor, especially since the countries designated for the most drastic changes are precisely those with little or no democratic tradition.

We don't argue that well enough should be let alone on that account. We see no general world progress until the issues are settled in a way favorable to the masses of the people. But it is just about impossible to expect that far-reaching economic and social adjustments will be carried through in the space of a few months, or even years, after the war is won. They will take considerable time. Resistance to change, even beneficent change, is a universal characteristic. Either the developmental programs will go on at a slower rate than optimists believe, or the whole business will be reduced to a matter of putting a new and shining surface over the ancient mass of poverty and degradation because the more basic adjustments are not politically feasible. In the latter case, we shall continue to have poverty and desolation in the Great Lakes cut-over areas while we build handsome public-works monuments and bridges; there will be air-conditioned modern-architecture luxury apartments in Buenos Aires while the small farmers on the ragged edge in the Argentine provinces slowly go to pot.

While an immediate demand for loans and equipment of considerable magnitude will develop even if only the surface of the nations is to be changed, *the really big transactions will come only if the social benefits are spread widely among the people.* It has been estimated that if the second-hand paper-bag-making machinery shipped to South America from the United States in the past few years were to run at capacity for six months, there would be enough paper bags to satisfy the Latin American demand for years. Well, one reason for that is that in most parts of Latin America a paper bag is a costly luxury. So appalling is the ignorance and poverty—in Peru, for example—that outside of the few settled towns, the amount of cash money available to the Peruvians is

“about six bits a year.” What are paper bags to a people who live near the starvation point and can't get food enough, let alone clothes?

It is the extent to which the internal market of the developing nations is cultivated that will determine the magnitude of the development. Development programs abroad are social and political as well as economic issues. The proposed use of investment capital abroad for social ends is an unprecedented experiment. The Rio Blanco textile works set up in Mexico in the great Porfirio's time were designed to produce cloth for sale at hacienda stores to sweated peons; the effect of this factory on raising the standard of living was nil. The mere installation of modern equipment in a country is no guarantee whatever that it will be used for socially desirable ends. The provision of it will mean export trade for the United States, but the effect on the people of the receiving countries turns strictly upon the social policies adopted by the political authorities.

Proper policies will inspire the resistance of vested interests. For example, to add modern transport and industrial equipment to the Chinese economy without giving Chinese agriculture a thorough overhauling will simply be to set down such equipment in a feudal world. Yet the Chinese landlords are sure to resist any reorganization of agriculture that upsets arrangements which right now are highly profitable to them. Says Theodore H. White:

The most glaring gap in all Chinese publications on postwar reconstruction is agrarian reform. . . . In the past thirty years more and more Chinese capital has been pumped into landholding; it has demanded larger and larger returns on investment, and has made heavier and heavier the burden on the small and middle peasants and the growing number of landless. To the peasant . . . any postwar China that ignores his problems means nothing at all. The giant industrial structure now growing on paper will be for him tinsel on a Christmas tree that bears presents only for others. Furthermore, an industrialization purchased with the fruit of his export products or with surplus farm labor forced into Shanghai light export industries [which were built before the war on wages insufficient for the needs of a family] is one that would stifle that great internal market that offers the greatest outlet for the new industries.

By substituting India or another nation for China and shifting the emphasis a little here and there, these words can be given general application to backward countries. Until that blessed moment arrives when all the nations have resolved the political-economic argument in favor of raising the standard of living, it would be our guess that foreign trade is not something which can be lightly talked about in terms of quick and certain increases, even in the areas currently emphasized by both the liberal planners and the business community—like Asia and Latin America. The uncertainties are so staggering that only a fanatic would fail to hedge his bets.

VI

IT IS in this sort of complicated and spiny situation that the effort to increase American international trade must take place. Our domestic prosperity must be our primary consideration, whatever the risk, for without it our imports shrink away and our influence declines.

If such prosperity is achieved through the help of political leaders who also want international trade to flourish, then the other important policies appear in proper perspective. Discussed by themselves, as they usually are, such policies lose part of their meaning. *The matters to be dealt with are currency stabilization, export of capital, shipping by sea and air, tariffs, and communications. Individually and collectively correct decisions can facilitate the trade which domestic prosperity has made possible. They will not of themselves create trade, but they will make it a lot easier to carry on.* However, bad policies in any of these fields can decidedly interfere with the good effects

of high domestic prosperity and blunt the edges of its usefulness in foreign trade.

WHILE the final decision on all these points will influence the character of the international economic world, it must be emphasized again that "correct" decisions on all of them will not guarantee a large and steadily increasing volume of trade. That they would was a persistent delusion during the Great Depression. Trade is still dependent upon prosperity at home and in other countries, plus a willingness to foster trade by policy. Strictly domestic decisions, made by political and business leaders or both, will be the determining factors.

It requires remarkably little worldly wisdom to doubt that such decisions will be uniformly favorable to trade. But after the universally expected slump from the bloated and artificial wartime and rehabilitation trade levels is digested, there can be a slow upward trend thereafter for as long as it takes to exhaust the forces making for expansion of the world economy. How long that will be is anybody's guess. The very complexity of the whole business is a sufficient warning against thinking of international trade as a kind of safety valve, ready at hand, which will let off the steam of discontent there may be in the domestic boiler after the war. The exact opposite is true. We shall have to fuss around not only with our domestic problems, but also watch closely the domestic policies of our customers. There is immensely hard work to be done if America is to be a successful world power; and far more if its influence is to be beneficent wherever its power is exerted.

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THE ARGENTINE FLY IN THE INTERNATIONAL OINTMENT

RICARDO SETARO



A YEAR ago—on June 4, 1943—a military coup by a "colonels' clique" of army officers put a fascist regime in the saddle in Argentina. They are still there, presided over by General Edelmiro Farrell, and the obstructions they have raised in the field of international trade and postwar understandings have helped to breach the ranks of the United Nations. Should the present state of affairs continue without change and should no progress be made in resolving the deadlock before the Battle of Europe reaches its climax, even more dangerous convulsions will arise in Latin America. The United States is faced with a real problem of extraordinary difficulty.

To most American citizens, these statements must appear mysterious. After all, though Argentina is a nation of importance, it is not a leading world power and to a casual reader of the newspapers it would seem as though the international discomforts caused by a recalcitrant group of reactionary military men in Argentina could, by combined pressure and suasion, be eased and solved. But such is not the case. The economic problem of Argentina has become a prime example of the obstacles in the path of international understanding. The reason for this involves Great Britain.

THERE is widespread anxiety in Great Britain over the prospects for British trade after the war. (The basis for some of this anxiety was discussed in this Magazine last month in an article called "What Will Happen to the British Empire?") At its peak in the early years of this century British trade included not only great exports of manufactured articles but the export of money in the shape of investments all over the globe. Where these investments were outside the Empire and in foreign countries, intimate relations of all sorts were built up with local vested interests and with the foreign nationals who, in their own countries, held political and economic power. But with the growth of other industrial and competitive nations, British commerce and manufactures no longer had an unimpeded field of expansion. One effect of the First World War was to give Britain's trade a blow from which it never recovered.

To arrest this decline the British government took a number of steps to buttress the British position. In 1932, at Ottawa, Britain and the Dominions made a series of agreements aimed, by way of preferential tariffs, at dividing the bulk of Empire trade among themselves. Secondly, Britain sought to tie closer a number of those countries to which she was closely bound by trade and investment. One of the

most important was Argentina. In May, 1933, there was signed what was called the Roca-Runciman Treaty—named after the chief signers, Walter Runciman of Great Britain and Vice-President Julio A. Roca of Argentina.

We shall look at this Roca-Runciman Treaty in some detail presently. For the moment it need only be said that the Ottawa Agreements did not bring Britain the assured trade for which she hoped (for one reason because the Dominions were developing industrial economies of their own) and, as a result, the British clung the more closely to other foreign ties, among which those with Argentina were very strong. Still, despite every effort, Britain felt the killing pace. The strain of the present war has been even more severe than that of the First World War, a huge quantity of overseas investments has been sold, the industrial plant and the merchant fleet of the United States have been enormously expanded, and the British face the future with real apprehension.

Now Argentina grew up as an agrarian nation. Argentines raised grain and, even more important, their beef was of superlative quality, second to none on earth. Economic relations with Britain were established very early and, as Britain provided a prime market for Argentine beef, so Argentina provided not only a market for articles manufactured in Britain but a place for the investment of British funds. Millions of pounds were poured into Argentine railways—which are still largely British owned. British money built great packing and refrigerator plants, tramways; it went into Argentine land, river shipping, timber, tanning extracts, Buenos Aires real estate, and a thousand other outlets. The British investment in Argentina amounts to about \$1,375,000,000 in comparison with an American investment of perhaps \$311,000,000.

The chief beneficiaries in Argentina of this close relation with Britain were the great landholding cattle-raising families. Their fortunes swelled to enormous size; their sons held the important public offices and legal jobs and were prominent in the Argentine army. The cattlemen

enjoyed a fabulous prosperity between 1914 and 1929 and celebrated it by such an extravagant squandering of fortunes in European capitals that even the picture supplements of papers in the United States became conscious of it. To Americans the gilded young Argentines seemed to be always transported in Rolls Royces; they spent huge sums on the Rue de la Paix, they gambled extravagantly at Deauville, they had the costliest mistresses on earth. They were Latin American Patent-Leather Kids living an international life of Riley.

To keep the underpinnings of such a paradise anywhere near stable, it was necessary—among other things—to discourage the establishment of manufactures in Argentina. The more articles manufactured in Argentina, the fewer could come from abroad, more especially Britain. But, despite difficulties and hampering restrictions, manufactures did grow. The number of workers in Argentine industry increased by only 24 per cent between 1914 and 1935, but by 80 per cent between 1935 and 1941. There were 40,000 industrial plants in Argentina in 1935; there were 60,000 in 1941, employing 829,000 workers. The value of manufactured goods rose from 3½ billion pesos in 1935 to over 6 billion pesos in 1941. This advance, such as it was, altered the character of what was needed from abroad and inevitably affected British trade. Simultaneously competition from other countries, including the United States, was seeking every entrance possible into Argentina.

For the great mass of the Argentines, the hope for the future lay in the prospect that their country might escape from its agrarian status and develop industrially—shaving down the meat and the grain and expanding the industries and services—thus providing the goods and the jobs that would raise the standard of living. Around this question raged the bitterest political battles in Argentina. As time went on, the landholding cattle raisers grew more and more concerned.

THE theory of industrial expansion to raise the standard of living is becoming very popular nowadays. (It is dis-

cussed in another article in this issue.) It is much talked of by some groups in the United States government. There is good sense to the theory, though its development must be a relative affair. It is thirty-three years since the Mexicans threw out Porfirio Diaz; their revolution cost more than a million dead and years of endless trial and error and disappointment; the standard of living in Mexico *has* risen but it has yet a long way to go. In some of the American republics the great bulk of the population lives in indescribable ignorance and grinding poverty, without means of communication and far away from settled places. It will require the work of years to set them on their way. But many of these adverse factors do not hold in the case of Argentina. That country lies in the South Temperate Zone, it has great natural wealth, it is more highly developed than any other Latin American country, its population is vigorous and—like that of the United States—possesses many talents and abilities, the result of a blend of immigrant stocks from Europe. The Argentine people has become a mixture of Italians, Spaniards, Germans, English, Poles, Swiss, Jews, Swedes, and others. The prospects of raising the standard of living are more favorable, perhaps, than in any other nation south of the Rio Grande.

But any such prospect terrifies the cattle families. And the cattle families, British exporters, and British investments are all in the same boat.

II

THE great depression which followed the Wall Street crash in 1929 hit Argentine beef growers as severely as it did other businesses around the world. Lands increasing in value over a period of years had by 1930 reached an average price of 150 pesos per acre in some districts; they fell to 74 pesos per acre by 1934. Agricultural prices collapsed simultaneously. This meant that, with the depreciation of the peso, Argentina had to sell 73 per cent more produce in order to purchase the same amount of imported manufactures. A cheap, standard automobile which at the end of the

1920's sold for 1,300 pesos, cost 6,000 pesos by the end of the 1930's. Many cattle families which had lived in luxury for generations were ruined. It was from those families—in part—that there came a group of army officers who were determined, come what might, to see to it that the families and interests which had dominated Argentina should not be dislodged.

For a time—through the thirties—this group didn't have to do anything, for the government in power was committed to the very policy which the colonels' clique wanted to maintain. It sufficed for the government to contrive a sort of planned economy, aimed at saving the interests of the Argentine landholders. This planned economy was carried out through a series of economic bodies—control boards, exchange boards, and so on—which were designed to carry out the policy of the Roca-Runciman Treaty signed in 1933.

By the terms of this treaty Britain agreed to buy Argentine meat in exchange for the practical elimination from the Argentine market of all machinery and manufactures of non-British origin. The written clauses, plus the verbal clauses (not made public) added up to this:

(1) Argentine-owned packing plants were restricted to processing a maximum of 15 per cent of the country's meat output—the rest was to be processed by British- and United States-owned plants.

(2) Argentina was not to build any more highways to compete with the British-owned railroads. On the other hand, Argentina agreed to build feeder highways for the railroads, or through districts where no railroads operated.

(3) A "Co-ordination of Transportation Act" was to be passed, aimed at delivering the monopoly of Buenos Aires city transit to British companies, to the detriment of Argentines operating American-made automotive equipment.

(4) Argentina was to set a low quotation for the pound sterling, so that those who would buy British goods would find it economical; and to set a high quotation for the American dollar when such dollars were to be invested in the purchase of American-made articles.

In exchange for all this, Britain under-

took to go on buying the same amounts of Argentine meats that she was purchasing at the time. The benefits of the treaty accrued largely to the great cattle raisers. Britain observed the agreement scrupulously and in 1943 the meat contracts were consolidated in an agreement—running through September, 1944—by which Britain agreed to buy all the Argentine meat surplus available for export. The purchase price set was the highest in eighteen years. However much the Argentine authorities may have booted around their Hemisphere undertakings, they carried out the provisions of the meat agreement as scrupulously as the British did on their side.

But the splendid prosperity was narrowly confined. With the outset of the war, grain farmers were added to those caught in the trap of the policies of the cattlemen. Grain exports, which were about 15,500,000 tons in 1937, sank to 3,800,000 tons in 1941. The surplus was bought by the Argentine government as a poultice for an insoluble crisis.

The crisis deepened and as the opposition increased—in the shape of strikes by the trade unions of Buenos Aires, agitation by popular political organizations in the provinces as well as in the capital, steady pressure from a large section of the business community—those on top began to doubt whether the government, corruptly elected through nominally popular forms, could much longer sit on the lid. A national election was approaching in which a successor to President Ramon Castillo was to be chosen. The tension throughout Argentina became increasingly acute and, when it seemed likely that, despite ballot-box stuffing and election manipulation, the opposition might come in, the clique of army officers waited no longer. On June 4, 1943, they ousted President Castillo and installed a dictatorship. This they did, *not because they opposed his policies, but because the continuity of his policies was endangered.*

III

SOME confusion has arisen in American minds because of an apparent contradiction in the conduct of the colonels.

A considerable proportion of these Argentine officers were Nazi sympathizers and admirers, and Argentina did not break relations with the Axis until extreme pressure had been exerted by the United States. Much Axis money had gone into Argentina in recent months and Germans were very active in Buenos Aires. How, the reader will ask, was it possible for the colonels to be enthusiastic for the Nazis and so desperately attached to the British at the same time? The reason is simple: if the existing trade relation with Great Britain could be maintained it might be possible to set up a corporate state in Argentina with that trade relation as an economic base.

Of course the colonels were not slow to observe an alternative. If the Germans won, the British investment in Argentina could be expropriated and an attempt made by the beef growers to transfer their reciprocal relation to Germany and the Continent. Some of the British interests were painfully conscious of just such a possibility. The little colonels' clique was in a position at the middle of a seesaw. Whichever side won the war, there was a possible policy. But to swing over to the Nazis would be easier said than done. The British relation was close and a growth of many years. On the whole, a British victory was more desirable; better to freeze things just as they were.

This was precisely the attitude of General Ramirez, the second general to boss Argentina since the military took over. "Our commercial interchange with Britain," Ramirez said to an interviewer from the British Reuter's agency, "has always merited the closest attention of our government, which has taken all the economic and financial measures necessary to encourage the development of the interchange and to keep the war-born unfavorable factors as much in check as possible. The policy so far followed by Argentina is the most accurate index for the judgment of our future policy. We are ready to put into practice new measures for the encouragement of our interchange with Britain. As to the measures themselves, future developments will determine their nature and their scope, within the framework of the aims I have

mentioned." There is nothing here about mutual understandings in the Western Hemisphere!

IT is not to be supposed that the British people derive pleasure from a state of affairs in which a share of their business community's essential trade depends upon shoring up a fascist despotism which is accompanied by loathsome features all too familiar in European models. The present Argentine government is officially anti-Semitic, it maintains concentration camps, it has destroyed trade unions, it has ended religious liberty, it has paralyzed the press and the public schools. The British people do not relish things like that; they are incidentally fighting against them right now in the person of the Nazis.

In Argentina, popular feeling sharply distinguishes between the British people and British capital. Though a large number of the top dogs in Argentina have been and are now admirers of the Nazis, the mass of the people are heart and soul with the United Nations and yearn for German defeat with a feeling as intense as that of the British.

But it's a hard world. The British are fighting two wars: one, the military war with the Nazis; the other, the fight made by various English groups for trade and economic life when the war is over. If it be necessary to collaborate with a fascist dictatorship in Argentina to shore up shrinking fortune and prestige, then the bitter pill must go down.

BY THE logic of the situation, the opposition to this state of affairs, in addition to rebellion from the Argentine people, came from the United States and it came in numerous forms. In the first place, what might be called the benevolent aspects of the Good Neighbor Policy—which was committed to education, public health, and good will generally—could not very well accept the horrors and miseries which the dictatorship presented and which were bound to poison relationships in this hemisphere. In the second place, exporters of both machinery and consumption goods from the United States were clamoring at Argentina's doors, and many of them were extremely sympathetic

with that portion of the Argentine community who wanted to promote manufactures of their own. American makers of machinery would accept with alacrity the opportunity to help the Argentines upward and onward toward a higher standard of living. In this instance, virtue and the mighty dollar are as one.

Finally, numerous persons in the United States government could only feel that the safety of the hemisphere made an understanding with Argentina essential. The Argentine fascists, in the space of a few months, had been able to form a customs union with neighboring countries—Chile, Bolivia, Paraguay, and Uruguay—and were making motions at Brazil. (How this was done I described in the March issue of *Harper's*.) This set up a huge bloc of fascist complexion in direct opposition to the United States, a bloc which would become an Argentine safety valve for such goods (bought in Britain) as would not be marketed in a country thrown back on an agrarian economy. No understanding between the United States and Argentina is possible so long as the colonels are in the saddle; and the colonels' regime is based squarely on British commerce.

SINCE the military have been in power there has been a succession of palace coups which, in turn, have brought Generals Rawson, Ramírez, and Farrell to the presidential chair. These coups are the outcome of struggles between two groups in the clique—one headed by General César Perlinger and the other by Colonel Domingo Perón. Aside from personal rivalries, the basis of the inner conflict is this: Perlinger wants a definitive totalitarian organization of the state as the only means of preserving the present situation. Perón feels that the state can be window-dressed with constitutional appearances. *Both want the same fundamental policy.*

General Farrell's regime takes pride—affirmed by propaganda over the government-controlled radio—in the fact that in the first four months of 1944 Argentina had a foreign trade amounting to 1,067,438,000 pesos, of which only 290,418,000 pesos were imports. But this excess of exports, coming mainly from the sale of all available meat to Britain, is paid for in

"blocked sterling," which is to stay in London until the end of the war, and which, thereafter, can be used only for canceling public and private debts.

The activity of the colonels in Bolivia, the quick submission to Argentine pressure by semi-independent Paraguay, and the increasing difficulties experienced by Chile all play a part in the colonels' design to carry out their economic policy in the political field. Statements made in the House of Commons by Hugh Dalton, chairman of the Board of Trade, regarding Britain's intention to keep an interest in Latin-American markets, "arouses complete support, deep sympathy, and an intense desire to co-operate to the fullest extent with British plans for this part of the Continent," according to the Chilean daily *La Opinión*, owned by Juan Bautista Rosetti. It was Sr. Rosetti who happened to be Chilean Foreign Minister at the time his government collaborated, almost to the end, with Argentine Foreign Minister Ruiz Guiñazú at the Rio de Janeiro Conference.

IV

BUT there is still another part to this story. British trade is not exclusively within the Empire nor the British Commonwealth nor with Argentina. British trade goes round the world, and though there's been less of it in recent years, the British want that trend reversed. In the old days before the First World War, the international gold standard talked a universal money language and the British interest in that standard was of prime importance because of the far-flung character of British enterprises and British investment. But the gold standard is a thing of the past and, in the years after 1918, one country after another began the frantic race for self-sufficiency in order to control the home economy, and above all to control—if they could—unemployment. The result was a world crisscrossed by every kind of tariff wall, a spectacle which caused Mr. Cordell Hull acute anguish and led to his crusade for freeing trade.

So extreme has the pressure been for some means of unclogging trade routes that there have been, since the war be-

gan, long negotiations between the United States, Britain, and other governments—a search for means to loosen some of the log jam. Both the British plan originated by Lord Keynes and the United States Treasury plan (known as the White Plan) implicitly recognize the need for putting an end to all preferential tariffs and bilateral treaties, and for free commodity interchange among the nations of the world. The joint declaration made by the monetary experts after their meeting in Washington in April, 1944, does not basically differ in this respect from those two plans. As this is written, President Roosevelt has issued a call to forty-one nations to send representatives to an international monetary conference to be held at Bretton Woods, New Hampshire, in July.

Numerous British groups are intensely interested in this conference. As the financial editor of the *Manchester Guardian* put it a few weeks ago, "What we all want to do is to lay down rules of the game so that world trade can flourish in peace." There is yearning indescribable in those words; but the truth of the matter is that the conference will be haunted by a series of ghosts. The road of deliberation and agreement will be choked with existing trade agreements of all sorts, and no barrier will be more forbidding than the Anglo-Argentine agreements—and Argentina is excluded from the conference!

NOW that the armed forces of the United Nations are becoming fully engaged with the Nazi forces in Europe, the problems created in South America by the Argentine coup d'état of last year will soon be even more clearly revealed. In the full tide of battle, the United States will be in no position to take time out to deal with Latin American problems, and during that period of intense preoccupation we may expect a series of upheavals. Bolivia, Paraguay, and Chile will not be the only nations immediately or potentially affected. There is a movement afoot in Brazil now, although still in the underground state, which carries a liberal label but is under the same type of leaders as are now in the saddle in Argentina. This movement, sometimes referred to as the *mineiros* movement because it orig-

inated in the state of Minas Geraes, has as its current gospel: "The war has already been won. There is no need to send an expeditionary force overseas. Brazil has other enemies against which she must defend herself." What enemies? Well, the *mineiros* movement is busy exploiting minor incidents, real and imaginary, between North Americans and Brazilian soldiers at the bases established in Brazil. And when the moment comes, this movement will try to take advantage of Getulio Vargas' anti-democratic proclivities to get in power and add Brazil to the bloc of southern nations. On the other hand, the "Integralists," who continue to occupy key positions in the Vargas administration, at this moment are negotiating closely with the Argentine "nationalists." The economic interests of Argentina and Brazil are really complementary to each other. The theorists behind the Southern Customs Union hold that the plan would be perfect if it could include Brazil.

For the time being the Farrell regime has done all it can to keep the neighboring countries within such an economic orbit. Both in Bolivia and in Paraguay the Argentine Central Bank has been buying up surplus sterling exchange, with which it not only increases the amount of sterling in Argentine hands, but also opens the Argentine market to buyers from those two nations, which normally have an unfavorable balance of trade with Argentina.

How can such a plan as that of international monetary stabilization be carried out after the war, following the lines of the Keynes Plan or the White Plan, if the trends I have described increase, instead of diminishing? How can an international system of free interchange work out if bilateral bonds among groups of nations are being constantly strengthened?

In 1942 Argentina had 295 million pounds sterling blocked in London; this figure will, of course, be much higher at the end of the war. There is no possible way in which the Argentine economy can thrive and develop while squeezed in the confines of such a narrow bilateralism. The fascist regime intends to keep the country in a condition of stagnation under which the great ranchers can thrive. It is perfectly aware that the popular demo-

cratic opposition, once in power, would push a diversified agriculture, an industrial expansion, and the lifting of the population's standard of living. Any such program requires the freeing of markets in the Western Hemisphere and elsewhere. Such new markets would provide the beginnings of a free interplay of trade currents and provide the next step toward the equilibrium that is so earnestly desired.

If no international trade blocs are formed, then Argentina can without difficulty take her natural and rightful place among the nations of the Hemisphere. Official recognition by all nations of a fascist government in Argentina implies the abandonment of all pretense of a Good Neighbor Policy and the beginnings of a new set of rivalries culminating in a war. To tag General Farrell's rule as "personal dictatorship" is to make fascism the gift of a Trojan horse in the Americas. How long the regime can last in Argentina depends upon the Argentines. But its existence within the comity of American nations is something that falls within the province of all the governments and all the peoples of the Americas.

It is true that inter-American trade and harmonious relations cannot flourish when the rest of the world is blocked economically. One continent committed to a really functioning Good Neighbor Policy, but in a world divided into blocs, would simply become another bloc. The only way forward is through expansion of trade; and there is no long-term expansion in sight save by raising the standard of living. As Mr. Grattan and Mr. Leighton have shown, this no doubt means instability in some countries and revolution in others, but it is the only direction in which economic health and hope lie. The part of wisdom for the more advanced countries—Britain and the United States included—is to set their courses in that direction. The expansion of British trade must be in British specialties, in products deriving from the refinement of British technical and mechanical resources, not in British coal, ironware, or kitchen cutlery. The part of wisdom is to try to supply what is needed and not to attempt to maintain economically outmoded interests which dam the stream of progress.

{ *Carleton Beals began reporting Latin American events twenty-five years ago. He is an outstanding authority on Latin American affairs.* }

THE SOVIET WOOING OF LATIN AMERICA

CARLETON BEALS



NOVEMBER 7th and 8th last year were busy days for Constantin A. Oumansky, the energetic Soviet ambassador to Mexico. He was the speaker of honor at the unprecedented joint session of the Mexican senate and chamber to celebrate the 1917 Bolshevik Revolution. At the Palace of Fine Arts he addressed a proletarian mass meeting, along with Lombardo Toledano, head of the Latin American Confederation of Labor, and Jorge Mancísador, head of the Mexican Friends of the U.S.S.R. And, of course, Oumansky presided over the Embassy reception. No Communist comrades, except a painter, were invited, but two bull-fighters were present.

The Embassy is now housed in the Tacubaya Condesa Palace, with its huge sprawling wings, impressive gardens, and lofty colonial rooms; and more than one guest, as he entered the great salon and read the Stalin quotation in letters of gold over the main staircase, was reminded of the splendor of old-time Czarist entertainment. Actually, decorating had been done on a modest budget by Clarita Porcet, an exiled Cuban Communist; but wines, champagnes, and food were lavish: "thirty-five pesos per head, enough to feed thirty thousand."

But Oumansky—the ex-railroad worker, now aristocratic, meticulous in attire,

strict in his observance of social categories—is busy not merely on Red anniversaries. He has had to make up for much lost time, for it was fourteen years ago, in 1930, that Mexico rudely ejected Soviet Minister Alexander Makar from the country; and except for secret agents and a trade mission two years ago, no Soviet representative had since trod Mexican soil. From the day he first arrived in the ancient "City of Palaces"—June 17, 1943—Oumansky has let no grass grow under his feet. Today he is the most popular diplomat in Mexico. Embassy cocktails are jammed by the élite (except ardent Catholics), by writers, poets, economists, generals, and politicians. Those with no love for Communist doctrines attend because of the success of the Soviet armies, because of the influence the Soviet Union will exercise in world affairs, because Oumansky himself is colorful and dynamic, lavish in entertainment, because—well—because Soviet gatherings are *à la mode*. An additional attraction is the new movie theater, in the made-over jai-alai court, elegantly upholstered in dark blue, and with modernistic lighting and frescoes depicting Russian folk art. Here guests are treated to previews of Soviet films.

Petroleos Mexicanos, the government petroleum company which manages the

Mexican oil industry, maintains a nightly news program over a national network, headed by stations XEFO and XEUS. The news is provided free by Oumansky; the cost of its transmission from Russia is paid by the Embassy and runs to a little over a hundred thousand dollars a year. Moscow transmits radio programs to South America three hours daily. One fifteen-minute period of this time is in German, one in Portuguese, and one in Italian. The remaining two and a quarter hours are in Spanish. The programs are mostly talks and news comment. Beginning in February, 1944, a new Soviet information bulletin, printed in Spanish, is being sent out to a big mailing list in Mexico and South America.

The Tass news bureau, in addition to a staff of three Russians, includes a Mexican Communist, Rodolfo Dorantes. It is now rumored that Alfonso Reyes, one of Mexico's outstanding intellectuals and writers, is about to go on the staff. The bureau is fronted by Yuri Dashkevitch, who has been charged with being a journalistic screen for the Russian secret police. During his fifteen years of journalistic work, he is known to have been in close touch with the OGPU agents in various countries.

Tass is supposed only to report news for the Soviet Union, but hands out some material locally. The ostensibly independent ANTA news agency distributes Tass releases. Among others it services *La Voz de México* and *España Popular*. (Tass stuff, rewritten in its Mexican bureau, hits the United States hard for preventing Mexico from attaining her proper economic development.)

The Soviet Embassy has been fighting to obtain a private wire direct from Moscow to Mexico. At present, except for messages by diplomatic pouch, which are slow, and in Embassy code, all are censored both ways by both the United States and England. Since before the invasion, even Soviet codes to Mexico have been held up. So far, both England and the U. S. State Department refuse to permit uncensored wire and cable connections.

WHEN Oumansky presented his credentials to President Avila Camacho, he expressed regret at his inability

to speak Spanish but promised to do so within six months. Half a year later, he duly presented himself to the Chief Executive and carried on the interview in Castilian. Knowledge of the language is an indispensable tool with which to ingratiate oneself with Latin Americans, and Oumansky has worked indefatigably to win favor, to expand Soviet prestige, and to let Mexicans know constantly about Soviet culture and achievements. Love bullfighting, and you are a "regular guy" with a large class of Mexicans. Oumansky knows the fine points, rarely misses a good *corrida*, and shouts at the matador with the rest of the crowd. An American diplomat would get into trouble with the S.P.C.A. back home. The Soviet Ambassador is also seen frequently watching the races at Mexico's new two-million-dollar Hipodromo.

Oumansky has given an unusual number of banquets to high Mexican officials, and the toasts on both sides have been high-ticking with good-fellowship rather than formality. He attends every possible Mexican cultural and scientific gathering with the enthusiasm of a typical American joiner, and speaks on every appropriate occasion, at the Rotary Club, the National University, and so on. On Arbor Day he plants a tree. He visits airfields, military establishments, schools, jails and prisons, industrial plants, irrigation works, communal farms. He himself has driven and demonstrated a Soviet tractor.

A permanent Soviet museum displays war materials, to emphasize Russia's military might. The British have now countered with a similar exhibit. Resident Americans mostly gripe that neither mentions Lend-Lease. In addition the Russians have a ten-year lease on the magnificent Iris Theater in order to present movies, dances, shows, and hold mass celebrations. *Three years' rent was paid in advance!*

The Soviets used what we now call "good-will techniques" long ago. For more than two decades promising Mexican proletarian leaders have been taken regularly to Moscow to be trained in propaganda and underground work. During the previous five-year recognition period,

Soviet writers, artists, and scientists visited Mexico. Oumansky again brings in many such. They are the occasion for news headlines, social contacts, banquets. Two visitors have been the poet Lieutenant Colonel Isac Fefer, and Solomon Michoels, founder of the Moscow Jewish Art Theater, who were tendered a mass *homenaje* in the Iris Theater, addressed by ex-President Cárdenas and labor leader Lombardo Toledano.

Typical of Oumansky's gestures was the pompous Embassy ceremony to present a Shostakovich musical score dedicated to Carlos Chávez, Mexico's leading composer, who has often conducted the New York Symphony. "One more example of the affinity of our ideals and the solidarity of our peoples," said Oumansky.

The pro-clerical "Atisbe" column of *El Universal* (leading daily) commented sourly about the similarity of Russian and Mexican democratic ideals, charging that they both are "opportunistic, advanced Marxian, and directed," and adding that while in Mexico and Russia "only members of the totalitarian party have voice and vote," in England and the United States "all citizens have the same rights." Oumansky, the column went on to say, must be thinking in terms of such domestic resemblances rather than of foreign affairs, in which Mexico's "satisfactory identification with the Soviets is less than with a truly democratic regime," the United States, for Mexico's international idea "consists of a United Nations victory over the whole Axis"; that of Russia "consists of a victory over two-thirds of the Axis."

IN HIS address in Spanish to the joint congressional session, Oumansky cleverly related how Mexican and Soviet diplomacy had often coincided—a cagey reference to Mexico's support of Republican Spain. Copiously he eulogized Emiliano Zapata, most radical of Mexico's earlier agrarian leaders; and he declared that "any foreign government capable of imposing on the Mexican people a different form of government, of economics and social organization, lacks the proper respect for the sovereignty, independence, and maturity of the talented Mexican people." His hearers did not know

whether he was referring to the new Soviet hands-off policy, to the United States, or to Nazi Germany.

Later, he did speak of Stalin's program. In war and peace, he said, Stalin had put foremost "the abolition of racial discrimination" (*exclusivismo*) and so, when at the Moscow conference of "the three-power coalition" he "obliged" his allies to make this the first plank of their joint program, "he merely projected into our foreign policy a principle already established in our constitution . . . not a promise but a reality." Oumansky had faith that the abolition of such discrimination, along with the other Moscow postulates, would be "transformed into realities in much less time than now seems possible."

This hope played upon deep Mexican resentments against the United States. Only four days before, these same Mexican senators who were now listening to Oumansky had orated bitterly against the persecution of Mexicans in Texas; our race riots and the Los Angeles police attacks on zoot-suiters were still vivid in their minds; and the Mexican government was reported withholding the further supply of war labor to our country pending better guarantees. In addition Jim Crow incidents had cropped up shortly before between native citizens and American forces quartered in a dozen Latin American countries, and in connection with our innumerable good-will projects, particularly in Brazil, Cuba, and Panama and on the Costa Rica highway project. And presently Lombardo Toledano's international labor conference in Montevideo condemned discrimination against Latin Americans in Panama and in our South as "very virulent to the point of excess of primitive barbarism."

It was at this time that a high Mexican foreign affairs official told me sadly—for he is one of our fervent admirers—that because of such racial discrimination, so greatly feared in Latin America, and because of our support of dictatorships, we were on the way to losing our moral and political leadership in the countries to the south of us; that the people and governments would turn more and more to the Soviet Union. Certainly Oumansky put his finger upon the most inflamed difficulty

we face in Latin America; and he exploited it for the glory and benefit of his own fatherland.

That was but part of his effort to cut a swath in Mexico. According to reliable informants, he has "unlimited funds," "a colossal budget." The accredited Embassy staff numbers thirty-five; rumors put the total personnel at from two to eight hundred. For Oumansky's interest is not confined to Mexico. He outranks the Soviet ambassador in Washington; the latter must get clearance on all important matters from Oumansky. He makes friends with the revolutionary émigrés of a continent and a half. Soviet training classes in English, Spanish, and other subjects have been set up, and part of the large force is apparently to be distributed to other Latin American posts. Indeed Oumansky's Embassy is the clearinghouse for all points south. The new Soviet envoy to Colombia first detoured to Mexico to get personal instructions from Oumansky; and Oumansky himself now has taken on an additional job, that of minister to Costa Rica.

II

OUMANSKY's great success and popularity are in startling contrast with the careers of earlier Soviet representatives in Mexico. After the Bolshevik Revolution the Russians were confident that world revolution was at hand; the duty of their foreign agents, therefore, was to help on the good work. As early as 1919 the famous Borodin, later embroiled in Chinese affairs, secretly visited Mexico; he conspired energetically for a number of purposes, but with slight success. Then Foreign Commissar Chicherin announced that Mexico would be used as a base for Soviet operations in all Latin America. Calles, then president, said that he would put a quietus on that.

Next arrived in Mexico, as the first Soviet minister, Pestovsky, a personal friend of Lenin. He was the bearded revolutionist of fable, with tobacco-stained teeth and a highly contentious disposition. He meddled with internal affairs and soon made himself as popular in official quarters as a tack in a tire. After him

came Mme Alexandra Kollontai, later Soviet ambassador to Sweden. She was tactful where Pestovsky had been a clumsy bull, but relations continued uneasy. Makar, the third Soviet representative, was a very cautious man with a purring voice, who sought desperately to placate respectable and professional groups. Then President Portes Gil broke up the short-lived Communist Unitarian Labor Confederation and the National Peasants' League. Leaders were killed, sent to prison, or exiled. Communists all over the world stoned Mexican legations, and in the United States—this was in 1930—they dogged the heels of President-elect Ortiz Rubio with banners and shouts of vituperation. That settled it. Minister Makar was ordered out of the country by the first boat, and thirteen years went by before another Soviet ambassador—Oumansky—arrived in Mexico.

Soviet relations with other Latin American states were not much more successful. A trading corporation set up in Argentina in 1926 was run out in 1931 by Dictator Uriburú. In 1935 the Soviet Legation in Montevideo was ousted by Gabriel Terra, then boss of the country.

This cyrdled state of affairs began to change when Russia joined the United Nations, abolished the Comintern, and began to win her prodigious victories. Then direct official relations between Latin America and the Soviets revived. Cuba was the first to resume relations; then came Colombia, Uruguay, Mexico, and Costa Rica. Even the Vargas regime in Brazil, which has persecuted Communists unmercifully and still has many in jail, has announced that it is on the verge of tendering recognition. All in all, Russia is booming along in Latin America and things look rosy.

THESE episodes show the evolution in Russian diplomacy during the past few decades. From spreading dogmatic propaganda the Soviet foreign policy changed to promoting collective security, then to concluding a pact with the Nazis while western Europe was being overrun, then to playing its present part—not as a revolutionary pariah, but as a great military power with the mightiest land army

in the world, a nation determined to protect its interests and take a hand in every theater of the globe—Latin America included.

Nowadays Soviet diplomacy has little to do directly with the small belligerent Communist parties to the south, all so tarred with previous subservience and inconsistencies, except to pitch them overboard, give them democratic-sounding names, and oblige them to eat their past principles and words. Mostly the Communist Party has been suppressed by the southern dictators. In Mexico the party enjoyed its greatest expansion in the late twenties during the Soviet recognition period, but has less strength today than the auxiliary group, the Friends of the U.S.S.R. In Cuba the Communist poet, Juan Marinello, was given a cabinet post by President Fulgencio Batista, but the new President-elect Grau San Martín, head of the opposition Auténtico Party and a great patriot, does not cotton to Communists. There is a lone Communist in the Uruguayan congress. In Chile the party formed part of the United Front government, along with local Nazis, and members still sit in Congress and hold government posts. In Peru its leaders were long since bought off by government jobs. (One of Moscow's earlier secret agents, sent to Mexico, now edits a Peruvian magazine that fulsomely eulogizes President Manuel Prado on every other page. Whether this is true conversion, or merely Moscow's present line, no one can tell.) In Costa Rica the party was recently revamped as the Vanguardia Popular, the head of which, Manuel Mora, is close to President Teodoro Picado, whose first executive act was to recognize the Soviet Union.

This general decay of local Communist parties in Latin America has made Soviet influence more effective, less dependent upon petty minority factions which used to bicker constantly with sliver groups that deviated from the creed. Today groups in all social categories eagerly argue in Russia's favor. Wealthy citizens who yesterday wept for Finland and opened their purses on her behalf now dip deep for Soviet Relief. But if the Soviet Union has become a nationalist state, interested

not so much in spreading communist dogmas as in self-preservation and in the degree of imperialism it believes to be required to fend off future enemies, the Marxist-Leninist revolution is a ghost not easily laid. Actually there are now two Russias: the present Stalinist war government, intent on victory; and the legendary revolutionary Russia, still thought of as the land of proletarian utopia.

It is this legendary Russia which lifts the hearts of Communists—and of many liberals and intellectuals—the world over. But it is wartime Russia that influences governments and power politics, and that—because of its new industrial potency—excites the interest of traders and trade bureaus. Soviet intervention in world affairs remains a double-headed engine, a Janus-faced enigma. Officially the Soviets play *Realpolitik* with cold intensity, scorn no alliance, however reactionary, that promotes victory or improves their position *vis-à-vis* England and the United States. At the same time the Russian regime holds in its hands, willy-nilly, the dynamite of social revolution everywhere on earth. For thirty years after the French Revolution of 1792 had been swallowed up by the counter-revolution, South Americans engaged in bloody wars and civil conflicts over liberty, equality, and fraternity. Something similar may again occur.

III

IT ISN'T Russian victories alone that are responsible for increasing Soviet prestige in Latin America. The conditions under which most people live in the southern republics are so squalid and poverty-stricken that, to the discontented, the Russians seem to have the secret of deliverance and freedom for the proletariat.

The feudal character of society in these countries is an old story—on top are the privileged landowners, the military groups, and the ecclesiastics; underneath are the mass of illiterate near-serfs and ill-paid workers. The wealth produced consists mostly of raw materials needed elsewhere; the standard of living for the masses is lower than anywhere outside the Orient. The war has aggravated class divisions,

and the fantastic inflation has all but broken the backs of the people.

The acute suffering has been reflected in political upheavals recently in Bolivia, Ecuador, Paraguay, Salvador, and Argentina. The election of Grau San Martín in Cuba is tantamount to a popular revolt. The news of bloody repressions by various dictators—including refinements of torture that the Nazis could not surpass—has been suppressed in the United States, but they have occurred and are occurring right now. At the moment rumblings come from Honduras, Guatemala, Brazil, Chile, Panama, and Colombia.

The Latin American discontented are not slow to point out that since our policy is to prefer the status quo and base our attitude toward the republics on whether they are for or agin' us—we support near-socialist Mexico and bloody Paraguay with equal good will—the result has been that our Good Neighbor efforts, our subsidies and outright gifts, tend to shore up the big and little tyrants. "The errors of democratic politics in Europe are being repeated in America," said Vicente Saenz, head of the strong Democratic Central American Union movement last February. "The continued support of Franco, instrument of the Nazis, shows no comprehension of the damage done in our midst by Falangist propaganda." And, speaking of Bolivia, "However totalitarian the present Bolivian rulers . . . they are nothing compared to . . . some other intercontinental despots . . . whose effigies constantly appear with fulsome eulogies in the columns of the North American propaganda magazine *En Guardia*, glossy print organ of the very erudite Coordinator and oil magnate, Nelson Rockefeller."

Thus our policy has resulted in a maze of contradictions. Disillusion with the capitalist powers and with penetration by foreign capital is deeply rooted in Latin America. The days of dollar diplomacy are not forgotten. Furthermore, the prolonged prewar depression, which brought revolution or attempted revolution in all but one of the twenty republics, shook the confidence of all classes to the south in the stability and continued progress of the "American system." The Good Neighbor

Policy strove to counteract this sentiment. During wartime we have carried on a bigger public works policy in Latin America than we did in the United States during the depression. We have subsidized crop curtailments. We have bought up not only strategic materials but whole exportable surpluses of unneeded commodities—sugar, tobacco, cacao, coffee, cotton, gold, silver, and other metals, vegetable oils, and fibers. We have kept industries going and thus have helped to hold down unemployment in Latin America. But rising prices and the dizzy plunge in real wages are shaking the foundations.

The Latin American upper classes know that without a continuation of such handouts they will be in a pickle after the war. Will the American taxpayer be willing to see his money invested in Brazilian and Peruvian cotton? And what will be done with the accumulated stocks of unused, unneeded materials bought by the United States during the war? Won't they wet-blanket future production and paralyze many Latin American industries? So the Soviet Union looms as an alternative. Russia promises to be the only considerable market outside the Anglo-American sphere.

This state of affairs, oddly enough, fits a traditional pattern for Latin American bosses. They may hate Communism, but governments in the past have always sought for counterpoises to the United States, the northern colossus. Great Britain, Germany, and Japan have, at one time or another, served many of the republics in this counterbalance role. As it now stands, there is a real possibility that our policy will be cracked or bypassed by republics gravitating toward fascist Argentina (which is supported by Franco's Spain and by Great Britain) or by republics leaning toward Russia as a power or toward communism as a political doctrine.

The long series of Latin American fears and hates toward the United States pushes various southern groups—often from contradictory motives—toward Russia. If, for example, the Soviet Union, now that Rome has been captured, makes the long-sought-for rapprochement with the Vatican, the effect may be startling. A Cath-

olic writer in the Jesuit weekly *America* admits that the Church has much to learn from Soviet methods in Latin America.

IV

THE role of the Soviets in Latin America is also affected by the rivalries growing out of conflicting political and economic systems. We have spoken of the republics which now gravitate toward Argentina and fascism. Mexico represents a gravitation in the opposite direction.

Many Mexicans have a deadly dread of a spread of continental fascism. Inside Mexico itself are such powerful fascist movements as the proclerical Sinarquistas. Fear of such movements causes Mexico to maintain close relations with the Chilean United Front. Mexicans have organized agricultural and educational missions to Bolivia. An extremely influential organization in the whole continent is the Latin American Confederation of Labor organized from Mexico by Lombardo Toledano. Toledano, an able organizer and burning like another Savonarola, has been in labor politics in Mexico for twenty years. Although he has had sharp tiffs with Mexican Communists, he generally follows the party line. (He opposed the war during the Soviet appeasement of Germany, switching immediately after Russia and Germany went to war.) During the past few years, having organized the most powerful labor organization in Mexican history, he has been busy promoting his new Confederation in the countries south of Mexico. It has been because of his efforts that the Bolivian, Peruvian, and Ecuadorian labor movements were unified and brought into line. He was the moving force in a series of notable Confederation labor congresses in Mexico City, Santiago de Chile, Havana, and Montevideo. Toledano completely dominated the International Labor Office conference held a few weeks ago in Philadelphia. Today he is one of the most influential people in the New World. And he is a close friend of Soviet Ambassador Oumansky—but not of United States Ambassador Messersmith.

An example of the hand of Toledano

may be seen in the successful Velasco Ibarra revolution which occurred in Ecuador just a few weeks ago. Its most militant support came from Communists and from Toledano labor elements.

The main concern of Mexico is Central America. The republics there—with the exception of Costa Rica—are bossed by malodorous and bloodthirsty little tyrants. Mexico has the closest ties with Costa Rica, and the Guatemalan press speaks of this connection as “a Mexican-Soviet squeeze play.” It is of some significance that Oumansky not only is ambassador to Mexico but is the Soviet envoy to Costa Rica also. For a long time Mexico has been either wooing or jostling the other little Central American despotisms into closer relations with gifts of anti-rabies laboratories, airplanes, radio stations, selected seed corn, school books, scholarships, and athletic equipment. The wooing of Costa Rica was simple. With the dictator-bossed countries it was harder, and Mexicans were interested onlookers in the general strike that led to the overthrow, a short while back, of the bloodthirsty Martinez who had so long terrorized Salvador. The list of the enemies of General Ubico, long the boss of Guatemala, was very long and many of them roosted just over the border on Mexican soil. The Mexican government’s attitude toward them seemed to be quite paternal.

Now, given the active influence of Toledano, the preoccupation of Mexico with Central and South America, and the Mexican fear of fascist advances, it is not surprising that the lay of the land is much in Mr. Oumansky’s favor.

V

THE Soviet efforts in Mexico, even now in wartime, are vigorous and original. Good-will efforts are the privilege and obligation of a great and friendly ally. The propaganda about the material and military progress of the Soviet Union—tractors, great factories, and mighty fields of wheat—is not so different from our own eagle-screaming; what is different is that the Russians speak with pride of collective farms which—except in efficiency—greatly

resemble Mexican village communities with their *ejidos* or communal lands. The Russian factories which they display in their films are all government-owned. So the impact of Soviet Russia on Latin America is that of a different system from our own, and one that in many ways more nearly squares with Latin American ideas than does ours, the "American system."

Most informed persons will tell you that Soviet interest in Latin America is motivated wholly by "the desire for prestige." Hence its immediate goal is to secure recognition from all the countries and prepare the properly trained personnel. But prestige doesn't really explain it any more than prestige explains the long insistence of the United States upon a unilateral Monroe Doctrine.

With a great industrial establishment which in less than a decade may surpass our own, the Soviets are bound to have interests in every part of the globe and to look out for them, whatever the world structure after the war. The logic of their position is strong: if we insist on having a say concerning Poland and Turkey and Greece, why shouldn't the Soviets have a say about Mexico and Cuba and Chile? Every time we have made a move in Polish or Balkan questions, the Soviets have taken a stand in some Anglo-American sphere, as when they abruptly recognized Badoglio as a co-belligerent. Soviet abandonment of revolutionary isolationism has meant that Russia would play a role in every corner of the world. American abandonment of isolationism meant the same. Intervene in Europe and you grant at least the moral right to others to intervene in the Western Hemisphere. Neither the United States nor Russia can have its cake and eat it too—not for long. Certainly the Soviet Union is clearly preparing for any eventuality; and in the years to come Latin America will progressively carry more weight in international affairs.

With the end of hostilities the Soviet Union and the United States will embark on rapid factory conversion, the transformation of munitions plants into factories for civilian goods. Then will come the development of startling new trade relations.

ALREADY for her war effort the Soviet Union, mostly via Lend-Lease, has drawn heavily on Latin America for strategic materials: metals, drugs, and the products of tropical agriculture. The Soviets will continue to want these and other products in large quantities. It is scarcely likely that Russia will be content for long to let the United States serve as middleman. Of course the Soviet Union could get most of these products from the British Empire, but there is some evidence that she is taking the slogan of "Smash the cartels" seriously and that she does not want to be beholden to empire monopolies. Many American and British cartels extend into Latin America, but by and large Latin America is the only colonial trading area left in the world that is halfway free to outsiders. It may prove somewhat ironic to observe the Soviet Union in the postwar era attempting to promote international competition. The Soviet Union may even be obliged to set up counter-industries in Latin America or to egg on the various southern governments to expropriate tin mines and so on.

Quite apart from such possibilities, the Soviet Union may well prove Latin America's immediate salvation. Our own great war purchases to the south will probably be curtailed; Russia's probably will not be. In addition we will have to dispose of many accumulated and unnecessary stocks of Latin American goods purchased out of good-neighborliness. Hence, unless Latin America can quickly find overseas markets, economic collapse may soon follow as our economic aid southward dwindles off simultaneously with declining American purchases and the rise of competition with the British Empire.

Latin America has built up enough war credits with us to get a big volume of goods for some years. Although supplying these goods will merely be paying off part of our war debt, it will help keep our factories in production. But Latin America's problem will be not how to get goods, but how to keep her raw-product industries going and prevent disastrous unemployment.

With what would the U.S.S.R. pay for Latin American goods? Probably at first mostly with armaments and gold. The Soviet war museum in Mexico is a gesture

not merely of good will but of preliminary salesmanship. After every war, Latin America has been a dumping ground for munitions while factories tooled up for new tasks. The U.S.S.R. will have enormous supplies of armaments, many of little use even if her army is kept at peak efficiency. Practically all surviving Lend-Lease materials will have to be junked or sold abroad. The Soviets would scarcely wish to be permanently dependent upon the United States for shells, torpedoes, airplanes, and replacements. For the converse reason, such materials would have demand in Latin America.

The Soviet export commissar might find it difficult to get Latin America to take Soviet war materials. The risk of being cut off from ammunition and replacements would be too great. But given the corrupt nature of so much of Latin American politics at the present juncture, the right bureaucrat might not scorn the making of a little "commission."

Russia can also pay in gold. If only a small part of her demobilized army or her war prisoners should be put to work on her rich gold deposits, soon she would have enough to buy whatever she needs abroad; and if we should buy the gold and bury it in Fort Knox, this would mean that we would continue to finance Soviet purchases in Latin America by taking gold in return for our manufactured goods shipped south. This would be a further drain on our national wealth and might eventually be ruinous, but it would help stave off immediate postwar unemployment and economic crisis as gold-buying did during our long depression.

The rub may come when the Soviet Union, with a centralized government trade monopoly, enters the foreign field with manufactured products, not merely folk art. No private American company could hope to compete in the same lines. Bilateral agreements and barter would be imperative under the Soviet trade system. General Electric could not be expected to take its payment in coffee, cotton, or peanuts. But the Soviet government is already trading in every line. Nor could General Electric, in an effort to compete, continue very long to sell below cost. A single American company could not charge

up loss to the overall production of the whole United States. But the Soviet selling agency could utterly disregard costs for any given country or any given product, and the burden would be borne by a producing empire, a closed trade area, and a centralized system covering one-sixth of the world's land surface.

At present the greater part of the world's productive and commercial life is controlled by American Lend-Lease. This has created or limited prosperity in every corner of the globe. One might even say that it has broken more private enterprise around the world than have nearly three decades of Communist propaganda.

But Lend-Lease is not a system of production or trade. It is merely a wasteful and costly necessity of the war process. Its present powerful control over men and nations conceals the fact that it cannot possibly endure. What will take its place? A free international trading system? No country on earth is geared for it. The Soviet Union would have to shake down its whole social system. In the face of state-owned trade such as that of the Soviets, if we tried to operate under a free international monetary system and to unclog the trade routes, without proper international agreements, we would merely hand all our competitors marked cards. Paradoxically the United States, playing the game in such a free international system, would be at a greater disadvantage than any other country.

There is much talk of postwar co-operation which will bridge the gap between the American and Russian systems. But only prompt and far-reaching international political and economic agreements can create these bridges—agreements to offset Soviet nationalized trade practices, to safeguard labor and consumers everywhere.

The British are not leaving the matter entirely to chance. In Spain and Argentina they had adopted before the war a cumbersome equivalent of the Askimark system, and they still work with blocked sterling and have firm trade arrangements. They have a plan. And so, very clearly, has Russia. In Mexico, Costa Rica, and the lands to the south, Oumansky is letting no grass grow under his feet.

{ *Private Max Steele, of Greenville, South Carolina,
describes "Grandfather and Chow Dog" as his
"first story published in a national magazine."* }

GRANDFATHER AND CHOW DOG

A Story

MAX STEELE



WE BELIEVE that Grandmother is going crazy. Easter Sunday Mother caught her leaving for church with a water pistol and a bottle of ink in her pocketbook. When Mother took them away from her she grew furious and said, "And I suppose you want this too." She took a hard-boiled Easter egg from the top of her corset, placed it on the mantelpiece, and took off her hat. "I just won't go to church."

No one could persuade her to go then. "It's the first Easter I've missed in twenty years," she said, "but I'll stay here if everything I do is going to cause such a commotion."

She sat down, opened her Bible, and began looking at the Varga girls that she uses to mark her place. (She used to use letters from a mysterious person whom she called Captain Bligh, but after they were exhibited in an alimony trial by a friend of hers she wouldn't touch them again.)

Mother believes Grandmother's recent behavior goes back to the time she was caught hoarding formaldehyde in her mortuary, because ever since then she has had it in her head that people are gossiping about her, making up lies, and in short, planning her ruin. "Jealousy, pure jealousy," she says. "They're just mad because I make money when others go in the hole."

Last week she decided that someone had started a vile rumor that she had sold Grandpa's body to a black market, and she was very upset. To squelch the rumor she wrote a poem and paid fifty cents a line to have it printed in the classified section of the evening paper:

They drafted Grandpa just last week.
He was buried down on his farm.
But they dug him up, and felt his cheek,
And said, "1A. He's warm!"

Apparently she believed the poem, for when Dad asked her about it she chuckled good-naturedly and said, "Aren't they going to be surprised when they find out what a rotten soldier he is? The old fool would join the Army. And at his age!"

We tried to explain to her what had happened to Grandpa, but she wouldn't listen. "Sly creatures!" she said to us. "Think you can trick me out of my allotments?"

She would not believe that the chow dog was dead either. "Those two will never die," she laughed. And somehow I think she was right, for there was a great pathos in their friendship.

A TRAVELING snuff salesman had left town suddenly in the middle of the night leaving a Chow dog in his hotel room, supposedly as payment for a week's lodging. However, the way

it turned out, the hotel would have been better off if he had taken the dog and everything in the room. The dog, a magnificent creature, came down to the lobby and established his kingdom. He would watch the hand above the elevator door and the minute it would point to "One," he would hurl himself at the door, timing his leap so that he would land right in the stomach of the nearest passenger. Then he would proceed to bite hell out of everyone.

By mid-afternoon regular residents of the hotel were carrying suitcases and clothes racks down the fire escape, and no new customers were coming in. A little crowd had gathered outside the hotel to listen to the occasional screams and shouts of the waitresses and bus boys who were trapped in the building. The manager had hesitated to call the police because the publicity would be bad, he felt, and the lobby had just been redecorated.

Grandpa's office was right across the street from the hotel, and the sight of even two people on Main Street at the same time was enough to get him out. He was a buyer for a textile company, but he couldn't touch raw cotton. Just the sight of someone else handling it would make his flesh crawl, and so he always wore gloves and stayed out of the office as much as possible. So over to the hotel he went.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Plumbing stopped up?"

The manager explained to him that there was a very mad chow dog inside killing off all his hired help.

"I can master any animal," Grandpa said. (He believed this too, for he had been thinking of practically nothing else since Clyde Beatty had been to Greenville that fall. I remember he used to make Dad and me run at him, and then he would back us off into a corner with a kitchen chair. Dad never much entered into the spirit of the act, but I thought that it was great fun.)

"I can master any animal," Grandpa said again, looking about him at the crowd.

"But, Grandpa," the manager said, "you haven't seen this dog. He's not human."

"Look at me," Grandpa said, opening his pale blue eyes until they looked as though they were going to roll off his high cheekbones.

The manager began looking. Grandpa began muttering low and walking toward him. The manager moved backwards. Grandpa bent forward as though he were going to spring. The manager began to laugh nervously. The crowd followed at each side. Grandpa bent way over and so did the manager. Without taking his eyes from the returning stare, Grandpa dropped to his knees. Trancelike the manager dropped to his and continued moving backward. They crawled half a city block and then Grandpa shouted, "Down!" The manager fell prone. The crowd cheered and everyone agreed that it would be all right for Grandpa to go into the hotel. The manager stood up sweating. He wiped the sweat from his forehead and held the door open for Grandpa.

NO ONE knows what happened inside except that the dog was called nineteen different kinds of a son-of-a-bitch. A maid who had locked herself in the hat-check room counted them.

The next that was heard from Grandpa was his voice over the telephone to Grandmother at the mortuary. "Send over one of your screaming-buggies," he panted. He must have been very tired, for he hated ambulances above all things. He used to stand out in front of the house and holler at Grandmother as she would get out of one, "I'll have the law on you yet, risking your neck, speeding through traffic in those howling hellwagons just to get home before the biscuits get cold."

When the ambulance arrived, the group on the sidewalk parted, and Grandpa came out leading a pitiful-looking beast by a lamp cord. A gold brocade pillow was stuffed in its mouth and the tassel dangled at the dewlap.

"What is that?" Grandmother asked, ignoring her husband's bare thigh.

"A dog," he said.

"Whose dog?" she asked.

"My dog," he said.

"What's her name?" Grandmother asked, always certain that it must be

female if Grandpa was interested in it.

"It's not a her," he said.

"How do you know?"

"I, woman," Grandfather said proudly, "know everything there is to know about this animal."

"What's his name, then?" (Grandmother always knew how to ask trick questions.)

Grandfather studied the animal for a minute, leaning his head to one side. "Chow Dog," he answered.

From then on "Chow Dog" became a magic word to Grandpa. He and the dog were inseparable. The dog would go to the office with him, and Grandpa taught him to bite people who said "cotton." They seemed to enjoy and hate the same things.

One day while he was shaving at his office for a very important appointment with a man who had grown a purple-tinted cotton, Grandpa playfully put a handful of lather on the dog's nose and all about his mouth. Chow Dog didn't seem to mind and so Grandpa left him that way and shut the bathroom door. The important fellow with the secret purple-tinted cotton arrived on time, just a few minutes later. Grandpa listened with all politeness possible. He even seemed excited over the new development, as he walked up and down behind his desk. But just when the fellow unwrapped the purple lint, Grandpa opened the door and said, "Cotton." Chow Dog rushed out with the foam flying.

"A mad dog!" screamed Grandfather, climbing up on the desk.

The purple-tinted-cotton man dashed for the door, screaming, "My cotton! My cotton! Don't let anything happen to my cotton!" Chow Dog was so mad he forgot how to run. He just sat there and howled.

Grandpa thought that the idea was so funny that about twice a week he would lather himself up, and then lather the dog, and then they would dash down the stairs shouting and barking and into the street, where the traffic would stop. Then Grandpa would dash into a drug store and leave the dog outside barking. He would laugh so much that the soda-jerk would have to hold him up.

THE joke had been going on for about two months when one day Grandpa heard a shot while he was in the drug store wiping the lather off his face. He heard Chow Dog bark and then another shot. When he got outside he saw a state trooper standing in the door of his car, the motor still running. Chow Dog was limping into an alley out of range of the fire.

That night Dad and I stayed at the hospital with the dog. Grandpa wouldn't come in but stayed outside underneath the window. Toward morning Chow Dog developed pneumonia. No one told Grandpa, but he must have sensed it. He cursed a blue streak. After about two hours the effect of the cursing began to tell on the doctor, who was putting up a losing battle for the dog's life. "Listen to him out there baying at the moon," the doctor whispered hysterically.

"He's not baying at the moon," my father said with great dignity, fearing that a slur had been cast against the family. "He's cussing. He's cussing the state trooper. He's cussing pistols and people who don't know how to have fun." Grandpa kept on cursing, but at eleven that morning Chow Dog died anyway.

Dad and I wrapped the body in a sheet and slipped it out the front door. We took it to a nice spot about ten miles out from town and buried it. When we got home Grandpa was waiting in the driveway for us. He didn't say a word, though. He just turned around and walked slowly to the back yard, ignoring a black Persian cat that crossed his path.

The next morning we found that Grandpa's bed had not been slept in. We rushed out to the spot where we had buried the body, and sure enough, there was Grandpa. Half the day we tried to reason with him, but he would not listen, and he would not move. Toward sunset Dad went in to get the veterinarian to come talk to him, and Grandmother sent out an old hearse for him to sleep in.

The veterinarian sat on the running board of the hearse, Grandpa remained on the grave, and Dad and I sat under a pine on the other side. It was a lonely sight, the four of us and the hearse, and the dark pines with the sun setting back of them.

Grandpa was telling the doctor what a grand mess the hotel lobby had been; he was saying, "You can't love anybody unless you've fought well with him or against him. It don't make any difference which."

Then no one said anything for a long time. Finally the doctor said, "It was an easy and a natural death. He just quit breathing. You should see some of the deaths we have. Sometimes we have to give a dog ground glass intravenously. . . ."

Grandfather appeared to hear for the first time the words that were being spo-

ken to him. He looked up pleadingly and said, "Do you have any with you?"

"Dogs?" the doctor asked.

"Ground glass," Grandpa said.

The doctor shivered all over and stood up. "I'm afraid, Mr. Steele, we'll have to use force."

I sat on Grandpa's stomach, and he sneezed all the way back to town. "It's just a cold," Grandmother said. "He'll never die. Just like old George Baker. I've been waiting on that funeral for years." But two days later—three days after the death of Chow Dog—Grandpa died.

Plowman's Folly *Refuted*, 1844

My neighbors were extremely kind with their suggestions. They had never seen such deep ploughing, and warned me not to turn up the old subsoil, and thus bring it to the surface. But they were not book-farmers.

Now, this business of deep subsoil ploughing is a matter of indispensable value in all agriculture, but especially so in the planting of an orchard. No tree can thrive as it ought, unless the earth is thoroughly and deeply loosened for the free expansion of the roots. If I could have ploughed two feet deep, it would have been all the better. In fact, the art of ploughing is in its mere infancy in this country. Too many of us follow blindly in the beaten track. The first plough was a tough, forked stick, of which one prong served as a beam, while the other dug the earth as a coulter. Of course the ploughing was only scratching. It would have been preposterous to expect the ploughman of Hesiod's or of Virgil's time to turn up and mellow the soil to a depth of fifteen or sixteen inches. Down to the present age, ploughing was inevitably a shallow affair. But iron ploughs, steel ploughs, subsoil ploughs, have changed all this. It is as easy today to mellow the earth to the depth of two feet, as it was a century ago to turn over a sward to the depth of six inches. Besides, our fierce, trying climate, so different from the moist, milder one of England, Ireland, or even Holland, whence our ancestors emigrated, absolutely requires of us deep ploughing. Drought is our perpetual danger. Most crops are twenty to sixty per cent short of what they would have been with adequate and seasonable moisture. That moisture exists not only in the skies above, but in the earth beneath our plants. Though the skies may capriciously withhold it, the earth never will, if we provide a rich, mellow subsoil through which the roots can descend for moisture. — From *Ten Acres Enough* by Edmund Morris, one of the great American best sellers, first published in 1844 and thereafter a standard bookstore item for two generations. Translated into several languages, the book was circulated around the world. Morris was born in Burlington, New Jersey, and near by was the farm which he described in *Ten Acres Enough*.

{ Margaret Case Harriman, former associate editor of Van-
ity Fair and well-known free-lance journalist, has lately
been studying the aquatic life in Washington's social pool. }

HOW TO WOO WASHINGTON

MARGARET CASE HARRIMAN



THIS is a picture of an average American business man arriving in Washington, D. C., with his briefcase and his wife, to settle down and live there for the duration. They are people of substance at home, in a medium-sized town in the Middle West, let's say, but strangers in Washington, where they become rapidly whirling cogs in the city's vast political and social machine. If they are smart, their adventures in making a place for themselves will be gay and successful. If they make any mistakes, however, what will happen to them shouldn't happen to a cog.

The male half of this symbolical couple owns a small toy factory in his home town and has come to Washington for any one of a number of possible reasons connected with it. Maybe he wants to keep an eye out for new contracts or straighten out some of the problems of operating on a war basis; maybe he is supposed to watch after the Washington interests of his whole industry. Whatever his mission is, it probably contains a headache. His wife's approach to Washington is different from his own—to him Washington is a means, to her an end. She has dreamed of being a Washington hostess and she now thrillingly pictures herself presiding over a dinner party consisting of Evelyn Walsh McLean, Cissy Patterson, the British Ambassador, Cordell Hull, Mme Chiang Kai-shek, a

Brazilian, and somebody terrific from the F.B.I. Together, the toy manufacturer and his wife are part of the 255,752 people who have increased the civilian population of Washington from 919,632 in 1940 to 1,175,384 at the last census, in 1943.

Everybody who is on his way to Washington to live is like a soul on its way to heaven or hell, crying, "What will become of me? What will I find there?" Both these queries can be answered in just one word: plenty.

Most of the town's quarter of a million new, wartime residents are there because they want something or other, and they go about getting it in many and colorful ways. Some try dogged persistence, some use personal charm, others start spinning like tops the minute they hit town and throw off continual sparks in the form of champagne-and-terrapin parties for senators, congressmen, and as many other influential guests as they can entice. The primary goal, for all, is social contact with powerful people, and it is generally attempted by one of two methods. The first is the dignified social campaign, which is generally used by newcomers like our couple from the Middle West—whom we shall now call Mr. and Mrs. Toy, for the purposes of this piece. The second is the hot-damn, razzmatazz attack, and this is mainly employed by wealthy and daring business men who wish to attract

the attention of other men or bodies of men for business reasons.

WASHINGTON is not an unfriendly town. It embraces every new arrival with all the warmth of a cop frisking a suspect for concealed weapons, and it drops him just as quickly if he is unarmed. Washingtonians like a person to have a few tricks and surprises up his sleeve and frown coldly on any foolish oversimplicity. They tell a sad little story about Donald Nelson, when he first arrived to take charge of the WPB. It seems that a couple of old friends of his were living in town, and he innocently looked them up. They dined together and he met some of their friends and later asked *them* to dinner. Well, sir, it turned out that the old pals and their crowd were strictly nobodies, and "before the poor man could do anything to save himself"—to quote the horrified Washingtonians who tell this tale—"there he was, in with the wrong people forever." Mr. Nelson has managed to rise above this early faux pas, since ability counts for a good deal in wartime Washington, and his position is happily now so secure that he can dine with practically anyone he pleases, without reverberations.

For any lesser folk, though, it is better to be dead in Washington than to know the wrong people, and our Middle Western couple, Mr. and Mrs. Toy, have a slight advantage in the fact that they know nobody at all. They are quite definite about the people they want to know. Mr. Toy wants, first of all, to get in touch with that fellow in the government agency who can get him his contract clearance, his priority, or perhaps just a kind word—whatever it is he happens to need. Just for the hell of it, Mr. Toy would also like to meet J. Edgar Hoover. His wife's desires are fancier, of course. She wants to become really friendly with Mrs. Stotesbury, Mrs. McLean, Lady Halifax, and Mme Carlos Martins, the brilliant wife of the Brazilian Ambassador; and naturally she would like to be asked to the White House to dine. It's safe to say that Mr. Toy's dreams will come true before his wife's do.

Nothing is simpler than getting in touch

with a fellow in a government agency—not the head man, perhaps, but a middleman who turns out to be a gentleman, possibly even a New Yorker, and receives the suppliant with the air of having all the time in the world at his disposal. Sometimes it takes all the time in the world to get the business concluded (why do you suppose people go to live in Washington?), but the preliminaries are pleasant and include many a chat about mutual acquaintances, maybe a new-found bond in the form of an old prep school or college, and often a friendly drink at a nearby bar. As for J. Edgar Hoover, he is equally democratic and approachable, although he remains a good deal of a mystery to many people. He is a bachelor, for one thing, and bachelors are always mysterious—to women, who can't imagine how they ever resisted, and to men, who can't figure out how they managed to escape. Hoover lives in a small house in Washington's northwest district and usually dines at Harvey's sea-food restaurant alone with his assistant, Clyde Tolson, or occasionally with whatever friends he happens to be entertaining. His dinner is frequently interrupted by strangers who want to shake his hand, and at each approach Hoover rises, blushes slightly, and murmurs, "Thank you. Many thanks." On his visits to New York, Hoover likes to eat at Lindy's or the Stork Club, where he can find the company he likes best—theater people and newspapermen. He is fond of people in those professions partly because they are good companions and partly because his own early ambition, he once told a friend, was to become either an actor or a reporter. Newspapermen revere Hoover and sometimes follow him around as eagerly as small boys after Dick Tracy. One time in New York Louis Sobol, the columnist, came upon Hoover and Tolson apparently conferring upon something of importance. Sobol, who knows them both, rushed up to them excitedly.

"Something in the wind?" he whispered.

Hoover smiled quietly and Tolson looked enigmatic. "Want to come along?" Hoover asked.

"You bet," breathed Sobol.

"Okay," said Hoover, "but remember—anything you see with us tonight, just forget you saw it."

The three men got into Hoover's bulletproof car and were driven swiftly for a distance of about fifteen blocks. Neither of the G-men spoke, and Sobol wondered a little nervously what awaited them at the end of the journey. At a point near West Fiftieth Street the car stopped and Hoover and Tolson got out and walked briskly across the sidewalk, looking neither to the right nor to the left. Sobol, his eyes fastened to their backs, followed them out of the car, across the pavement—and into a newsreel theater.

II

FORMAL Washington society—the group that Mrs. Toy has her eye on—is far more complicated and tricky than fun-loving Edgar and his pals. It does not revolve, even dimly, around the White House—that is one of the first jolts that Mrs. Toy will receive. Another surprise for her will be the continual friendly warnings people will give her about practically everything. If you're asked to the Chinese Embassy, they will tell her, don't rave too much about the Chiang Kai-sheks; the present Ambassador, Dr. Wei, and his wife don't always see eye to eye with the Chiangs. If you sit next to an admiral or a general or a Supreme Court justice or any man in public office at dinner, and he tells you a good story, retell it later if you like but never, never quote him as having told it in the first place, no matter how innocent the story is; the proper phrase to use in quoting it is, "There's a story going around town . . ." *Never* (the friendly advice continues) say anything over a telephone you don't want everybody to know—it's a cliché that Washington's occupational disease is fear of tapped wires. Not that most people don't *know* their wires are being tapped—they do. In fact (the informants go on to say) it's well known that the telephone company's own switchboards are sometimes clogged by calls from people in high public office demanding, "For godsakes, send somebody up here to untap me!" One feminine newcomer listened wide-

eyed to all these warnings about what not to do and say, and then asked timidly, "If I should be invited to the White House, what can I talk about there?" The old Washingtonian who had been advising her gave a tolerant laugh and replied, "Oh, at the White House you can say practically *anything!*"

To understand the role the White House plays—or does not play—in Washington society, it is first necessary to understand Washington society. This is a little like understanding a beehive or an ant palace. Perhaps Washington society can best be compared to the concentric ripples made by a stone dropped in water. At the core are the cave-dwellers, changeless and impenetrable with few exceptions. One feminine outlander aptly describes the cave-dwelling sisterhood as "the kind of women who wear their hats to breakfast in their own houses." The first outward circle comprises Cabinet members, Supreme Court justices, and State Department people, who keep themselves to themselves for the practical reason that wartime working hours are long and hard, and the men are too tired to go out much at night. Many government men often work in their offices past the dinner hour, and their idea of a treat and a relaxation is sometimes surprising. One night not long ago, Under Secretary of War Robert Patterson found his Assistant Secretary for Air, Robert A. Lovett, still toiling at his desk around eight-thirty and spoke to him benevolently. "You've had a tough day, Bob, and you deserve a good, bang-up dinner. Come on, and I'll blow you to one," he said. Outside, Patterson hailed a taxi and the two men drove off companionably to the nearest Child's.

THE second circle in the social pool is occupied by the embassies and the diplomatic crowd and is extremely gay. The ambassadors of nations at war exert themselves to make friends, these days, because of their countries' needs. Even the traditionally stiff British Embassy unbent this year far enough to electrify the Women's National Press Club by a note from Lady Halifax asking to be invited to the club's annual luncheon. (She came, sat next to the guest of honor, who hap-

pened to be a lady welder, and they both had a fine time.) The Latin-American embassies whose countries are not at war are more vivacious than ever, and the greatest party-lovers of all the embassy people are the Russians.

This is a wistful fact in a way, because Washington has not yet apparently been able to connect the Soviets with gaiety and they are sometimes left out of the fun. "They are like children," a White Russian in Washington once said sympathetically. "They love champagne and music and beautiful women just as children love ice cream and cake at a party. What if they sing loud and holler a little? It's better to have them holler with us than at us. A few good parties for the Soviets in Washington," this old-school Russian concluded, "would help Russian-American relations more than fifty official calls on Stalin." It's possible, of course, that Washington hostesses are not so timid as they are canny, and that they are afraid too many parties for the Russians may link them up to another Party, with a capital P. Whatever the reason, the Russians are lonesome.

The third social circle consists of government appointees and people in government agencies, a good many of whom are New Yorkers and therefore notoriously clannish and inclined to go around with other people from New York. They are lively and amusing, but are considered a little too self-sufficient. One New Yorker outraged old Washingtonians recently by remarking that he would be glad to join a certain country club if it would put in a swimming pool and some decent tennis courts. "'Glad to join' indeed! Why he couldn't get in, in a million years!" the cave-dwellers boomed when they heard about it. The outsider then further irritated them by joining the club the very next week. According to the wife of one government agency man, there is a sensible reason for people connected with WPB, OPA, OWI or other agencies keeping in constant touch with their own group: a good wife likes to be charming to her husband's boss, and the heads of government agencies are shifted so rapidly that, if the wife doesn't keep her finger continually on the agency pulse, she is

apt to find herself wasting her charm on some guy who has been out of office for a couple of weeks.

The fourth circle is Army, Navy, and Marines, each of which is fairly faithful to its own, its members entertaining one another and enjoying private, intramural jokes. One laugh that later became less private occurred last summer at a dinner party at the home of Lieutenant General Thomas Holcomb, former commandant of the Marine Corps. At one end of the Holcombs' dining room hangs a rather forbidding portrait of the late Colonel Archibald Henderson, the first commandant of the U. S. Marines. On this particular evening the Holcombs' son had brought a pretty girl to dinner, and at some point in the conversation General Holcomb turned to her and asked, "And what are you planning to do to help the war effort?" The lovely young thing looked up brightly and said, "Why, I'm joining the Marine Corps." At this the portrait of Colonel Henderson fell from the wall with a crash, demolishing a porcelain tea service that had sat on a table below it. When the portrait was picked up, General Holcomb later remarked, it seemed to everyone present that Henderson's piercing eyes looked wild. The visiting young lady nervously thought he had fallen from the wall in a faint at the notion of women joining the Marines, but the Holcombs interpret the whole thing as a hearty and welcoming gesture from the first commandant toward all recruits, male and female. The tea service he smashed on the way down, they point out, was made in Japan.

The fifth and outermost social ripple is a desperate swirl containing the people who, like Mr. and Mrs. Toy, have come to Washington to get something. (If I have left out any group, or groups, it is unintentional and doesn't matter anyway, since this whole conception of Washington society will probably be challenged in any case.)

Looking down on the social pool, but untouched by the ripples, stands the White House. The fact that formal entertaining has been canceled there for the duration is not the only reason that the

White House remains detached from the general hullabaloo. It has been that way ever since the Harding administration. Harding was handsome and jovial and his wife was ambitious, and both were truly impressed by Washington society. They had no desire to reproduce any part of Marion, Ohio, in the drawing rooms of the White House. Old Washingtonians naturally found this respectfulness endearing, and the Hardings were great social successes. Coolidge, on the other hand, cared about as much for Washington society as one of the angleworms he used to fish with, and Mrs. Coolidge was a schoolmarm, gracious but plain. Besides, both of them breathed New England and were obviously alien to the banks of the Potomac. In the same way, the Hoovers never spiritually left Palo Alto and they liked to surround themselves with their California friends. As for the Roosevelts, they are clearly New York people, fond of the company of other people from New York—so much so that certain old residents of Washington (even older residents than Mr. Roosevelt, that is) have been heard to remark coldly that you never meet anyone at the White House nowadays except New Yorkers and Hollywood actors. These critics like to affect gloom at the prospect of dining at the White House, on the rare occasions when they are asked to dinner. "Turkey and candied yams again, I suppose," they mutter. They accept with a politeness that amounts to alacrity, however. "Isn't it interesting," a dirty New Yorker once said to his White House dinner partner, a simmering cave-dweller, "how much more delicious turkey and candied yams are than sour grapes?"

SO THERE you have a rough picture of the social enigma of Washington, with the White House a little beyond the outermost ripple of the social pool, and yet locked in obscure combat with the pool's very center. Obviously there is right on both sides. The government can't help being the most important thing in Washington, and Washington cave-dwellers can't help thinking that *they* ought to be the most important thing in their own town. It's a little like a time I

remember when some city fishermen exhibited a giant turtle on the village green in Easthampton, Long Island. The villagers inspected it, tolerated it, and finally resented it as attracting too damn much attention.

III

LIKE any other socially ambitious newcomer, Mrs. Toy would like to move immediately into the embassy circle and pass from there into the more powerful Cabinet group. To accomplish these aims she must know the right people, and the right people are found, of course, only in the right places. Washington's most correct residential districts are Massachusetts Avenue, where most of the embassies are; Arlington across the bridge; or Georgetown, the one-time Negro colony whose old brick houses are now occupied by such celebrities as the Harry Hopkinses, the James B. Forrestals, the Francis Biddles, and Mrs. Edward B. McLean. The newcomer whose husband can afford it (and if he can't, she'd better stay home) can rent a small furnished house in Georgetown for about four hundred dollars a month. Once established at a proper address the best way for her to get to know helpful people is via the Good Works Route—war work at the local Red Cross or A.W.V.S. or committee work for local charities.

If she is attractive or a hard worker, or both, the other women in these organizations will presently ask her to lunch at the Sulgrave Club or at 1925 F Street—the town's two choosiest women's clubs—and one of them will probably propose her for membership in one or the other. The girls will also help her to place her children in the right schools—the boy in St. Albans, the Landon School, or the Episcopal School, the girl in the Cathedral School, Madeira, or Holton Arms, and both kids in Mrs. Shippen's dancing school. Through the husbands of her new friends her husband will be put up for a good golf club, such as Grasslands, Burning Tree, or Columbia, and he will learn to smile tolerantly at the local gag about Columbia's membership consisting so largely of business men that the club ought to have a sign over the front door

reading "Tradesmen's Entrance." Eventually the Toys, like any newly arrived couple, hope to join Chevy Chase. The usual waiting time for membership there is five years but one dashing couple from Baltimore actually managed, through somebody they met at an embassy tea, to get in after only six months.

The newcomers will be asked out a good deal and will give in return one large party (with the aid of a social secretary) and a series of small dinners, increasingly select. If they know what's good for them they will never act overconfident at first, no matter how swimmingly things appear to be going. One hapless wench who later disappeared from social ken was carried away at a gay party one night to the extent of announcing that everyone in Washington had been so lovely to her that she had decided to call all her new friends by their first names. "Which is your first name?" she demanded of Dr. Hu Shih, then Chinese ambassador, who happened to be present. "Well," the Ambassador replied gently, "you can't very well call me Who, and it might sound silly to call me She, so perhaps you had better just continue to call me Dr. Hu Shih." The only thing worse than overconfidence, in a stranger, is panic. A certain new and frazzled hostess came apart publicly in a pitiful way at her own soiree, when most of the more exalted guests failed to arrive. Around midnight, when one of the women who *had* come went to bid her good-night, this hostess stared at her wildly and wailed, "Don't *speak* to me! Not a single soul I *wanted* has showed up!"

A STRANGE and peculiar accolade for the fledgling in Washington is an invitation to Mrs. McLean's parties at Friendship, and Mrs. McLean extends or withholds this boon as impulsively as you might tease a kitten with a spool on a string. She dropped the lovely Congresswoman Clare Boothe Luce for a while after Miss Boothe had had a misunderstanding with the local newspaperwomen which resulted in their waiting for her at Union Station while she ducked out of a back door. Miss Boothe is a suave and decorative guest, however, and she has

been recalled to favor. One night, not long ago, she was dining at Friendship and happened to be seated where her eyes could rest in turn upon her husband, Henry Luce; John L. Lewis; and Supreme Court Justice Frank Murphy. "Interesting," Miss Boothe murmured at length to Mrs. McLean; "we have, together in this one spot, the three most famous pairs of eyebrows in America." At Mrs. McLean's smaller parties, meaning those of not more than a hundred people or less than fourteen, John L. Lewis is a frequent guest, and so are Senator Wheeler and Senator Nye. Mrs. McLean likes excitement and, at her famous Sunday-night suppers, often enjoys placing mortal enemies across the table from each other and close enough to herself to set the Hope diamond on her bosom to bouncing in anticipation of a good fight. The mortal enemies sometimes disappoint her. Cissy Patterson and John L. Lewis, it's true, obliged by exchanging a few sharp words when they found themselves *vis-à-vis* at Friendship's board one night while the Patterson-McCormick papers were busy taking Mr. Lewis to the cleaners. But when Mrs. McLean expectantly placed Lord Halifax, the British ambassador, opposite Hjalmar Procope, the former Finnish minister, the night after Finland joined up with Germany, neither gentleman so much as took a swipe at the other.

Mrs. McLean is undoubtedly the referee of Washington society, but Mrs. Edward T. Stotesbury is probably its queen. The burden of this honor is lightened for her by the colorful doings of her daughter, Mrs. Louise Cromwell-Brooks-MacArthur-Atwill-Heiberg. The fourth marriage of the former Mrs. Atwill, who was once General MacArthur's wife, took place at Mrs. Stotesbury's this spring and was a lively social event. The bride wore red, at least here and there, and the orchestra played "I Would Be True, for There Are Those Who Love Me," and "The Old Refrain." People are naturally curious about Mrs. Heiberg's life with General MacArthur, and she answers their questions calmly. "Did he ever try to dominate you in an autocratic, military sort of way?" a friend asked her recently. "Yes, but he didn't

get very far with it," she replied. "I used to just hit him over the head with something and he saw stars—four of them."

In Washington, as in other cities, you sometimes hear an unfamiliar name so constantly repeated that you finally ask, "Who *is* this dame I keep hearing about?" This is fame, or the prelude to it. The owner of such a name right now is Mrs. Morris Cafritz, the wife of a wealthy Washington real-estate operator. The Cafritz' house on Foxhall Road in Georgetown has the signs of the zodiac inlaid in gold on the vestibule floor, murals everywhere, and a glass dance floor in the playroom, lighted from underneath. It has none of the elegant dowdiness esteemed by polite Washingtonians, but they respect it as an unmistakable eyeful. Mrs. Cafritz, Hungarian born, has the social and political awareness that European girls acquire before American girls of the same age have got the braces off their teeth, and she is a successful hostess partly because she has made a career of it and partly for a more unexpected reason. "What I like about Gwen Cafritz," one hard-boiled Washingtonian has said, "is that she makes absolutely no pretense at *not* being elaborate."

THESE, then, are some of the women our Mrs. Toy must woo, and compete with, in her Washington campaign. Winning them over, and possibly even winning out over them, depends mainly on her own personality and wit. The old devices, such as snaring visiting royalty as social bait, are out of fashion now—unless the visiting royalty is British or otherwise impeccable. Archduke Otto of Austria-Hungary is the boy who innocently hung the crepe on this custom last time he was in Washington. Otto would go anywhere, and consequently soon became worthless as a social prize. Besides, the local food and wine so entranced him that he always stayed too long. Protocol is not as rigid as it was before the war but most people still hesitate to leave a party before the royal guest departs, and night after night would find Otto relaxing, stuffed and rosy, while weary Cabinet members propped their eyes open and

hopelessly tried to signal their wives. Former Secretary Woodring is said to have ended the dilemma one midnight when he marched up to his hostess, made his excuses, bowed to the Archduke, and firmly left. Royal names lost their ring after that. Nowadays, when a Cabinet member begins to nod in his own living room, his wife just murmurs "Otto!" and the Cabinet member pulls himself together and goes to bed.

IV

THE hot-diggety-hoopla, or business man's, social attack on Washington—as opposed to the dignified social campaign—has been well described in the newspaper accounts of the antics of John P. Monroe, the Man with the House on R Street, and of William S. Jack, president of Jack & Heintz, Inc., the Cleveland manufacturing plant which now turns out airplane parts under a government contract. Their method of approach is the only point of similarity between these two gentlemen. Monroe, who comes from Boston, has always been a man of mystery, whereas Bill Jack, as he is chummily called, is about as mysterious as a brass band.

Monroe, it will be remembered, was summoned before the House Military Affairs Committee last year to explain his connection with the business of obtaining war contracts and just how closely it concerned the famous parties he was giving for government, Army, and Navy officials at the house he had rented on R Street. Washington was a little nervous about contract brokers, some of whom were known to have made close to a million dollars in commissions and fees during the preceding year. Monroe was discharged for lack of evidence, but his hearing almost certainly hurried the formation of the War Contracts Renegotiation Committee—the outfit which later caused considerable anguish to President Jack of Jack & Heintz.

Part of the mystery that surrounded the House on R Street—aside from its name, which sounds like the title of a thriller—was the fact that the glittering celebrities Monroe invited to his parties actually went to them. When reporters asked the

late Secretary Knox, Senator Bridges, Major General Levin Campbell of the Army Ordnance Procurement Office, and other luminaries why they went to Monroe's parties, they replied naïvely that they had gone because they wanted to see some of the interesting people Monroe had assured them would be on hand. Famous people, it seems, will always go anywhere to see other famous people. More sophisticated Washingtonians now detect in Monroe's assurances a trace of the old social custom of the cross-talk invitation. The cross-talk invitation is the one in which the host telephones a senator, say, asks him to dinner, and casually adds, "I've asked Secretary So-and-So; I know you'll enjoy seeing him." The senator accepts, assuming that the secretary has also accepted, and the host then calls up the secretary and invites *him*, holding out the senator as bait. As a result, *everybody* comes.

Monroe hasn't been seen around Washington for some time now. Some people think that what finished him as a host was not so much the committee investigation as the fact, which the investigation brought out, that his name was really Monroe Kaplan. "Personally, I have absolutely no anti-Semitic feelings," one Washingtonian stated recently, "but you know how people are."

The fame of William S. Jack in Washington is perhaps less than Mr. Monroe's, but his headache is bigger. Mr. Jack is the man who was asked, last January, to give back a lot of money to the government on the renegotiation of his contract for producing airplane parts. Jack, who thought the government claim was outrageous, came to Washington in February, 1944, and set about wooing the powers on Capitol Hill. There was a beautiful simplicity in his approach. He just rented the main ballroom of the Mayflower Hotel and invited the Senate and House of Representatives to dinner.

Half a dozen senators and over sixty representatives came to the party, as well as some two hundred other guests. They ate a chicken dinner and watched a movie showing working conditions and production at the Jahco plant, as it is nicknamed. After the movie, when the guests were

well fed and, presumably, entertained, Bill Jack rose, took off his coat, and earnestly addressed the throng in his shirt-sleeves. He spoke of his humble beginning as a newsboy, dwelt on free enterprise in America, and, rolling up his shirt-sleeves, presented the perfect picture of a righteous, self-made man. "Corny? Sure," one guest said later. "But it was *good corn*." The results of the Jahco party are not yet fully known, but one interesting comparison has come to light. Donald Nelson gave a party the same night—a WPB exhibit of the war-production contributions of some four thousand labor-management committees. There were no refreshments. Only a fleeting senator or two and six representatives showed up.

ALL this goes to show that when you set out to woo Washington you can do it on your knees or standing on your head. Anything goes, if the performance is good.

A lot of people have taken to calling Washington a madhouse these days. Shakespearean scholars, many of whom have gone to Washington to help the war effort, might retort with Hamlet, "Though this be madness, yet there is method in't." A cosier comment, however, was made recently by Clarence Bussey Hewes, a fashionable Washington bachelor and one-time diplomat who crisply rejects the notion of madness as applied to his home town. "Of course Washington is always *ghastly* gay in wartime," Mr. Hewes said, in reply to a stranger's questions, "but this war is simply nothing compared to other wartimes. Take the Civil War, which I naturally don't remember, but we all know that Washington was so pack-jammed with Southerners and sympathy was so completely *all* with the Confederacy that people simply *cheered* and gave parties every time there was a Confederate victory. And there was all the excitement about Mrs. Lincoln having two brothers fighting for the South, and her being suspected as a Confederate spy, and all that. Then the *last* war, the First World War, was so exciting with all those thrilling legations being sent over here with their sky-blue uniforms and all their medals. But *this* war"—Mr. Hewes paused sadly—"this war is just *dull*. It's just a grim

business. If you know what I mean, it's not at all a *popular* war."

Remarks like this trouble Mr. and Mrs. Toy and other sensitive newcomers who wonder uneasily whether some successor of Mr. Hewes's may be saying, twenty years from now, "This Third World War is nothing—you should have seen the *Second* World War." A cheerier note, for them, is a conversation that took place not long ago between another elderly Washington bachelor and an English-

woman he sat next to at a dinner table.

"You Washington people," the English-woman said, "strike me as being a bit provincial, don't you agree? I mean to say, here you are, a tiny little bit of a place responsible for millions of people and millions of miles, but sticking firmly to your own way of doing things and being ever so calm and stubborn about it."

The elderly bachelor beamed at her. "Yes," he said. "We flatter ourselves that we *are* a little bit like England."

SMALL APOCALYPSE

EARL DANIELS

THE sound heard
is not the sound that matters:

neither clocks ticking
invisible in darkness,
nor, in solemn midnight,
tower bells striking;

these are of small moment,
if one waking ear listen.

Think rather upon clocks
where the doors have been shut
ticking, the sounds lost
because no one heard them;

this, in the long run,
is matter for meditation.

(F. P. Hellin was in the oil business in Europe before the war; over here he has been in charge of the Survey of European Experts. Paul Wohl is a former director of the International Chamber of Commerce in Paris.)

THE RUHR: KEY TO EUROPE'S FUTURE

F. P. HELLIN AND PAUL WOHL



EVER since the heavy bombers of the R.A.F. began pounding the Reich, the number one target of the British and American raids has been the coal, iron, and steel district of the Ruhr. We have long recognized that if Hitler is to be defeated it is vital that this district be paralyzed. What we have not yet generally recognized is that the fate of the Ruhr is one of the crucial issues not only of the war but of the peace: that the disarmament of Germany will not be complete so long as the Ruhr is controlled and directed from Berlin, and that on the fate of this little area, half the size of Connecticut, hangs the future economic fate of most of Europe and its chance for restoration.

There can be no peace in the world without peace in Europe, no peace in Europe without the forcible pacification of Germany, no settlement of the German problem without turning the Ruhr from an arsenal of war into an arsenal of peace.

The Ruhr is a unique place. It is one of the four most densely populated industrial regions in the world—the others being the Atlantic seaboard of the United States, Honshu and Kyushu in Japan, the English Midlands, and the area which comprises Belgium, northeastern France, and Luxembourg. Not only that, but it concentrates more heavy industry and skilled labor within a small radius than any of these other districts. It contains vast mineral wealth. Here the coal belt of

Europe, extending from Wales to the Donetz, displays its most highly developed riches. None of the world's other great coal regions except those in England and Wales is so easily accessible. Through the waterway system of the Rhine, the Ruhr is connected with the ports of Holland and Belgium—the gateways of Europe—and is within convenient reach of the ore mines of Sweden and Lorraine. Furthermore, the Ruhr is more crisscrossed with railroads than New York is with subway and bus lines; and in peace times the amount of traffic has been prodigious. In 1937 more cars were loaded in the Ruhr than in the Middle Atlantic, Middle West, and Great Lakes traffic zones *together!*

Before the war this district was the main coal supplier of western and southern Europe, despite intense English competition. This was a fact of vast importance, because already coal had become the universal raw material of a chemical and synthetic era; and the chemists of the Ruhr had taken full advantage of it by pioneering in producing from coal such things as solvents, dyestuffs, pharmaceuticals, explosives, and high-octane fuel. Films, rayon, synthetic oil and rubber, fibers and plastics followed, making Germany technologically supreme long before she achieved military hegemony. And the Ruhr's supremacy in coal production was especially important for another reason. Europe, lacking natural oil in sufficient quantities, was—and is—a

coal continent: coal occupies in Europe the place held in this country by coal plus oil.

The Ruhr is also the world's second largest producer of iron and steel. Southern Europe has been largely dependent upon it for these materials. Germany, Europe's greatest iron and steel country, has been dependent upon it for more than two-thirds of her output. In fact, in 1938 the Ruhr produced almost as much rolled steel as the rest of the European continent put together, with the exception of the U.S.S.R. (Ruhr: 16,392,000 tons; rest of continent, excluding Russia and Germany: 18,334,000 tons). This extraordinary capacity did more than anything else to give Germany leadership of the continent in the production of machinery, machine tools, rolling stock, locomotives and automobiles, pig iron, ferro-alloys, shipbuilding, and—last but not least—weapons and aircraft.

In short, this little district is the industrial heart, not only of Germany, but of all non-Russian Europe.

FROM 1919 till the present war, the Ruhr emerged intact—or even with increased industrial capacity—from every major crisis.

Germany's defeat and disarmament did not curtail its operations substantially, for its plants were quickly converted to civilian production under the spur of reparations in kind. The occupation of the Ruhr by French and Belgian troops, in 1923, failed as a punitive measure; and when the last of the occupying troops left, in 1925, not only were its industries unscathed but its great corporations, with the help of American loans, were able to overhaul their technical installations, modernize their equipment, and achieve an extraordinary degree of efficiency. For instance, Ruhr coal was being loaded according to the most modern methods at a time when less than 2 per cent of the total underground coal production of the United States was being mechanically hauled. The British coal strike of 1926—so enthusiastically greeted in Soviet Russia and by liberals on both sides of the Atlantic—had the ironic result of giving a big lift to the Ruhr's coal exports; the ensuing profits of 300,000,000

Reichsmarks induced American capitalists to invest ten times as much as this within the next three years; and these 3,000,000,000 Reichsmarks helped the Ruhr magnates to finance an unparalleled modernization of their heavy industries as well as their mines. When the depression engulfed almost every country in the world, its impact upon the Ruhr was mitigated by massive orders for heavy materials and machinery from Soviet Russia, which was carrying through its first Five Year Plan and was glad to do business with a then friendly Germany. Finally, Hitler's armament boom carried the Ruhr's industrial potential to its peak.

From the point of view of the German General Staff there was just one thing wrong with the Ruhr—its exposed location close to Holland and Belgium. One of the reasons behind the Schlieffen plan for a German offensive through Belgium into northern France had been their desire to keep the Ruhr as far away from the battlefields as possible. The coming of modern aviation of course made the region far more vulnerable; and this fact so haunted the air-minded Nazis that they developed new industrial strongholds in central Germany and around Berlin. But the center of the German steel industry, the indispensable basis of every other branch of industry, remained in the Ruhr; the new establishments farther east were mainly airplane and automobile plants, chemical factories, and synthetic oil refineries. The only exceptions were the Hermann Goering blast furnaces and steel mills at the Salzgitter low-grade ore deposits near Brunswick, and in Linz on the Danube; these were intended to offset any losses German war industry might suffer in the Ruhr, and to make at least part of the Reich's steel production independent of Swedish and Lorraine ores. Even so, the Hermann Goering works in central Germany remained dependent upon Ruhr coal.

Since 1941 the region has been repeatedly and mercilessly bombed. But even yet it has not been knocked out; in fact, even since 1941 it has been the principal supplier of the occupied countries as well as of most European neutrals. Though many of its mills and factories have been

crippled and production seems to have been reduced considerably, the great industrial combine still functions. Its recuperative powers are immense. The coal mines, which are the most valuable installations, are underground. Most of its big pool of skilled labor has survived. And there can be little doubt that even after Germany's collapse the district will remain the Continent's most important industrial asset.

II

WHAT shall be done with the Ruhr after the war?

First of all, it must continue to produce. Everywhere in Europe, cities, railroads, factories will need tremendous quantities of coal and steel. England will be unable to contribute materially to the reconstruction of the Continent. The iron and steel works of northeastern France, Belgium, and Luxembourg will have all they can do to meet the needs of that area. The heavy industries of Czechoslovakia and Austria, and those in the industrial stronghold of Upper Silesia, Galicia, and Moravia, will be kept busy supplying eastern Europe. Russia, even more than England, will need all the coal and steel she can produce. Any attempt to destroy the remaining production facilities of the Ruhr, and hurriedly to build up new centers of heavy industry in western Europe to take their place, would therefore mean prolonged hardship for the suffering populations. Coal mines cannot be moved; the Nazis were unable to transfer blast furnaces and coke ovens and distilleries to new locations while the German transportation system functioned smoothly. In the chaos following Germany's defeat such an operation would be even more difficult. In short, Europe will need the Ruhr so desperately that its wheels must be kept turning. Reconstruction without the Ruhr would be a long and painful process.

The first practical step following military conquest must be the immediate establishment of a provisional management for the Ruhr industries. The recruiting of this management will not be easy; but among those who might be called upon, besides officially appointed United Nations experts, are (1) industrial-

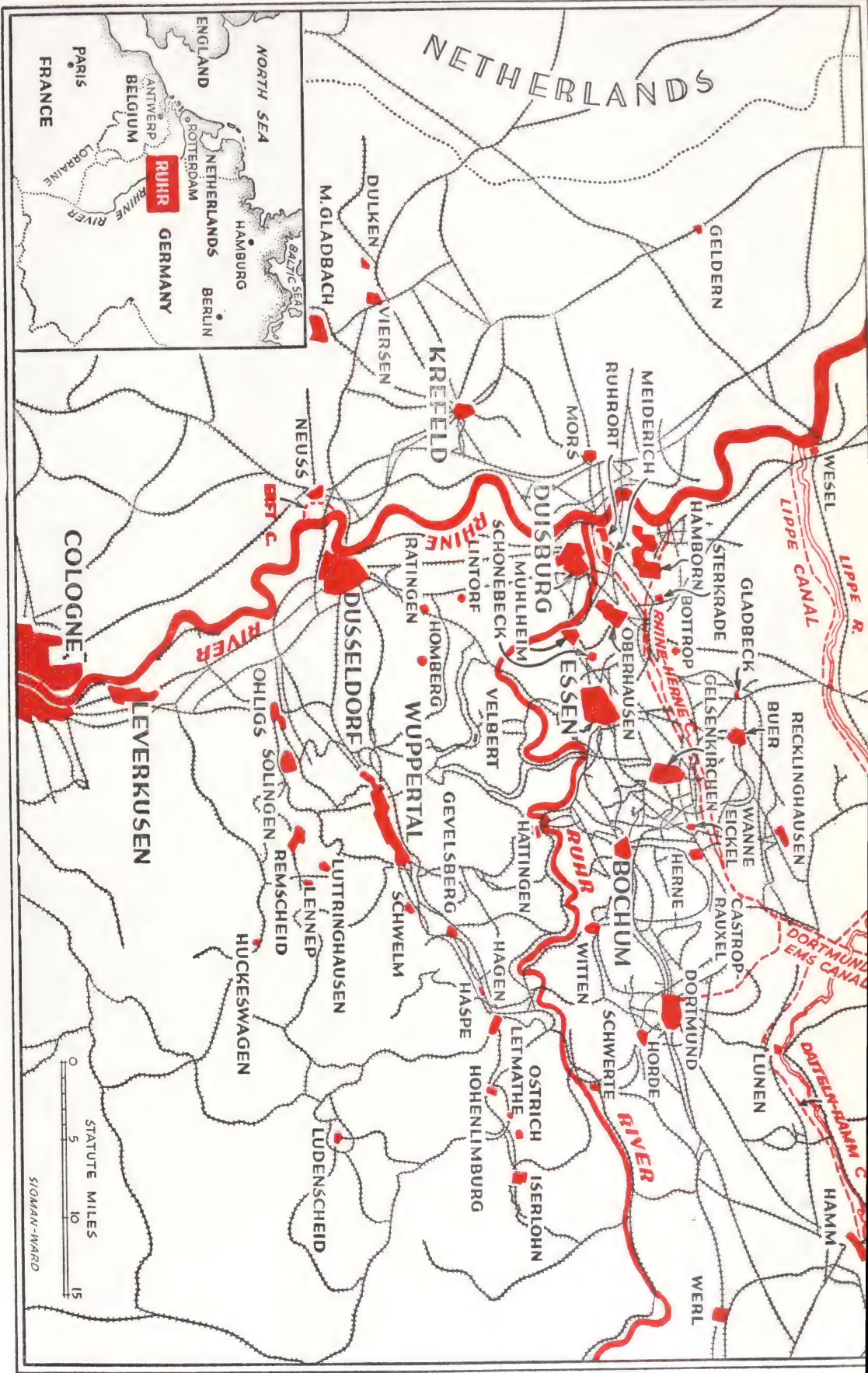
ists of liberated countries who did not collaborate with the Nazis; (2) pro-Allied representatives of neutral Switzerland and Sweden who, as consumers and suppliers, are interested in the Ruhr; and (3) such Germans as can be trusted—executives who were ousted by the Nazis, former trade-union leaders, and other steadfast opponents of Hitler's tyranny.

Only after this provisional management has secured control will the Allies be able to decide the future of the Ruhr.

ON TWO long-range principles the Allies agree. In the first place, Germany must positively be prevented from using the Ruhr to climb to military power again. Control of so tremendous an industrial asset in the very heart of the Continent would be a temptation for any German government, whatever its political color. In the second place, the nationalistic clan of steel and coal barons must be eliminated from ownership and management. Nazis like Thyssen, von Kirdoff, and Tengelmann, and such other men as Krupp, Kloeckner, Hoesch, Haniel, Flick, Otto Wolff, Poensgen, and Springorum who coached the Kaiser into the First World War, helped Hitler into the saddle, and applauded his conquests, must have no part in Germany's or Europe's future.

It has been suggested that the entire area be severed from Germany and organized as a Ruhr-Rhenish state under Dutch, Belgian, and French leadership, with Rotterdam as its principal outlet and administrative center.

Another suggestion is for the dismemberment of Ruhr industry: the removal of all transportable factory installations to Allied countries. It is true that there are important light and finishing industries in the Ruhr which could be transferred to new locations without sinning against the spirit of economics, such for instance as the textile mills at Wuppertal; the automobile and aluminum plants around Cologne; the pharmaceutical, dyestuff, and rubber factories at Wuppertal and Leverkusen; and the steel alloy units of Bochum and Krefeld. But there are logical limits to such a program of reparations in kind: it is doubtful if enough plants could be successfully moved to make this plan effective as a



The Ruhr Region

showing all towns and cities where heavy industry is located, all important railroads (in black lines), all important rivers and canals (in red lines). The red rectangle in the small insert map shows the Ruhr region in relation to the major ports which form the gateways to Europe.

measure of long-range control, to say nothing of sound economic development.

Other groups propose that the Allies should apply to the Ruhr—and to all of Germany, for that matter, since the district is so closely linked with the whole of the German economy—the method of control which the Nazis applied in the occupied countries. Just as the Nazis forced the industrialists of France, Belgium, Holland, and other countries to cede to German interests at least 51 per cent of their shares or property, so the Allies might claim majority ownership of all the principal German firms and corporations. Allied participation might be in proportion to the losses suffered in the various Allied countries during the war; and its form—governmental, private, or a combination of the two—might vary according to the political and economic setup in the various countries participating.

This plan has many advantages. A combination of state, private, and perhaps municipal ownership and management would be no novelty for the Ruhr, where people have been accustomed to see the Reich, the Prussian state, and the principal cities owning and managing many factories, transportation facilities, power plants, and mines. It would be far better suited to the Ruhr than exclusive state ownership and operation on the Soviet pattern; for culturally, and in its market relations, the Ruhr is a part of the western world. And exclusive state ownership would be dangerous for another reason: any one state or group of states which held full control of the industrial giant on the Rhine might be tempted to use it for military or economic aggression.

Whether the Ruhr is established as an independent territory or remains within

the Reich, there are strong arguments for a mixed regime in which states and municipalities would share ownership with private interests. First, the foreign representatives on company boards and in the local administration could see to it that the results of future research did not become German monopolies but were made available to other countries. Second, in their own interest they would be likely to insist upon progressive labor legislation in order to prevent the dumping of cheap goods from the Ruhr on world markets. Third, they would have every inducement to prevent the Ruhr industries from getting government subsidies, tariff protection, or other artificial advantages in competition with their own countries. Fourth, they could help to co-ordinate the production and exports of the Ruhr with industrial activities abroad. Thus they could stimulate competition between the Ruhr and other areas, and this might lead to a more even distribution of heavy industries over the Continent.

Under a regime of this kind, politically and militarily backed by the United Nations but very mixed and flexible in its practical nature, the Ruhr might become Europe's first and most important experiment in international collaboration. Wisely organized as a long-term project in accordance with the needs of all the European countries, it might become a stabilizing factor in the world economy and a source of prosperity to all.

As to whether this would be the best of all possible plans there is room for disagreement. But as to the proposition that no peace plan can succeed which does not take adequate account of the vast potential of the Ruhr, for good or for evil, there is no room for disagreement at all.

THE Easy Chair *Bernard DeVoto*



RECENTLY a Boston newspaper published a letter from an American soldier on active service. He is of foreign ancestry, as all but a half-million Americans are, and his name is foreign, as all American names are except those which are rendered in our alien tongue as Crazy Horse, Sitting Bull, or something similar. The soldier wrote that his brother had been beaten up in Boston under suspicion of being a Jew. He wished, he said, that he could get a furlough so that he could come back to Boston and repay that assault on the toughs who made it. He had supposed that the principal reason for creating the Army he belonged to had been to protect America against the possibility of such things happening here. Now that this had happened to his own brother, in his own home town, he was wondering just why he was in the Army. I do not know whether he was aware of an implication in his letter but there it was: maybe it would be a good thing to employ some part of the Army here at home in fulfillment of the original purpose.

We are having trouble of that kind in Boston and its suburbs, as elsewhere in the United States. We are having more of it than those responsible for public policy have thought it proper for you to know about. Jews have been beaten up, synagogues have been defiled, gangs of toughs have gone looking for Negroes and sometimes have found them. A number of incidents have occurred which would seem quite in key if you read about them in accounts of the rise of the Nazis. By chance I had arranged appointments with a couple of public officials to discuss these things—on June 6th. It was against the background of Invasion Day that I listened to their considered judgments.

These are just outbreaks of juvenile crime, one of the officials told me; there always have been gangs of boys, there probably always will be, and though it is desirable to prevent such outbreaks you must not be betrayed into believing that there is anything sinister behind them. No one is being hurt very much and certainly no one is inciting the gangs in any way. It was his judgment, I gathered, that boys will be boys, and I went on to the other official, who proved more forthright. This is a democracy, he summed up, and we must abide by the democratic principle. Democracy, he said, means majority rule, and Jews and Negroes are in the minority hereabout.

A STRIKING phenomenon occurred in the United States on June 6th: by the million, Americans went to their churches for services of penitence and prayer. That was natural to the devout, to professing members of the churches, but I am thinking of people like me, the unorthodox, the unbelievers, impelled by something they could not understand to invoke symbols in which they acknowledged no authority. On my way I passed the place where, after prayer, Washington took command of the Continental Army in that first war for American freedom. A quarter of a mile away a stone marks the place where, after prayer, Americans took up the march to Bunker Hill. Between them on the common is a monument to the Cambridge men who died in the war which freed the slaves and kept the nation intact. Not far away is a building reared to commemorate the Harvard men who died in that war, and near by is a church built as a memorial to Harvard men killed in the First World War. A plaque in that memorial church lists their names; I knew a

good many of them, some of them were my friends.

Across the church from me I saw an old man bowed in prayer. He was too old to recognize me now and he was not young when, twenty-seven years before this evening, I spent at his house the last night before I was to report to the Army in that earlier war. I had to be off in the morning before he would be up and so, when I went to bed, he came to my room and put his arms round me and kissed my cheek. I was two thousand miles from my own father, I do not know how many others in like case this man had said good-by to in the fear that they might be killed, I do know that a good many of them were killed. They were certainly in his mind tonight as they were in mine, and he and I had been drawn to the same church in common knowledge of our helplessness. To sightseers they were just names carved on a plaque, but they were boys whom he had taught at Harvard and I had known there. And this morning we had waked to learn that another generation of American boys were dying on French soil.

That helplessness and its attendant ignominy were, I think, what took us to church. Those of us who were withheld from feeling the fellowship of God were invoking the fellowship of impotent mankind. The hour which we had greatly feared had come upon us, the battle was joined, and our impotence was too bitter to be borne alone. As the evening of June 6th faded westward there was this same scene in houses of worship all the way across the country, as people gathered in quiet and security, in towns which war had not defaced, to pray or to realize their helplessness while their minds created images of the horror being enacted on the Normandy peninsula. Through the singing of hymns, the reading of collects, prayer by pastors or the silent prayer of congregations, or the elevation of the host, we were all seeing the beaches where the young men were dying. There was nothing, it seemed, that we could do for them. Nothing except to pray, or to confess our helplessness and ignominy, and to remember that they were dying for human freedom. Or—the slow thought

rose against the music of devotion—or so we told them.

FOR not even the fire on those beaches could quite blot out what the public official had said to me that afternoon. He is an honest man, an honorable public servant, and a man of charity and good will, a faithful communicant of his church. But somehow, unquestionably in good faith, he had been betrayed into a blasphemous heresy. Democracy, he said to me, is majority rule and the Jews and the Negroes are in the minority here. I wondered what priest or pastor had confirmed him in that heresy, the heresy that Jews and Negroes must submit to torture because men of white skin or Christian faith outnumber them.

Not the Christian church as it once was. The church knew better once, when it brought the idea of democracy into the world for the first time. In the sight of God, it taught then, all men are equal, for all men share God's nature, all men have immortal souls. On that rock the church was founded and on that rock it was charged with defending the dignity of man against every tyranny and violation, whether by king, state, or any privilege or bigotry or power whatsoever. That dignity cannot be expunged, the church said, and moreover only God and the will of God can defend it to the end. Kings and states and people may make laws of their own but who shall forbid a king or the people to do injustice? Only God, whose will is inviolable. "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me." In the righteousness of that awful judgment the church suffered persecution for a thousand years, until it succeeded in teaching the modern world the dignity of man. That was once the doctrine of the church, the rock on which it stood. But no bishop had put Boston or any other town under an interdict because the least of these had been set upon by a mob.

The church I had chosen to attend on the evening of Invasion Day was not the church I was reared in, but my thoughts kept turning to a friend of mine who is a priest of that church and was at that moment conducting services half a mile away.

He has the courage of complete devotion. He would tranquilly suffer torture and death in defense of his church, its faith, its authority, its liberties, or its doctrines. Or rather, I thought, or rather and in common with all pastors of all churches, some of its doctrines. In the congregation which knelt for his benediction there were some whose sons or brothers or fathers or husbands might be dying at this moment on the invasion beaches. Priests of all churches, Catholic, Protestant, Jewish, bent above the dying, perhaps the relatives of those here in church, to bring them the consolation of religion and the assurance that they died in defense of man's dignity. Those chaplains also were men of complete devotion and would tranquilly die in the performance of their office. In consideration of them and the dying they ministered to, I wondered, was there not an inescapable office for priests and pastors here at home? Was it not their office to turn from consoling the relatives of those who were killed in France and go out into the streets and throw themselves, in the name of God, in the name of man's dignity, between the mob who were their congregation and the least of these, whether Jew or Negro, who were the victims of the mob? Had the church relinquished authority over its communicants, authority at least in defense of democracy? Had it abandoned one of its doctrines, rendering that defense unto Caesar?

IT WAS ironical enough for us who were safe to spend our impotent half-hour of reverence and pity here in church while our kind were being killed in defense, or so we had told them, of freedom—and then go out again into a city where the majority are secure but minorities are not. But when you projected that irony toward the beachhead in Normandy it became altogether intolerable. There could be a vindication for the deaths of those young men, but unless there was that vindication, then those deaths were mockery and blasphemy.

There had arisen a power which recognized no inherent dignity in mankind. Denying dignity to men, it used them for its own purposes; they were its creatures, its slaves, mere beasts without rights or

freedoms. It murdered whom it would, those who dissented or opposed, Jews, all other minorities—murdered them for its own uses or at its whim or for its pleasure. Call it Antichrist as the Christian churches must, or call it Antidemocracy as we apostates do. Under any name it could not be permitted to share the world with us, it could not be permitted to exist, it must be destroyed. Destroying it required the deaths of those soldiers in Normandy we were thinking of while we knelt in prayer, and the deaths of many others across the whole world. That was the catastrophe of our time, and yet there was a vindication. The destruction of Antichrist meant the maintenance of freedom; these deaths were in defense of the dignity of man; and the world, we said, must be a world in which the dignity of man is paramount. That dignity, we said, is inalienable—and those who died in its defense believed us. But it was so quiet in this peaceful town when we came out of church that one needed only the slightest imagination to hear the scream of a man going down before a mob, a mob which, our official told me, could not be forbidden to rise because that man was a Jew or a Negro. On the invasion beachhead men had died in denial of that heresy even while the thought found words, but in America no Jew or Negro was safe against Antichrist. And if no Jew or Negro, then who was safe, and what could the chaplains say to the dying, or any pastor or any governor say to their families here at home?

I think we need Christian pastors who believe the Christian doctrine of the nature of man. Or else we need governors who believe the preamble to the Declaration of Independence. Each is as hard as stone—as the stone which will be set in public buildings and memorial churches and carved with the names of the men who died while we knelt to pray for them. Their blood will cry out to us from the ground unless, absolutely and with no exception whatsoever, we prevent the staining of the ground of any American town with the blood of anyone who happens to differ in faith or race from the majority of that town.

It is up to us and it can be done.

In Boston or any other town, in your town, the police are enough of themselves. If they were not enough, why we all have legs and arms, but they are enough if we require them to be. They can prevent any mob from rising, or scatter any mob that has risen—if we require

them to. If we require them to, if we mean what we say, if we believe what we told the young men. Any mob that rises anywhere rises with our consent. And when it rises the blood it spills is on our hands and it mocks and stultifies the deaths we mourned on Invasion Day.

MY MOTHER SORROW

EVE MERRIAM

AT FIRST like a million other wives
I ran to my mother Sorrow.
We played all day with Yesterday
and bolted the door on Tomorrow.

My mother Sorrow petted me
and fed me cakes of Yesterday.
When Tomorrow knocked on the hungry door
we sent him starving away.

Now mother Sorrow's lavish hand
is dry as a bony hag's,
and empty of all their candy joys
lie Yesterday's brimful bags.

So like a million other wives
I must leave my mother Sorrow.
The only house I have to go
is hostile hard Tomorrow.

He will not let me play at games,
he beats me if I borrow
so much as a cup of memory
from Yesterday or Sorrow.

Tomorrow feeds me narrow fare,
I work here for little pay:
but I am redeemed from Sorrow the bitch
and bastard Yesterday.

{ Vernon Bartlett, M.P., is a newspaperman (the News Chronicle), has been a foreign correspondent and broadcaster, and has written *Tomorrow Always Comes* and other books. }

INVASION DIARY

The First Four Days in England

VERNON BARTLETT



Some time before D Day we asked Mr. Bartlett to record for us the look and feel of England during the first four days of the invasion. We print his diary report just as he wrote it, without any revision based on hindsight. This is the way things looked in England then.—The Editors

THE most decisive event in the history of the world," wrote the Sydney *Daily Telegraph*. "The most dramatic moment of modern times," wrote the *Melbourne Age*. "The outcome of the battle will decide Europe's fate," wrote *Folkets Dagblad* of Stockholm. "In all history there is no record of any event of such significance," wrote *Diario Illustrado* of Santiago de Chile. "An event the date of which will be learned by every school child in the future," wrote the *Gazette de Lausanne*. "June 6, 1944, will enter the annals of the Second World War as one of the great days of history," wrote Moscow's *Red Star*. "The greatest military operation the world has ever seen," wrote *El Comercio* of Lima, Peru. "The fate of the war and even of the whole world depends on this invasion," wrote the Turkish paper *Tan*. "Britain has been preparing for the day of vengeance. This day has now come. Heroic and glorious as it should be," wrote the *Jornal do Brazil* of Rio de Janeiro. And so on around the globe. But history is so undramatic when you live it. It seemed to us, on this aircraft carrier known as the United Kingdom, less exciting and sensational.

The following pages constitute a diary of the first four days of the invasion, written with all the objectivity that I can command.

Tuesday, June 6th. I turned on the radio for the 8 A.M. news. The announcer spoke about special warnings which had been broadcast to our Allies in western Europe. There was even a mention of German reports of Allied invasion barges off the French shore. But I was staying in a hotel in a quiet and comfortable little town between the wild country of Exmoor and the Bristol Channel, and most of the hotel guests were either elderly retired people whose days of struggle were over or people who had been bombed out of their homes and had taken refuge in this peaceful part of the world. Four years ago, night after night, one heard aircraft flying overhead to South Wales and one could see the fires blazing along the northern shore of these narrow waters that stretch up to the ancient port and city of Bristol. But four years is a long time. And escapism is a very contagious disease. So nobody at breakfast had much to say about the news.

Nevertheless D Day has come. Yesterday I was told flatly and firmly by an elderly and querulous ex-official from one of the remoter British colonies that there would be no invasion of Europe. He was distressed and indignant when I reminded him that this view was shared by many of the Communists. Another "phony war" legend has been destroyed.

The calmness of it all! I was told later that in London many people who did not hear the morning news bulletins knew nothing of the invasion until midday. Even in the offices of SHAEF one young man of my acquaintance heard the news only when it was over three hours old. There was no shouting, no cheering, no excitement, and little comment. In some factories the hum of machinery lessened while the special invasion announcement was broadcast. But the pause lasted only a minute or two.

Everything went on so much as usual that a puzzled American officer grew quite angry with his English secretary. "Don't you care?" he demanded. She cared. But with us in Britain probably more than with you in America, tension has relaxed but anxiety has taken its place. We are so much nearer the fighting. So many of our homes have already been bombed. Above all, we have had so many setbacks that we dare not be jubilant.

Four years ago yesterday Mr. Churchill made his great speech of defiance in the House of Commons. "We shall defend our island whatever the cost may be. We shall fight on the beaches. We shall fight on the landing grounds, in the fields, in the streets, and in the hills. We shall never surrender." Yes. We care. But experience has taught us to be cautious. Four years ago, in the lazy warm June weather, those of us who live in southern England could hear the guns across the Channel pounding the beaches of Dunkirk. It sounded as though someone ever so far away were slamming a door. But it was a horrid and sinister noise that we cannot forget. And ever since those days all the preparation in our training camps, all the work in our factories, has been carried out with the intention of somehow and some way sending another expeditionary force across the Channel to France to be-

gin the liberation of Europe and to remove the humiliation of our own defeat. Now that expeditionary force has sailed. In the words of the most popular national daily newspaper, the *Daily Express*, "All that there is in us crosses the sea today—our land is empty." But as on September 3, 1939, so now on June 6, 1944, there is a strange feeling of anticlimax.

Then we expected immediate and terrible air raids and gas attacks; now we expect the immediate use against us of some of the secret weapons of which preliminary and unpleasant details have reached us through neutral countries. In these first hours of invasion there is no such disturbance. But, much more than that, the sense of anticlimax comes from the fact that there is nothing immediate and new that we civilians can do. Life goes on too much as usual.

As a member of Parliament I am visiting my constituency, which contains some of the richest agricultural fields and also some of the wildest moorland in the south of England. D Day has come, but there is nothing I can do to help. So, in common with most other people in this country, I set out today to fulfill my normal program.

I spent the morning in a remote little village through which the Romans, whose example in invasion Hitler had failed to follow, used to bring the iron ore from the great range of hills that overshadow it: a village so remote that in it one is tempted to look upon the war as an annoying act of God or the devil which has added immensely to the work and also to the wealth of the farmers, but has robbed them of their sons and workers. Two land girls, felling trees with great lumber axes, were the first people who told me definitely that Allied troops were on French soil. They had heard the news when the normal radio program, blaring out from a neighboring cottage, had been interrupted so that this announcement could be made.

Until the war had turned them into incipient experts in forestry, both these girls had served in stores in large cities. One of them had a husband who, she believed, would now be on his way to France. Their foreman, an ex-soldier of

the last war, who had been bombed out of his home at the naval base of Portsmouth, said something that, I think, is at the back of most people's minds in England today. "This is the end of Jerry, but I expect he will take a lot of punishment before he's knocked out. And so shall we." These were people whose lives had been very directly affected by the war, but somehow the age-old quietude of the valley made their worries and the world war that was the cause of them seem insignificant.

One old farmer, a few miles away from the home of Lorna Doone, leaned over a gate and showed me his wheat. He spoke less as a man who was thinking mainly about the number of sacks of grain to the acre and the money in his bank account than as a man who had a deep sense of responsibility toward the nation. He had helped to double our national production of food since the outbreak of the war. But he checked himself in the middle of his grumbling about the weather in order to ask whether the chalk cliffs of France stretched as far west as our own coastline. I was not sure, but I thought that they did. He looked at his wheat in silence, and then took his pipe out of his mouth to recall to me how he had tramped the chalk roads of Picardy during the last war. He paused for a while and then said, "Perhaps we're better as we are," and I left him reinforced by the conviction that, however little he said, he also cared.

IN London, evidence that this lack of excitement was not due to apathy was supplied by the long queues waiting to buy newspapers at the street corners. Indeed, in places there was a scramble instead of a queue, and that in itself is remarkable, for we have all learned in four and a half years of war to stand in orderly lines, to queue for our rations or our film shows or our motor busses.

I wonder how your American soldiers have felt as they passed through the sleepy English countryside on their way to their ports of embarkation for the invasion coast. Yesterday afternoon I was in one of the show villages of England—a village with its wide main street overshadowed by a great castle as imposing as anything that could be imagined by the most feudal-

minded film director in Hollywood. Even then, despite the growing difficulties of traffic, there were a few holiday-makers in its tea shops. Some were earnest walkers with rucksacks. Others betrayed their urban origin by tenderly pink noses and foreheads, by their awkward use of their walking sticks, and by their drooping bunches of country flowers. Along the village street came hundreds of American soldiers marching in Indian file. These men are now, I suppose, on the other side of the English Channel; and I hope that they carried with them not the impression of a few tourists heedless of the terrible ordeal that the united armies are about to face, but an impression of quiet beauty that will strengthen them in this ordeal.

What most amazes us in the villages of England is the variety and size of your American equipment of war. A few nights ago I was in a West Country town and throughout the night, without one interval exceeding a quarter of an hour in duration, heavy American convoys lumbered through. There could be no thought of sleep for those of us overlooking the main road, and in the half-light we watched guns of a caliber that we should expect to find only in fortresses moving at thirty miles an hour or more toward the Germans.

Cottages which have survived five hundred years of English history collapse from the reverberations, and those of us whose work still entitles us to use automobiles consider that we should no longer be looked upon with envy by our less privileged compatriots. A dozen times in the past two days, as I have been driving along one of those winding country roads that are the peculiarity of England, I have been met by a jeep flying a red flag and carrying a passenger who waves me anxiously to the side of the road. As I jam my automobile against the hedge, four or five incredible steel monsters come lumbering along in the wake of the jeep. What their purpose may be I have no idea. I only know that to the anxious English driver they appear to be nearly as large as the Houses of Parliament, far more complicated than a combine harvester, and rendered unnecessarily monstrous by a bright red light which flashes on and off

like an angry bloodshot eye. All these disturbances of our normal way of life are noted not with resentment but with awe and almost with sympathy for the Germans whose behavior to us and to the people of the European continent has brought such weapons of destruction against them.

Dunkery Beacon is the highest hill on Exmoor—we, indeed, like to call it a mountain. This evening I spoke at a meeting in a village perched on its mighty slope. The meeting differed from an ordinary meeting on an ordinary day only by the fact that at nine o'clock we turned on the radio to hear the King's speech. It did not seem odd to us that most of this speech should be a call to prayer, for we realize the magnitude of our task. The members of the audience listened in silence and then tramped back over the hills to their farms. But the nature of the struggle before us was brought out both by that speech and by General Montgomery's message to his troops. "To us is given the honor," he said, "to strike a blow for freedom which will live in history: and in the better days that lie ahead men will speak with pride of our doings." It does not often happen that a general sends his men into battle with four lines of poetry ringing in their ears.

An American friend summed up to me the spirit of my own compatriots in this moment of crisis. "This country," he said, "is not emotional, for it has been for too long in the front line, and it is not exactly religious; but there is today about its people a piety which takes one back to Cromwell."

Wednesday, June 7th. The window of my hotel bedroom rattles in the slightest breeze. But now the noise has taken on a new and alarming significance. I lay awake from dawn wondering about the thousands of men who are crossing on invasion barges and who must fight the moment they land. All kinds of seasick remedies have been tested out on them, but it seems to me that the wind has become a gale. From now onward, everything that happens has to be looked at in relation to its effect on what General Montgomery calls "the Allied team."

Thus there is complete change in the

sense of newspaper values. The fact that Portugal has stopped the supply of wolfram to Germany did appear on the front page of most of the morning papers, but it was only worth four or five lines. Colonel Beck, the Polish Foreign Minister who made the blunder, so tragic for his country, of believing that Hitler could be appeased, has died in Rumania; this event is also worth only a line or two. For our newspapers were long since cut down to four pages, and something like ninety thousand words of invasion news reached their offices yesterday.

In some papers the front page contains no reference to the armies pushing on north of Rome. And yet the conquest of that city is one of the great events of the war. Had it not taken place ten days or more before it had been anticipated, and had not the invasion of France itself been postponed for twenty-four hours, the American and British, French and Polish troops who have fought their way across the grim mountains of Italy would have found their achievements chronicled in a few insignificant columns. That would be unjust, for the loss of Rome is one of the heaviest blows to German pride; but what news can compare with the details of the invasion? I read that yesterday at least thirty-one thousand Allied airmen flew over France, and the fact that my own son is one of such a multitude seemed to lessen his danger and my own anxiety. Nothing in the war news is so surprising as the absence of the Luftwaffe. From Sweden, Switzerland, and other countries comes the same expression of surprise as you hear in every English town or village. Even the Spanish press is critical.

For months the roads to the south coast have been crowded with war material. Tents have sprung up under every tree. A hundred Royal Air Force policemen have been under canvas in the wood behind my cottage, and there is no airfield within miles which could have explained their presence. Mysterious signposts have directed those in the know to munition dumps dotted about the countryside. However careful the camouflage, the preparations for invasion could not be concealed from the Germans. And yet, in the first twenty-four hours, not one

enemy aircraft has bombed the invasion ports! It may be—it must be—that the Germans are saving up the Luftwaffe until it can co-operate with the army in the great and inevitable attempt to drive us back out of France. But however cautious we want our estimates to be, we cannot avoid the conviction that only a desperate shortage of machines would compel the Germans to leave such targets unharmed.

And today I heard with joyful amazement the absurd statement in a German broadcast to Britain that during last night "the intense activity of the Luftwaffe was the most outstanding feature of all military operations"!

How much the enemy knew, one cannot tell. Foreign diplomats in London now admit the wisdom of our isolation from the rest of the world. Steps to ensure secrecy were admirable. Whole towns were cut off, with their public telephone boxes sealed and their letters censored. But there were indications nevertheless.

"I knew on Saturday and Sunday that it was coming," writes an American woman working in a Red Cross canteen in the ancient city of Bath. "I knew when the men brought me little gifts of chocolates and cigarettes and sewing materials. I knew they were saying good-by and thank you, and I dared not let them or anyone else know that I knew. Then on Monday night when all the convoy trucks had their camouflage nets fastened on them I realized that at last D Day was close at hand. I spent the night at my window trying to see the never-ceasing planes that roared overhead. I was ashamed, but I could not help it; I cried like a child as I stood there in the dark listening and knowing what it meant."

I MOTORED back to London in conditions of astonishing normality, apart from the passing of a few trucks with red flags and discouraging warnings that they contained explosive. We had been reminded that German paratroops might be dropped from our skies to interrupt communications, and I had expected road barriers and strict examination of our identity cards. But one came into London unquestioned and undisturbed.

It was a different London; however. For most of the American soldiers, who for months past had been crowding the neighborhood of Picadilly Circus, had gone. I found that the restaurants were almost empty, partly because so many of them had been filled by soldiers, and partly because civilians wished to be at home and to miss no details that could reach them through the loudspeaker. There were crowds, however. Some of them were outside the newsreel theaters to see the first pictures of the invasion. Others I found in the great press room at SHAEF headquarters.

For a few moments in that press room I was bewildered. There were scores of newspapermen I had known for years, but they had suddenly become strangers. Then I realized that nearly all of them were dressed in khaki. One or two of them had already flown over Normandy and their accounts of the invasion fleet they had seen below them were among the scores of stories spread out on a great table for the benefit of the less fortunate or less adventurous.

On the tape machine I noticed a quotation from a correspondent in France of a Swiss paper. It ran: "Frenchmen have laughed today for the first time in four years," and I went home encouraged and elated.

Thursday, June 8th. Another night with no air-raid alert and with no disturbance beyond the trembling of the whole sky as the bombers flew overhead toward the coast.

For months some of us have been hearing details of a great German rocket gun with such destructive power that one would have considered the reports of it ridiculous if they had not been believed by people with much more information and technical knowledge, and if day after day our own aircraft had not dropped hundreds of tons of bombs on "military objectives" in the Calais area. This gun, we had been told, was being reserved for use against London and the southern ports when the invasion began. And still it has not been used. As with the absence of the Luftwaffe attack, the news seems to be too good to be lastingly true.

One of the stories on the press table at SHAEF stated that the Allied armies had gone through the German beach defenses "as though they were made of tissue paper." The casualties have been so much smaller than had been expected, and the German forces have included so many non-Germans with no desire to fight for Hitler, that optimism has got a little out of control. We have to make a distinction between the extraordinary mixture of Europeans who are being compelled to fight for Germany and the Germans themselves, and perhaps even between those Germans who are non-political and those others who are fanatical militarists or National Socialists. Some accounts from the beachheads deal with scores or hundreds of enemy troops who have surrendered at the first opportunity, but others deal with the desperate and courageous resistance shown by German officers and snipers. It would be unfair to our own armies if the toughness of these men were underestimated.

Therefore most of us in Parliament were pleased this morning when Mr. Churchill warned us against the idea "that these things are going to be settled in a rush."

Mr. Churchill's statement was brief and businesslike and the House was unemotional. It went on to discuss a bill to supply water to rural cottages and farms, and one might easily have concluded that it did not care what was happening across the Channel, had it not been for the crowd of members that stood round the news-tape machine in the corridor outside the members' smoking room. Only once before have I seen similar crowds in that corridor. That was four years ago when item after item brought news of defeat and disaster, but not of despair.

I FIND our Allies from other parts of western Europe than France a little jealous. The first reports are coming in of the welcome given by the French civilians to the British and American troops. The Dutch, Belgians, Norwegians, and Danes are distressed that their turn has not yet come, and they are elated by a warning broadcast to fishermen in all countries bordering on the North Sea either to stay in port or to get back to port as soon as

possible. It is a little depressing—or is it encouraging?—that within sixty hours of this great and complicated attack on Normandy people should be expecting other and yet more complicated invasions across wider seas. One good feature is the intense nervousness on this score that is shown by the German commentators.

There is also a good deal of speculation about the intentions of the Soviet Union. Those people who assured us in 1942 that the Russian armies would collapse in a fortnight are now suggesting that Stalin will keep them out of the battle while the British and Americans suffer their proportion of casualties. There is less than no evidence for this suggestion, and better-informed people believe that within a week the Germans will be fighting desperately on three fronts. Nevertheless, during the months of preparation for the invasion our local Communists have scrawled up on so many walls the slogan, "Strike now in the west," that the *News Chronicle* has today succumbed to temptation. Its cartoonist portrays a fiery old gentleman in top hat, black coat, and striped trousers surreptitiously chalking up, "Strike now in the east."

Friday, June 9th. This has been a depressing day, for the rain has poured down and the low clouds have made accurate bombing of roads and railways intensely difficult and dangerous. Also accounts given by correspondents from the beachheads show how tremendously the rough sea has complicated the task of landing men and material, and it is obviously essential that we should be accumulating reserves to meet the inevitable counterattack.

Two encouraging conclusions about the invasion stand out a mile, however. One is that the co-operation among the three fighting services has been admirable. I have been amused how sailors and soldiers praise the work of the airmen, how sailors and airmen praise the men whose landings they have made possible, and how completely confident the soldiers are in the protection given them by the other two services.

The highest praise of all perhaps goes to the men whose job it has been to clear

away the mines. In a very few hours some ten thousand men in minesweepers had to prepare the Channel for the invasion fleets. Then came the engineers to clear up the beaches. The highest military experts had been very worried by the number and variety of German shallow-water obstacles, and we did in fact suffer fairly heavy losses as a result of them. But the engineers did their job so speedily that within twenty-four hours ships were lying so closely alongside each other that there were few gaps between them, and that blessing of modern warfare, the Sommerfelt track of wire mesh, had been laid along the beaches to provide a road. In all this orgy of mutual congratulation the lowest measure of praise goes to the luckless meteorological experts who cannot control the weather.

The second outstanding conclusion is that the methodical care given to the preparation of the invasion has destroyed an inferiority complex about the Allied generals. There is not in this country the same exhilaration about the invasion as there was about the Battle of Britain four years ago, partly because we were then overwrought and living on our nerves and partly because we have had four years of food rationing and of air raids in the interval; but this recovery of confidence in our military leaders is too important to pass unmentioned. It helps to explain why there is so great an increase of production in our war factories.

The German propaganda has also stimulated that recovery of confidence, for it has been remarkably wild and absurd. On Tuesday it declared that our losses had already been so great that the Allied High Command was likely to break off the operation, "should this still be possible considering the binding promises given to Moscow." A few hours later it was claiming that the Allies had "flung their last trump card on the table" and could no longer withdraw. Yesterday morning it claimed that the German army was rapidly reducing the bridgehead, and by the evening it was explaining that just because he was defeated General Montgomery was being compelled to extend his area of occupation. One broadcaster criticized the "brutality and ruthlessness

of the Anglo-American leaders toward their own men," since they had chosen the most strongly defended sector of the Atlantic Wall; and another explained how the wide beaches of this sector made it the most obvious place to choose for an attack. The British were assured that the invasion was being carried out because Moscow had ordered it, and the Americans were given the reason that General Eisenhower wanted to assure the re-election of Mr. Roosevelt. Before the invasion began the world was told that the preparations were "the greatest piece of bluff in history," and when it had begun there were many assurances that the German High Command had known everything about it in advance.

These confusions suggest not only that the Germans are desperately anxious to convince the world that they hold the initiative, but also that the United Nations did at least achieve an impressive tactical surprise. They confused the enemy by their intense diversionary bombing of the Boulogne area and by landing in daylight and at half tide and not in darkness at high tide. But, more important still, they were able to land on open beaches because for years they had been experimenting in secret with landing craft that can be converted at a moment's notice into landing jetties. They have thus put ashore an army of considerable size with all its heavy equipment without having control of a single harbor. And that the Germans have not been able to explain away.

DESPITE these encouragements, I find more and more people who are glad that Mr. Churchill uttered his words of warning. For our military experts will not consider that the bridgeheads are safe until our armies have pushed fifty miles inland from the coast. To some extent political experts share their view. The Germans now have only one small possibility of avoiding absolute defeat. If they could choose exactly the right moment for a counterattack, they might conceivably drive the Allies back into the sea and, at the same time, capture or destroy so much of our material and equipment that another invasion would be either impossible

or very much delayed. In either case, Hitler might hope for a negotiated peace instead of a complete defeat.

Even now, when more and more French territory is being liberated and more and more reports from different parts of occupied Europe show how much the invasion has stimulated resistance to the Germans even among the foreign workers inside Germany, this possible explanation of the absence of German aircraft and U-boats cannot be dismissed.

Therefore, at the end of the fourth day of the invasion, people in England are still cautious in their confidence. I listened tonight to a broadcast by Raymond Gram Swing. He emphasized how much people in America share with the people over here this appreciation of the gravity as well as of the solemnity of the moment. We have had three more years of war than you and we are so short a distance from the beaches where our joint forces are fighting; we had not therefore quite expected that the reaction in America would so closely resemble our own. In the Supreme Headquarters of the Allied Expeditionary Force all distinction of nationality has disappeared.

We wonder how much it has been lessened between the soldiers of humbler rank during these months of waiting.

For some inexplicable reason one of my most vivid pictures of these last four days is that of a Negro soldier sitting on the parapet of a fourteenth-century bridge in an English hamlet of thatched cottages, and twanging a banjo as he sang nostalgically of the Southern states at home.

Saturday morning, June 10th. So much for these first four days. This morning there is sunshine and only a light breeze. The landing of material on the beaches will be speeded up.

The newspapers are filled with inspiring accounts of the enthusiasm and the co-operation of the French. And four years ago today, when these same Frenchmen were defeated and down and out, Mussolini declared war on them. At the beginning of this eventful week Rome was recaptured, and the flag of France flies again not only over the French Embassy there but from the windows of the cottages in this small corner of France won back from Hitler by your soldiers and ours. The wheel of history is turning full circle.

{ Born in Shanghai and educated in China, the United States, and England, John J. Espey is a member of the English department at Occidental College in Los Angeles. }

THE LADY BANDIT

JOHN J. ESPEY



MR. LOGAN PEARSALL SMITH has given us in *Unforgotten Years* a lively account of his passage through the state of Justification and his attainment of Sanctification at the age of seven, a conquest of Satan and a gain of Grace which were instrumental in converting thousands of Red Indians. Had I, during my childhood in the Presbyterian Mission outside the Old South Gate of the native city of Shanghai, been the first cause of any similar movement, no matter how modest in comparison with Mr. Smith's, I should certainly exploit it to the limit of my talents. Humbly I confess that I was not so blessed, and I must content myself with a record of my failure.

Yet even earnest failure brings its joy and its holy reward. Though Mr. Smith will doubtless shine in the courts of Heaven under his ruby diadem, I am equally certain that I shall not be far distant from him, more modestly crowned, but crowned nevertheless, by a central yellow topaz set in a floral wreath of golden immortelles; and above this chaste design a single fiery opal will burn. For I have known what it is to heap coals of fire upon the heads of mine enemies, and I have felt the same coals scorch my own scalp in return.

The differences in degree and quality of Mr. Smith's success and my own are probably due to a multiplicity of causes,

the most fundamental of which is the distinction between a Quaker child and a Presbyterian child. Mr. Smith had to be converted. As far as I know, this is a quite superfluous act of vainglory for any Presbyterian infant born in the faith. Although the Presbyterian Church has tacitly relinquished its right to election, and although it was never openly stated that election was hereditary, there still exists a gentlemen's agreement between the Lord and Presbyterians that they and their children keep the inner track to salvation and have a reserved section on the right hand of God. And I strongly suspect, anyway, that Western Red Indians are far easier to convert than the very simplest Eastern Chinese, all of whom are so well guarded against distracting influences that they even enjoy an endemic resistance to smallpox. They may bear the scars: they do not succumb.

And yet I cannot conceal my envy of Mr. Smith. God! how I should have liked, when I myself was seven, to whip into submission before the Lord those alley brats who lived opposite the mission compound in a crowded little street called Mulberry Lane. Instead, like Paul, I was halted on the road to Damascus. Paul was, I realize, converted; but then Paul had not been a Presbyterian before his setback, though I think a strong case could be made out for his being a thorough one—and a missionary to boot—after it.

THE alley brats were a constant thorn in the flesh of my sister, three years my elder, and me. A gang of twenty-odd arabs, they tore through the district on errands of malice, pitched rocks across the canal and bamboo fence circling our Presbyterian compound, harried the mongrel dogs on the streets, or, failing any of these amusements, fought fiercely with each other just to keep fit. If the Japanese army had tried to take that section of Shanghai by hand-to-hand fighting in the streets instead of hammering it down with guns and blasting it with bombs and fire, I would have backed the present generation of alley brats, sight unseen and at any odds, to shove them all into the Whangpoo River and spit accurately into their eyes just before they went down for the third time. The alley brats of my day would have done it in an evening and returned eager and merry to their scanty bowls of morning rice. Somewhere, perhaps, some of them are doing just that.

These alley brats were led by a savage young amazon known to us as the Lady Bandit. Only once was her leadership challenged. Another wild creature, an albino girl, invaded the district for six days. We saw her leading the gang down the road across the canal, her pink hair bristling, her pale eyes squinting as she searched for prey. The Lady Bandit was missing. On the sixth night my sister and I woke to a wild scream across the canal. The next morning the Lady Bandit was back at the head of the gang. That is all I know, but we never saw the albino again. This should be enough to explain why none of the boys in the gang ever tried to lead it.

A variety of persecutions had been devised by the alley brats for the two foreign children. When we rode unescorted in a ricksha they leapt up and pulled off my sister's hair-ribbons. If the ricksha man dropped the bars and gave chase, the rest of the gang surrounded us and taunted us with Chinese words I am sorry to say we understood perfectly. Or they would grab an end of my Windsor tie on gala days and pull out the bow and knot as the heavy silk scorched out through my Eton collar. Our amah grew worried over my diminishing stock of cravats, so

one day she tied a square knot in a new Windsor before she made the bow. I bore the scar of that encounter for months. We were occasionally spat upon, and more than one stone sailed over the bamboo fence.

The sorest part for us was that we were under strict orders never to retaliate. We were living witnesses of a peaceful order come to help these people, and how would it look if we raised a hand in anger against them? I do not pretend that we could have taken on the feeblest alley brat and come out on top, but there were times when we would gladly have gone down fighting, spilling our lifeblood for the pagan joy of gouging out a single eye. But no. If one had been spat upon in the face, he sat bolt upright in the ricksha, taut flesh quivering and tears held back, a living witness, until he reached privacy and a washbowl.

II

THE climax of this feud was reached one spring when our gatekeeper went on a particularly urgent opium binge. To inconvenience no one, he left the gate unlocked whenever he lay down for another pipe. Our garden was coming into early bloom and the alley brats saw their chance. Led by the Lady Bandit, they would dash across the bridge over the canal, sweep through the gate, and start ripping off the heads of the flowers. As soon as the servants or our parents saw them and shouted, they retreated with their booty. But one afternoon neither servants nor parents were at home. The gang swarmed into the yard and ran wild through the flowers. This was too much. My sister and I dashed out the front door screaming threats, and I picked up a brickbat from the border of the walk. Taken aback by this unusual display of courage, they all retreated to the bridge—all but one.

The Lady Bandit stood a good twenty feet inside the gate, feet planted wide. She sneered at me. Only by purifying her Chinese can I translate her words into "Well, throw it if you dare, you dirty little bastard!"

"I will if you don't get out, you rotten

turtle egg!" I retorted with equal delicacy.

"You wouldn't dare, you stinking little white ape's abortion!" she yelled.

"Throw it, John, throw it!" my sister urged.

"Should I?" I whispered, terrified.

"Go ahead," my sister hissed back.

"We've got to do something."

"Defiler of dead strumpets!" the Lady Bandit bawled.

"Putrid bitch of a running bitch's granddaughter!" I howled back.

"Good work, John, but throw it," my sister egged me on.

"Incestuous spawn of camel's dung!" the Lady Bandit screamed.

"Bloody mother of your own brother!" I shrieked, and let fly.

Swift and true as the stone from David's sling, jagged edges twirling orange in the sun, my brickbat arched out and caught her squarely on the forehead.

She staggered and clapped a hand to her head. Reeling back, she tasted blood. Then, shouting the Chinese equivalent of murder, rape, arson, and slaughter as the gang dissolved before her, she fled across the bridge into the mouth of Mulberry Lane.

My life has not been without its simple joys, but I have never dared hope to feel again the surge of primitive triumph which swept me at that instant, the savage glee which raised the hackles on my neck and spread wide my nostrils.

It did not last. Both my sister and I knew we had sinned: we would have to pay. But before our depression set in completely, we discussed the miraculous flight of the brickbat. I had never before hit anything at that range. Was it—could it have been—the hand of the Lord that guided me? Or was it—and we shuddered—the hand of Satan? We went back into the house, the clouds of Presbyterianism closing in upon us.

LATE that afternoon, when parents and servants had returned, a wrathful delegation from Mulberry Lane swept into the compound and was fittingly received in the back yard. The Lady Bandit, still gory, was with them. Her parents addressed my father with a demand for com-

pensation; since the marriage value of their daughter had been lowered. Father, sending for medicines and bandages, set himself to cleansing the wound. He suggested mildly that their comely daughter had had no right to be in our garden. The Lady Bandit's parents sidestepped this and demanded money. Father, tangled in a bandage, assured them that he would charge them nothing for the medicines he was using on their daughter. He admitted that his son, who, he pointed out, was much smaller than their daughter, had acted in haste and with an angry heart, but he repeated that their daughter had had no right to be in our garden. The medicine was still free.

The Lady Bandit's parents wavered. Listening from the kitchen window, trying vainly to control my reflexes, I wondered what sort of marriage value, if any, their daughter had ever had. In later years, I should add, the Lady Bandit was betrothed to a meek-shouldered artisan and went off to live with his family for a year before the wedding. Every six weeks or so she would run away and come back to Mulberry Lane, where she made the air blue describing her prospective mother-in-law. This worthy woman would wait a few days, probably in relief, before coming to collect the girl with the fine beauty-mark on her forehead. Foolishly, she never asked my advice on how to handle her. But the Lady Bandit and I were quite good friends by that time. Our family was invited to her wedding, and some years ago I looked approvingly on her small son. This, though, was far in the future.

WHILE Father was patiently holding his ground, the Lady Bandit's neighbors, acting as seconds, cornered the cook and the amah, his wife, beneath the kitchen window, out of Father's earshot. The cook led off quickly when he saw what he was in for. What right, he demanded, did they think that snotty-nosed girl had to be in our garden wrecking the flowers? He did not doubt that his master would take the whole affair to court, and if he didn't get complete satisfaction there, he would order a fleet of twenty American gunboats up the Whangpoo

and blow the living hell out of Mulberry Lane.

The seconds were thrown off balance and could only counter that the girl had been hurt.

Of course she had been hurt, and rightly, the cook snapped. She had probably reviled the boy.

That might be so, the seconds admitted, but at the same time, the girl said the little white devil was himself an artist in insult.

The cook smiled broadly. And why not? he wished to know. They might as well realize at once that the superior son of this house was the only son of an only son, first cousin to the President of the United States and a nephew of the King of England; and though he was not, perhaps, physically impressive, he was endowed with a happy turn for felicitous phrases and the tongue of a five-clawed dragon. He would like to add as well, the cook went on, that the family he worked for was one of amazing refinement and wealth, so rich that they could spare two piculs of polished rice over a period of ten weeks and never miss it.

That, the seconds said, was a very interesting statement.

If they thought it was, the cook replied, they had better think it over, and that in a hurry, unless they wanted the twenty gunboats. As for himself and his wife, he continued, they had no more time to waste on alley trash, for they must retire and soothe the young master's wounded feelings.

The seconds drew away and got the ear of the Lady Bandit's mother. The cook and the amah came into the kitchen, where he winked at me and she hurried out to find me some clean underwear. We watched the council break up. The Lady Bandit's head was beautifully swathed. Her parents and her parents' neighbors bowed to Father and thanked him for the liberal gift of his rare medicines. Father returned to us, haggard but at peace, and we all relaxed. Mother had a little trouble balancing the household accounts for a while, but every seventh night for the next ten weeks the cook disappeared into Mulberry Lane carrying twenty catties of polished rice.

III

AT THIS point my mother takes an active part. Mother married Presbyterianism. She was born a Baptist, and from her childhood immersion she has retained a faith in the essential goodness of the human heart which years of contact with Presbyterians have as yet failed to eradicate.

Mother decided that the alley brats would make excellent subjects for her children's Christian zeal. She pointed out to us that the alley children were not really bad children at all. They lived hard, meager lives, barren of beauty. They did not mean to ruin our flowers out of spite. Every soul had a love for beauty deep within itself which craved satisfaction, and the alley children got this satisfaction by picking—picking, not stealing—our flowers. Now, if we didn't want the alley children to pick our flowers, what could be done about it?

The innocent light of purity struck our eyes. Almost in chorus we said, "They should have flowers of their own."

Mother smiled approvingly at this budding charity. Good, but how were they to have flowers of their own?

We hesitated and then rushed on. "We will give them flowers," we said.

Mother beamed. Gradually the plan was imposed upon us. First we gathered together thirty-odd tin cans and flower pots. Then we slipped or potted the best plants we could find, and day after day that spring we watered and cultivated them tenderly as we watched for signs of growth.

Early in the summer we had about twenty sturdy little plants: geraniums, dwarf roses, daisies, pansies, a few bulbs. Most of them were in flower. And as the plants had grown, our plans too had waxed great. This was to be only a beginning. Slowly we would lead the alley children to God. We would cultivate their souls carefully; we would have Sunday school for them and teach them the meaning of brotherly love. Eventually the alley children, clean in heart and body, would no longer whoop through the neighborhood, but, led by my sister and me, they would march up

and down Mulberry Lane singing *Onward, Christian Soldiers* in Chinese, and we would win myriads of souls for God.

Meanwhile, the gang had stopped persecuting us. We went out alone in perfect safety, and the cook assured me that he had done nothing to lessen my reputation as a hurler of brickbats and epithets. So we had no trouble when we went out into the highways and byways to invite the alley children to the mission compound the following afternoon at three for a surprise we had made ready. We were just wise enough to tell them that there would probably be something to eat.

The next afternoon at three o'clock everything was in order. On the edge of the veranda our plants glistened in beauty and love. On one table were set out pots of tea and Chinese teacups; on another table were arranged large platters of cookies and cakes.

THE gang, led by the Lady Bandit, arrived in reasonable order, and we shepherded them to the tables, where they promptly gorged themselves. Then, after a tour of the garden and a few free-for-alls among five or six of the junior lieutenants, my sister addressed the bewildered group. She told them we knew they were not evil, that they wanted beauty in their lives and we wanted them to have beauty in their lives. So we had prepared a gift of love for them which we hoped would flower into a lasting friendship between them and ourselves.

After these elaborate flourishes, I gave a few halting instructions on watering the plants and putting them in the sunlight. My sister then concluded by saying that we hoped to see them again, and that we

would come to their homes and see how their flowers grew.

We then gave each one a potted plant, after presenting the two best to the Lady Bandit as a mark of special favor. This ceremony over, we all moved towards the gate, the Lady Bandit leading the way, a flower pot in each hand. At the gate the Lady Bandit turned and smiled at us, then bowed, and the rest did what they could to imitate her. Majestically the Lady Bandit led the procession on to the bridge while we stood watching in the gateway, our hearts filled with love for all mankind.

WHEN she reached the precise center of the bridge, the Lady Bandit, without a flicker of hesitation, poised the flower pots and shot out both her arms. We gasped. A dwarf rose soared over the left railing, a white geranium cleared the right, and both plants splashed into the yellow water of the canal. As each alley brat reached the same spot another plant sailed out over the water. And the entire procession, not a one of them turning, went silently into the mouth of Mulberry Lane. Not until the last rigid back had disappeared around the corner did a ribald chorus of shouts and hoots rip the air and strike upon our horrified ears.

This was bitter bread that had come back to us. We looked up at Mother. Her eyes were filling with tears, her lips were trembling. Gently my sister took her right hand and I her left. We turned her around and, burning foreheads held high, we walked with pride and Presbyterian hearts back to the house. If there had ever been a spark of Baptist fire in us, it was eternally quenched in those moments.

{ *C. Lester Walker, free-lance writer of Cornwall, Connecticut, has covered various military subjects for us—the training of our armored forces, the preparations for invasion, etc.* }

HOW THE WAR MAPS ARE MADE

C. LESTER WALKER



IT is a saying of the colonels and the generals that every battle begins on a map, and that many are lost or won there.

"In the Aleutians, for instance—or Rabaul—or the campaign for Port Moresby in New Guinea—or—"

But for our purpose here those three will do. In the Aleutians we had the good maps. At Rabaul the Japanese had them. And the southeastern New Guinea campaign is a sort of classic on how good maps win battles and bad maps lose them, especially in modern war.

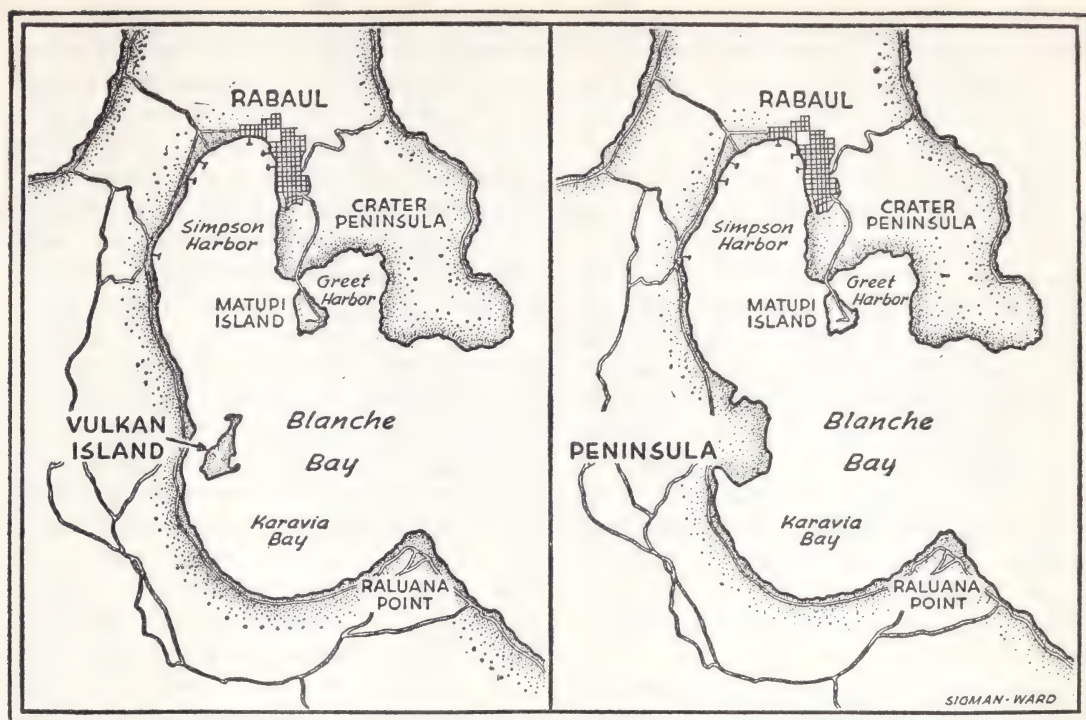
When the Japanese took Kiska and Attu, two years ago this summer, they neglected to occupy Adak, an island which towers up to the east. The Americans planned their counter-invasion strategy accordingly. They would first build an air strip on Adak, then base planes there, then follow with invasion of Attu and Kiska by ground forces. But to build the Adak landing field it would be necessary to do it so fast that the enemy would not discover we were there until the job was done. This meant that before going ashore the Engineers would have to have a map which would show the beach area almost to every stick and stone. And prior even to this there would have to be flight maps for the reconnaissance planes which would do the photographing.

"Because," as one Air Force man has reported, "in the Aleutians you have to

give a pilot a map that enables him to recognize in a split second the first thing he sees when he breaks out of the fog. Otherwise he piles up on a mountainside."

All the maps were made, however, and the Engineers landed to build the strip, working against time. Within seventy-two hours, thanks largely to the excellence of their maps, they had the first American bomber landing on the field.

At Rabaul in New Britain, though, it was a different kind of story. The whole of Rabaul—the great bay and the little town—lies inside the crater of an ancient volcano. Four or five smaller volcanoes, some frequently active, spot the rim. It would seem a natural defense area, with the high crater-edge rising all around except at the harbor opening. So the Australians defending there two years ago must have felt pretty secure. However, some years back some of the small volcanoes had blown up, making gaps in the crater-rim to the northwest of the bay. Some of the detail maps of the region had not been corrected afterward, and the Australians, believing the Japanese maps would be among them, expected the enemy to attack up the bay. The Jap maps (captured later) were, however, right up to the minute. When the attackers came, they poured down through the holes in the big crater-rim—the gaps the exploding volcanoes had made. *Their* maps showed that the gate in the mountain was there.



HOW COASTLINES CHANGE

These two maps show the coast of New Britain at Rabaul. The one on the left is redrawn from a prewar German map. The one on the right is redrawn from an AP Features map published in March, 1943. Notice that volcanic activity has converted what used to be Vulkan Island into a peninsula.

IN New Guinea; less than a hundred miles away, the lesson in the importance of maps in modern warfare was administered to Major General Tomatore Horii. On a Wednesday morning two years ago this July he went ashore at Gona, a jungle-fringed beach on the south-east coast, his intention being to capture the last steppingstone for the invasion of Australia. He planned to work his troops westward over the Owen Stanley Mountains and come down on Port Moresby on salt water on the other side.

Since it is only a hundred miles from Gona to Moresby, as Horii's campaign picked up speed it became uncomfortably apparent in that port that the oncoming Jap expedition had been very carefully planned. Troops, transport, reserves were all prime. Horii's soldiers were jungle-trained. His transport consisted of hundreds of sure-footed, mountain-wise mules. And his reinforcements, when they arrived, turned out to be the battle-toughened veterans of Singapore. In fact, to anxious Australians in Darwin and

Brisbane the Jap general's expedition seemed to have everything. Nobody thought about a hidden weakness as simple as maps.

New Guinea at that time was about the least-mapped area of its size in the world. A few main coastal and landscape features had been put on paper, and for detail maps there were the sketches made by miners and coconut planters of their own properties; but that was all. Only the Japanese had tried to map with any seriousness. They had produced coastal maps of a sort—from data collected from Jap pearl divers. But inland, as the war was to show, their maps were unutterably bad.

Nevertheless, Major General Horii, having landed at Gona on July 22nd, was two days later, despite mountains, jungle, and the Allied ground and air forces, forty-five miles up the Kokoda trail—only fifty-five from Moresby. Here was a commander, apparently, whose attitude was, "Hang the maps—I'll get there just the same."

The Allied command, by contrast, had

no illusions about fighting battles without adequate maps. It considered itself in a fix. It determined to remedy the fix as fast as possible, and what it did produced one of the epics of military mapmaking.

The day after Horii landed, Colonel Leif John Sverdrup of the Engineers was ordered into the jungle. The Colonel's superior advised: "The job is to survey the backlands behind the Japanese lines, locate the best sites for air strips, and bring out all the map data you can." Sverdrup was to take with him a handful of Engineers and a few natives, and he was told they would have to be supplied by air. C47's with the cargo doors removed would drop food, ammunition, and equipment to them. The planes, without cargo parachutes, would swoop low, let go the stuff, and trust to the heavy jungle growth to cushion the fall.

The Colonel and his survey party evaded the Japs and got through the 6,500-foot mountain passes successfully. Some days later they were winning over natives in the interior. Within a few weeks they had located and mapped some of the best sites for air strips, and had done even more: using native labor, they had actually got some of the strips under construction.

MEANTIME Horii was pushing farther through the passes and launching a smart outflanking move farther down the coast. He knew about a spot on the southeast tip of the island known as Milne Bay. A small Australian security force was stationed there and some American Engineers were building a landing strip. If he could wipe them out, he could flank the main Allied force in the mountains—catch them from behind. A cold-front weather condition set in at just the right time—protecting him from Allied bombings—and accordingly, on August 26th, his troops made into Milne Bay in small boats and landed. Subsequent events gave these troops a taste of what bad maps can do to you.

The landing party drove off the Australians, who were badly outnumbered, and then turned to the attack on the Engineers. For this task the Japanese maps showed where they were to go: to the end of the new air strip, near the bay, and

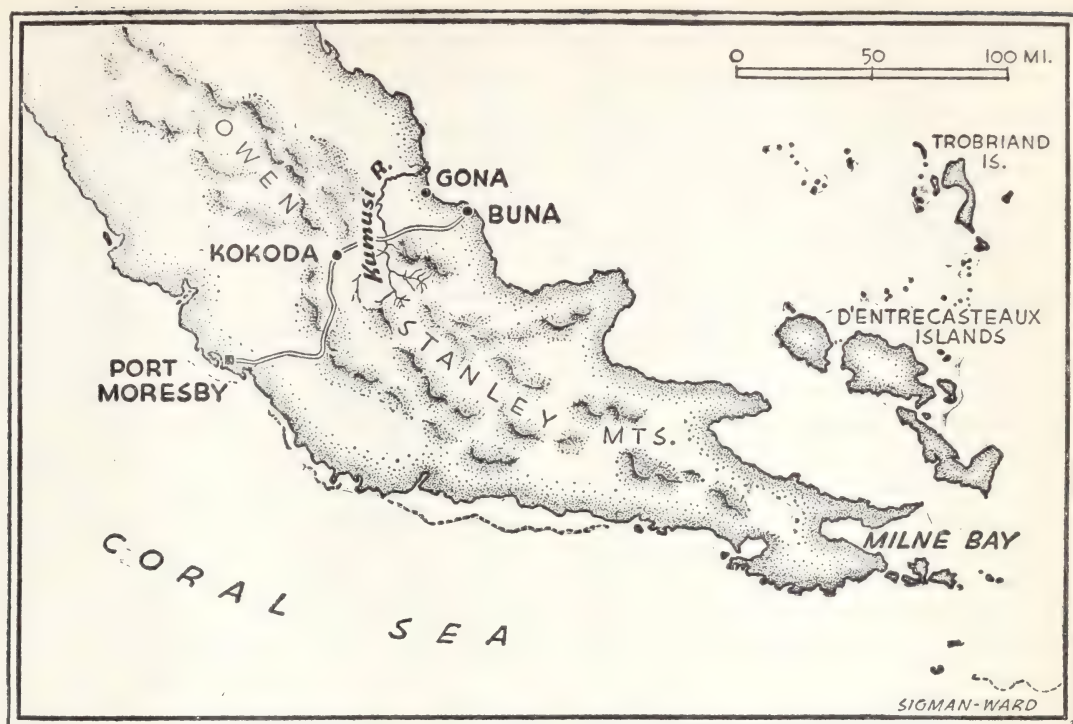
circle around it. They advanced, and near the spot right for the turning movement they suddenly encountered a stream. It ran into the bay, and it was a typical watercourse of the country. Fed by the "tin roof" watershed of the Owen Stanleys, where soil and vegetation are eternally waterlogged, the stream was narrow, wild, and deep. It was unfordable by man or vehicle. And it was not on the map!

Direct attack was the only alternative. So the Jap troops formed up and stormed the landing strip. The Engineers met them with a half-dozen 50-caliber ack-ack guns. As one private expressed it, "It was like they came over a pool table!" A hundred and eighty Japs dropped in the first wave. The rest then took cover. The Engineers plugged them *through* the tree trunks! By nightfall the Japs had lost a thousand men, and the only Engineer casualty was the cook, who had broken his foot. Five days later the Australians were cleaning up what was left of the "flanking movement," and the Engineers were burying the Jap dead with bulldozers.

Copies of the flight chart of the area which the Japanese had used were taken from some of the dead. It was found to be a mimeographed job on two sheets of paper bound together with Scotch tape.

But for Major General Horii the lesson that maps can be a military man's Nemesis was just beginning. At this point he was still doing all right in the mountains. It was only early September, and his main column was on the southern slopes, traveling downhill, a mere thirty-two miles from Moresby. What he did not know was that some of the results of the Sverdrup mapping expedition were about to catch up with him. The new air strips in the wilds were beginning to send out planes. They returned and reported that, except for a few coolies, the mules were doing Horii's entire job of supply. Further, every night the mules were crowded together in corrals.

So at dusk one evening Captain Karl Polifka, a soldier who had made a reputation by his aerial map reconnaissance at Guadalcanal, got into a P38 and buzzed the trail, flying low and photographing as he went. Back at headquarters Intelli-



WHERE GENERAL HORII LEARNED HIS LESSON

gence picked out the corrals and turned the photographs over to the mapping units of the Engineers. The locations of the corrals were carefully plotted on maps which had been prepared by the Australian Survey Corps, and maps and photographs were then turned over to the pilots of the planes.

At sunup next day a few squads of A20's took off on a race against time. They must find their targets before saddling started, or the game was up. They found them, bombing and machine-gunning every corral. "There was no fussing around searching," one Engineer explained to me, "for the combination of photos and maps permitted the pilots to fly right to their targets."

That ended the advance on Port Moresby of Major General Tomatore Horii, who was careless about maps. Hope of supply gone, his troops retreated. When their coolies deserted them, they tried to live off the jungle but had little luck. At a river—the Kumusi—they attempted to build a bridge but couldn't, so thick overhead now were the planes from the newly mapped-in airfields. Eventually a few remnants straggled back to Gona. They were the first Japanese force defeated in

the war, and maps, as much as any other one factor, had brought about their downfall.

II

SUCH are some of the roles maps can play in a specific campaign. But these instances give little inkling of the vastness of their role in the war as a whole. Since this is the biggest of all wars, it might be expected to require the most maps. And it does. But it also demands more maps *per man* than any other war. Say that two million Americans participate in the invasion of Europe: our Army Map Service will have supplied them with over 130 square feet of maps per soldier. Or, to put it another way, for each soldier there will have been supplied the equivalent of between forty and fifty automobile road maps of a size such as the oil companies give away. And, in addition, since this is a global war, and a mobile war of planes and highly mechanized equipment, it calls for more *kinds* of maps than any previous conflict, and most of them have to be more accurate and more specialized than ever before.

Take for a moment merely the matter of specialization! There is hardly a type of

map one can think of which the war has not shown the need for. Wavell had maps which showed the probable movements of sand dunes in certain seasons in North Africa. For our paratroopers maps have been made which glow in the dark. For amphibious forces maps must specialize in offshore contours. They should show the high- and low-water areas, cliffs, the particular beaches sure to be slimy at low tide. The maps the Seabees or Army Engineers use in laying out new airfields in jig time have to have special supporting data which give the bearing strength of the local soils. Others show winds, air currents, and thermal effects. Arctic maps record caves good for keeping warm in. For desert warfare tank drivers demand maps which enable them to drive almost without looking—and get them. The Air Force has had to have a map printed on a Celanese pocket handkerchief which is proof against salt water and sun. It has been found a lifesaver for men forced down at sea. Some maps you might say are earth-machinery maps. From them you can tell whether shovels and bulldozers can be got over certain swamps and hills. From similar maps you can tell whether the thousands of vehicles of an armored division can be forded across this or that stream. The Quartermasters had to have a map keyed to the garments they should issue in any month in any part of the world. And for the conquest of Sicily the geologists of the Engineers had to prepare maps which were practically divining rods. They gave *probable* water-well sources. General Patton's chief engineer for the Seventh Army has reported them better than any information the Army could get from the natives and absolutely invaluable for the Sicilian campaign.

MAPS being so indispensable in modern war, one might suppose that we were ready with plenty of them, and all kinds, when war came. As a matter of fact, however, we weren't.

Looking back on the map situation as of Monday morning, December 8, 1941, twenty-four hours after a decidedly Pacific Ocean war had been laid on our doorsteps, one can conjure up an imagi-

nary scene in the War College in Washington on that day. A student officer might have asked, "How are we fixed on maps?" Standing in front of a Mercator projection of the world, with a long pointer the instructor could have tapped off the battle areas we should most likely fight over, and summed up in just about these words:

"Philippines, gentlemen. One of the worst-handled mapping jobs in the world. Only on Luzon do we have a reliable survey. Truk. Next to nothing. Our data will probably come from the two or three shipmasters in this country who have ever taken a ship into Truk harbor. Attu. We shall have to start almost from scratch. Japan. Not bad. Well prepared there. Tarawa. There is a hundred-year-old guidebook. Maybe we shall use it. And the memory of three or four old salts. Other South Pacific islands. In many cases back to Captain Cook and the sketches of the missionaries. China—for air bases probably. Our present maps bad. Latitude and longitude control points taken from Chinese-made maps often inaccurate. For details I predict our mapmakers may even have to go back to a book of maps and travels by one Père du Halde, published in Paris some years ago—1735. If we lose the Philippines, MacArthur will probably defend Australia. Maps—almost a blank. The wire-mesh rabbit fences are often the most important feature. Lakes dry for a hundred years are still mapped there as lakes. So, gentlemen, we have a little map-data-gathering problem on our hands."

Nor were matters bearing on the actual physical production of the maps for our war much rosier. The Army's map-printing establishment at that time was tucked away like an afterthought in meager quarters at the Army War College, its few presses sadly unequal to the prodigious job that lay ahead.

Such was the picture when, a few days after Pearl Harbor, the colonels and the generals of the Engineers, in their New War Department Building offices on Virginia Avenue, set in motion the machinery which would have to perform the most complex and time-ridden mapmaking job ever attempted.

One of the first things they did was to

call on the British, who, early in 1942, sent over their number-one map man, Brigadier Martin Hotine of the Geographical Section of the British General Staff. Hotine sat down with Colonel Herbert B. Loper, head of our Engineers' Intelligence Branch, and the two worked out a mapping agreement to cover the entire world.

In sum it added up to this: The British would handle mapping in the Eastern Hemisphere, the Americans in the Western Hemisphere and the Western Pacific. Gridded maps—that is, those marked with the special squares used particularly for artillery fire—should have a standard basic grid. Thus all gridded maps could be used without confusion by the forces of both nations. All map information was to be freely exchanged between London and Washington and photo negatives of any areas of particular interest would be lent back and forth for the duration. Even the minutes of the bi-weekly map-production meetings of the two offices would be exchanged.

It was a good start—probably the most complete co-operative map agreement ever made between two nations; and meanwhile, on this side, the colossal search-hunt of organization got under way. "Search-hunt" because the problem, it appeared, was in large part one of finding things—map sources and map people; and for days the air in the office of the Chief of Engineers was full of questionings. Where were the best maps in private hands of regions unmapped by the Army? Where in the forty-eight states were the leading map experts? Where were the map hobbyists? The collectors? The amateur explorers? Where could one ever find enough map draftsmen?

How fast the organization got under way I know from a personal experience. I walked one day into the New York office of an insurance company which had branch offices in Japan. I had been sent there to get certain fire-hazard maps of certain Japanese cities. "Sorry," said the executive I was intended to see. "They're gone. The Army came in and cleaned us out of maps yesterday." That was only a few weeks after Pearl Harbor.

To search the country for the needed basic map material the Engineers set up a network of research offices. They were eventually located in eleven cities. In each an officer and his assistants spent their days, and often nights, tracking down map-material leads. They inventoried the leading institutional sources like the Huntington Library in California, the University of Chicago, and Columbia, and also called on the obscurer prospects. One day they visited business houses which had traded in copra in the South Seas. Another day they looked into gold-mining corporations with interests in the Dutch East Indies. Five o'clock would find them poring over the map files of an oil company with a stake in Saudi Arabia. If a ship captain who lived in San Francisco had once sailed in the Bismarcks, an officer was sent to pump him. He might be eighty-five years old, with a gleam in his eye like the Ancient Mariner's, but if it turned out, as now and then it did, that he knew how at a certain harbor entrance you had to get your bow knob over the reef at a certain spot, the talk was worth while.

"It was like hunting for buried treasure," a man in one of the research offices has said. "Why, Wau, New Guinea, was flanked and captured in a campaign in which the basic terrain data, other than photos flown for the operation, was an assembly of material we collected from some oil companies and missionary society offices."

Meantime in the office in Washington Colonel John H. Donoghue was unearthing the experts, both professional and amateur. He had found that the Office of Strategic Services had a list of people "interested in maps." They let Donoghue have a look at it one day, and he copied off all the most promising names and took them back to map headquarters. To most of the list he wrote, he says, "a mellifluous letter," which got the desired response, but the especially important cases he reserved for telephone calls.

That was why things happened all over the country like what happened to Dr. Edward Espenshade, map curator and instructor in cartography at the University of Chicago. He was waked up one Sun-

day morning by the telephone and was amazed to hear the operator saying, "Long distance—Washington calling . . ."

It was Donoghue. "Be down here tomorrow morning to stay for the duration," he said, after the preliminaries. "I always got them out of bed Sunday morning at nine," he says now. "And it always worked. Everyone I telephoned came. And at their own expense. With no idea what they were going to get by way of pay."

Sometimes the receiving end of the call would be the office in Washington. One day it was the Lutheran Missionary Society. They had a map of a South Seas island where you had to sketch your way in in order to find your way out. Another day a professor from the University of Louisiana, offering the best 1/25,000 scale sheets in the country of the region south of Venice. Another time a dean of the University of Rochester, saying modestly, "I've done a little sand-pail geology in the Fijis. I have some maps with my own notations—if you could use them."

These maps turned out to be such an important find that the Army Map Service stopped production of a whole set of Fijis which were in the works and started over again.

On matters of personnel—that is, the kind of people who turned out to be the crack map experts of the country—the Chief of Engineers Office eventually arrived at the state where it was surprised at nothing. The door opened one day and a short, stocky young man walked in. "I know a little about maps," he said deferentially. It turned out that as a child he had probably first lisped in latitude and longitude. While others collected the funnies, he was gathering all the maps on Antarctica. While in high school he had amused himself in his spare time by bringing the official United States topographical map of his home locality up to date. "He could tell you," Colonel Donoghue declares, "who had made a map of any part of the world and how good it was." He was a student at Michigan and barely twenty-one. Today he is in charge of the Map Research Department of the Army Map Service.

And when the question of how to assure

the Army of a constant supply of trained draftsmen could be put off no longer, it was discovered that the best person in the country to solve the problem was a woman: a gray-haired professor of cartography at the University of Chicago. Miss Edith Parker was called on a Sunday morning, came next day to Washington, and proceeded to write a course in military map-making. Then she toured the colleges, getting them to establish the course. Twenty institutions took it on, among them Wellesley, Smith, and Mount Holyoke. The Army Map Service breathed easier. It was now assured of a new crop of cartographers—unreachable by the draft—on every ninth of June.

In one month, the sixth after Pearl Harbor, the Army Map Service moved its production headquarters—without any halt in operations—out of the old War College Building and into its new map-making plant, which another officer of the Engineers—Colonel Frederick W. Mast—had designed and rushed to completion. This was the establishment which was going to smash all the mapmaking production records ever heard of.

III

THE secret of all this record-breaking is, fundamentally, one thing. In this plant, the Engineers have put mapmaking on a mass-production basis. This was something which had not been done before. Previous to this war the production of a map was regarded as one of the arts and something there just couldn't be any hurrying about.

An extreme illustration of this, cited by Army Map Service people, was the method used by the American Geographical Society when it got out a set of its maps of the world. The society was a typical map-compiling agency and its methods of production were common to mapmaking circles. First it called in all the experts. Then it gathered all the material it could over months on end. Then it read and analyzed all the literature on each area to be mapped. Finally it began to put everything together. Eventually the sixty-six sheets of the map were completed, but the job had taken twenty-six years.

Naturally the war was bound to change all that. War is the great occasion where maps are wanted in a hurry. The best map in the world is useless for a battle if it is ten minutes late. So it comes about that human lives depend on maps being produced with the utmost speed.

To meet that necessity one of the first things the Engineers of the Map Service did was to simplify the compiling of their maps. They put much of the process on what one has labeled "for maps the equivalent of a conveyor-belt system." Steps in making the map were reduced to their simplest elements, and the separate parts then assigned as separate workers' jobs. Thus, in drafting, one girl draws the contour lines which indicate height above sea level, another puts down place names, while a third draws in the so-called "cultural symbols" of houses, bridges, churches, fences, and other works of man.

Similarly, in the same spirit of "Everything for speed!" the Engineers sought out and utilized every modern device or new invention in printing or photography which would save them time. For example, a novel method was adopted of doing away with color proofs. A map of five colors has to have five separate printing plates, one for each color. After the plates are made, each must be put on a press, inked with its proper color, and run off on "the map," to be sure each color prints perfectly. The process is a fussy and time-consuming one. The Army Map Service substituted a photographic method by which images of the five plates are projected, like lantern slides, through color filters on to Agfa color-sensitive paper. The result is a picture in five colors of the actual map-to-be. One operation instead of many—speeding the final map to the battle lines.

For printing the maps the plant employed seventeen presses, frequently day and night. They use the offset process, the same all motorists are familiar with through the road maps given away at filling stations, and are the biggest and fastest obtainable. If you stood by one of these presses for a twenty-four-hour non-stop run, your eyes would see it print over a hundred thousand times. In 1943 the

seventeen giants turned out about forty-one million maps for the armed forces.

BUT don't imagine that all this high-speed production has sacrificed quality. Although without artistic frills, these war maps are the peer of any made—so good, in fact, that both Germans and Japanese have been at pains to capture various lots and issue them to their own troops.

In one particular quality they especially delight the field commander's heart. They will stand up under outrageous punishment—which brings up the story of the paper they are printed on. Originally it was a fine rag paper, supposed always to be the best and most indestructible for all maps. Then one day a shocker report arrived from military forces in the South Pacific: "Maps bad. Rot here in four days." Army Map Service paper experts set out to find a paper which would stand the tropics, desert, arctic, and high altitudes. In a wood-pulp paper, 80 per cent long-fiber spruce, they found a sheet that looked promising.

When the results of the tests came in they were hard to believe. This paper would take anything. It was fungus- and moldproof. It could be folded 3,540 times in one place (the Map Service required only 700) before it would tear. Water had no terrors for it. It was put in a brook for a week, run through a G.I. laundry with the wash, wrung out and dried, wet again and tacked on the floor for everybody to walk over for a day in a Regimental Headquarters. Mud, axle grease, and paint were slathered on it, it was dipped in gasoline, run over by a tank. "Most of the above tests," was the report, "did not noticeably affect it." Wet, it would take crayon or pencil notes. Dry, it would never stick together. Greasy, it would remain opaque. One tester at the Tank Destroyer Center, at Camp Hood, Texas, getting a little desperate in the face of the paper's indestructibility, ended his report: "Section was taken from the map and burned. Map burns easily."

Finally—and importantly—the paper could be used for artillery maps. These are war's most accurate maps. On the

basis of their grid lines gun positions are fixed and guns fired without preliminary ranging. (General Montgomery is reported, after El Alamein, never to have begun a battle until his artillery, using its maps, was completely "surveyed in.") And a grid line one-tenth of a millimeter misplaced will throw artillery fire off by a hundred yards. The new paper, it was found, could completely fill the bill.

When some of the first maps on this paper were printed, they were sent to Brigadier Hotine in London. He was skeptical of the claims, and spoke of "the American blood, sweat, and tears map." But after a few trials at the front, the British admitted it the best map paper ever made.

IV

NATURALLY, at about this point one inclines to ask, "Well, how did the Army Map Service do for the invasions?" The trouble with any answer is that the maps have gone out in quantities that seem more fanciful than real.

For the North African landings 110 tons of maps went with the first troops; 400 tons followed later on. This was in all 10,000,000 maps, of which there were over 1,000 different kinds. Some were of remarkably large scale: six inches to the mile. Such a ratio would make a map of the land from Cairo to Casablanca a quarter of a mile long.

For the present invasion the maps were sent off in the spring. Most of them were shipped in white-pine packing cases, 500 to the case, each case marked with a secret code number, telling destination and date for opening, and stamped in front with the red-castle insignia of the Engineers. There were 70,000,000 maps in all—over 3,100 different kinds. They weighed 3,480 tons.

As one statistically minded Engineer of the Army Map Service remarked to me, "I suppose that is quite a few maps. I figured they weigh as much as 83 Pullman cars. And spread out they would just about cover Manhattan island from Central Park to the Battery."

The President's Views on Constitutional Powers

IT is important that the habits of thinking in a free country should inspire caution in those intrusted with its administration, to confine themselves within their respective constitutional spheres, avoiding in the exercise of the powers of one department to encroach upon another. The spirit of encroachment tends to consolidate the powers of all the departments in one, and thus to create, whatever the form of government, a real despotism. A just estimate of that love of power, and proneness to abuse it, which predominates in the human heart is sufficient to satisfy us of the truth of this position. The necessity of reciprocal checks in the exercise of political power, by dividing and distributing it into different depositories, and constituting each the guardian of the public weal against invasions by the others, has been evinced by experiments ancient and modern, some of them in our country and under our own eyes. To preserve them must be as necessary as to institute them. If, in the opinion of the people, the distribution or modification of the constitutional powers be in any particular wrong, let it be corrected by an amendment in the way which the Constitution designates. But let there be no change by usurpation; for, though this, in one instance, may be the instrument of good, it is the customary weapon by which free governments are destroyed. The precedent must always greatly over-balance in permanent evil any partial or transient benefit which the use can at any time yield. — *George Washington, Farewell Address, September 17, 1796*

{ *Edward Fenton, bookseller and poet, joined the American Field Service in May, 1942, and was with the Eighth Army throughout the North African campaign.* }

STILL I LEAVE MY JOY BEHIND

A Story

EDWARD FENTON



HOLDING in one hand a cup of thick army tea and in the other his mess tin, filled with a heavy dollop of porridge on top of which lay two limp slices of bacon, Philip looked around him for a place to squat and eat his breakfast. With half his mind he was wondering if there was any way of ever getting British army cooks to learn to do bacon with any degree of crispness; with the other, he was debating whether it would be noticed if he sat away from the others.

There were, altogether, eight of them, comprising a section of American ambulance drivers. They had all come to the Middle East as volunteers, working with the British Army Medical Corps. For the past month and a half these eight had been attached to a New Zealand unit, moving steadily westward with them since the breakthrough at El Alamein. They were camped now off the highroad which the Italian colonizers had built to trace the Libyan coast. The Cyrenaican desert was hard where they were, and rocky.

At mealtimes the section usually sat together, a little apart from the rest of the unit. But this morning Philip wanted to be away from them, to sit and eat alone. There had been a long drive in convoy the night before. It had seemed endless. One had to keep dispersed at a good distance behind the car ahead. The track

was bumpy, with minefields on either side and nothing to light the way but a clouded moon. The ambulance had carried four stretcher patients. That meant that every jolt meant pain, which through some kind of unavoidable transference he could feel almost as much as they. When the convoy finally got back and unloaded the patients, there had been time for only a few hours' sleep. Philip hadn't yet washed this morning. His hands felt moist, streaky. He hadn't shaved in two days either. And he had to keep to himself until he had eased himself quietly into this day.

Bending his legs beneath him, he let himself down onto a hard ridge. It was apart from the rest, and apart, too, from where the Kiwi orderlies of the MDS had gathered in their own cheerful clumps. There was a hard lump of unfeeling inside him, he realized. It had grown together out of the weeks of tiredness, the nightmare sense of never catching up with all there was to be done; out of the shellings, when all thought and reason fled the mind like the light leaping out of a room in which the electric current has been short-circuited. There were the countless kilometers he had seen all across Egypt and halfway across Libya, banked with surrealist wreckage; and, as a constant counterpoint, the faces of the others in the sec-

tion. He had been with them so much that the sight of them chafed him. They had become unspeakably close, familiar and unshakable as his own hands with their broken, black-edged fingernails.

He took a breath. This lump, this insensateness, would have to go. There would be a moment when everything caught up, when something actually touched him and he could feel again. Curving both sticky hands around the hot mug, he took a deep gulp.

Beside him where he sat grew a scrubby little bush. It was covered with tiny red flowers and, where the green waxy twigs forked, white snails clung. Philip's sitting down had brushed one of them off. He watched idly as its crinkled slug's body contracted back into its shell.

BY THE time he had finished the bacon and porridge, the numbness had begun to recede. The day and its component parts were taking on their own proportions. There, beyond the ridge, were the tents of the dressing station: folded stretchers stacked in heaps beside the entrance flaps, and the great red cross, their precaution against air attack, stretched on the ground in the middle of the camp. Then, dispersed a good hundred yards from each other, the ambulances rested, their places punctuated with the sharp rectangles of slit trenches and piles of petrol tins. Farther on were the other vehicles belonging to the unit and the clean little peaks of bivvy tents.

The sun was getting higher. Sitting there, feeling the morning grow warm, Philip could almost watch the heavy dew evaporate off the scrub. Figures were moving between the tents, beginning the work of the day, hurrying from the cook-house to the wards where the wounded men lay ranged on stretchers along the ground and waited quietly for their breakfast. Between Philip and the nearest tent, a Tommy sat on an impromptu latrine, his leg in a plaster cast propped up before him, unconcernedly reading a stray scrap of old newsprint. Philip's eyes turned to where his own ambulance was parked. Hank Simmonds, his spare driver, was standing beside it. Hank was new to the desert, and was always asking excited

questions about tactics and equipment, and had not yet learned—if he ever would—that nobody knew the answers. He was shaving now. Toilet things were strewn over the front fender. Philip suppressed the unreasoning irritation which he felt rising inside himself and looked away.

Everything that he could see was ringed about by a vast circumference of hard desert. On one side it cut into the sea. At the edges, sea and sand stretched into the sky: there was no telling where one ended and the other began. There was nothing but flat desert rippling limitlessly, and the flat sea with its blue dunes. Over both the sky stretched in a huge curve. "The clear blue cupola, the dome of Heaven . . ." Philip remembered from somewhere, beneath which everything was clear and edged—even the shadows. The clouds which hung in it, as though suspended by invisible wires, were crisp and definite. The scene was, in fact, classic.

This was the way the world was when it was early. The islands of the Argonauts, the landscape of Homer had looked like this. He stared through the bright air at the sharp Libyan coast. Seeing this shore, with its low flowering bushes and their immemorial snails and the way it touched the blue sea and sky, made the worn pages of books come clear. A thousand things interred behind the glass of museums reverted to life. Despite the barriers of myth, the rust of centuries, he could imagine ancient figures moving against it, seeing them more clearly than many he moved among daily. He wondered whether the ancient frieze was clearer because of that very thing of legend, those same intervening years, which had worn away the irrelevant details; just as the many things which obtruded so sharply now kept the present frieze, in which he was a living part, from appearing complete to him and connectable with that other. Here he sat, himself, Philip, under that unaltered cupola, making his figuration in a pattern which he had not yet begun to understand. Into focus around him swam the MDS, the Red Cross flag flying from the reception tent, the dispersed vehicles, and the other figures that moved in the khaki anonymity of battle dress.

Clayt Pierce's voice cut into the scene. He was talking about a Luger someone had taken off a Jerry at Sidi Barrani.

Then Philip saw, not far from his elbow; the snail he had brushed off the bush. It had traveled several feet from where it had fallen. A moist trail streaked the sand behind it. The slime had already begun to dry: the grains of sand which it had stuck together were falling apart in the sun. The brief chart of passage was already nearly obliterated. Something then slid across Philip's mind. He thought if he tried hard enough he could hunt it down to some definite, perhaps important, connection. Later, possibly, he might.

The sun was well up by now. Perhaps, thought Philip, there wouldn't be any evacuations to make that day. Then he could spend the morning greasing the car and cleaning the filters. There was some extra petrol he had been saving for that. He could have a good scrub himself afterwards. In the afternoon there might be time for a quick swim. He might even get a few letters written, although letters from here seemed, in a sense, so futile. By the time they arrived (if they ever did), what little you had managed to say would no longer matter. It gave him a strange feeling of being cut off from the rest of his life, not only by time and geography, but through a subtler, less calculable dimension as well: that dimension of war in which everything had changed values and few things seemed directly connected with the rest of the world he knew.

ED HOFFMEIER, the section leader, came over to the ambulance a little later. Philip had just shaved. His face was raw from using a none-too-sharp razor and cold water. "There's a job for you, Phil," Ed said. "Hop over to Reception as soon as you're ready." Then he moved on to the next ambulance, a tall cranelike figure detached from the surrounding landscape, picking his way across the sand.

That was that.

When Philip drew up to the reception tent, Hank was in the seat beside him. The blankets were neatly folded inside the ambulance and all their personal gear

tucked away where it wouldn't interfere with the stretchers. Clayt Pierce was there already. Patients were being carried out to his car. Ed was there too, watching the loading. He put his foot up on Philip's running board. "The whole section's going on this run," he announced. "We've got to go about a hundred kilos along the coast road back to the CCS. I guess they'll fly the bad cases back from there. The others'll go on the hospital ship, probably."

Clayt was waving excitedly. "Phil, come over here a minute," he called. "I've got a Jerry here. He doesn't understand a word of English and you're the only one around here who knows any German. Come over and talk to him, Phil, will you?"

Philip hesitated. What was there to find out? What could one more captured Jerry say that would make anything clearer? But Hank was already out of the car. "Where is he, Clayt? Come on, Phil. Find out what he has to say."

Clayt's Jerry was sitting in the front seat of the ambulance nursing a broken arm in a sling. Someone had given him a cigarette. He inhaled it deeply. He had another cocked behind his ear, but he puffed as though the one he had might be his last. He was very young, with the blunt face of a farm boy. He had red swollen lips, the teeth behind them discolored and irregular. His eyes were small and blue and shrewd. He hadn't shaved for days: there must have been at least a week's growth of blond stubble on his face. His uniform was filthy. The cap sitting jauntily on top of his untidy straw-stack of hair had been wrinkled out of shape. The empty sleeve of his tunic hung stiff with dried blood.

He sat beside Clayton, looking out with his small peasant's eyes at the group which had gathered. Evidently the prisoner was pleased with the attention, for his face wore a broad grin. Suddenly with his good arm he gestured upwards towards the sky. "*Engländer!*" he said. Then in a rapid pantomime he indicated the dropping of bombs: a long whine, and then: "Bommm, bommm, brrrrrom!" The eyes narrowed to slits. He made a cowering motion, shielding his face with his

good arm. Then, abruptly, he stopped. His face contracted. His hand reached up to his hurt arm. Surprise, pain, despair rushed across his face. . . . And then suddenly he stopped acting. He looked up at his audience, jerked his shoulder, and laughed.

"Go on, Phil, talk to him. See what he has to say."

"What do you want me to ask him?"

"Oh, just talk to him, Phil. Ask him if he's glad he's captured."

Pete Thompson called out, "Ask him what he thinks of Hitler!" and another voice volunteered, "When does he think the war will be over?"

"All right," Philip said. He moved forward so that he confronted the boy. "*Guten Morgen,*" he said quietly. "*Grüss Gott, Kamerad!*"

"*Grüss Gott.*" It was what one always used to say. But gradually you began to hear more and more the crisper "*Heil Hitler!*" until one day even the school children no longer greeted their teachers in the Bavarian morning with the familiar words, but came stiffly to attention instead and raised their arms in the new way and said the new staccato words.

"*Grüss Gott, Kamerad!*" Philip repeated.

The German was silent. Suspicion stared out of his eyes. He regarded Philip carefully. Then he glanced over Philip's head at the group beyond. Deliberately he took out of his mouth the cigarette, which had burned down to his lips, and looked at it. Aiming, he flicked it away into a bush. When his gaze finally reverted and met Philip's again, Philip was holding out a packet of Woodbines.

"Help yourself," Philip said in German. "They're none too good, but they're all we can get."

Then the boy shrugged and made as if to take one. "No, take them all," Philip told him. "You'll want them later."

He took the packet and tucked it inside his tunic, never taking his eyes from Philip's. Then he took the cigarette from behind his ear. Philip lit it for him. He took a profound puff. At last he spoke, his lips smiling but his pale mistrustful eyes searching Philip's dark face. "*Danke,*" he said.

All this happened very quickly. Then the others crowded closer, calling out questions for Philip to ask. Philip did so, and translated the replies, thinking meanwhile that what there was to learn was not much more than one might have guessed at first. The boy was young—not yet nineteen. He came from Silesia, where his father had a farm. He had been in Libya only six weeks. He showed no surprise at Philip's fluent German.

"Ask him what he thinks of the Eye-ties," Hank yelled.

Philip translated. In reply, the German shrugged and laughed. But it was nervous, senseless laughter. The boy knew something was expected of him. He was laughing because he could think of nothing else.

What was there to say to him? Philip wondered. What could one really ask? What revelations did Hank and Clayt and the others expect from this *Bauer* boy, this grimy *Lausbub* still wet behind the ears? He had told them all he knew without benefit of translator when he re-enacted what had happened when the R.A.F. came over. He had shown how he had been wounded. What else could he say? That was all he knew that mattered. Beyond that there was no more, unless you went as far back as Silesia. Yet still they asked, hoping for some clue.

"Find out what he thinks of the war, Phil," Pete Thompson called.

But before Philip put the question, the boy leaned forward and suddenly began talking in German. He spoke rapidly, stopping only long enough to drag on his cigarette. All the time he never took his eyes off Philip. When he had finished, he put the cigarette in his mouth again and inhaled deeply, breathing the smoke out through his nostrils. Muttering something under his breath, he leaned forward with a quick motion and spat into the sand at Philip's feet. Then he sat back in his seat and stared through the windshield straight ahead of him.

"What's eating him?" Danny Winternitz said.

"He's just browned off," Philip explained quickly. "He's sore because he's captured; his arm hurts, he says; and I guess he's worried about things at home.

He doesn't know how his father can run their farm all by himself. And to make it worse he can't see what anybody's fighting over Africa for. He can't understand it. He says he hasn't seen anything in Libya yet that he'd swap for the poorest acre in Silesia."

Danny indicated the gob of spittle in the sand. "What was the prairie oyster for?"

Philip hesitated. "He just doesn't like it here much," he said finally. "That's all."

"Who the hell does?" Danny demanded morosely. He called out to the German, "I'm with you there, pal, even if you are a goddam Nazi bastard. Anybody who wants this place can have it. And they can put it where the monkey put the nuts." The prisoner made no sign of having heard. He stared sullenly ahead of him.

THE ambulances, meanwhile, had been loaded. Philip's had three lying cases. On the floor were two South African sappers, Basutos, their black faces blank and shining as they lay waiting on their stretchers. Slung up on the left-hand side, his head a few feet from where Philip sat in the driver's seat, was a German. He seemed asleep. Philip looked at the card the dispatching sergeant handed him. It enumerated wounds on both legs. Hank read over Philip's shoulder. "Say, do you think he might have an Iron Cross on him?" he said. "One of the Kiwis on the operating team got one off a Jerry yesterday." Philip didn't answer.

The dispatching sergeant stood outside the tent checking over his list. Ed Hoffmeier waited beside him for the signal for the convoy to start. The Basutos squirmed on their stretchers, but after Hank handed each of them a cigarette they were quiet again.

The sergeant came up. "Room for one more in there, Yank? Then I'll hop on, if you don't mind, and we'll drive around to Ward Four. There's one more to go from there."

Philip went slowly around the circular track and pulled up beside the entrance flap of the nearest tent. A fourth stretcher was carefully loaded on while Hank helped from the front with the straps.

Philip watched through the mirror. He could see a blond head sticking out from under a pile of blankets. The eyes were closed. There was a large M penciled on the forehead. It was a familiar face. He turned with a questioning look to the sergeant.

The sergeant pursed his lips. "Whitey Pate," he said.

Whitey was one of the orderlies. It was no wonder the face was familiar. "But I saw Whitey yesterday morning," Philip said. "What in the name of—?"

The sergeant nodded. "Whitey and his clobber, Rodge Barton—you know him, the big corporal—had the afternoon off yesterday and they went down to the beach for a swim. I figure the sappers hadn't cleared it all up, because on the way back Whitey stepped on one of those bloody S mines. It got him pretty bad. Rodge managed to duck in time. Then Rodge brought him back here, and the MO did what he could. It took a couple of pints of blood. Right now he's full of morphia. It's the only way we could move him. He's a good lad, Whitey; I hope he pulls through." The sergeant shook his head. "Jesus, I hate those effing mines!" he said. "Well, that's the lot now." He stood up on the running board and signaled to Ed. "There, the convoy's starting. Off you go, Yank. Take it easy with Whitey, now."

Philip eased the ambulance into its place in the moving convoy, seventy yards behind the car ahead. They were next to last in line. Pete Thompson, who was the section mechanic, followed in case anything went wrong down the line.

The track out of the camp was unevenly rutted, bumpy with much use. Philip took it as gently as he could, clenching his teeth until they reached the macadam highway. After that the going was easier, although he still had to be careful of torn places in the road. He drove in silence.

Hank spoke first. "Did you know him well, Phil?" he said.

"Who, Whitey?" Philip said. "I knew him damn well. He was practically the first friend I made in the desert. That was when we were off the Cairo-Alex road, before the push began. Whitey Pate! I used to go around to see him

every day and get my desert sores dressed. There wasn't much else to do then, so I used to sit around afterwards. It was Whitey showed me how to do the dressings myself."

"Oh," said Hank. "Gee . . ."

Philip remembered those mornings well. It was late summer and he was new to the western desert. He had been grateful for the easy geniality in the MI tent. The talk in the tent had always been pleasant and impersonal, even the guying.

One day when none of the others had been about, Whitey had pulled a Jerry shellbox out of its corner. He opened it and showed Philip, among others, a photograph which showed him wearing a dress suit. It was badly cut. A girl in a lace evening dress stood beside him. She was a plain girl—too thin, with straight hair and glasses. But there was something which Philip found singularly touching in the serious intensity with which her face looked out of the photograph. Whitey explained that he and the girl had decided to get married when he got back to Christchurch and he was going to start a plant nursery with some money they had saved between them. She was a secretary, but she was going to give up her job and help him run it.

Philip had regarded the picture without saying anything. What, after all, was there to say? Then the photographs were all carefully put back in the shellcase. Philip never saw them again. Now, after all those months, he could still see clearly the two of them standing in front of the professional backdrop of classical urn and roses, Whitey's hair uncomfortably slicked down, and her earnest, plain face. . . .

And now Whitey lay on a stretcher in Philip's ambulance, half the world away from Christchurch. The drug had left his face empty, wiped clean of expression, leaving behind only a peculiar look of defenselessness. The German still slept in the neighboring stretcher. The blacks lay below, their yellow eyeballs rolling up at the ceiling while they smoked and talked to each other in Afrikaans.

THE convoy proceeded carefully while the desert slid past, dotted with scrub. At regular intervals beside the road were

the white stones which marked the kilometrical distances. Sometimes they would pass a group of jagged walls—all that was left of what had once been an *albergo*, an Italian halfway house. On them in huge black letters the slogans of Fascism could still be read: CREDERE OBEDIRE COMBATTERE VINCERE, and the even more ironic DUCE VINCEREMO! At one place where the road curved along the shore, only one shattered wall remained. It stood there like a piece lost from some gigantic jigsaw puzzle. A piece of the sea and a cloud were framed like a surrealist painting by a gap which had at one time been a window. Across the wall sprawled the words: MEGLIO VIVERE UN GIORNO COME LEONE . . . The rest was broken off.

"What does that mean, Phil?"

Philip translated: "It's better to live one day like a lion . . ."

"Than what, Phil?" Hank demanded.

Philip smiled. "That's something I'd like to know myself," he said.

Passing them, moving forward in the opposite direction, rolled a constant stream of vehicles. Many had names spelled out across their radiators with bits of tinfoil, or stenciled on the windshields. The faces behind them after a while reduced themselves to mere blanks filling out the khaki battle dress. Some wore expectancy or cheer; occasionally someone would wave, or gesture "thumbs up" in passing. But for the most part they sat lost in boredom; or, as they jolted, tried to sleep.

To Philip's mind this was a truer picture of the war than any battle scene: this endless procession of dusty lorries with tired, bored men riding in them all day long with nothing to fill the waiting, staring as they moved forward at unfamiliar landscapes.

They became aware of an increasing rumble as they drove on. Then the huge tank carriers rolled into sight. One after the other they passed: *Lambeth Bess* . . . *Elsie from Chelsea* . . . *Hampstead eath* (the H had naturally enough dropped off) . . . *Gwennie* . . . Everything else was drowned in the noise the vast clanking monsters made. Hank's eyes followed each of them. "You'd think the

drivers would go nuts with all that noise," he said after the procession had gone past them.

"They don't," Philip said. "They like it. They never want to drive anything else. I carried one once. He told me the noise is so damn terrific they never hear anything else. When there's an air raid going on they can't hear the planes or the bombs. They just plow ahead. They like it that way. Sounds funny, doesn't it? The noise gives them a sense of security. They're probably right. If something is going to get you, it will anyway. It only gets you rattled if you know ahead of time."

"What was the matter with him?" Hank said.

"Nothing was the matter with him. He got used to it the first day."

"No," Hank said. "I mean when you were carrying him."

"I can't remember now," Philip said. But he did remember, only too well. Something had broken through that sense of security. He had watched them bury that driver before the MDS moved on from Mersa Matruh. "Look," he said to Hank, changing his tone, "we're pulling off the road. This must be our piddie stop."

The car ahead had halted. Danny Winternitz had jumped out. Philip signaled to Pete behind him and put on his brake about fifty yards behind Danny. He reached behind his seat and fished out the glass urinal. Then they both got out and opened the back.

Inside the ambulance Whitey and the German were still quiet. Philip handed the urinal to one of the Basutos and indicated its use. "I'll take care of them, Phil," Hank said. "You go on and have a smoke. I wish that Jerry would wake up," he added, "so you could find out if he has an Iron Cross."

Philip went around to the side of the car and sat on the running board. The sun was directly above him. As far as he could see, the landscape was still the unchanged stretch of hard desert. He sat smoking, thinking about Whitey. He could hear Pete Thompson from behind calling to Hank, "Say, bud, where's the nearest automat?"

BY THE time he was ready to flip the butt into the sand, the convoy was preparing to move off again. Hank had closed the back of the ambulance. "My God, those blacks!" he said. Philip climbed into the driver's seat beside him, and they sat there waiting for the line to get under way. Hank turned to him. "I found something in the sand just now," he said. "A page out of a German book; it blew right up against me. I think it's a poem. What does it say, Phil?"

Philip reached out to take it. The sheet was crumpled and weatherstained. He could feel the heat of the sun which had soaked into the paper making it seem almost alive. He smoothed it out and began to read the words. Then Hank saw that he stared at it without moving his eyes. "What's the matter?" he said.

The convoy had started. Philip stuffed the paper into his blouse and turned on the motor. He waited until Danny's car was well under way; then he swung onto the road and followed.

"What does it say?" Hank persisted. "Is it propaganda stuff?"

"No, Simmonds," Philip replied at last. "Sorry to disappoint you, but it's only an old folk song. I used to know it."

He knew it still, although it was a long time since he had sung it last: the old marching song about the conscript going off to serve his time, leaving his sweetheart behind.

: . . And when I come, when I come,
When I come back again,
I'll come back, my love, to you.

Though you weep, though you weep
That I must wander far,
As though our song were done;
Though there be in the wide world
many pretty girls,
I'll be true, my dear, to one. . . :

In a year, in a year,
If my luck goes with me,
I shall come back here once more.
And if you still, if you still . . .

Perhaps it would have been better if he had forgotten it, after all. The saddest song in the world, Katharine had said it was. Now Philip knew how right she had been.

Well, he thought wryly, this was memory day. First there had been Whitey.

And now a weatherbeaten page out of some German soldier's songbook had blown into his path across the desert to carry him back further still, to a university town in southern Germany.

He was sitting with Katharine at a table in the big room at Gratz's. Townspeople, tourists, students, faculty—everybody went there in the afternoon, filling the place with the clatter of saucers and so much talk that no one ever heard the string orchestra which Herr Gratz hired to play anything from Boccherini to Lehar. The room was all green and gold and mirrors. Wherever you looked gilded curlicues swarmed on the woodwork, and cupids with scrolls and lyres floated across the walls in rococo flight. And there would be Herr Gratz, a genial, mustached balloon, bumbling from table to table; while Frau Gratz flew between the kitchen and the cashier's cage, never quite getting anything straight. Katharine would be wearing her hair in braids around her head, and her earrings and necklace of seed pearls, having what Philip teasingly used to call her "*hochwohlgeborene Jungfrau*" look. They would be laughing and he would address her as "*die edle Katharina von Schnick-Schnack*," and ask her how things were going up at the *Schloss*. And their friends would be sitting with them, Clärchen and Maxl and Erich and Mathilde, all singing and laughing and talking at once. . . .

Dear God, how far away it all seemed now! How irretrievably far! Philip recalled how distant anything like war had seemed then. There were occurrences from which they could have drawn inferences. Now that one looked back there had been indications every day, but no one had wanted to believe them.

There was the time when the police came and told Herr Gratz he would have to put up a sign in his café excluding Jews. Herr Gratz had answered helplessly that for years everyone in the town had spent the afternoon in his café. How could he start turning people away now? Furthermore, how could he tell which of the customers were Jews? The Herr Inspektor would excuse him surely, for he was after all merely the proprietor of a café, not a professor of anthropology from the uni-

versity! Nevertheless, he was told, such a sign would have to be posted in a conspicuous place. That was the regulation and someone would be around the following day to see that it was there.

That evening Herr Gratz stopped briefly at the corner table where a group of art students usually sat. The next afternoon, when the Herr Inspektor came around again, Herr Gratz led him through the shop, into the big room and right up to the mantelpiece. There, between two buxom gilded cherubs, hung the sign. It was painted with gold letters on a green background and bordered with forget-me-nots. Herr Gratz had placed it in a gilt frame dripping with curlicues. From three feet away the whole thing simply looked like part of the rococo décor. Still, there it was, although nobody stayed away because of it. The string orchestra kept right on playing Mendelssohn whenever they felt like it, and nobody ever stopped them. In fact, no one paid enough attention to know.

It had been such a joke then! But what had happened to the Café Gratz since, and to Herr Gratz and his wife? Philip wondered.

Then there had been Clärchen. Her parents were wealthy and Jewish. They had a big store in Leipzig. It had been there for generations. Everything Clärchen did was in defiance of her family. "I hate them," she would storm. "They're so stodgy, so stolid, so—so German! They haven't had a single new idea in years." But one morning Clärchen got a telegram which made her pack her Paris clothes and her music and go away without even kissing Maxl good-by. Months later, when Philip left, neither Maxl nor Katharine nor, for that matter, anyone else had as yet had any news of her.

Nor was there any knowing what had happened to any of the others. Maxl by now probably had a commission in his old regiment, if he was still alive. If Mathilde had gone home to Belgium for the summer, she undoubtedly had not gone back to Germany. As for Erich, it would be a toss-up whether he was at work in a laboratory, sitting in a concentration camp, or lying dead somewhere with a bullet in his head. And Katharine: she was safe,

possibly, since there had never been any question about her family—unless the authorities considered her friends at the university dangerous. But there was no way of knowing, no way at all of finding out where she was. It was more than two years since he had last had word, and then he had thought it better for her sake not to reply.

Probably he ought to feel bitter, he reflected. But he couldn't. What one thing was there to blame? He remembered their last night together. Everything he had was packed. His bags were at the station, and the next morning he was going to catch the train to Genoa. Without a word they had walked all around the town looking at everything together. Maxl had given them the key to his room, and so they went there afterward. They played all the Mozart records. They talked, too; but never daring to touch on the future. And Katharine did not cry once. But when very gently Philip began to tease her in the old way, calling her the "*hochwohlgeborene Fräulein von Schnick-Schnack*," she shook her head and he stopped. They were standing at the window looking down on the town from Maxl's room. In the street below some students were walking home, arms linked. They were singing.

AND now, driving an ambulance along the desert coast of Cyrenaica, Philip began to sing the words of the same song: "*Muss I denn, muss I denn, zum Städtele'naus, Städtele 'naus, und du mein Schatz bleibst hier. . . .*" Halfway through the song a voice joined in, a husky, tentative baritone. It was the German in the stretcher behind him. Philip felt Hank's elbow nudging him, but he paid no attention to it and kept on singing.

. . . The morning he left, he and Katharine went to Gratz's for breakfast. No one else was there. They sat across from each other in the green and gold room beneath the rococo sign with its garlands of forget-me-nots that said: "*Juden verboten*." They didn't dare look at each other. They fixed their eyes instead on the green and gold plates, the untouched *Schokolade*, the unbroken rolls. Then, softly, he began to whistle the song.

When he came to the part that went: "Though I cannot always stay with you, still I leave my joy behind," she looked up at last. She began to whistle too.

They sang it all the way to the station.

Once he was inside the compartment he hadn't wanted to look out, but after the train started he couldn't help glancing back. She was still standing where he had left her. He could see the seed pearls in her ears and at her throat. He saw, too, that she smiled. Her eyes were open very wide to keep any tears from coming. She was still singing.

THE song came to an end in the ambulance. Philip glanced into the mirror to see if the German was reflected in it. He lay with his face to the wall. Only the back of his head was discernible. There was a pause. He coughed. Then Philip heard him say in German, "Where did you learn that song, *Kamerad*?"

Philip named the town.

"You know Germany?" The voice was a little incredulous.

"I knew Germany," Philip answered.

"You are English, *Kamerad*?"

"No," Philip told him. "American. But I am a volunteer with the English."

"So," the German said. He fell silent.

Hank whispered, "Don't forget about the Iron Cross, Phil!"

"Oh, for Chrissake; Simmonds, shut up," Philip said.

The German coughed again. "You were then in Bavaria, *Kamerad*?"

"Many times," Philip said.

"Then you knew Regensburg, perhaps?"

"Yes," said Philip. "But it is a long time since I was there."

"I am from Regensburg," the German said. "It is now a long time since I was there also, *Kamerad*."

As Philip drove on the German began to talk quietly about Regensburg, recalling his city as it had been when he saw it last. As Philip listened, answering now and then, the barriers of the war were no longer there. They had left that dimension behind, being now merely two people met in a strange place, united for a time by their nostalgia for a remembered place and a way of life they had both known and had left behind—perhaps forever. Was

it Katharine, Philip wondered, that made him for the moment feel that this German whom he had never met before, to whom he had spoken only a few words, and whose face he had not yet seen, was less a stranger to him than the men in his own section with whom he had been on terms of daily intimacy for the past months? Was it the song they had sung together which created the illusion? Or was it his sentimental recollection of what had been once and would never be the same again? It was hard to tell.

The Bavarian had stopped speaking. He began, instead, to sing softly an old song from the Tyrol, full of the pain and sorrow of having to leave a place one loved: "*Innsbruck, ich muss dich lassen.*" Philip knew it and sang with him. Then they sang "*Muss I denn*" once more.

BY THE time they had finished, the convoy had come to a halt. From where they were Philip could look down on the wreckage of what had once been a port. Just outside the curved harbor, the hospital ship waited. It was clean and bright, with a great red cross painted on either white side. It would go all the way back to Alex, riding across the blacked-out sea all lit up like a birthday cake. Beside the road was a signboard stenciled with a large bat and the words BLOOD BANK. This, then, was the end of the trip. They had reached the CCS.

Hank looked at his watch. "Took us nearly four hours," he announced. "What'll you bet we miss out on lunch?"

One by one the ambulances bumped over the track to the reception tent where Ed Hoffmeier stood giving instructions.

When Philip drove up Ed came to the window. "Drive over to the first tent," he directed. "Then you'd better get your dixies out and trot over to the cook-house on the double if you want some food. The orderlies will do the unloading. But don't forget to pick up your blankets and stretchers afterwards."

"All right, Ed," Philip said, and drove on. There was a sergeant waiting outside the ward. Philip handed him the patients' cards. He and Hank reached for their mess tins and mugs, then went around and opened the rear doors.

Philip glanced inside. Whitey's face was still unnaturally pallid and relaxed. The blacks had fallen asleep. The German lay shading his eyes with his hand against the sudden shaft of light. "They'll take good care of you here," Philip told him. "Good luck, now." "Good luck to you, *Kamerad*," the German called back. Then he and Hank went off to find the cook-house.

After lunch Philip went back to the ward to pick up his complement of stretchers and blankets. When he had loaded them on, the convoy was not yet ready to start, so he went back for a last look at Whitey. He didn't see Whitey anywhere.

An MO was sitting at the desk. Philip went up to him. "A Kiwi was brought in here a while ago; a mine case. Do you happen to know where he is, sir?"

The MO looked up from his writing. "Morphia case? I remember him. If any of his kit is still in your car, driver, bring it on in here. One of the orderlies will take care of it."

"No, it's not that," Philip said. "I just wanted to see how he was. I—well, I knew him."

"Oh, I see," the MO said. "He was pretty badly shot up, you know. He died about ten minutes after they brought him in here. Tough luck." He went back to his reports.

"Thanks," Philip said dully, and turned away. He was no longer thinking of Whitey, but of the girl waiting for him in Christchurch whose face had looked at him so earnestly out of that photograph. The tune of "*Muss I denn*" was pounding through his brain. Katharine and Whitey's girl together were somehow making a pattern in his mind.

As HE made his way out of the tent, his foot inadvertently kicked the handle of a stretcher where it jutted into the aisle. Philip looked up to find the narrow blue eyes of the Silesian fixed on him.

"I'm sorry," Philip said in German. "It was an accident."

In the next stretcher lay the Bavarian, his friend from Regensburg. They were face to face for the first time. Philip started to smile. Then he saw the man's look. The German was staring at him

coldly, no sign of recognition on his face. The illusion of contact and understanding was utterly gone. He lay there, now merely another defeated soldier with two wounded legs, lying in an enemy camp, regarding with hostile eyes someone who was part of the army which had taken him prisoner. It was a look Philip had seen before. It couldn't be something he was imagining in the dim light of the tent.

"You hurt my arm," the Silesian was saying sullenly.

"I'm sorry," Philip repeated helplessly. Then he turned on his heel and went blindly out of the tent into the blazing daylight.

Hank was waiting in the ambulance. "Clayt got a belt off his Jerry," he said when Philip got in. "It had '*Gott mit uns*' on the buckle. . . . Did you get the Iron Cross, Phil?"

"I forgot to ask," Philip answered.

"You're a funny guy, Phil," Hank said. "Here you are, right in the middle of the war—lots of guys would give their eyeteeth to be in your place—and you don't even pay any attention to what's going on around you."

"All right, all right, Simmonds," Philip said. "I heard you. Give me a cigarette, will you?"

Hank handed him a Chesterfield. Philip thought as he lit it that it must have come all the way from Hartford, Connecticut. He smoked in silence. He was trying to remember if he had actually heard someone whistling softly as he had walked out of the tent. He could almost swear now that he had heard that song: "*Muss I denn, muss I denn, zum Städtele 'naus* . . ." Hell, he thought, it was probably his own imagination. It was all in his own mind.

But it kept running through his head,

with Katharine and Whitey's girl as a sort of counterpoint. He wished now it would stop. There was no room, no time for ghosts in this new dimension in which he moved. And he, Philip, white, twenty-six, American, occupation: ambulance driver, with small birthmark below left clavicle otherwise no identifying marks, was as lost and insecure in it as all the others: as Danny, as Ed Hoffmeier, as the *Lausbub* sitting there so far from Silesia with his arm in a cast—as lost as Whitey Pate. They were all irretrievably isolated in it. In this strange country of war, points of human contact were rare and unexpected—at best, uncertain.

Out of the morning which had already receded into the frieze of the past, he recalled the snail, briefly disturbed but carrying with him wherever he went his home, his background, his shell: his illusion of security into which he could retreat. Philip thought of the shell of noise which the tank carrier drivers carried with them, which gave them the same illusion.

Philip looked around him now, measuring the smooth green interior of the ambulance with its neat stretchers and the St. Christopher on the dashboard. Well, this for the time being would have to suffice.

It was time to start back. The convoy was getting under way.

"Do you want me to take the wheel for a while, Phil?" Hank asked.

"No," he said. "I'll drive." Philip switched on the motor. Then he double-clutched to shift the gear. As the car started to move he wondered how long the tracks he left in passing would remain discernible there in the sand, in that classic landscape, under the high, indifferent sun.

{ *Paul Schrecker, eminent European philosopher of history, toured the U.S.A. last summer, with special interest in the study of regional history.* }

AMERICAN DIARY. PART II

The Observations of a European Philosopher

PAUL SCHRECKER



Oklahoma City

THE first impression: everything is brand-new here. No old houses, no old fences; even the paving on the streets looks as if it had been put down yesterday. In contrast to other cities, no waste land between buildings. At night, neon lights like those I used to see on Times Square before the dimout began.

The state capitol stands in a forest of derricks. The streetcar runs through residential districts where you see pumping derricks in the back yards of the houses. The capitol itself has derricks up to the foot of the monumental marble stairway. But you do not see or smell any oil; everything is clean and trim. The oil puddles and the oily atmosphere of eastern European oilfields are not found here.

This state has the strangest colonial history. Probably every American knows it but it was news to me and I think it is in miniature a perfect specimen of American history. Before 1889 Oklahoma was a prairie practically in the state of nature. At noon on April 22nd of that year, Americans were permitted to enter the territory, whose frontiers were guarded by troops, and to take possession of homestead lots. Long before this moment some ten thousand people from all regions camped around the borders of the territory; and at the bugle call the rush began, on horse-

back, in horse carts, or in any other vehicle. The strange thing is that this rush did not provoke any noticeable incidents. The first person to arrive on a lot was respected by the others as its possessor.

Colonization as a sort of a sporting competition in which the winners get land as prizes is a pattern which seems strange because it was officially and legally sanctioned and because it happened not in a far-off past but in our own times. I wonder whether, in spite of the strangeness, it was not the best way of colonizing this region. How else could it have been arranged? If, for instance, it had been done in a bureaucratic way the doors would have been opened to all kinds of corruption, nepotism, and land speculation. So I think it was the best way of carrying out the American principle of giving everybody a chance and letting the best win. The result of this experiment is indeed a striking confirmation of the principle. What has been created here within a lifetime through individual enterprise and initiative is simply admirable. If one were not able to check its historic veracity by means of photographs and other records from the first days, one would hardly believe it to be possible. And when one learns that the big expansion started only with the oil rush in 1906 the achievement is even more astonishing:

THE University of Oklahoma in Norman, some twenty miles from Oklahoma City, was created in 1892 on the prairie. Every tree on the beautiful campus had to be planted. Now they already look old and dignified. The buildings are of a strange but not unsightly style with Norman elements. I wonder how the architect came to choose this style. You cannot invent a style out of nothing. And there was hardly any tradition which suggested how to build a university library or laboratory on the prairie. Unfortunately I could not stay long enough to study this and similar questions in detail, but I am sure that a minute analysis of the local civilization of Oklahoma would be very revealing as to the structure and dynamics of civilization in general. Since the settlers came from every region of the Union, regionalism in Oklahoma must be a blending of all American regionalisms: a sort of anticipation of what American civilization would be if a real blending of its local elements were possible. Of course the specific natural conditions, and in the first place oil, would have to be taken into account. Plus the Indians, who are an influential element of the population here.

The strange origin of this state manifests itself in its constitution, which was established in 1907. I never saw a constitution containing so many details which anywhere else would be taken care of by simple legislation. It includes very specific provisions concerning the trade in intoxicating liquors, the procedure in criminal and civil courts, free tickets on railroads for the Y.M.C.A., maximum working hours, and taxes. And it contains a very strange definition of colored people: "all persons of African descent. The term 'white race' shall include all other persons." So that a Berber from North Africa would be colored and a Papuan from New Guinea would be white.

A historical museum is rather a paradox here. How many "historical" objects could there possibly be in a state whose history embraces only two generations? The objects displayed are partly from

Indian excavations and partly they are ordinary furniture used fifty years ago. You get the impression that the inarticulate desire for hero-worship searched for heroes to be worshiped; and since there were none, or rather since the heroes of this state were anonymous, some shabby desk or chair used by some early official was raised to the dignity of a relic.

Among the Indian objects some are very interesting, such as big snail shells with ornamentations. The shells must have come from the Gulf of Mexico and thus prove that there was some connection between the Indians here and Mexican civilization. There is also a portrait of an Indian chief of about 1850 in colorful costume and with an artistically tattooed face. He was, nevertheless, a civilized man, said the ethnologist with whom I visited the museum. I remarked that Goering's uniforms are much more fanciful and that German students have tattooed cheeks too, only much less artistic.

The Oklahoma University Press, with whose manager I had a long talk, is to my mind a model of what a university press should be. It specializes in regional literature and has published among other books a series about the civilization of the American Indians which already amounts to more than twenty volumes, many of which are fundamental.

II

Lincoln, Nebraska

A CLEAN, friendly town with many high buildings, and very rational. The streets running north-south are numbered; those running east-west are designated by the letters of the alphabet. The state capitol is apparently the result of a decision to disregard the Washington Capitol tradition. It is a high tower with a small gilt dome on top, over a square low building. People here are very proud of it and claim their capitol to be world famous. To me, I am sorry to say, it looked rather like a World's Fair building.

In the evening, long discussion with several professors at the house of the head of the history department of the univer-

sity. First on political problems and peace projects, and later on the theory of history. Again I noticed that what makes any discussion on this point so difficult is that, when history is mentioned, almost everybody thinks automatically of political history and is rather surprised when one refers to other branches and affirms that any theory of history should begin with analyzing the histories of language, science, the arts, religion, economics. Almost every time I try to make the theory on which I am working understood, somebody asks about the role of chance in history, and every time I give about the same answer, which does not seem to satisfy the questioner: that all historical events are at the same time natural events, so that if one is deterministic in one's conception of nature, one must deny the role of chance in history; that if history were a series of events based on mere chance, history-writing could only be mere chronology of events, nothing more; that the history of languages, for instance, or the history of science, or the history of religion would not have any intrinsic logic if chance were considered as a determining factor—which, as a matter of fact, no serious historian of those fields would admit.

DISCUSSION about regionalism with Professor S. and some of his colleagues. We agreed that regional differences are less marked here than in European countries. I proposed two explanations: one is that in Europe regionalisms are mostly survivals of independent local civilizations; the other is that unification of national civilizations was brought about only when the local traditions were already very specifically developed. In this country, on the contrary, no local traditions had to be overcome because there were not yet any; or rather, regional traditions most frequently had to develop simultaneously and in competition with national traditions. Furthermore, the greater part of the United States was colonized at a point of time when railroads were already existent and mass production had started.

However, this distinction between European and American regionalism must

be limited to historical regionalism and does not fit regional differentiation which is the effect of climatic conditions. Even in the most unified countries abroad, the south and the north developed and preserved regional differences of civilization for the simple reason that in the south life goes on in the open.

I have definitely the impression that in this country a certain pattern of civilization was, if I may say so, imposed on all the various regions even before any regional civilization could grow. This accounts for the fact that the newcomer often notices with a certain feeling of uneasiness a discrepancy between natural conditions and actual patterns of life going on within the natural frame. I should say that few Americans ever become aware of the necessity for adapting the national patterns to the specific natural conditions of the region. Nebraska, for instance, is a cattle-breeding state. It has, if I am not wrong, two head of cattle to each inhabitant. Why must they have a state capitol that would fit into a bazaar civilization rather than into an agricultural one?

It is true, though, that agriculture here presents a different aspect from the one a European is used to. In the agricultural institute of the university I saw cows milked by machines. If I were a milk-drinker I would probably approve of it; since I am not, I have to confess that my approach to the problem was rather that of a disappointed aesthete than that of a satisfied hygienist.

III

Boulder, Colorado

EVERYTHING in this place is enchanting and stimulating, the landscape as well as the campus and the people at the university. My first meeting with the president of the university, his assistant, and several professors has given me already the impression of freedom, élan, and an atmosphere of humanism. All the residential houses I have seen here manifest harmony, good taste, and awareness of the relation between architecture and its natural surroundings. The buildings on the campus, of sandstone from the university's own quarries, recalling somehow

the early Renaissance architecture of Tuscany, fit well into the landscape of the Rocky Mountains, which overshadow everything and would make any pretentious architecture simply ridiculous. I could hardly tell all the symptoms which distinguish this university from the others I have visited. Yet its spirit is positively different. Maybe the natural scenery is not without influence on the people who live here. Everywhere else, nature, in so far as it is not simply a hostile power, is an object of exploitation. Here it is something more and something else. The giant mountains on which you look from your window don't yield anything but sublimity and inspiring awe. Thus into man's relation to reality enters some element of disinterested love, of nonutilitarian admiration, of freedom from the bondages of economic conditions, and these elements tinge the entire life of people here. Another reason for the spirit I found is that this university was for a long time preferred by professors and students whose lungs were not very strong, and people of this type of constitution are known to be less pragmatic than the average. Maybe also the president of this university, a man of enlightened enthusiasm for his mission, is to be thanked for this hopeful state of things. Be this as it may, I have met more understanding here and understood people better after a very short time than in any other place here or abroad. In short, I think this is a model university in an ideal frame.

THE president took me for a long ride to and through the Rocky Mountain National Park. The road is positively a masterwork of technology and surpasses any similar construction in the European mountains. In Estes Park we met two professors of the university who had come to spend their week-end in a log cabin. The possibility of living a couple of days in this overwhelmingly beautiful landscape certainly accounts at least in part for the high-spirited atmosphere of the University of Colorado. Here a man who wants to have a rest or to concentrate on his work for some days can easily in a couple of hours reach the ideal conditions for this purpose, whereas in other places

he would have to travel many hundreds of miles before reaching anything similar.

On the way, I had a long and very interesting conversation with the president about the American educational system. He affirmed, rightly to my mind, that the state universities are not designed to train an élite of scholars, but to educate good and useful citizens. I wonder whether there could not be a division of work between the state universities and the privately endowed institutions, so that the endowed universities could limit themselves to graduate education and to the training of an élite of specialized scholars and future teachers. This would bring them nearer to the European type of universities, all of which aim at being research institutes as well as schools. In many branches of learning, research cannot go on or at least is not fruitful without teaching, and the establishment of schools and traditions of science depends upon this amalgamation of teaching and research. Of course the endowed universities would in this case have to specialize in their turn, be it but for the sake of being able to provide the best possible libraries and other equipment. No university can reach completeness in its library, for instance, in all fields of learning; but it could be practically complete if it specialized in a certain field—mathematics, for instance, or chemistry, or Romance languages.

Such a division of work would also counteract a certain pragmatic trend of education which does not hamper the training of good citizens but does hamper the progress of pure science. That law students are not required to study Roman law certainly does not prevent them from becoming excellent lawyers and judges, but it certainly is a lack in the educational program designed for scientific jurisprudence. This university recently created a doctorate of education for which no foreign language is required. This, to my mind, goes a bit too far on the way to pragmatism. I doubt whether a man can come to a real understanding of his own language without studying at least one foreign language, and I doubt whether any understanding of foreign civilizations is possible without a knowledge of their

languages. And does it not handicap a doctor of education to be entirely dependent on the literature of pedagogics which is available in his own language?

The pragmatic approach to science contaminates even those who are not pragmatists. The mathematician of this university, who had studied in Germany, complained that the philosophers and other humanists in general do not realize that there is something in mathematics besides a technique, that it is one of the most profound and admirable achievements of pure intellect of which the human mind is capable. It is a pity, I think, that a mathematician of the importance of Professor K. should be used only for teaching future engineers, without having a chance to impart to students the spirit of pure mathematics.

Denver, Colorado

AT THE public library, whose director is a specialist in the history of Colorado, I went through the collection of books, manuscripts, and pictures relative to local history. Here again I saw photographs of Denver, Central City, and other places taken in the early days or during the boom, and again I noticed how different the conditions of history-writing are here from what they are in Europe. What would European historiography be if we had as complete records of the early days of Athens, or Rome, or Paris, as we have of the origins of civilization in Colorado!

The custom of establishing centers for the study of regional history at the public libraries, or at the state universities, or at the state historical societies, seems to me an excellent and adequate organization for historical research. In some of these places I have seen the business and private correspondence of the early settlers, interviews with old people who witnessed the pioneer days, and so on; to the historian such documents are of greater value than any official papers. I was very pleased to notice that in this respect the interest in political history does not prevail over the interest in other provinces of civilization. And this latter interest can be satisfied only by records which unless taken care of by local institutions would be irretrievably lost.

IV

Salt Lake City, Utah

ON A first walk through the city one would conclude that everything belongs to a certain Mr. Deseret: Deseret Cleaners and Dyers, Deseret Loan Association, Deseret Barber Shop, Deseret Mortuary, Deseret Beauty Parlor, Deseret News, and so on. Only later, when I read the Book of Mormon, did I realize that Deseret is the name of the honeybee which accompanied the settlers in the Valley of Nimrod. Next to Deseret comes the name of Zion, which reminds one of the Old Testament derivation claimed by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints.

In spite of all the more or less humorous stories about the Mormons, I think they represent one of the most consistent, though very naïve, modern dialectifications of the fundamental Christian creed, a dialectification adapted to the condition of the people whose religion it was designed to provide. Of course, measured by the standards of Catholic or Calvinist theology, its dogmatic foundation and its scriptural background are rather meager, and the Book of Mormon as well as the other books of the Mormon canon cannot withstand any critical analysis. The names in the Book of Mormon, for instance, are designed to sound like Hebrew, but they cannot fool anybody who knows Hebrew. However, neither Joseph Smith nor the miserable and illiterate settlers to whom his prophecies were addressed knew Hebrew. None of the cultural traditions which were concomitant with Catholicism or Protestantism were present when the Mormon movement started. So there were only two possibilities for safeguarding Christianity: either to reduce it to conventional lip service, or to transform it so radically that it would be adequate for the terrific conditions of life under which the Mormons had to strive.

Such a radical transformation could not be achieved through a mere reinterpretation of the Scripture. Therefore a religious revolution had to take place, and revolutions in the field of religion are achieved through new revelations.

Hence the series of new revelations to Joseph Smith, which as a matter of fact overthrew the whole system of Christian faith and renounced such fundamental points of doctrine as original sin and predestination. A group engaged in a struggle so hard that it seemed hopeless could not, indeed, afford to add to their burden the heritage of original sin, nor could they cope with the idea that all their sufferings might be in vain because they were perhaps predestined to eternal damnation. Once the consistent and rigid dogmatic system of the vested churches had been thrown overboard, lots of primitive mythical elements filled the vacuum.

What makes the Mormons' return to primitiveness in the nineteenth century so interesting and revealing when it is seen in relation to the structure of civilization is the fact that it was a manifest success. Salt Lake City is, indeed, in its totality a monument of Mormon colonization, one of the hardest colonizations in American history. The broad, friendly, and clean streets, the state capitol overgrown with roses, the signs of economic wealth, the school system—all these, created by the Mormons within a few decades in the wilderness of Utah, are expressive witnesses of the fruitfulness of Joseph Smith's and Brigham Young's original and efficient inspiration. Less than any other American reformers were they preoccupied with safeguarding imported traditions. They transformed Christianity without any scruple in order to adapt it by means of a new synthesis to a given set of conditions. Luther and Calvin claimed no new revelations, because the conditions of civilization to which they wanted to adjust Christianity were not substantially different from those prevailing in the early church. But the conditions of pioneer life Joseph Smith and Brigham Young had to cope with made insufficient every reform that would have respected the continuity of tradition.

Today, of course, the traditions of the founders of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints have in their turn partly degenerated into mere conventions because the conditions of life are no longer what they were in pioneer days. Not only polygamy but other Mormon tenets,

too, do not correspond to the conditions of present-day life. But whereas polygamy had to be given up in practice because it was incompatible with the highest norms of American civilization, other peculiarities remained because of the especially strong inertia inherent in religious norms and because otherwise this church would easily have been absorbed by powerful competing denominations. When a middle-aged lady in powder-blue dress, hat, veil, gloves, shows a group of tourists through the Mormon sanctuary in the center of the town and five or six times a day falls into identical fits of ecstasy before every relic on which she comments, when she turns down with identical expressions of indignation every critical or skeptical question, you cannot but feel that her faith is out of tune with the civilization she lives in. And when she proudly mentions that she was baptized more than one hundred times as proxy for some person deceased long ago, you feel with some melancholic regret that the methods of mass production have invaded the very field of salvation.

It remains to be seen whether other Christian denominations whose dogmatic systems and emotional backgrounds remained more faithful to tradition coped more successfully with the difficulty of preserving a religion whose origins and development belong to civilizations so entirely different in basis from those prevailing now in this country. Since I read in an otherwise serious paper that "Jesus started the first religious picnic" or that "He believed in a workable religion that involved happiness and fun," I would not dare to be positive about contemporary interpretations of the original Christian idea.

It is quite remarkable that in spite of the primitive character of their religion the Mormon communities are rather progressive in politics and business. No place in the United States seems more predestined to isolation than this town in the middle of the Salt Desert. Yet the people here are not and were not isolationists. The reason may be that they used to send their young men abroad for two years, as I was told. As to the importance they attributed to economic activities, it may be noted not

only that they control the main business enterprises in this state, but that aside from Brigham Young University the Latter-Day Saints Business College is their main educational institution.

V

Berkeley, California

THIS is a very different region. For hundreds of miles after leaving Salt Lake the train runs through the Great Salt Desert, with hardly any vegetation except here and there low shrubs. It gives you a feeling of hopelessness, and you have all the more respect for the courage of the Mormon pioneers who settled at the border of this wilderness. The desert continues through the greater part of Nevada. But in the morning, reaching California, you are relieved by the signs of a more hospitable region: palm trees, colorful flowers, and friendly houses in the Spanish style. Berkeley itself makes you feel as if you were in the south, and the beautiful park in which the campus lies reminds you of some Palace Hotel de luxe in Cannes or Palermo.

The first contacts with the university give you already the impression that here people look at America and the world from a different angle. Spanish and Ibero-American civilizations are nearer to their minds and hearts than Anglo-Saxon patterns, and they oppose almost passionately the monopoly conceded by Eastern historians to the Anglo-Saxon elements of American civilization. The head of the history department, for instance, an old gentleman with all the ardor and lively intelligence of a youth, approaches American history from the West and Southwest; he considers the Western Hemisphere as a unit and therefore claims that every attempt to isolate North American history and civilization from its links with Central and South America bars any real understanding of America. The "wider horizons" of American history which he has posed and indefatigably fights for are indeed not only more adequate to the history of America than any isolation, but must be considered as an approach toward the idea of a universal history.

This is good because, despite all set-

backs, there is in all provinces of civilization a definite trend to be discovered towards a worldwide unification of civilization. Skeptics may deny such a trend and qualify the belief in it as emotional and optimistic. I do not see why it should be optimistic to aver that there is a unifying tendency in civilization. It would be an optimistic statement only if one presupposed that such a direction is desirable—which I would by no means take for granted. But as to the facts, only those who identify history with political history could deny them. In all the other fields the tendency is too manifest to be doubted. From tribal religions to a few world religions which are no longer considered to be irreconcilable; from tribal languages to some world languages; from art and literature whose reach was confined to a more or less local public to world literature and world art; from local economic units to world economy—anarchic as it may be—the history of civilization has, indeed, made headway; and the American contribution to this process of unification is certainly one of its most effective driving powers.

To recognize this trend would be optimistic only if unification did not mean standardization and automatization; otherwise it would, to my mind, be rather pessimistic. This, I think, applies to world civilization as well as to American civilization proper. Without an adequate balance between centripetal and centrifugal forces, between centralism and regionalism, between security and freedom, the trend would, indeed, lead toward uniformity, toward an entropy of civilization, and thereby eventually to the degeneration of free civilization into a mere automatism. The ideal state is not chicken à la king with federal sauce for everybody but regional cuisine available everywhere.

THE Bancroft Library is another extremely interesting and fruitful approach toward regional specialization. It contains a unique collection of manuscript material relative to Western and Southwestern history.

I think such regional focuses of American historical studies ought to be established and encouraged everywhere. They

are, to my mind, the adequate antidote against the virus of uniformity in American civilization. If no such systematic effort is made, the trend toward uniformity will unavoidably proceed along the line of least resistance, and this line will be that of big business and mass production. Now big business and mass production necessarily draw their inspiration from markets of maximum expansion and tend toward effacing all regional differences. It is characteristic enough, I think, that east of the Mississippi and even in great parts of the Middle West you cannot find any "souvenirs" of local origin; for big business and mass production are mainly located there. The trends toward uniformity in American civilization have their sources in the East, and the opposing driving powers originate in the West and Southwest.

I was very much surprised to find this observation confirmed in a field where I had not expected to meet it. You can hardly buy a New York daily newspaper west of the Mississippi, but you can find there most of the New York-made magazines—mainly those which have no literary or other noncommercial ambition. The big New York newspapers have subscribers everywhere, of course, but they are not available at the newsstands in the railway depots or in town. People in the American provinces strongly dislike New York and do not want to get their information and opinion from there. But this is not merely the effect of resentment against what is considered the conceit of more fortunate kinsmen. Everywhere people feel that New York has a bastard civilization and does not represent America. Even in conservative circles I found an emotional dislike for New York. Rightly or wrongly New York is identified with the powers which suppress or hamper the development of regional civilization.

As far as the newspapers are concerned this dislike is, to my mind, a self-deception. Identical columns figure, indeed, in all provincial papers—the same comics, the same commentators, the same news. But it is not the New York editors who are the mass-producers and overflow the markets with their New York-made mer-

chandise. Another effect of this situation is that the provinces are less well informed about world issues than people in New York are.

As to the magazines, their influence runs parallel to that of the movies—that is, it mostly represents an appeal to the least desirable level of unification (although the fact that some magazines which have a nationwide distribution stand on a relatively high level refutes the commercial idea that you must go down to a very low level in order to reach the masses). Here again we see the uniformizing effect of mass production. If you do not know anything about the specific outlook of your reader or public, you surmise that it is the average bad one and you conclude that if you are to sell a maximum quantity, your product must have the minimum quality.

I have noticed everywhere that whatever emerges from locally rooted production represents a remarkably higher standard than what is imported from centers that try to satisfy all regions indifferently. This is true of architecture as well as of flower gardening, furniture, and cuisine. Wherever and whenever local civilization is the result of a specification of general trends through adaptation to local traditions and natural conditions, it is satisfactory and promising. Wherever and whenever the ultimate specifications of a style, a doctrine, a political creed are determined without reference to those local elements and imposed from the outside, they are as indifferent and fake as artificial flowers in a five-and-ten-cent store. This is true of newspaper columns, too.

San Francisco, California

SAN FRANCISCO itself, of course, owing to its history and its geographical position, has an individual character which distinguishes it at first sight from any other American town. When you begin to realize the difference you are tempted to believe that it is more European than the towns of the East and the Middle West. But this proves to be an optical illusion caused by the fact that San Francisco is more individualized. The reason for this specific character is not only

its age; it is mainly that San Francisco had already developed features of its own when the invasion by mass production and federal patterns began, so that it could effectually resist the trend toward uniformity. Whenever patterns were simply transferred here from the East and Middle West—as happened with architecture after the earthquake, or “the big fire” as people here call it superstitiously—the result was a break of unity which shocks at first sight. It is strange to observe that Chinese buildings disturb this unity less than skyscrapers and chain stores do, probably because the former are better adapted to the natural conditions than the latter.

What makes San Francisco so unique is the combination of Latin traditions, geographic position, hilly topography, and the delightful surroundings. It is picturesque in so far as it does not share the rectilinear and somehow rigid lines of Anglo-Saxon Americanism.

Maybe this observation provides a clue to a structural characteristic of American civilization. In Europe traditions and conventions have been interwoven into such a complex and inextricable texture that it is impossible to follow up the single threads of religious, aesthetic, intellectual, economic, and political origin that compose it. No trait is simple, unequivocal, and straight. In the New World, by contrast, the number of components, and consequently the number of possible combinations, is relatively small. The Pilgrim Fathers very soon cut the umbilical cord which linked them to the Old World. Detached from their native soil, uprooted, transplanted into radically different natural conditions, compelled to cope with the hardships of life in a wilderness, they became simple, rectilinear, unsophisticated, rough, pragmatic, uncompromising. (Many place-names in this country are symbols of this process. Ithaca no longer calls to mind here the memory of Odysseus but that of a college; Sacramento is associated no longer with the mystery of transubstantiation but with a state capital.)

Hence the pragmatic and utilitarian approach to reality that certainly is characteristic of Americanism. Nothing, indeed, equalizes men so much as a common struggle against an apparently overwhelming danger.

This uniformity accounts for the favor statistics enjoy in this country. Whereas in Europe intuition suffices on an average to distinguish individual persons, towns, regions, styles from each other, in America differences can be grasped only in terms of statistical surveys. It accounts, too, for the fact that two big political parties are quite sufficient to represent the existing shades of political conviction. Even those two parties agree on common principles, which they specify variously, but they are not separated by irreconcilable ideologies.

This is the reason why freedom in this country can be more unlimited than in any European nation. Fundamentally all genuine Americans think, feel, wish the same way and pursue the same kind of happiness. The differences represent adjustments to contingent individual conditions rather than irreconcilable basic principles of conduct. One has but to compare political life here and in the oldest European civilization—namely, in France—to understand the totally different structure of the respective civilizations. To my mind, the fact that here all things have a common denominator must be taken into consideration if one wishes to understand American civilization. Look at American hotels in the various regions, look at the chain stores, mail-order houses, railroad cars, drug stores, movies. They enjoy almost complete freedom of competition, and their patrons enjoy almost complete freedom of choice between them. Yet all enterprises offer the same merchandise, the same comfort, the same publicity at the same prices. I would not be so sure, therefore, whether mass production has made people less individual or whether on the contrary it emerged because the consumers on which it depended were less radically individualized. Probably both things co-operated in bringing about the present conditions.

(Paul Schrecker's diary will conclude next month with his observations on Los Angeles, New Orleans, Atlanta, and Richmond.—The Editors)

*{ This article, by a captain in our Army Air Force in England, }
was written not for publication but in letters to the Captain's
family. He agreed to publication only if we made it anonymous. }*

24 HOURS OF A BOMBER PILOT

BY ONE OF THEM



A BOMBING mission doesn't start with the take-off or even with the briefing. It starts the evening before, when the word goes round that they are loading bombs.

There is a world of difference in the targets. Some are very lightly defended; in attacking some we have friendly fighter cover all or part way; in attacking others we know we will have to fight our way all the way in, flying through heavy barrages of flak over the target and then slugging our way all the way out. So when the bombs are being loaded, there is a lot of speculation as to just what the target for tomorrow is. You do have some indication from the type of bombs being loaded.

After supper you have nothing to do except to wonder, write letters (which is hard to do with your mind filled with other things), and try to get some sleep. You can hear the R.A.F. going out and wish them all the luck in the world and hope they manage to keep Jerry awake most of the night, so he will be as sleepy as you are going to be the next day. You know that some time after midnight the CQ will be in to get you up, and you wonder if it is worth while going to bed, because you know you'll feel twice as bad for just a half-hour's or an hour's sleep. But you convince yourself it is best to get undressed, hoping that it may be an afternoon mission.

So you go to bed and listen to the other fellows working very hard at the job of

relaxing and going to sleep. And then when you finally have your bed nice and warm and it seems as if you have just closed your eyes, the lights go on and the CQ repeats several times (so that it sinks in), "Breakfast at—o'clock, briefing at—."

You are so tired that the very idea of getting up is a physical pain, but you do, and stagger through the blackout to the mess hall. The sky is crisscrossed with a magnificent display of searchlights in patterns to signal the R.A.F. the way home.

Even your wife or mother would find it hard to recognize you as you sleepily eat breakfast with the questions of the night before still unanswered. When you see an old friend you make an effort to think up a joke of some sort, but this effort is becoming less and less necessary. You see the new replacements looking not too well and you try to help out a bit but really can't feel sympathetic for them, because they don't yet know enough of what the score is to be scared.

The target for the day determines how tough it's going to be, and anyone who draws "Purple Heart Row" knows it is going to be tougher. When you file into the briefing room, the map showing the route to the target in pretty colored yarn, with bright-colored pins showing enemy fighter staffels and red areas for flak, is covered up, as is the blackboard showing the position assignments. The Colonel

starts off by asking the group leader for the day to make the opening remarks. He gets up and says "Gulp" and sits down. Then they open the blackboard and you see your squadron has drawn THE position (depending on the group's position in the wing) and you have THE spot in the squadron. Then they unveil the target map—and it looks as if they had had to go out and buy some more yarn to cover the distance in to the target.

There is definitely a hush as the Colonel outlines the operations of the day. All this time you have held your breath until he gets to the group's position in the wing formation. Then the worst has come to be a reality—you have drawn the "Purple Heart Corner" in "Purple Heart Row." You smile cheerfully as the others look around at you, obviously with sympathy, and you wonder if your cheerful smile looks as sick as those others do.

You hear, too, that you will have enemy fighters to contend with all the way in and out, made up of two to four hundred FW190's and ME109's. Looking at the map, you see the size of the red spot around the target which means flak concentration. You know you can avoid the other red spots on the map but not the target. About now you are convinced that even Lloyd's of London wouldn't bet on your chances of getting back.

IT is cold when you go out to get the ship ready, and still quite dark. Your gunners are probably already there, and they uncertainly ask you what you think of the position assigned to the ship. Then is the one time your smile cannot be sick, for you must somehow convince them that you have a good fighting chance. Confidence is absolutely essential for a fighting crew, because in an even fight with ten or fifteen fighters the decision will probably go to the side with the most confidence, and that must be you.

Carefully you check everything to see that it is all in working order and that nobody has forgotten anything. You know you already have two strikes against you and you don't want to have the third one a called strike due to carelessness or an oversight.

Your stomach feels queer, and it is a

relief when "stations time" arrives, for then there is a chain of events that keeps you moving and puts an end to the awful waiting.

The crew goes into a final huddle to check signals and exchange ideas of what to expect and how best to handle it. We get into the plane a little too early and again check our positions, because it is a strange plane. The ship we brought back yesterday was too full of holes to fly again today.

In the cockpit you check your watch again and take another look at the map of your route. You don't want to start the engines too soon because that would waste the precious petrol, but you must have everything warmed up and checked before take-off.

Again you look at your watch and wonder if you hadn't better start 'em. If something is wrong maybe you will have time to get it fixed. But you decide from previous experience that those extra gallons are too valuable.

You happen to look at the co-pilot and find him looking at you also, and you exchange grins, sort of; and you go over emergency procedure. It will be hard to talk during the raid itself and things will happen so fast that you must have a teamwork system all set in case anything should happen. As you glance at your watch again you see it is finally time to get going, and with a sigh of relief you go into action. The engines start, everything checks OK, and you take your place in the line of taxiing ships.

Then the lead plane starts down the runway and you settle yourself in your seat. At any time up to now, from the first rumor of bomb-loading to the take-off, it would have been quite possible to have the mission scrubbed for any one of a number of reasons and you would have had your work and worry for nothing. This might happen several times for every mission you actually undertake. Or worse yet, when you were all set the schedule might have been delayed an hour or so and you would have had some more of that waiting. After take-off this is still possible but not so likely.

Then it is your turn and you get into take-off position. At last, for the first

time since bomb-loading, you feel like mustering a grin. A check with the co-pilot to make sure that you are all set, and you give her the gun. The lady is a little heavy this morning; those bombs with the chalked greetings on them slow her down; but well before she reaches the end of the runway she is on her tiptoes and you are air-borne.

II

ASSEMBLING the smaller formations into larger ones keeps your mind and hands busy. Gradually the beginning of the day's operation unfolds before you in your grandstand seat, right on schedule. Reluctantly you watch the coast of England slip beneath your wings. A last look and you settle down to the business at hand. Actually you feel pretty good and wonder why.

Soon the climb to altitude starts. That is the critical period. If you can nurse those engines to take this heavy load up there, without straining them unduly, they probably won't let you down. This climb period is where the weaknesses show up and also where most of the fuel goes. So it behooves a man who wants a future to use all the controls available to get the mostest for the leastest from the engines without punishing them. Plenty of time to strain their guts later in a pinch.

The last couple of thousand feet of climb, with the enemy coast in view, you do with your fingers crossed; but the lady pulls herself up to the assigned altitude and levels off to catch her breath for the battle to come. Almost immediately your searching eyes pick up a swarm of sinister dots coming up to meet you. So soon today? At that distance it is almost impossible to see such small objects, but you do. Experience is a hard teacher. There is no mistaking. Nothing else looks quite like a bunch of enemy fighters coming up to blast you out of the sky. They come up from behind, some of them, and pass you at your altitude as if you were standing still. Climbing, they go on ahead, after making several feints to see where the inexperienced gunners are who will fire when they are out of range.

There is a short period of looking each other over as you each choose a likely

opponent. You know at the same time they are getting in position behind and possibly above you—and you sincerely hope your gunners see them.

The different enemy fighter groups have different tactics, and you watch the preliminary feints to see how the first attack develops, to see if it is the first team you are up against today. Then in they come right at you, four or five of them. At the same time you can feel your rear guns opening up and know there is an attack coming from the rear that you can't see. But you set your ears to waiting for some signal that your gunners want the ship moved this way or that to uncover a gun. You can get some indications of the tail attacks too by watching the rear guns of the ships in front of you as they try to cover you.

It is funny what you think of in a split second before the fighters in front of you, very rapidly coming closer, open fire. There is that argument you have been having with your navigator about the color of the flashes from the business end of a 20-millimeter. Now you can settle it. You watch the incoming fighters to see which have chosen you as their target—because when they open fire you want to have just left the spot they were aiming at. Some of these boys are pretty good shots.

The leading edges of the wings of the first three suddenly erupt in a series of flashes. (There, by golly, they *do* look greenish. Wait till we get down; I told Benny so.) They are going after that ship to the right. You notice they start a half-roll, keeping their fire on the selected target. It takes a darned good pilot to do this. It is the first team that you are up against today.

Watch it! That pair are coming at you. Yes sir, it is you that they are after. It is a comforting sight to see your nose guns' tracers going out to meet them and even more comforting to see the supporting fire from the other ships in your formation. One attacker doesn't like it and peels off, but the other keeps boring in. Before you expect it he opens fire and you see the burst of his 20-millimeter in a row of little white puffs in front of your nose. He was too anxious and opened fire out of

range. Your guns were pushing him too hard. He breaks off and goes out of sight to the rear, surrounded by a stream of tracers. A beautiful sight.

You feel your tail guns go again and hear your tail gunner yell, "I got one of the so-and-sos," and a pleasant glow goes through you. They come up again and hover out of range in front, but not so many of them. In they come again but not so enthusiastically, as a wall of fire goes out to meet them. Our formation is tight and the fire support is terrific.

After a few more spasmodic attacks they just stay out there and watch. They have failed to break the formations up and there were no stragglers for them to butcher. All right, they will wait and get us on the way back after the flak has shaken us up a little. With a final pass at us they peel off and go down to refuel. There weren't enough of them, but they will see to that on our way out.

You turn the controls over to the co-pilot and take a look around to see if you were hit. You check the crew and they are fine. The enemy never touched us. You check with the navigator to see when you are due over the target and then relax a bit. Without realizing it you were working pretty hard there for a while; but there was plenty of incentive to work.

You check your ammunition with the gunners and look at the gas gauges. Oh, oh, 3 and 4 are getting pretty low—and you are still going into Germany. Well, there is no help for it. That trouble you were having with No. 1 engine on the climb seems to have ironed itself out. Thank goodness the formation ahead is turning in to the target. It was a long way in but you know it will be twice as long out.

THE formations ahead are approaching the target. There can be no mistaking its position—and by now every Jerry knows what the target for the day is. Just ahead of the leading elements appear little black puffs of smoke. Flak! Over the target is one place you can't dodge it. You are working a hundred per cent for the government and zero per cent for yourself. You just sit there and take it.

Those harmless-looking little black puffs

now seem to sprinkle the first group of planes and you wait for one to go down, but they all go through it apparently unscratched. It takes a lot to knock a Fortress down.

Formation after formation goes over the target and the little black puffs have spread out into an ever-darkening black cloud. Jerry knows that you have to go through that one place in the sky and he is putting up everything he has got. When your turn comes the cloud is actually too thick to see through. You have heard stories of flak so thick you could get out and walk on it, and you see again the basis for those stories.

Then you are in range and the little black puffs are sprinkling your own formation. It somehow seems different when it happens to you. A puff, a second, and then a third appear just off your wing, each one getting closer so that you see the fourth one will be square on you. You really sweat out that fourth one for a second or two that seems an eternity, but it never comes. You rarely see the one that hits you.

Now you are really being peppered with them. Bursts appear between you and the next ship with loud whoomps. Several puffs appear dead ahead and there is a strong desire to pull up or go down to avoid them. But that can't be done on the bomb run. You can hear the spent particles rattle off the tough hide of your ship. At least you hope they are spent.

As you enter the black cloud over the target the air becomes quite bumpy and you have your hands full keeping her steady and in place, so you don't see all the close ones. Maybe just as well, but your poor co-pilot has to see them.

All this time you are waiting for the bombs to drop from the ship ahead. It seems like a very long time to have to fly straight and level and serve as such a darned good target and not be able to do anything about it. Suddenly beautiful sticks of bombs begin to appear in neat stacks from out of the ships ahead, and then comes that feeling you have been waiting for so long—one you'll never forget. The ship gives a startled little jump and seems to shake herself free of the load she has been carrying all this way for

Uncle Sam, and the bombardier sings out, "Bombs away."

Brother, from that moment on, you and your ship are working a hundred per cent for yourself. Your job for the government has been done and all you have to do now is to get home.

III

IN the midst of your feeling of elation there is another feeling. The ship takes a sharp lurch. Flak! You're hit. A hurried glance assures you that all the props are there and the engines are not burning. Then a light smoke and a smell of hot oil permeates the cockpit. Something is burning. A search of the engine instruments again reveals everything in order. It was evidently only the fuselage that was hit. Something down in the nose is burning. As your co-pilot looks down there, you check the instrument panel again for trouble. Out of the corner of your eye you catch something wrong. The hydraulic pressure is down to zero.

The bombardier's head appears from down below and signals everything OK. Then as your formation shakes itself free of the flak you put the evidence together and decide the hydraulic line below was hit and sprayed hot oil around a bit and maybe the flak smoldered a bit in the blankets you had down there for first-aid purposes. Nothing serious yet.

Free of the flak, you take a careful inventory. Yes, the fuel in 3 and 4 is running low. Really too low. But there is nothing much that you can do about it for the present.

You look out at the formation, and the effects of the flak—the harmless black puffs—are beginning to be apparent. Here and there a ship is straggling in the formation. Flak doesn't knock a ship down very often, but it can easily get an engine or a supercharger or an oil line, and the resulting loss of power makes it impossible for the ship to stay in formation. These stragglers are cold meat for enemy fighters.

Soon you should be getting fighter escort again—the unfriendly kind. You check everything carefully again. The lady is behaving fine but that gas is getting

awfully low. Someone is calling you on the interphone and you realize the interphone system has been fuzzy for some time. It takes careful repeating to get over to you that the right waist gunner is having trouble with his oxygen. A check assures you that the pressure for the cockpit is still up, and not knowing just what is wrong, you tell him to do what he can. There is quite a bit of talking going on back there but you don't get much of what is said. That gasoline is worrying you. . . .

SUDDENLY all that is forgotten or pushed to the rear of your mind. There are those darting specks again. Enemy fighters! Warily the formation tightens up a little—at least the planes that can.

You can see the fighters picking off the stragglers in the formation ahead. A Fortress suddenly picks up a wing and heads for the ground. Perhaps it is hit or perhaps it is just heading for the cloud cover below. Little white dots appear. Parachutes. It must have been hit. You count seven dots and hope that you missed a couple.

Then a flash of fire catches your eye. A Fortress blazing from nose to tail slowly peels off. There are no parachutes. When it happens way out in front it is kind of like a show. Too bad. Again you check your group and notice one of your squadron has begun to straggle, and a careful look shows an engine gone. Flak, probably, and the trouble just now showing up. You catch the ship's number and realize that the pilot is a buddy of yours. You have flown, eaten, and drunk with him for several months. An old friend in this business, and now he is slowly dropping out of formation. Your heart bleeds with the desire to drop back and cover him, but it would be two ships down instead of one. Besides, there are nine other lives on your ship you are responsible for and so you can't do it. If you were alone, then it would be just your own life—but you are not alone.

All these thoughts go through your mind as you see him slowly dropping back. In your heart you already know the answer. With few exceptions there is but one answer to dropping out of formation so deep

in Germany with enemy fighters in sight.

He dives a little and with the extra speed is able to get into a lower formation. But soon he is slowly dropping back again. Really there are few more pitiful sights than to watch a good friend of yours in such a condition. His crew is probably fine and the ship well able to fly home but not able to stay in formation; so finis.

Then you see eight German fighters going in on him; your group opens up with protective fire but you see the tracers dropping short, out of range. He is on his own.

As the fighters close in they open fire. White puffs of 20-millimeter surround his ship and then they are on him. All up and down the fuselage and wings are the bright flashes of exploding shells. His No. 2 engine belches smoke and the ship gives a lurch. The fighters pass by him and the ship rights itself momentarily and the smoke dies down. For an instant it looks as if he has weathered the first storm; then slowly his ship peels off and heads down. The fighters are on him again. Twelve butchers on one crippled Fortress. As the Fort disappears into the cloud below, the top turret is still firing. Stout fellow. . . .

THEN they come in at *you*, again and again, and you feel it will never end but are afraid it will. As each comes in from the front, or when the signals from the gunners tell you they are after you from the tail, you do what you can to make yourself a difficult target. It is physically hard work but the stimulus of seeing fighters and bullets coming at you does away with any feeling of tiredness for the moment.

A red light on the dash catches your eye. One gas tank is at warning level and you are still over Germany. You don't see how you can make it. Then a tremendous explosion rocks your ship and as you look around, first one engine, then another, and then the wing of the ship above burst into flames, and it quietly slips out of formation and is lost from view. You hope there were parachutes but can't see.

Another red light winks on as a gasoline warning and you decide you'll have to call

the engineer from his gun to transfer and even up what is left in the tanks. You squint ahead for a welcome glimpse of the coast and can't see it, so you have the sneaking hunch you are still over Germany.

The navigator announces that our own fighter escort is due—the friendly ones—and you feel better. Sure enough you see them coming and call your gunners not to fire at the 47's. You want them to come in nice and close. For a moment you relax, almost forgetting that the enemy fighters are still coming at you.

IV

THEN it happens. Although physically it is not possible, you see at the same time 20-millimeter and tracers exploding along both wings and skimming the glass overhead. In a split second you take this all in and wonder vaguely why you aren't hit. But already you go into action, as you know something is very wrong, for there was no warning from your gunners. And then you realize what else was wrong: not a gun on your ship was firing. Since the ship is already on her nose and the tracers are still coming, you stand her on her tail and tuck yourself back tight into the supporting fire of the formation, loving each one of those gunners covering you. Then suddenly the attack is over and you are still there, though those Jerries should have got credit for a "probable." They had you dead to rights.

It surprises you to find all your engines are still operating when you survey the holes and gaping tears in the wings. Cautiously you check pressures for a hit in the oil or fuel lines, but there is nothing wrong except the amount of gas left and the distance yet to go.

Then you find you have been trying to get some answer from the rear of the ship but there is only a dead silence to greet your anxious calls. One by one you call the men, but there is still no answer and you fear the worst. You try to figure out something to do but see nothing except to keep going.

A faint voice comes to you and you glue the earphones to your ears. "Tail gunner to pilot . . ." Eagerly you call back, and then with a lot of clicks and breaks

comes "Tail gunner to pilot . . ." There is nothing more and your calls go unanswered, but although the indications are bad, you feel great. Mike is still alive.

The front part of the ship is isolated from the rear half. The bombardier calls to ask if he should go back and find out what is what and you agree that the loss of his gun is worth it to find out just what the answer is. Besides, the friendly Spits and 47's seem to have the situation well in hand—there are only occasional single enemy attacks now—and there in the distance is the welcome, oh so welcome coastline of Fortress Europe.

In a moment the bombardier is back, collecting all the emergency oxygen bottles in sight. You can feel his urgency and appreciate that he can't take time to plug in and let you know what he found. There must be someone still alive or there would be no need for the oxygen.

As you cross the coastline and head out over the water, more red warning lights wink on—the oxygen system is at warning pressure too, and the gas gauge is about worn out from testing tank after tank again and again. With the English coast in view (how you love it at a time like this!) you decide to drop back out of the formation to save gas enough to make the coast.

IN a long slow glide, doling out the precious gas by spoonfuls to the faithful engines, you sweat out your chances of any enemy fighter having followed the formation out for stragglers. You can now see several other Fortresses doing as you are, under the watchful protection of your escort. Finally you reach the altitude where you think you can exist without oxygen and, turning the ship over to the co-pilot and navigator to find the nearest field, you start back to find what's wrong.

Moving slowly to conserve oxygen in spite of your eagerness to know the answer, you work yourself way back. And you discover that the oxygen system in the rear half of the ship has been knocked out. The whole picture fits together in your mind now—you remember the waist gunner calling in about oxygen, and all that senseless chatter before the silence.

After over half an hour at twenty-six thousand feet without oxygen, the gunners had finally succumbed to anoxia. They had tried to load and fire in their weakened state and then they had collapsed. Wise old Jerry had been watching, and had noticed your flexible guns waving in the breeze and the turrets no longer tracking (you had called the engineer out at that critical moment); and three or four enemy fighters had come in close and let go with everything they had.

Nobody had been hit but Mike, and he apparently got only a flesh wound in the leg. The bombardier is taking care of him now. Duke, the radio man, is still on his feet, staggering around trying to help but having no idea what he is doing. His flesh is quite black and icicles have formed on his eyelashes and hair. The others look the same way. You practically have to clip Duke to make him sit down and conserve what little oxygen there is left in his system.

All this time the ship is going down to more oxygen and warmth, so they will be OK—but what a shambles! You marvel that nobody else was hit. Somebody must be looking out for you and your crew.

YOU want to get home, where medical attention is surely waiting for Mike and the crew. You check with the navigator in the nose to see what distance remains. You are over England now. He is carefully pin-pointing your route and keeping the co-pilot on the shortest course home. He knows that he can't afford to make a mistake.

When you get back to the cockpit, the co-pilot is looking longingly at each field you pass, and he even points out a few of the more likely ones; but you want to make home if you can, for the ambulance will be waiting and it may be a little messy, landing without brakes.

A check of the gas gauges shows that the engineer has kept them level; each is below thirty gallons; they can no longer be trusted. Of course all the red lights are on across the instrument panel, like a Christmas tree. But you are still flying.

Then when you have used up all but a minimum of your altitude and are about

ready to grab the nearest field, the navigator calls in, "There's the field." Sure enough.

The bombardier wants to move Mike up to the waist in case of a messy landing, but you are afraid of moving him with a chance of a broken bone. Besides, there is no reason for your luck to stop now.

Making a circle to the long runway you discover that your radio is shot out. Firing all the signal flares you have (your engineer seems to like to shoot them) you come in on the final approach. The wheels look OK and then you are on. As soon as you have her under control you turn off into the grass to slow down, trying to judge your stop to end up near the ambulance.

Then she stops and you wave the ambulance to the tail and sigh—your job is done. Whew!!

Quickly, though, you jump out to check the Doc's opinion of the crew's condition, especially Mike. Everything is functioning smoothly and efficiently without you, so you just watch. Mike looks up and smiles—"Nice landing, Bud"—and a lump comes to your throat.

V

As the ambulance drives away you turn back to gather up your equipment. There is a big crowd of curious ground crew and officers marveling that the ship came back with all those holes. A Fortress is tough. Suddenly you are terribly and desperately tired, but the job isn't done yet. There is yet the interrogation.

So you gather the crew's stuff together; and what is left of the crew, and climb on the truck to go to the interrogation. There you must go through it all over again, remembering everything in detail, remembering in each case time, place, and altitude.

The coffee and sandwiches help, but you miss familiar faces. Your squadron S2 officers come up and say so-and-so isn't back yet—did you see? Yes, he won't be back, is your answer. And his name is crossed off the list of doubtfuls.

Too tired to eat a meal, you head for the barracks. You shiver as you enter and see the beds of the crew that didn't come back. Clearly you can see each of their faces and remember things they said and did. It is funny, but you can remember a fellow much better when you believe him gone. You had so enjoyed living with those fellows. But you are awfully tired, too tired to figure it out.

Before your nerves have a chance to relax, men come in to collect the clothes of the crew that didn't come back. It makes you sick.

In a couple of days there will be another crew to get to know and like, new names on the board and new faces in the mess, and a little later more new faces. How long will it go on?

With these crews gone from the squadron it will be harder to get passes. There will be more practice missions you have to fly with new crews. Just as you doze off into a troubled sleep you hear, "We are alerted for tomorrow," and hope it isn't an early mission, you are so tired.

For information concerning the contributors to this issue, see Personal and Otherwise among the following pages.

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FRANCE: THE PIECES IN THE PUZZLE

MARY BURNET

Can France re-establish herself in freedom? Will American policy prove to have worked to that end, or against it? As the French drama approaches its climax, Mary Burnet, of the editorial staff of Harper's, a close student of French political affairs, sets down some basic facts as to the people, groups, and principles involved in it.—The Editors

A FEW days after the Allied invasion of Normandy, a group of French and American officers were gathered somewhere on the beachhead. A countryman walked up. "Which one of you," he asked, "is General de Gaulle?"

None of them, of course. The General had not been on the Normandy front except for one visit lasting a few hours. The peasant, who knew him only as a voice over the British radio, the voice of resistance, expected that naturally he would be with the first of the troops who had come to liberate France. The peasant thought of him as a soldier. But for a long time he had been almost exclusively a politician.

A POLITICIAN who had become, as the publisher of a recent book about him says, "the war's most controversial figure." By the date of the Normandy in-

vasion, he was the center of a battle of words and diplomacy which involved a number of American and British newspapers and occupied a considerable proportion of the attention of Roosevelt, Churchill, and collaborators and critics of both. De Gaulle was then working—and had been working for some time—for recognition of his Committee of National Liberation by Britain and America as the "provisional government of the French republic." He had not yet obtained it. But a month later, he visited the United States and got from President Roosevelt concessions which amounted to *de facto* recognition of his Committee as the civil authority in liberated France. He had come to Washington armed with drafts of agreements between the Committee and the British government which granted the Committee approximately the same con-

cessions, and Roosevelt found these agreements acceptable. Even though he had not obtained from either Britain or America the *de jure* recognition he had previously sought, de Gaulle declared himself fully satisfied with the results of his visit.

A large part of the British and American press breathed a sigh of relief; columnists began to congratulate President Roosevelt on having forgotten the petty conflict of personalities which (they held) had so far prevented recognition of de Gaulle; on having reassured the French people that we intended to deal no longer with Vichy or any regime which might emanate from it but with the acknowledged leader of resisting France; and on having at last implemented his Quebec declaration that the French should choose their future government "in a free and untrammelled manner."

Just what, actually, had de Gaulle obtained, and what are the implications of his agreements with Washington and with London for the future of his own country, for her relations with Britain and the United States, and for the Allied cause? Any attempt to answer these questions must take into account the history of the French Committee of National Liberation and more generally of the Fighting French (formerly Free French) movement which General de Gaulle has headed for the past four years.

II

WHEN British and American troops landed in Normandy last June, General de Gaulle's committee was, by its own decree, the provisional government of the French republic. By the admission of the United States and Britain it was trustee for the interests of France in her overseas empire. Actually de Gaulle, as head of the Committee, had control of:

1. *The French Empire*—except for Indo-China, which was under Japanese control. This is the second largest empire in the world and extremely productive.

2. *An army estimated at around 250,000 men.* It included troops from parts of the Empire which joined the de Gaulle movement before November, 1942; such regular French army troops as the 1940 armistice terms permitted to remain in North Africa;

troops hastily recruited by General Giraud in French North and West Africa after the American landings in Casablanca and Algiers; and, finally, numbers of Frenchmen who, happening to be out of the country at the time of the armistice or having escaped since, had joined the de Gaulle movement and taken military training in England, the Middle East, or elsewhere. In addition, the General controlled what remained of the French navy after Toulon; many of the ships had been refitted in American yards and some additional vessels had been furnished by the United States and Britain.

3. *Access to Lend-Lease funds and to increasingly important revenues from the French Empire*, which was finding good customers for many of its products among the United Nations. The Gaullist movement had received its first financial backing in the form of loans from Great Britain and voluntary gifts from various sympathizers; Lend-Lease, extended to Giraud after the American landings in North Africa, had later been transferred to the Algiers Committee.

Incidentally the Committee's offices were run on a grand scale and its personnel well paid: General Béthouart, when he occupied the double post of its civilian and military representative in Washington, received a salary somewhat larger than that of the President of the United States.

4. *The French Committee of National Liberation itself*, with headquarters in Algiers. Except for four ministers without portfolio and one "Commissioner at Large," each of its twenty-one members (their number has varied) was in charge of a branch of the administration of the Empire or—in anticipation of liberation—of metropolitan France. Most of the members of the Committee had been appointed personally by de Gaulle, though two (René Mayer and Jean Monnet) remained from among those brought in by Giraud when he and de Gaulle were co-chairmen of the Committee.

Collectively the Committee acted as the executive authority over the French Empire; it had also, at various times, announced "decrees" or "ordinances" designed to have the effect of laws in France, and had appointed special courts to try persons it suspected of collaboration with

Vichy and the Germans—the most famous case being that of Pierre Pucheu, former Vichy minister of the interior.

5. A “Consultative Assembly” with seats for over ninety delegates (though here, too, the number has varied). Approximately half these seats were reserved for representatives chosen by the “Council of Resistance” inside France. About a quarter were assigned to members of the French parliament of 1940, the different political parties to be represented in the same proportions as in that parliament, and no parliamentarian who voted full powers to Pétain in 1940 (the overwhelming majority did vote for Pétain) to be eligible for a seat except by special dispensation. Some of the parliamentary seats remained vacant, because among the parliamentarians outside France who fulfilled the conditions of membership there were not enough to fill the seats, or at least not enough who wanted to fill the seats. The remaining quarter were for delegates from the “outside resistance”—that is, from various organizations in the French colonies or in Allied or neutral nations which were sympathetic to the resistance movement in France. Thus seats in the Assembly were occupied by delegates from “resistance groups” in Martinique and Madagascar (French colonies), and from Montreal, Cairo, and Buenos Aires (not French colonies at this writing). There was also one delegate from the United States—chosen by France Forever, an organization which says it is “affiliated with the French Committee of National Liberation,” but whose president (like some ten thousand of its members) is an American citizen.

The Assembly had no right to impose decisions on the Committee. Its function was purely advisory. And when, a few weeks after its first meeting (which took place last November) it ventured to express its disagreement with the Committee, it was put in its place by the editor of *La Marseillaise*, the official Gaullist weekly in Algiers, who tartly reminded its members that as they were not regularly elected officials they had no right to interfere with the plans of the Committee. (To an outsider the obvious reply to this criticism would seem to be that the Committee was not elected either.)

6. A thoroughly organized propaganda, censorship, and intelligence service. The origin of the propaganda service was the British Broadcasting Corporation's gift of radio time in the summer of 1940. As soon as de Gaulle had funds at his disposal he was able to supplement this in various ways. Soon his Committee controlled its own radio station in Brazzaville in French Equatorial Africa—the only channel through which “news from Free France” was broadcast to the outside world. By the summer of 1944 it also had, besides civil and military representatives in Allied and neutral countries, official information services in Algiers, London, and New York. It had a news agency, France-Afrique, with a New York office headed by the veteran journalist Robert de St. Jean, and a home office in Algiers headed by a M. Jouve, previously director of the Brazzaville radio station, whose appointment caused threats of resignation among the personnel of France-Afrique in Algiers. According to a report published in *Pour la Victoire*, two journalists connected with the agency were at the same time protesting against its reorganization “after the model of the German D.N.B.” when they had wanted to see it set up along the lines of the Associated Press.

The Committee also subsidized (by “buying space” regularly) a French newspaper in New York. (At first the paper it subsidized was *Pour la Victoire*, owned by the internationally famous Geneviève Tabouis, and counting the Rightist parliamentarian Henri de Kérillis as a regular contributor. After *Pour la Victoire* had stopped toeing the line, financial assistance was transferred to *France-Amérique*, edited by Emile Buré (who first christened Clémenceau “the Tiger”) and Henry Torrès, former Socialist member of parliament.) It had an official weekly (*La Marseillaise*) with London and Algiers editions. It had a tight censorship over all the Algiers newspapers. At least one foreign correspondent in Algiers complained of attempts to impose political as well as military censorship on his outgoing dispatches.

The Gaullist intelligence service, first known as the B.C.R.A. (Bureau Central des Renseignements de l'Armée) had later

been fused with the Office of Special Services in Algiers under Jacques Soustelle, one of the first followers of de Gaulle and formerly Commissioner for Propaganda in the National Committee of London which preceded the present Committee in Algiers. During its London days the B.C.R.A. had achieved a certain notoriety through unsavory rumors concerning its methods of obtaining information from Frenchmen newly arrived from home. One of these Frenchmen, in the summer of 1943, had lodged a complaint over physical mistreatment which he claimed to have undergone in the B.C.R.A.'s London office, but the matter was dropped before the results of any investigations were disclosed. The head of the B.C.R.A. at that time was a man known as Colonel Passy. That is not his real name, but his identity is an open secret. By birth, training, and opinion he is a Rightist and a reactionary, and this background may account for the fact that he has been often and openly accused of having been a member of the secret fascist organization of the Cagoulards, which caused such a scandal in France in 1937.

7. Last but emphatically not least, an ever-increasing number of followers who had found jobs—often better-paying and more imposing jobs than they had ever had before—with the Committee, and whose obvious interest was to keep de Gaulle in power.

IN ADDITION, in June, 1944, de Gaulle claimed to have close contacts with the underground at home (through the Council of Resistance whose delegates occupied half the seats in his Consultative Assembly) and to control its activities to such an extent as to justify his being recognized as provisional leader of all Frenchmen who were resisting the Germans. But there was no proof of either of these claims. In spite of the ease with which, for some time, isolated individuals had been able to get from France to England and even to shuttle back and forth between the two countries, there was no way for outsiders to tell what the French as a whole really thought. What did the resistance in France actually amount to? How closely was it tied to de Gaulle? Would it, if it could be consulted, voluntarily acknowledge him as its political leader?

III

WHAT we did know was that among the anti-Vichy Frenchmen outside France there were two schools of thought. All these people were Gaullists in the sense that they accepted the General as the symbol of resistance to the enemy in France's darkest hour. All were Gaullists in the sense that they supported the military phase of his movement. But on its political aspect they were sharply divided. The dissidents had two complaints. One had to do with the character of the General and of many of the men around him. The other concerned the nature of his relations with the resistance inside France.

De Gaulle, these men reminded us, had become a politician almost overnight. He had no political background. He showed little trace of native political talent, though he seemed to have acquired some political shrewdness. In any case, in politics he was forced to depend on the advice of old hands, of professionals who knew the game. Among Frenchmen who flocked to him after the armistice were not only soldiers and would-be soldiers but politicians and would-be politicians of every hue. Many of these were accepted as officials in the Free French movement, and their ranks furnished most of the men who were to become the trusted confidants of de Gaulle. The trouble was that he had not enough political understanding to know what they represented or to recognize a contradiction when he saw one. He listened to first one faction and then another and then struck out blindly, with the result that he sometimes made startling blunders and put his official spokesmen to considerable embarrassment trying to excuse them later.

An outstanding example of this kind of thing was his tactless first announcement, last March, that his Committee would thenceforth be known as the provisional government of France. The announcement called forth a storm of protest and was explained next day by a de Gaulle aide as "addressed to Algiers and Paris and not to Washington and London."

On many other questions the General has reversed his stand with surprising nonchalance since what he himself termed

"our assumption of power" (the antecedent of "our" is Charles de Gaulle alone) in his "organic declaration" dated from Brazzaville in November, 1940. In that declaration he pledged himself to restore the laws of the Third Republic; since then he has spoken of founding a Fourth Republic purged of the defects of the Third. He has said that his Committee had no right to take measures affecting French sovereignty over the Empire—and subsequently he has proceeded to offer independence to Lebanon and to discuss plans for changing the status of Indo-China. During the negotiations which preceded the founding of the Algiers Committee he wrote a memorandum to General Giraud (then French civil and military chief in Algiers) in which he said that under a Republican regime the supreme civil and military authority could not be vested in the same man; a year later he "retired" General Giraud from his post as commander in chief of the French armies and united supreme civil and military authority in his own person. (On the latter occasion *Pour la Victoire* reprinted on its front page de Gaulle's earlier memorandum to Giraud—thus causing, it is said, considerable consternation in Gaullist quarters in Washington.)

IN FOREIGN affairs de Gaulle has never been anything more than a barometer faithfully registering whatever advances were made to him by any of the three great Western allies. And the chauvinistic nationalism (even more pronounced than one would expect from a leader in his position) which he has flaunted in London and Algiers has been certainly in part an attempt to forestall the charge of lacking an autonomous foreign policy.

In the beginning he gained the friendship of Churchill. But later, losing this, he turned more and more toward Russia, which made him a series of advances culminating at the Moscow Conference, where Stalin gave him more recognition than did anyone else. His gratitude toward Russia was soon coupled with a fierce resentment against England, prompted by Field Marshal Smuts's famous speech in November with its reference to the necessity of England's being the leader of a bloc of Western Europe in which France,

having lost her position as one of the great powers, would be the Continental keystone. The barometer changed again, however, after the meeting between de Gaulle and Churchill at Marrakesh. On that occasion, Churchill apparently succeeded in explaining away the no-longer-a-great-power clause in the Smuts speech and at the same time persuading de Gaulle that it was to his interest to support the bloc-of-Western-Europe policy it announced. At any rate, de Gaulle soon made a speech to the Consultative Assembly in which he dwelt at length on the advantages to France of "a sort of western group" in Europe, united "principally on an economic basis," and declared that "the French government [the Committee] is, from now on, disposed to undertake, with the other interested states, all the necessary studies and negotiations." From about that same period up to the time of de Gaulle's visit to Washington, most of the English press kept up a continual demand for more concessions to de Gaulle than the United States had yet been willing to make. Foreign Secretary Eden urged recognition of the Committee, whose representative in London (the late Pierre Viénot) was a personal friend of his and was treated as a full ambassador. The governments-in-exile of Belgium, Luxembourg, and Norway—and also of Poland, Yugoslavia, and Czechoslovakia—recognized the Committee.

It has long since become banal to speak of de Gaulle's "difficult" personality, which his partisans take as evidence of strength and his opponents interpret as indicating a dictatorial, authoritarian cast of mind. In Washington last July de Gaulle naïvely presented the latter with a beautiful weapon when he said to General Pershing: "Without a war, the world would stagnate." The reply was quick: "We have never had peace long enough to know whether the world would stagnate."

Reports of the conversation explained that the French general was quoting Mohammed. He might almost have been quoting Charles de Gaulle. For in *Le Fil de l'Épée* (1932) he had lamented the rise of "a sort of mysticism which tends not only to curse war but to believe it obsolete,

so strongly do they [the devotees of this 'mysticism'] wish that it were." For his part, the author believed that force was the necessary "midwife" at the birth of progress; and he expressed scorn for the recent policy of France, which, "in domestic affairs, thought for a long time that it could find in liberty the solution of all problems, and that it could substitute it [liberty] for the realities of organization and obligation."

He had decided that "Men, at bottom, can no more do without being directed than they can do without eating, drinking, and sleeping," and that in our time they attach themselves more to individual leaders than to laws. He advised the truly exceptional man, the born leader, not to consider "a strong dose of egoism, of pride, of harshness, of ruse" in his own character as a disadvantage (for "This is not an affair of virtue, and evangelical perfection does not lead to empire"), but to use these traits to increase his "personal prestige" and thus his hold on the crowd. Finally, he added, the would-be leader must have "confidence in himself and in his destiny": "May such an ardor fill ambitious men of the first rank—artists of effort and yeast of the dough—who see no other reason for existence than to imprint their mark on events and, from the shore where ordinary days place them, dream only of the rolling swell of History."

CONSIDERING the General's position—that of a military man forced by circumstances and personal ambition into a political role without being prepared for it—the character and background of the men who surround him are particularly important factors in the situation. Any American who wants any insight into it ought to look at these men as closely as at the General himself.

First, the twenty-one members of the Committee of Liberation itself. They include business men, soldiers, professors, and pre-1940 politicians and civil servants. The politicians represent a segment of parties ranging from the Communists on the extreme left to the Alliance Démocratique (Flandin's party) somewhere to the right of center, and include, oddly enough, a former member of Pétain's

armistice cabinet, the Radical Socialist Henri Queuille. Some admirers of the Committee have been much gratified at the "fraternal union of all parties" which this mixture would seem to indicate; it might have included elements even further to the right if Louis Marin of the Fédération Républicaine, who was welcomed by London de Gaullists in April, 1944, as "the most distinguished politician yet to escape from occupied France," had joined it. But at this writing Marin still has no official connection with it.

Perhaps the most outstanding politician who does have a place on the Committee is André Le Troquer, a Socialist lawyer who defended Léon Blum at the Riom trial. Le Troquer was first Commissioner for War; then in the Committee's latest reshuffle he was made Delegate for the Administration of Liberated Areas. However, at the beginning of August he was still in Algiers, while administrative posts in France itself were being handed around to de Gaulle's trusted henchmen, like François Coulet, named civil administrator of Normandy, and Colonel Pierre de Chevigné, put in charge of military liaison services there.

By far the most obstreperous Commissioners—the only ones who have openly shown themselves restive—are the two Communists, Fernand Grenier and André Billoux, who were appointed in April, 1944, and within a week had threatened to resign in protest against the retirement of Giraud without warning. Grenier had been in the Communist underground in France (started after the German invasion of Russia and exceedingly active since); arriving in London in January, 1943, he had brought de Gaulle the official support of the French Communists inside the country. Billoux had been among the Communist members of parliament who were arrested after their campaign for a negotiated peace in October, 1939 (Grenier had escaped the roundup); deported to Africa in 1940, he was liberated by Giraud in 1943 along with those of his comrades who were in the same plight.

But in general the most active of the Committee's members are those from the faithful group known as the "London band," who have been with de Gaulle

practically since the beginning, and on whom he has relied through all sorts of ups and downs. The most prominent of these men are René Pléven, for years a representative of electrical equipment concerns in London and Paris and a sort of glorified commuter between the two capitals, who has served as de Gaulle's Commissioner of Foreign Affairs and is now Commissioner of the Colonies; Adrien Tixier, formerly a specialist in labor and social security problems in the League of Nations, who had been out of France since 1940, had represented de Gaulle in New York until the formation of the Algiers Committee, and later had become his Commissioner of Social Affairs; and André Diéthelm, a former "fonctionnaire" in the Ministry of Finance, who had been appointed director of the big insurance company, the Urbaine, when it was put under government control during the Front Populaire. Since his escape from France in August, 1941, Diéthelm had been a sort of general financial manager for the Gaullist movement, though by the time of the Normandy invasion his official post was that of Minister of War.

The official Commissioner of Finance at that time was Pierre Mendès-France, a young Radical-Socialist who had been an under-secretary in the Ministry of Finance under Daladier. Upon his escape from France he became—and remained—very close to de Gaulle. In July, 1944, he was one of the Liberation Committee's two delegates at the Bretton Woods Conference. At the end of it he voiced a protest, in the name of the Committee, which contained an interesting contradiction. First he complained that it was "not fair" to France or other occupied European nations that they should be put in the same position as countries which had not suffered occupation and devastation." In the next breath he complained that France's quota in the Stabilization Fund was too small considering that, in monetary gold holdings, she was the second richest of the United Nations!

Another of the Committee's financial specialists is the Commissioner at Large, Jean Monnet. M. Monnet is the son of a wealthy brandy manufacturer who was a personal friend of William Bullitt, Ameri-

can Ambassador to France at the time of the armistice. He was one of the two advisers who worked with Giraud when the latter was put in charge of civil and military affairs in North Africa after the death of Darlan, and in appointing him Giraud was doubtless influenced by the belief that the choice of a man so well known in the United States would be agreeable to the Americans. M. Monnet was certainly well known in American banking circles; he was connected with the Blair Bank, of New York (whose affiliate, the Banque Bénard Frères of Paris, had failed in the early twenties) and also with Monnet, Murnane & Co. At the beginning of the war he was head of the French Purchasing Commission in London, and after the Armistice he divided his time mainly between London and New York until he went to Algiers. When the Committee of National Liberation was first formed, with de Gaulle and Giraud as co-chairmen, M. Monnet became a member; he remained after Giraud's resignation from the Committee and throughout all the subsequent changes in the Committee's personnel he has continued to hold an important place.

The Committee's one career diplomat is René Massigli, who resigned his post as Ambassador to Turkey after the collapse of 1940 but remained in France until 1943. Like Viénot, he has known Anthony Eden well for a long time and been on excellent terms with him. Upon Viénot's death last July, Massigli was mentioned as a possible successor to him as the Committee's London representative.

Looking at this group of radicals and rightists, of Communists and international bankers, one wonders how long it will hold together once the compulsion of resistance to the common enemy is removed. One wonders, too, about the reception certain of its members will find in France. Among those who are commonly considered to belong to the inner circle, there is a large proportion of men like Monnet, Pléven, Tixier, Henri Bonnet (Commissioner of Information) who have either been out of France since the armistice or have been away since the beginning of the war. Since 1792 the French have had a strong prejudice against attempts at

leadership by "émigrés," and four years of starvation and bombing which these men have not shared may not increase their popularity with their countrymen at home.

As to the Committee's representatives abroad, they have been the subject of attacks even within the Consultative Assembly, usually so docile in expressing its opinions. In one of the Assembly's meetings last spring, Francis Perrin, delegate of the "outside resistance" in the United States, complained of the number of Pétainists still in the Committee's diplomatic corps; and before that another member of the Assembly had repeatedly demanded the recall of one of the most highly placed of them, Henri Hoppenot, the Committee's representative in Washington. Certainly M. Hoppenot's was an outstanding case—he had been the Vichy government's representative in Montevideo in October, 1942—but it was far from unique.

In the Committee's Consultative Assembly in Algiers, all the seats have never been filled, and there have been some resignations since its establishment. (The phenomenon is hardly surprising in view of the Assembly's complete impotence.) Its parliamentary section contains none of the leading lights in prewar French politics—unless one wishes to award such a title to Vincent Auriol, Finance Minister under Léon Blum. In the beginning Pierre Cot, Minister of Aviation in Blum's cabinet and one of those accused by the Vichy government at Riom, also sat in the Assembly. But M. Cot made one speech, containing the statement, "We do not want any part of a presidential form of government which opens the door to dictatorship," and was shortly sent on a mission to Moscow. He is still in Russia at this writing.

No review of de Gaulle's associates would be complete without some mention of the men who from being his followers have become his opponents. One of the foremost of these is Admiral Muselier, who in 1941 led an expedition to take over the islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon in the name of the Free French and then, when the United States protested, was dropped by de Gaulle. In London there is a regularly organized group calling itself the

"Groupe Jean Jaurès" (after the famous French Socialist leader assassinated on the eve of the First World War) made up of men who have left de Gaulle because they doubted his attachment to Republican principles.

ON THE question of de Gaulle's relations with the underground inside France at the time of the Normandy invasion, anti-Vichy Frenchmen abroad who disagreed with him politically had naturally no more proofs than anyone else, but they pointed out some pertinent facts. They recalled that there was organized resistance in France almost immediately after the armistice (the first underground newspaper, *Les Petites Ailes*, began to appear in November, 1940), but that there was virtually no communication between the underground groups and Gaullist headquarters in London before 1942; up to then the only contacts were made through military channels independent of de Gaulle's offices in London. When direct contacts (at first very few and precarious) were set up between de Gaulle and various underground groups in France, they were due to the initiative of the latter, which acknowledged the General as the symbol of resistance to the Germans and wanted to co-ordinate their activities at home with his military efforts abroad. They did not at that time (the dissidents insist) think of his movement as political in character except in so far as it was anti-German and anti-Vichy. In some cases at least, their agents were welcomed in London and were furnished with money by de Gaulle's office to help in the work of their groups, which perforce lost a measure of their independence in their relations with de Gaulle.

That with the passage of time communications between de Gaulle and the underground inside France have become progressively better may be taken as a matter of course. That they have been well-nigh perfected since the Normandy invasion is almost a certainty. But that a technical military liaison, however good, implies endorsement of de Gaulle's politics by the whole or even the majority of the maquis, the railroad saboteurs, and the blowers-up of factories is an assumption which may be strongly contested.

IV

IT WAS doubt on this last question which led the American government to put off for so long any kind of recognition of the Algiers Committee. Then invasion day came with relations between the Committee and the Allies still uncertain—and with recriminations on both sides over the circumstances of Eisenhower's and de Gaulle's addresses to the French people and over the affair of the two hundred French liaison officers who at the last minute did not accompany the Allied armies into Normandy as Eisenhower (with or without justification) had expected them to do. It was obvious that some sort of understanding with the Committee was an urgent practical problem.

That understanding was reached during de Gaulle's visit to Washington early in July. Its effect is to allow the Committee's civil affairs officials to go into France immediately behind the Allied troops and take charge of each town and village as the tide of fighting passes beyond it. However, in "military zones" Eisenhower's civil affairs officers reserve the right to hear the case of any other resistance groups which may present themselves; to veto the Committee's appointments if the men chosen should be "unable or unwilling to co-operate with the Allied military authorities"; and to request their replacement by men nominated by other resistance groups or nominated by Allied civil affairs officers themselves.

On the face of it this agreement takes care of everything nicely. When he left the United States de Gaulle said he was satisfied with it. The American government apparently considered that it left open the question of relations between the Committee and the French people. And in an article in the *New York Herald Tribune*, Sumner Welles called it "the most satisfactory development in our foreign relations in many a long month." Repeating once more that American policy toward France had been guided all along by the cardinal principle that "no action taken by the United States should in any way influence or limit the right of the people of France, when France is liberated, freely to choose their own form of govern-

ment," Mr. Welles pointed out that *official* recognition of the Committee by the United States "would be by no means merely a gesture of sympathy and moral support to an organization of gallant French patriots" but "would involve very concrete material results." Three of these he listed:

It would imply the recognition by this government of the right of the National Committee to exercise immediately in every liberated part of France full political powers, which the French people themselves have not authorized the committee to exercise. It would imply the right of the committee to assume supreme military authority over all French nationals within all liberated areas in metropolitan France. It would imply the right of the committee to dispose of all of the French financial resources now blocked within the United States, for which this government should be bound to act as a trustee until the French people can take over their control through their own constitutional methods.

In other words, Mr. Welles was pleased with the agreement reached in Washington because he thought it did not give the Committee the controls it desired over the immediate future of France. General de Gaulle, apparently, was pleased because he thought it did.

ANY political group which wants to get into power finds the job immeasurably easier if it controls two weapons: the currency and the press. Within the framework of the Washington agreement the Committee may soon control both these.

It will not be allowed to dispose of the French assets now blocked in the United States, but it will (as a result of its complaints about the Allied "invasion francs") be permitted to issue its own temporary currency in the liberated areas.

It will be allowed (subject to the veto reserved for Allied civil affairs officers) to name temporary civil authorities in the liberated areas, who will administer them until elections can be held. According to the Committee's interpretation, this authority extends to control over the press.

We have seen how tight press control has been in Algiers. As early as last spring the Committee began to discuss plans for the "regulation" of the press in France. Newspapers in liberated Normandy have had to have the permission of the Commit-

tee's officials before resuming publication. When de Gaulle was in Washington in July a reporter asked him about the status of foreign correspondents in France; he replied that they would have the same facilities as in their own countries. But a few days later, according to an AP dispatch from Algiers, the Committee "published and thereby legally adopted a press law establishing a single French agency with exclusive rights to distribute all French and foreign news within France." This caused considerable adverse comment abroad and was later explained by Henri Bonnet, the Committee's Commissioner of Information, as a stopgap measure designed to cover the "difficult period" until a free press can be re-established in France. But this "difficult period" will be also the period when the country is supposed to be preparing free elections. During that critical time, is the press to be kept under totalitarian controls?

"Free elections" prepared by a controlled press run the risk of not being very free. The risk is multiplied when the same authority that controls the press also passes on the eligibility of the candidates and gets up the voting lists. If the Gaullists, acting no longer as soldiers of the resistance but as members of a political party which tends to become an official party, should completely control the press, the radio, and freedom of assembly, along with all the necessary funds to support their campaign, and thus be able to deprive their opponents of any means of expressing their opinion, would it still be possible to speak honestly of free elections?

In what seems to be a sincere attempt to preserve for the French people, after the war, the liberties for which they have fought not one revolution but three, President Roosevelt has stood firm against the imposition upon them of any authority before they had had a chance to express a choice. This attitude has brought on him a great deal of criticism from inside the United States and considerable pres-

sure from outside sources. Obviously he intended to stick to his guns in the agreements worked out as a result of de Gaulle's visit to Washington. It would be tragic if, under the pressure of events, these liberties were not preserved.

It would be tragic for the French because, if one-sided campaigning and distorted election procedures should bring to power a regime which did not really have the support of the majority of the people, they would have to go to considerable trouble to get rid of it again. If such a regime should try to perpetuate itself by force, it would sooner or later be met with force and France would be a prey to civil war at one of the most crucial stages of her history. It would be unfortunate for Franco-American relations because, having drawn the resentment of the Gaullists outside France through her coolness toward their Committee, the United States would then draw the resentment of the French at home through her failure to guarantee them freedom of choice at a time when she could have done so. And it would be unfortunate for the cause of the Allies because France, through her geographical position in Europe, will have to play an important part in any scheme of postwar organization. She will be more or less useful according to whether she is healthy or weakened by civil strife.

The French may want Charles de Gaulle, the symbol of resistance, as a political leader. They may want to back candidates of their own—perhaps men who have made a reputation in the underground at home since the occupation and whose names have never even reached the outside world. They may want to change their minds more than once before conditions permit general elections. Certainly, if their past political behavior is any indication, they will want to argue the issues publicly and at length. The job of Allied civil affairs officers is—in the common interest—to see that they get a fair chance to do any of these things that they choose.

{ C. Hartley Grattan, frequent contributor on economic subjects, was one of the authors of "The Future of Foreign Trade" in our August issue. }

FACTORIES CAN'T EMPLOY EVERYBODY!

Why the Service Industries Must Expand

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN



A COLOSSAL error is being made by the great majority of those who are discussing what America must do to achieve postwar prosperity. They talk in terms of employment in *factories*. When they speak of finding jobs for the eleven million returning soldiers and sailors, and for the millions of workers who are now engaged in war production, they talk of finding room for them in "industry"—and it is clear that they mean jobs in factory production. This is a dangerous error, for it may be productive of much mistaken and fruitless planning on the part of business men, local re-employment committees, and government agencies.

It is high time, therefore, to hammer home to Americans these elementary facts:

First, that it will be impossible for the factories of this country to employ more than a fraction of these millions of people in the production of peacetime goods.

Second, that this fact is nothing to despair of. For if we are to have a healthy postwar economy, the first essential is that our workers *be properly distributed* among the various occupations which make up that economy; and the best distribution will be one in which *a smaller proportion of Americans are engaged in manufacturing*—not only

smaller than now, but smaller than in the nineteen-thirties, before the war boom began—and *a larger proportion are engaged in the service industries*.

Third, that our main attention must therefore be concentrated upon seeing that after the war these service industries are given every opportunity to expand.

Now what do I mean by service industries? They include trade, transportation and communication, public service, professional service, domestic and personal service, and clerical occupations—to use the list of categories used by the Census. If these formal terms are translated into everyday language, the service industries include:

Everybody in wholesale or retail trade—jobbers, department stores, shops, etc.

Everybody working in transportation—railroads, busses, etc.

Everybody working in communication—telephone, telegraph, etc.

Bankers, brokers, and insurance people

Office workers generally

Hotel-keepers, and their staffs; restaurant-keepers and their waiters and cooks; laundrymen, pressers, dyers, cleaners; apartment-house employees; domestic servants

College professors, teachers, librarians, museum workers

Publishers, newspaper people, advertising people; radio announcers and performers; everybody in the movie and theater business

Physicians, dentists, nurses, hospital people
Lawyers, judges, and their employees

Ministers, social service workers

Artists, architects, authors, musicians, photographers

And, finally, government employees.

This list is far from complete, of course. If you want to round it out for yourself, consult the Classified Telephone Directory for your city and see for yourself what an infinity of service occupations are represented there. Somebody has said that the Classified Directory should be required reading for economists, and the idea is good. It would help to banish the idea that the factory is everything.

You may have been struck, as you ran your eye down the above list, with the thought, "Why, most of the people I know are engaged in the service industries!" Of course. For the fact is that under peacetime conditions some half of the workers of America are engaged in them—a much larger proportion than are engaged in manufacturing or in farming; that this proportion shows a tendency to increase; and finally—and here is the nub of my argument—that the growth of the service industries is a sound development and one to be encouraged.

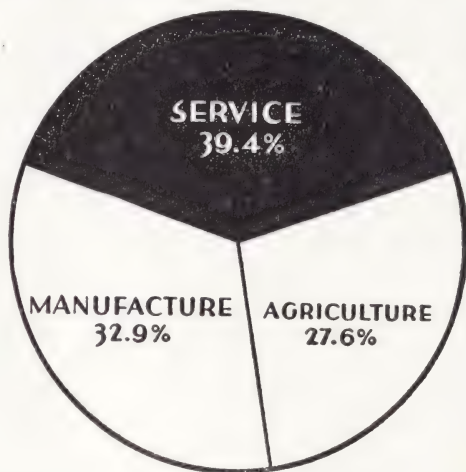
First let me show how it has increased. Look first at this statistical pie, which shows the proportions of Americans engaged in various main occupations in 1870:



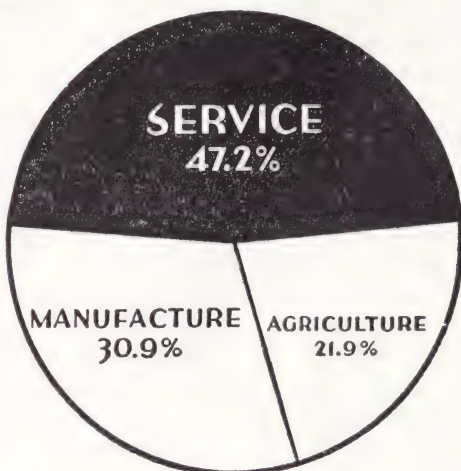
You will see that more than half of all Americans who were classified as working in 1870 were in agriculture (with which we have included forestry and fishing);

that a little over a fifth were in manufacturing (with which we have included mechanical occupations and mining); and that a little less than a quarter were in the service industries.

By 1920 a vast change had taken place. The agricultural slice of the 1920 pie had shriveled; both the manufacturing slice and the service slice had swollen. Here is the 1920 pie:



Now look at the 1930 pie, and you will note a curious fact. Not only has the agricultural part of the pie undergone further shrinkage; *the manufacturing part has also shrunk a little, relatively*, while the service industries' slice has grown still more:



Why this change? The best answer has been given by two British economists, Allan G. B. Fisher (the man who wrote "The Clash Between Progress and Security" in the July *Harper's*) and Colin Clark. They have shown that a comparatively primitive economy has a large proportion

of its people engaged in farming; that as it develops, more and more people move over into manufacturing; but that in a really advanced economy, the proportion of people engaged in the services gains at the expense of *both farming and manufacturing*.

There is a strong trend toward growth in the whole modern economy, and so the actual number of men and women engaged in manufacture tends to increase; but it does not increase as fast as the number of men and women in the service occupations. Clark has found—using slightly different methods of classification from those used in this article—that among all the countries of the world, the ones with the largest proportion of people in the service industries (his term is tertiary industries, but he means virtually the same thing) are Great Britain, the United States, New Zealand, and Australia, in which the standard of living is comparatively high; and he concludes that a high concentration of people in the service industries is a sign of a high standard of living.

This may shock some people who are under the impression that—as Stuart Chase has said—there is something “parasitic” about the service industries: that they are “a kind of debt upon” the physical output of the national economy. It may shock some people who have got into their heads the notion that the man in overalls is more to be prized as a worker than the man in a white collar; that the man on the assembly line is doing something real and valid, while the stenographer or orchestra conductor or professor is by contrast economically trivial. Nonsense. Antiquated nonsense. *If this country is to have a higher and higher standard of living after the war, the movement into the service occupations is to be welcomed, planned for.*

TRANSLATE this statement into terms of what you yourself would like to look forward to after the war. To hear some economists and government officials talk, one would think that postwar employment depended wholly upon your buying manufactured goods—building a house, getting a new car, a new washing machine, a new radio, new clothes, new furniture.

That's all fine, but don't you look forward to some other things too?

The surveys always ask what *objects* you and I want most. But much as we want these things, there are others we also want. Above all, as daily conversation would inform the experts, we want service. We want a laundry which gets shirts clean and irons them neatly and calls for and delivers them on time. We want service stations where we can get a tire changed in a hurry. When we travel by train we want to be able to get in the dining car without waiting so long. We want to be able to do our marketing without having to lug all our packages home. In our free time we want to enjoy accessible, well-run parks, beaches, resorts. And there are undoubtedly countless services which we have never had but which we would welcome if some imaginative and resourceful individual provided them. (In the Personal and Otherwise column at the back of the magazine one such service is proposed, and in the April, 1944, *Harper's* there was an article on “Housekeeping After the War” which dealt with other services that may well be expanded.) In short, wanting to enjoy a high standard of living, we'd like to have the service industries as well as the factories work for us.

Now translate this statement into terms of what you can do to keep American postwar employment high:

If you are planning in your town to help the boys returned from the Army to find jobs, don't think that the alternatives are inducing some company to locate a new factory in the town, or else building a local park on a WPA basis. Think, rather, in terms of giving every encouragement to the local stores, hotels, restaurants, laundries, schools, hospitals, resorts.

If you have a young friend who learned all about laundry work in the Army at Camp Lee, or about radio in the Navy, don't try to steer him into a factory that makes laundry machinery or a factory that makes radio equipment; steer him into setting up a local laundry, a local electrical or radio service shop.

And if you are an industrial or business or government planner for postwar re-employment, *get out of your head the disastrous notion that only by reconverting to peace-*

time use the whole disproportionate industrial plant that we have built for war purposes will we be able to escape a postwar depression. Expect a good deal of that industrial plant to be unable to function in time of peace. Fasten your eyes upon the service industries. Plan for their expansion.

For if we fail to bring about the expansion of the service industries we shall fail, not only to solve our own domestic economic problem, but to realize our enormous potentialities as a factor in, and an influence upon, the world economy.

RELIQUARY

MARTHA KELLER

NO STONE was ever white enough,
 No evergreen was green enough,
 Nor any earth was good enough
 To be the sepulcher
 Of those who lie in sea and sand
 In any and in every land,
 Who died to prove our word was worth
 The worth of what they were.

Wherever now it is they be,
 In what green wave of what green sea
 Or fragment of infinity
 Of cemetery stones—
 Although all men at length forget
 And are forgot, they have not yet,
 The-young-to-be-anonymous,
 Been buried with their bones.

For greener than a tree in leaf,
 Whatever tree they lie beneath,
 Of their oblation and belief
 Remains a residue:
 Their love itself that is their one,
 Their only resurrection—
 Because they loved us, God be thanked . . .
 And that will have to do.

{ Leighton Rogers, assistant to the president of the Bell Aircraft Corporation, headed a group of engineers sent by Bell to Russia last summer. These notes are excerpts from his Russian diary. }

RUSSIANS LIKE OUR PLANES

An American Aircraft Man Visits the Soviets

LEIGHTON ROGERS



It is still difficult for me to believe that I am here in Russia. It came about so simply.

One morning Lawrence Bell called me in and said: "I have received an invitation from Marshal Joseph Stalin to send some engineers to Russia for a few months. Will you head the thing up?"

First, somewhat to my own surprise later, I said, "Yes." Then, "What's the idea?"

He told me. It was simple. The Red Army Air Forces are using many Bell Aircraft Airacobra fighter planes which they receive under Lend-Lease and he wanted to know how they are using them, with what results, and how, in the Russians' opinion, the company might build a better airplane. For some time he had explored every avenue of approach to obtain permission to send a group to Russia, without success. Finally he had written a letter to Stalin about it. Somewhat to his surprise as well as that of everyone else who had known about the matter, he received a letter from the Soviet ambassador in Washington saying that Marshal Stalin extended an invitation to send a group of engineers to Russia.

"What have they agreed to?" I asked.

"Nothing, except to give you visas to enter the country and to see that you get to the front. What you do to learn what

we want to learn and how you do it are up to you."

"Okay," I said. "Let me have some men who know their stuff technically and we'll give it a try."

So here we are.

OUR first contact with the Russians in Teheran amazed me, to say the least. From my experience in 1916-1918, when I had spent sixteen months in Russia, I had expected apathy, inefficiency, delay. But at the Intourist Bureau, where we had to apply for our air transportation to Moscow, they said: "Yes, the authorization is here. It has been here for some time. Where have you been? We have been expecting you." This was, in my experience, unprecedented in foreign affairs, not only for Russia but for any other nation.

Moreover, they gave us the tickets and refused to take any money. Then came the question of our excess baggage, of which we had seven hundred and fifty pounds—tools and special equipment. I offered to pay for that but they looked over the list and said: "No, it's all right. We're only sorry that you didn't bring the other half of the Bell Aircraft factory over with you."

At the airport in Teheran we met the Russian crew. They were a rugged-

looking, well-uniformed group, seeming older than they probably were. They were amiable and friendly once we broke the ice with a few cigarettes. American cigarettes are a great help on a trip like this.

Naturally, all of us being or having been pilots, we were interested to see how they would fly the airplane, a Douglas DC3-type twin-engine transport, of which they seem to have many. Some they manufacture themselves under license and others they get under Lend-Lease. It seems to be the workhorse of their military air transport system.

The take-off was normal, but then the pilot proceeded to horse the airplane around in a steep banked climbing turn over the group on the ground before straightening out for altitude. I thought: "O-ho! Back to the good old days of 1928."

Climb and climb. We went over the mountain range which separates the plateau of Teheran from the plains of the Caspian shore at twelve thousand feet and still were going between peaks at the top. We slid easily down to the Caspian and followed the shore line at not more than five hundred feet all the way into Baku.

The Baku region looks much like the oil country around Long Beach, California, with oil derricks scattered in profusion about the bare, brown, rolling hills and the flat marshes.

The city itself is pleasant. It might well be a grown-up French Riviera town with its parks on the waterfront, its hotels and apartment houses backed by the city on the sloping hillside. The harbor curves in a wide, extensive arc which would look like Naples if there were a volcano in the background. At one end of the arc, on a high hill, is a splendid new park. Baku is the border station into Russia by this route. We had no trouble with visas or baggage inspection or any of the formalities of travel.

From Baku we followed the gentle shore of the Caspian and its shallow jade-green waters up to Astrakhan, where we stopped for an hour or so. Then we headed for Moscow non-stop. We crossed the majestic Volga River and were soon over the vast central Russian rolling plain which extends

for thousands of square miles. A gentle, fertile land, dotted with lakes and veined with streams; vast stretches of pine and white-birch forests with cut-out areas of farms and small villages grouped about the inevitable domed church; and an occasional town or city with factory chimneys smoking.

We arrived in Moscow in the late afternoon, ten days from the United States.

SOMETHING has happened here that I would not have believed possible did I not see and hear it all about me. These are different people from the old Czarist Russians.

In the old days, Russia consisted of the glittering aristocracy, a smattering of merchants and small business men, and the vast herd of the peasantry—poor beyond our comprehension, living in what we call squalor, without education, without advance, without change, and without hope. The upper crust was a Ziegfeld performance of a luxury without parallel in the world—money, clothes, jewels, palaces. Those people were on the whole a handsome crowd, the results of generations of breeding and exposure to culture. They were charming, interesting—and useless. They are gone, completely. I haven't seen a face that reminded me of them.

The old peasantry were a lazy, inefficient, drunken lot—they knew that whatever they did they could not expect advancement, hence they did little. In the old days the most-used word in the language was *nichevo*, meaning "Never mind . . . let it go . . . what does it matter?"

You rarely hear the word now. These new people all have a rugged, up-from-the-soil look. They do not have the smooth, handsome faces of the old. They work hard; they are curious, interested, ambitious. Of course they are cruelly wounded by the war, but their outstanding reaction seems to be impatience with it. They feel that it interrupted good progressive work they were doing to develop the country and themselves. They want to get it over with and get back to work.

The attitude is well illustrated by the remark of a technical man on a Russian transport airplane. We had forgotten to

bring food to help tide over the long hops. He took a packet from his knapsack and unrolled the cheese, bologna, and black bread. He offered me some. He had so little that I thanked him, saying that I was not hungry. "You like black bread?" he queried. "Yes," I said. "It is not so good as white bread," he continued, "but for ten more years we shall have to eat it while we rebuild our country, and then we shall have white bread."

II

BACK from a visit to a front-line fighter base. There was not much opportunity to take written notes so I hasten to set them down now.

When we were notified of the plans for our trip, it was surprising to learn that we would be flown to our destination. This is unusual. Nearly all visits by foreigners to the front are by train or automobile. The four Americans in our party were accompanied by a Red Army Air Force colonel, a lieutenant colonel, and two captains in charge of arrangements for the trip. Incidentally, one was an extremely capable English-Russian interpreter, trained in the technical phases of aeronautics, with a sound knowledge of the technical vocabulary—and an interesting and engaging chap besides, with a good sense of deadpan humor.

Again, as we took off, the pilot horsed the airplane around a bit, banking steeply; got his five hundred feet of altitude, which seems to be the standard ceiling for Russian air transport; and headed for the south-central front. The Russians' flying often seems to be all contact, following the good old iron compass—the railroads. They like to haul the airplanes around in much the same manner and probably for the same reasons that we did back in 1929—for fun. The fact that the equipment is not designed for that kind of flying does not seem to bother them; an airplane is an airplane and should always fly. They usually do.

It was a beautiful, balmy early September day. As far as we could see around us the countryside rolled gently, patterned by streams, small lakes, the regular geometrics of cultivated farms, vast pile-car-

pets of pine and white birch. Children waved their dresses and smocks, groups of cattle stampeded, and dogs ran around in circles. Except for our intrusion, it was a pleasant, peaceful countryside—almost idyllic, had it not been for occasional stretches where the black soil exhibited the zigzag cicatrices of recent trenches, the pockmarks of gun nests and bomb craters, and the scattered rash of destroyed houses.

The repetitious quality of the landscape turned us back to ourselves for interest. The young blond Captain dozed. Bill was telling the Lieutenant Colonel, a test pilot, of some of his flying experiences in Australia. Frank studied a batch of engineering bulletins. George engaged the other Captain in a discussion of aerodynamics. The Colonel beckoned to me to sit beside him. He was halfway through an English-language edition of Dreiser's *Sister Carrie*. He asked me if I knew Dreiser's work, and we discussed him at some length.

We landed on a seemingly boundaryless natural field. Airplanes were dispersed in revetments and concealed in patches of woods with branches laid over their wings so that they were almost invisible from the air. Gaunt remains of a few hangars and wide craters testified to bombings. Dugouts and low huts seemed to be the only structures in use now. A fine wide concrete runway cut across one corner of the field, built by the Germans who had been in possession until recently.

WE were loaded into a bus and driven over the field and down country lanes to a small village. Its one street was lined with the typical Ukrainian whitewashed, clay-walled, thatch-roofed houses with their small gardens rich with flowers in front, and abundant with squash, fruit trees, potato and tomato vines, and towering sunflower stalks at the sides and rear. We entered one of these houses. The small rooms were low-ceilinged and bare-floored but neat and clean. Lace curtains draped the windows, a print cloth covered the table, and on the walls were a lithograph of Stalin and a framed photograph of a young married couple, the bridegroom seated stiffly and

the bride standing beside him, hand on his shoulder. Another showed a group of young men of forty years ago in semi-uniform and military cap, evidently a class or a group at some school under the Czar. A third was of two young men, scarcely more than boys, in Red Army uniform, probably brothers or close friends in the village.

In the living room we were introduced to a lieutenant colonel and two of his junior officers. He is the commanding officer of the fighter squadron at this base. He is a wiry, sandy-haired man of about thirty-five years, completely frank, and with quiet humor. He is obviously proud of his squadron. After the preliminaries, we discussed our visit and the Colonel presented a program of activity for us. We were pleased, because friends in the United States and Moscow had told us, "They won't let you see or do a thing. If you get out of Moscow at all, which is doubtful, you will be so carefully guarded that you will be able to accomplish nothing. You won't be allowed to talk to the pilots or the mechanics." The Colonel's proposal was quite the opposite. We agreed enthusiastically.

There followed an hour's discussion based on this squadron's experience with our airplane. To say that they like it is putting it mildly. Their score against the Germans is seventy-one to twenty. They understand the plane fully. They know its good points and its weaknesses. They take it for what it is, use it for the purpose for which it was designed, and do not complain because it cannot do other things. They have frank suggestions for improvements. These are sound. They are not given in a spirit of carping criticism. Altogether, an interesting and refreshing meeting.

After the meeting we were led to another house further along the dusty street. This had been taken over for our use. A sentry stood at the gate and barbed wire fenced it off from the street. A husky young Ukrainian woman, the form and surface of health, with pink cheeks and blue eyes and an amused smile at these Americans, supervised the household. There were an army cook and army orderlies. Here the eight of us slept and had our meals.

WE gasped when we saw the table for dinner that evening. Since our arrival in Moscow we have been living at one of the government hotels reserved for foreigners, and the food, though better than that of the Russian civilians, is not much to boast about. Cabbage soup, black bread without butter, a silver-dollar-sized piece of fish or mysterious meat, a small potato, a glass of tea, and a tiny jam tart comprise a meal, with practically no variation. Never a green vegetable, never fruit, rarely eggs. Here, the long table supported bowls of boiled eggs, tomatoes, apples and pears, platters of butter and smoked salmon and bowls of caviar. A row of vodka bottles occupied the center of the table. "The army must have the best of everything," you often hear in Russia. It looked that way.

The squadron commander acted as host. We were at once on our feet drinking a toast to the President of the United States; I followed with one to Marshal Stalin and, as the business with the food progressed, there were others. Whatever ice there might have been about the gathering was soon pulverized and I was delighted to find the evening proceeding just as they used to in the old days—toasts, stories, songs, and general good fun.

In the morning we went to the field and sat down in the long grass with about thirty pilots. We had a list of questions to ask them and they had some for us. We sat in a circle. Some of the pilots chewed long stalks of grass. They examined our cigarettes curiously before lighting them. We smoked some of their paper-tubed affairs, largely out of courtesy. They ribbed us a bit, saying it wasn't necessary.

The questions and answers continued for two hours. They showed no reticence and talked briefly but well about their experience. They were quite realistic, always naturally polite, and never wise-cracking. They seem to respect the German pilots but feel confident in a quiet way.

In the middle of the session a staff car drove up and the Colonel commanding the base got out. Everyone stood up. He is a big, burly, wide-shouldered man with hands like bundles of railroad spikes. He shook our hands and told us that he

had just heard announced over the Moscow radio that Italy had surrendered to the United States, Great Britain, and the Soviet Union. He placed considerable emphasis on the Soviet Union and seemed much pleased at its inclusion. The buzz of conversation following this announcement interrupted our conference for a few minutes; but finally we all sat down again, including the Colonel, and the meeting proceeded. He asked an occasional question himself—he is also a pilot—and prodded his men to speak up and say what they liked.

In the afternoon we had a similar session with about a hundred mechanics, five of them girls. Frank and Bill put on their coveralls and went to work on the airplanes. Their demonstrations of the quick way to do some things were greeted with *ohs* and *ahs* and expressions of delight.

It looked as though the boys weren't going to be able to break away from this meeting. "One more question; just one more question, please," followed every move our escort made to take us into the cars with the promise that we would return the next day. We were impressed with their hard work, their ingenuity, their sincerity, and their eagerness to learn.

Early in the morning we were awakened by anti-aircraft fire from the guns ringing the field, sounding like piles of planks thrown from a truck. We hustled out to see what was going on. A German photographic plane had evidently come over. Such was its altitude that we could not see it, but its vapor trail streaked across the sky. Soviet pursuits were up, and the ack-ack slammed away, but the Heinie had enough altitude to enable him to get his pictures and run for home without much interference. "They are paying their respects to you Americans," said the Captain. But later in the day we passed the probable real reason for the German visit—a large group of tanks moving through the countryside, so cleverly camouflaged with branches and small trees wired to them that they were around us before we realized it.

ONE day the Russians wanted us to show some of our technical moving picture films. They arranged for us to

use a film theater in a neighboring city, the only one intact after the German retreat. We piled in the cars and set off for the city, some six or eight miles away.

It sits up in the sunlight on a high ridge with a small river winding below it. We wound about the country roads, pockmarked with filled-in bomb craters, past the line of camouflaged tanks. The railroad yards had been heavily bombed three days previous and there were numerous buildings and cars tossed about as though by an imbecile giant child at play. The river bridge had adequate makeshift repairs. Men, women, and children were working on what was left of the tram line and it looked as though it would soon be in operation again. We climbed the hill along the main street of the city. Every building of any size, of any importance, was nothing but a shell—roof gone, floor beams broken and sagging, and the remnants of walls streaked by smoke and fire. The huge and handsome new medical center had one wing gutted by fire and the great dome was completely gone. Much of the metalwork of the town, including tracks, the iron posts supporting the wires, ironwork balconies, and machinery, had been torn away and shipped to Germany. People had built lean-tos and dugouts in the ruins and were trying to pick up their old life in the city again.

The effect on you of a town wantonly destroyed from the inside like this is different from the effect of destruction by artillery fire or bombing. It is one thing to see a city destroyed by artillery because it is defending itself with artillery; it is another thing to see it blasted from the air because it is a center for war production industry; but there is a reaction of bitter, futile exasperation when you see a city which has been set on fire and blown up from the inside, building by building. You understand a bit more clearly the inscription which the Russians have painted on whatever clear space they can find of the walls of these buildings, "Death to the German Invader." Sometimes this stands alone and again it closes a quotation from Stalin.

We found the theater. It was a narrow, wooden affair, much like those in the United States in the early days of the

motion picture, with bare plank floor and stiff folding seats, a screen and a piano. The commanding officer of the field met us and introduced us to his staff. He had brought some one hundred and fifty of his pilots and mechanics in trucks from the field to see our films. Their heavy boots scuffed on the floor; they called to one another, clumped friends on the back, like youngsters the world over.

I was a bit worried about the films because they are strictly technical films carefully made to teach the most effective way to repair, adjust, and service various elements of the airplane. The comment is in English and we had not had time, before leaving the United States, to have sound tracks made in Russian. But the Commanding Officer said: "Do not worry about that. The men who will see these films will understand what is going on with or without the comment."

Such proved to be the case. The boys were fascinated by what they saw. I could hear them commenting to one another. One or two understood English and translated for their friends.

THE day before our return to Moscow we had more conferences with the pilots and the technical men and were invited to dine with the Commanding Officer in the evening.

The dinner was held in what had been years ago the manor house of a large estate, used in recent peacetime years as a school-house. The entire area was well blacked out, as the Germans were only fifteen minutes away; but inside, the big dining room presented a festive air. It was well lighted, decorated with pine trees and garlands of leaves, and had a loudspeaker sounding Russian and gypsy music. The long table, seating about twenty-five or thirty, bore up fairly well under the load of edibles and wine and vodka.

The pilots came clattering in. How different they looked in their "blues" with medals and their hair plastered down! They paid their respects to the Colonel and took their places behind their chairs. I noticed an attitude of affectionate respect between the Colonel and his men. He referred to them as "my boys" and sometimes they called him

otetz, or "father." "Yes," he said in reply to a comment of mine, "They are good boys . . . but you should have seen this outfit two years ago. I have lost many of my best." I counted five men wearing the gold star of the Order of Hero of the Soviet Union, which is their equivalent to our Congressional Medal of Honor.

The Colonel gave the signal to sit down and the dinner began with the passing of caviar, smoked salmon, cheese, black bread and butter. Next to me the Colonel picked up a bottle and filled my tall champagne glass to the brim with vodka. He did the same with his own, as did some of the others. Some of the pilots used wine. Noting the size of the glasses, I said to myself, "No good will come of this." Then the Colonel was on his feet proposing a toast to the President of the United States. *Do odna*, meaning "all in one" or "bottoms up," requires you to drain the glass and then hold it upside down over your head. I replied, of course, with a toast to Marshal Stalin. We were permitted to eat for a few minutes, during which conversation popped along the table, we taking part to the best of our ability. Then more toasts, more food. I wondered how I was to get through this procedure.

Borsch, chicken, meat, vegetables, salads followed, seemingly without end. At the other end of the table the individual toasting made a babble. Someone began to sing. The Colonel asked various pilots to sit beside us and talk with us. The interpreter had a busy evening. The loudspeaker ceased its music and accordions and balalaikas appeared. One of the Heroes of the Soviet Union attacked the piano—and I mean attacked. He played well but in a great hurry.

The Colonel challenged one of his men to a dance. They faced each other and did intricate steps. The Colonel is a big, red-faced fellow and I thought his face would take off like a toy balloon. Some of the others danced. The accordions sang and moaned. We had to dance. Anything went over big. The piano player banged away unmercifully. In the midst of a two-handed assault one of the black keys flew off. He did not stop, but picked it up, spat on it, stuck it back in place, and tore on without losing a beat.

Singly and in twos and threes they took time out from the festivities to talk with us and ask questions about the airplane. Their curiosity, their desire to learn is insatiable. "Please, do you mind? May I ask one more question?" If I heard that phrase once I must have heard it literally a hundred times that evening. I mentioned it to our interpreter. "Yes," he said, "they want to learn. Fifteen minutes from here and they are in a fight for their lives."

Everyone seemed to be having a grand time. No one got drunk, though they were full of animal spirits and laughter and music. And the most polite bunch I have ever seen—not an obsequious, false politeness, but a natural, dignified manner. They seemed to have no stiff fear of their superior officers nor familiarity either, but a nice balance of respect and frankness. From the way they fly and the way they conduct themselves, I got the impression of aggressive, confident, quiet fighters.

It was late. Our escort indicated that it was time to go. The boys did not want us to go. We didn't want to go. "One more question, please. . . . We like the Americans. . . . The Americans are our friends. . . . Come back. . . ." I proposed a farewell toast to the Red Army Air Force and our hosts. Handshakes, whacks on the back, and we made our way out to the cars in the moonlight. They all piled out to see us off and away we went with their friendly farewells sounding in our ears.

III

How the women work in this country! I mean work. They chop down trees, haul the wood, lay tram tracks, string wires, drive trucks and tractors, build houses, and in general seem ready to tackle any job a man can do, besides producing children at a healthy rate.

There appear to be no artificial barriers to their entrance into the professions and sciences. We meet and hear of women doctors, women in the experimental and developmental fields of chemistry and physics, and women engineers. We have met a number of young women aeronau-

tical engineers. One, blonde and pretty, seemed well versed in the technical side of aeronautics, handled translations of technical instructions from English into Russian, and expressed herself well in English in our discussions. Another, older, wore a skirted uniform, with cap, shoulder lapels with the rank of lieutenant, and three-quarter-length Russian boots over her cotton stockings. She was always deadly serious. She would have been pretty had she allowed her face to relax occasionally, but no, she had something on her mind. Once when she did speak up she laid us by the heels with two questions about aircraft engines which we could not answer. This seemed to afford her considerable satisfaction.

PROBABLY one of the last picnics of the season this afternoon, for winter is coming. We piled picnic sandwiches and cans of American beer into a jeep and a couple of cars, the boys carrying blankets and gloves, bats and balls, and a football. Their Russian girl friends looked as cute as could be, like kittens in a basket. Once outside the city and after scraping over a few country lanes we hit a wide stretch of sandy beach on the river. This looked familiarly like a spot on the Neva outside of Petrograd that I used to visit in the summer of the Revolution.

We had fun. Swimming, baseball on the beach, throwing the football, jumping contests, putting the shot with a rock, and making short work of the sandwiches and beer. One of those gals could throw a baseball—well, you wouldn't believe it until you'd seen it. She could bounce one in front of the plate from mid-center field with accuracy, which is a good arm in any man's league. Another could kick the football in beautiful spiral punts which would do credit to any good high-school player in the United States. And all the time with feminine charm, too; none of this pseudo-masculinity about the Russian women. Sometimes they can do things that men do as well as men, but they always remain women.

Everyone wore trunks or bathing suits for swimming. I had to think back. Not so in the old days. Everyone then, men and women alike, wore the best-

fitting bathing suit ever made—his or her own skin—and thought nothing of it. But it seems, at least so the story goes in Russia, that a great American citizen, Will Rogers, made the Russians self-conscious in these matters. After one of his visits to the Soviet Union he wrote a book in which he said that "There's not a bathing suit in Russia," and added a few of his humorous remarks. The book had wide sale in the United States, copies got to Russia, and someone in the government got the idea that the Russian people were being ridiculed because of their honest willingness to accept their bodies and the facts of life as God made them. The word went round that hereafter bathing suits should be worn and that to bathe without them was uncultured.

IV

THE liking these people have for our airplane is immense, not only the pilots and mechanics but the civilian population as well. The name Airacobra is almost a byword in the country. I say this not as a blurb for the company but as a simple matter of fact; it has been said many times before by American correspondents and Russian officers. Designed and built as a medium-altitude interceptor fighter, it just happens to meet their tactical requirements and they are making good use of it. The pilots like it because of its armament, its speed, its diving capacity, and its durability—no small factor in the mind of a pilot who wants to get home after he is hit hard. They have a term of affection for it, a diminutive expression typically Russian for the things, animate and inanimate, they like—*Cobrushka*. About the nearest you can get to that in English is "dear little Cobra" which sounds incongruous to say the least.

The mechanics pat it affectionately and often speak of it as though it were alive. One said to me one day: "My Cobra is sick today. I do not know now what is the matter but I shall cure her."

They have somewhat the same affection for the jeeps, which are used for every kind of purpose. You see them bouncing along the so-called roads in the country, plowing through mudholes, crawling out

of ditches. Every Russian youngster wants to own one after the war.

Speaking of airplanes, they have some good ones of their own design and manufacture. Although we have expressed no curiosity about their equipment, they have so far invited us twice to examine some of their airplanes closely. Not only just to look at them but to study them disassembled and cut out to show design and construction features. They are interesting, to say the least. Guided partly by tactical needs and partly by material shortages, they have developed these useful and interesting types. They have had to compromise between plywood (plastic) and metal construction and they have worked out some ingenious compromises. Their engineers are very good.

They go full out for light-weight airplanes, stripped of all unnecessary gadgets and comforts. They carry this to the extent of doing without self-starters. They have no use for wing guns, partly because they wish to save the weight and partly because they consider them inaccurate. They are willing to get along with fewer guns in the fuselage, usually one firing through the propeller hub and one or two synchronized firing through the prop. The Yak IX is designed by Lieutenant General Yakovlev, who, in addition to being one of Russia's leading aeronautical engineers, is Commissar of the People's Aviation Industry. It is a light, fast, low-wing monoplane, distinctive for the ingenious method of bonding the plywood skin to the metal spars. The LA5 also is a low-wing single-seat monoplane fighter, heavier, and powered with a radical Russian-built engine of higher horsepower. These, with the Airacobra, constitute the mainstay of the Red Army Air Force's interceptor and fighter force.

The Stormovik is probably unique among the world's aircraft. It is designed for attack against enemy ground installations and for co-operation with Russian ground forces. Its fuselage from the prop to a point well aft of the observer and gunner is solid armor plate. It is not a conventional fuselage with armor plate stuck or hung on it; the armor plate *is* the fuselage and even the engine is attached to it instead of to a conventional engine

mount. This makes it practically invulnerable to small-arms fire from the ground. It is heavily armed with cannon, machine guns, bombs, and rocket installations. In action, its target is selected by observation posts pushed out ahead of an advance in much the same manner as are artillery posts. Each Stormovik is assigned its target—this pillbox, that piece of artillery—and is guided to it by radio instructions. This airplane is of conventional low-wing monoplane type with an in-line liquid-cooled engine. It is heavy and slow but it carries a terrific wallop.

WE have just returned from eight days at a replacement center and advanced training base for pursuit pilots, where we watched the advanced student pilots get their first instruction in the Airacobra. The field is vast and rolling natural ground, much like the terrain which characterizes this vast central plain of the Ukraine. One reason the Russians like the Airacobra is the tricycle landing gear which enables them to land and take off from just such natural fields without having to construct landing strips. They say they get much more service out of such an airplane than one with the conventional gear.

They are aggressive in their manner of doing things. They use the equipment to the limit—and some of them go beyond it. They taxi over the rough ground hell-bent for election. They fly hard; they land fast. They drive jeeps and trucks literally leaping over the undulant lanes and the furrowed fields. They work hard and they play hard. They even break the cues when they play what they call *Amerikanski billiardi*, which is like no American billiard or pool game I've ever seen. War equipment must be used, they say. They feel that they have the Germans on the move and they show no intention of wasting time about the niceties of babying equipment. "One day may be worth a thousand trucks."

From what I can gather they don't seem to take as much time with their logistics and paper work as we do. Army commanders seem to have pretty complete authority in their own areas. I don't

think they are much worried about congressional investigations after the war. Each man seems to feel that if he wins he has nothing to worry about and if he doesn't he won't be there to worry.

How they handle their military transport to enable them to keep on the move the way they have in recent weeks is still a mystery to me. They haven't a railway system by any manner of means comparable with ours, and the Germans have tried to rip up what there is as they withdraw. The Russians haven't any road system to speak of. In the summer they can go cross-country, but the problem of supply is nevertheless enormous. It must be that they grab everything they can get, load it on what trains and trucks there are, and keep it moving towards the front, where it is divided up and distributed by the area commanders without much attention to paper work.

The training system seems to be practical and rugged. They have captured German bombers which they fly around as targets so that the pursuit students can get practical experience in the best methods of approach to avoid the bombers' cones of fire. The instructors are nearly all wounded first-line pilots. They are chagrined at having to instruct and are constantly begging the Colonel to be sent back to the front. We are impressed with their ingenuity in the ground school in working out methods of their own. Along the sidewalk from the barracks to the flight line are signs about every fifty feet, like the Burma Shave signs we used to see along American highways. These signs are painted cartoons with humorous inscriptions pointing out what happens to careless, thoughtless pilots. They are quite funny and very instructive.

We watched a number of batches of our airplanes come in from the long ferry trip. They don't waste much time with them. Off come the belly tanks, out come the wing guns, our white star is painted red, and the airplane is ready to be sent to the front. Here again their dislike of wing guns is conspicuous.

You can't help noticing the difference in attitude between these people at the front and at bases and some of the people in Moscow. Some people in Moscow seem

to be afraid of something, especially where foreigners are concerned. At these places, no. They are friendly, frank, and good-natured. But there is a touch of the orient in some of the young pilots and mechanics. They are afraid to say, "I don't know."

It is noticeable in such incidents as this: We are discussing the airplane with them. We know pretty well what its troubles are because we built it. We ask them about their experience with some problem connected with the use or maintenance of the airplane and they say, "Oh yes, we know all about that." That finishes that subject until a day or so later, when we are in the field or out on the flight line, they will have an airplane ready for us and say: "Will you please show us how you handle such and such a problem?"—this being the same problem which we had raised a few days before and which they said they knew all about. Young and bashful airmen could save a lot of time if they'd just simply say "I don't know" once in a while.

V

I'm glad to have had a look at Stalingrad, but I wouldn't want to repeat the trip. We waited around at the Moscow field for about four hours while balky engines were being started. It was twenty below zero but, of course, we had the benefit of some shelter. When we finally got away we found no heat in the airplane. Furthermore, it was loaded with massive rolls of copper wire and lengths of iron pipe. It seems to be the Russian custom not to tie down their freight and you can't help but speculate once in a while what might happen to the passengers and the freight in gusty air. However, it doesn't seem to bother them.

I don't remember having been so cold in many years as I was on that flight. The landscape is all snow now and the scars of war are bandaged in white. After about four hours we circled Stalingrad and got a few glimpses of its destroyed central portion. It is a long, narrow city, stretched down the banks of the Volga,

and its north and south sections seemed to be showing signs of business activity again. There was traffic in the streets. I was told that about one hundred thousand people have already come back and are hard at work rebuilding.

Much has been written about the Battle of Stalingrad, and there is no need to repeat it here, but it is doubtful if outside of Russia people realize how near the Germans came to taking it and what that capture would have meant. It was largely a battle for a river bank, the high west bank of the Volga. The Volga is a main artery of supply for Russia's southern armies. With this cut, the Germans could have taken their time about going after Russia's north and south troops, separated from each other. This would have meant another great assault on Moscow and would have greatly facilitated Germany's attack on the Caucasus and its oil. The Russians fought from both banks of the river with artillery, airplanes, and infantry groups shoved across at night. The Germans took the center of the city, broke through to the river in four places on the north and south, but were never able to hold and consolidate these positions. The fighting was street to street, house to house, floor to floor, and window to window. Sometimes the Germans held one house and the Russians the next; sometimes the Germans held one floor of a house and the Russians the one above or below. If there ever was a savage infighting brawl, this was it. Courage, tenacity, willingness to die held Stalingrad for the Russians. No wonder it is a symbol.

People are living in dugouts, lean-tos, any kind of shelter they can find or throw together. Women are busy clearing away the rubble. Wires are being restrung, tram tracks relaid, food is coming into the city. Traffic is on again, up and down the Volga. Some factory chimneys are smoking again.

That is the kind of spirit which may be frustrated, may be encompassed, may be shot from the body of its possessor, but cannot be cowed.

{ *Wallace Stegner, the distinguished novelist, was in Mexico last winter. This story is the record of what he saw and felt on a visit to Parícutin.* }

THE VOLCANO

A Story

WALLACE STEGNER



ONCE they had turned off the asphalt onto the rough graded road the driver nursed the car along carefully, creeping across bridges and through arroyos and along rocky stretches. While lighting a cigarette he explained to his American passenger.

"It is a car which cost seven thousand pesos," he said. "One does not treat it as if it were a burro."

"Truly," the American said.

"Partly it is the tires," the driver said. "Tires one cannot buy without paying too much to those who sell them illegally. But partly it is the engine. In the dust an engine suffers."

"I believe it," the American said politely. He was watching out the closed window, seeing how the ash had deepened in the last mile or two, how the bridge rails now were mounded with it, and how the pines, growing thickly on the sides of the countless little volcanic hills, rose listless and gray out of a gray blanket as smooth as new snow and as light under the wind as feathers. Across the west the cloud of smoke was blacker and angrier, funneling down so that its compact lower plume was hidden behind the hills. The sun, at the upper edge of the cloud, was an immense golden orange.

A horn blatted behind them, and the driver pulled half off the road. A car

went by them fast, pouring back a choking, impenetrable fog of dust. The driver stopped philosophically to let it blow away before he started again. "Loco," he said. "That one has no respect either for his passengers or his engine."

The American did not answer. He was leaning back in the seat watching the blasted country outside. Occasionally they crept past adobe huts half buried in the ash, their corrals drifted deep, their roofs weighted down, the fields which had once grown corn and beans stretching away on both sides without a track to break their even, slaty gray. He thought of the little animals that had lived in these woods, and whether they had got out before the ash became deep, or had quietly smothered in their holes. A wildcat might make headway through it, perhaps, but not the smaller things, the mice and rabbits and lizards, and it was the small things that one thought of.

"What has become of the people from here?" he asked.

The driver half turned. Some, he said, had gone, many to the United States, being taken away in busses and trains to work as *braceros* in the fields of Arizona and California.

"Where they will be cheated and abused," the American said. "What of those who stay?"

"I will show you one," the driver said. A little further on he pointed to a gray hut under the ash-laden shelter of the pines, a few yards off the road. Peering, the American saw a woman standing in the door, her *rebozo* wrapped across her face, and back of her the cavelike interior and the gleam of a charcoal fire.

"Some, like that one, will not leave," the driver said. "The governor's men have been here and urged them, but they are foolish. It is where they were born; they do not want to leave."

"But what do they live on? They can't grow anything here."

"There are those who cut wood," the driver said. "Though the trees are dying, they are a thing that can be saved. Others, in San Juan, rent horses and burros for the trip to the *boca*. That one, she has nothing. She will die."

The road turned, and the American lost sight of the hut and the still woman in the doorway. Somehow, though the windows were tight shut and the motor and the punished springs filled the car with sound, he had an impression of great silence.

They curved left along a ridge and dropped into a valley, and the volcano was directly ahead of them, not more than two miles away. From its vent monstrous puffs of black smoke mushroomed upward, were whipped ragged by the wind, belched up again. The side of the cone, looking as straight at that distance as if drawn with a ruler, ran down into a curving lava stream that stopped in a broken wall two hundred yards short of the road. The west side of the cone was lost in smoke.

The driver stopped and pointed. Under the lava, he said, was the village of Paricutin. It was not possible to walk across the lava yet, because it had not cooled completely and there were poisonous fumes, but this was a good place to watch from, with the wind the way it was.

"In San Juan it will be dirty," he said. "One will not be able to see much for the smoke."

"The horses leave from San Juan?"

"At about this time every afternoon."

"And there are people in San Juan still?"

"Si."

"*Vamos*," the American said. "If we wish we can come back here later."

He sat forward in the seat, watching the volcano throw up its gobbets of smoke. Through and behind the smoke, like distant flying specks, he could see the rocks and boulders that were thrown up and fell swiftly again.

"This trip by horse," he said. "What is it like?"

"It is something to be remembered," the driver said. "One goes up in daylight, but on the return it is very dark, so dark that one cannot see the horse's ears. And behind, as one comes down this black trail that one knew a year ago as a cornfield, is always this noise and this glare on the sky as if hell were open." He took his hand off the wheel and raised it over his head. "There is always this feeling of something behind," he said. "It is like fleeing the end of the world."

"You could wait for me if I went up?"

"Why not?" the driver said. "It is an experience."

THEY passed a corral, a hut, a clutter of sheds, another corral, its gates hanging open under a gray drift. Then the houses closed in suddenly and they were in a street. In the perpetual twilight of this town of San Juan men and women, wrapped to the eyes in *rebozos* and *serapes*, their bare feet gray and silent in the ashes, walked along under the overhang of thatch, and children leaned against the walls, only their eyes showing under the sombrero rims, and watched the car pass.

In the plaza three busses and a half-dozen cars were parked. Only when the motor was cut did the American realize that the silence he had been constantly aware of outside had given place to a thin, gritty patter on the roof. The driver gestured upward. "Here it rains cinders," he said. "It is necessary to keep the head well covered, and something over the mouth and nose." He tied a bandanna across his face and climbed out. "I shall see about these horses," he said.

The American waited. On the far side of the plaza a group of Americans, men and women, were already mounting. In odd mismatched clothes, suit trousers and

leather jackets and sombreros and bandannas, the women in riding breeches or levis, all of them with their faces muffled, they looked like members of a comic opera outlaw gang. The driver was having a conference with two Mexicans who were adjusting stirrups for the women. After five minutes he came back.

"It is a pity," he said. "This crowd which is to go immediately has taken all the horses available."

"It is not important," the American said. "Actually I am not so interested in the insides of this volcano."

He tied his handkerchief across his nose, pulled down his hat, and stepped out into the feathery ash. The air was thick with smoke, and cinders pattered on his hat and shoulders. He slitted his eyes against the gritty rain.

"If you would like me to show you around—" the driver said.

"It is not necessary," the American said. He went poking off up a street that opened on the plaza, his nose filled with the odor that he realized he had been smelling for some time, a sour, acrid, vinegarish odor like fresh sawn oak. He saw many people, shrouded and silent, but they did not break the stillness in which the falling cinders whispered dryly. Even the handkerchief-muffled calls of the Americans riding off toward the crater, and the tooting of the bus horns in farewell, came through the air as through a thick pillow, and he did not hear his own footsteps in the dust.

Once, as he walked past a doorway into which a trail led through the deep ash, the accumulated ashes on a roof let go and avalanched behind him. He turned to see the last runnels trickling from the thatch, and two little Indian girls, each with a small baby hung over her back in the looped *rebozo*, came out of the doorway and waded experimentally in the knee-deep powder.

The end of the street trailed off into ashen fields, and for a moment the American stood in the unnatural gray dusk looking across toward the cone of Paricutin under its lowering cloud of smoke. At intervals of about a minute there was a grumble like far-off blasting, but because of the smoke which blew directly over the

town he could not see the rocks flying up. The cinders were an insistent, sibilant rain on his head and shoulders, and his mouth was bitter with the vinegarish taste.

It was not a place he liked. The village of Paricutin, on the other side, had been buried completely under the lava. That was death both definite and sudden. But this slow death that fell like light rain, this gradual smothering that drooped the pines and covered the holes of the little animals and mounded the roofs and choked the streets, this dying village through which ghosts went in silence, was something else. It was a thing Mexicans had always known, in one form or another, else there would not be in so many of their paintings the figure of the robed skeleton, the walking Death. They were patient under it, they accepted it—but the American did not like to remember how alive the eyes of the Indian girls had been as they waded through the ashes with their little sisters on their backs.

On the way back to the plaza he met a pig that wandered in from a side street. The pig looked at him, wrinkling its snout. Its bristly back was floured with gray ash, and its eyes were red. It grunted softly, querulously, and put its snout to the ground, rooted without hope in the foot-deep powder, walked a few steps with its nose plowing the dry and unprofitable dust.

The American left it and went back to the car. In a moment the driver came from the bus where he had been gossiping. "Let's go," the American said. "Perhaps where we stopped first it is clearer."

They went back through the choked streets, leaving the silent Indians who moved softly as shadows through the dead town and the hog which rooted without hope in the ashes, and pulled off the road in deep ash at the end of the valley. For a few minutes they sat, talking desultorily in polite Spanish and watching the irregular spouting of the cone, opening the windows so that they could hear the ominous low grumble and the faint clatter of falling rocks. The cone was blue-black now, and the lava bed across the foreground was a somber, smoking cliff. It was a landscape without shadows, submerged in gray twilight.

"I have conceived a great hatred for this thing," the American said finally. "It is a thing I have always known and always hated. It is something which kills."

"Truly," the driver said. "I have felt it, as those who are in the war must feel the war."

"Yes," the American said.

"You have friends in the war?"

"Sons," the American said. "One is now a prisoner in Germany."

"Ai," the driver said, with sympathy. He hesitated a minute, as if hunting for the correct thing to say to one whose sons were captives of the enemy. "You hear from him?" he said. "How does he endure his captivity?"

"How does one endure anything?" the American said. "I suppose he hates it and endures it, that is all." He looked out the window, raised his shoulders. "I have heard once only," he said for politeness' sake.

THEY looked across the gray waste that had once been a *milpa*, toward the smoking front of the lava bed. The light had changed. It was darker, more threatening, like the last ominous moments before a thunderstorm. The west was almost as black as night, but across the field spread a steely dusk that rendered every object sharp-edged and distinct. The American raised his head and looked at the ceiling of the car. The stealthy, light fingering had begun there.

"You see?" he said. "That is what I mean. It is something which follows. It is like a doom."

The driver made a deprecating gesture. "The wind has shifted," he said.

"It always shifts," the American said.

He stepped out of the car and stood shin-deep in the gray death, listening to the stealthy whisper and the silence that lay over and under and around. The crater rumbled far off, and boulders fell back with a distant clatter, but the silence still hung like something tangible over the valley.

As he watched, the heavy dusk lightened, and he looked up. By a freak of wind the smoke had been blown high, and though no sign of the setting sun came through the obscured west, a pale,

pinkish wash of light came through under the cloud and let an unearthly illumination over the field of ash and the smoking cliff of lava.

Into that lurid dusk an Indian in white pajamas, with a bundle of wood on his back and an axe across his shoulder, came out of the pines at the upper edge of the lava and walked along the clifflike front. Little puffs of dust rose from under his feet. After him, fifteen yards behind, came another, and after him another.

The three strung out across the field, walking as silently in the rosy, metallic light as dream figures. The ones behind did not try to close the gap and walk companionably with the one ahead; the one ahead did not wait for them. They walked in single file, fifteen yards apart, each with his burden of wood on his back, and the little puffs of dust rose under their feet and the punched-hole tracks lengthened behind them across the field.

The American watched them, feeling the silence that weighed on these little figures more heavily than the loads upon their backs, and as he watched he heard the man ahead whistle a brief snatch of tune, drop it, start something else. He went whistling, a ghost in a dead land, toward some hut half buried in ash where a charcoal fire would be burning, and his wife would have ready for him tortillas and beans, with cinders in them, perhaps, like everything else, but still tortillas and beans that would fill a man's belly against the work that must be done tomorrow.

The American watched the three until they were out of sight around the shoulder of the hill. When he climbed into the car and motioned for the driver to start back he was not thinking of the steady smothering fall of the cinders or the death that lay over the streets and cornfields of San Juan. He was thinking of the eyes of the little Indian girls, which were so very alive above the muffling *rebozos*.

"It is a strange thing," he said. "This whistling."

The driver, reaching to turn the ignition key, shrugged and smiled. "Why not?" he said. "The mouth is not made merely to spit with or curse with. At times it may be used for whistling, or even for kissing, *verdad?*"

{ John Bartlow Martin, formerly a newspaper-
man in Indiana, now a free-lance writer, con-
tributed to our July issue the article on Muncie. }

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

The Downfall of D. C. Stephenson, Grand Dragon of the Indiana K.K.K.

JOHN BARTLOW MARTIN



ON the second of April, 1925, D. C. Stephenson was arrested. It is almost impossible now, twenty years later, to recall how incredible that seemed. David C. Stephenson, Grand Dragon of the Ku Klux Klan in Indiana, had said with reason, "I am the law in Indiana." Less than a year earlier the Klan had won political control of the state. It claimed a membership of nearly half a million. On occasion it took over good-sized cities to hold its awesome parades, it burned its fiery crosses almost nightly, it made the laws in Indiana and it enforced them. Its ruler was D. C. Stephenson, a man probably without precise counterpart in American history.

But a determined outraged father, George Oberholtzer, swore out a warrant for the arrest of Stephenson, charging him with assaulting Madge Oberholtzer. Twelve days later Madge Oberholtzer died and the charge became first-degree murder. With this indictment began the end of Indiana's experiment in home-grown dictatorship. By a wonderful irony Stephenson, leader of organizations sworn to uphold virtue and smite immorality, was brought to trial for a crime involving gross moral turpitude; and his victim was described as an innocent girl helpless in his powerful clutches, one who could be regarded as symbolic of Indiana's electorate

during Stephenson's reign. In her violent death were crystallized most of the conflicting social forces of Indiana in the postwar twenties, a picture with import for today.

Madge Oberholtzer was the daughter of a thoroughly respectable family in Irvington, an upper middle-class section of Indianapolis. Her father was in the railroad mail service. She had attended Butler College in Irvington and a business school and she had taught in a rural school and done secretarial work for a couple of Indianapolis business houses before going to work "at the Statehouse," as her father put it. Indianapolis is the capital of a state where interest in politics runs high; the Statehouse is Mecca for ambitious folk of all kinds. Madge worked for the State Superintendent of Public Instruction and in the fall of 1924 she was placed in charge of the Young People's Reading Circle, which furnished schoolbooks to rural people without access to a library.

At this time she was a girl of twenty-eight, unmarried. She once had been engaged but "the young man had to go to the war." She was five feet four inches tall, weighed about 145 pounds, and her father testified, "I don't think there ever was a more healthy-looking girl than she was." She wore her dark brown hair fashionably up in the back and rolled so

low over the forehead that it almost touched her dark eyebrows. Her nose was prominent, her neck long, her face oval and filled out.

SHE was murdered—at least, conviction for murder was later obtained against Stephenson—in March of 1925. She had met Stephenson not long before. He was then about thirty-three years old, though most people thought he was much older, an impression he encouraged by asking his followers to call him “the Old Man.” He was handsome, with blond hair, thin plucked eyebrows, a thin mouth, narrow eyes, and a ready smile. He dressed conservatively and looked like, say, a banker. Twenty years later it is almost impossible to separate legend from fact. Most people seem to remember him as a suave man of the world, a behind-the-scenes manipulator, but one man recalls the day when, folksy as any baby-kissing candidate, he walked coatless into a hotel dining room in the northern Indiana lakes region and joked heartily with vacationing Hoosiers; and then, that evening, distributed fistfuls of ten-cent tickets at the lake-side dance hall and stood beaming on the sidelines while the young people danced. (But later that night, long after the folks had gone to bed, Stevie, as his intimates called him, came roaring into the hotel grounds in a fast car, and he needed the assistance of his bodyguards to get upstairs. Those were Prohibition days, Indiana was the driest of the states, the Klan raided blind tigers relentlessly, but Stevie liked a drink.)

When he met Madge Oberholtzer he had been in Indiana only three years but his rise had been spectacular. A few months earlier he had managed Ed Jackson into the governor's office and he was the most powerful man at the inaugural banquet at the Athletic Club on January 12, 1925. Madge, in her controverted deathbed statement, claimed she met him there, and it is easy to see why, young and ambitious and on the fringe of politics, she did not refuse flatly when the great man asked her for a date. After all, they had been properly introduced.

But to continue with Madge's narrative, pieced out with other testimony from the

trial record: Stephenson telephoned her insistently, and she dined with him at the Washington Hotel, where he had a suite; he called for her in his Cadillac. Later she attended a party at his house “with several prominent people when both gentlemen and their ladies were present.” This house, which Stephenson maintained in addition to the downtown hotel suite, was only a couple of blocks from the house where Madge lived with her parents. “One of the show places of Irvington,” it had a thirty-five-foot living room, a ballroom on the third floor, and a magnificent pillared façade reached by a winding shaded drive. It was here that the party which ended in tragedy began.

On Sunday evening, March 15, 1925, Madge, with a friend, returned to her home about ten o'clock. Her escort departed and her mother told her that somebody had been telephoning for her from Irvington 0492. Madge called the number and Stephenson answered and, telling her he was leaving for Chicago, urged her to come to his house on a matter of great importance. He sent his bodyguard for her—Earl Gentry, a big ex-cop who smoked cigars. He and Madge walked to Stephenson's house.

“I saw Stephenson and that he had been drinking. . . . So soon as I got inside of the house I was very much afraid.” The housekeeper was not there. Stephenson was not married at that time. They took Madge to the kitchen and Earl Klenck came in. He was a deputy sheriff and another of Stephenson's henchmen. “I said I wanted no drink but Stephenson and the others forced me to drink. I was afraid not to do so and I drank three small glasses of the drink. This made me very ill and dazed and I vomited.”

Stephenson told her he wanted her to go with him to Chicago but she refused, being “very much terrified.” He told her, “You cannot go home.” The men selected guns from a dresser drawer. Gentry arranged for a drawing room on the midnight train to Chicago. They all got into Stephenson's car and drove to the Union Station, stopping en route at the Washington Hotel to pick up the tickets. “Stephenson would not let me get out of the car and I was afraid he would kill

me. He said he was the law in Indiana."

They took her into the compartment (or drawing room) and Gentry climbed into the upper berth, she said in her deathbed statement. "Stephenson took hold of the bottom of my dress and pulled it up over my head. I tried to fight but was weak and unsteady. . . . What I had drunk was affecting me. Stephenson took all my clothes off and pushed me into the lower berth. After the train had started Stephenson got in with me and attacked me. He held me so I could not move. I . . . do not remember all that happened. . . . He . . . bit my neck and face . . . and mutilated me all over my body."

THE next thing she remembered was being wakened next morning. "Stephenson was flourishing his revolver. I said to him to shoot me. . . . Gentry and Stephenson helped me dress and the two men dressed and they took me off the train at Hammond," about 6:15 A.M., just before the train crossed the state line into Illinois. They walked the block from the depot to the four-storey Indiana Hotel. Stephenson was wearing a cap, a pair of laced boots, khaki trousers, and a closely fitting black sweater. He needed a shave. Madge "had no make-up on" and appeared pale. The party was assigned to Rooms 416 and 417, adjoining rooms but without a connecting door. In Room 416 Stephenson gave the bellhop a half-dollar and ordered breakfast. The boy left. Madge begged Stephenson to send a telegram to her mother. He dictated it: "We are driving through to Chicago will take train back tonight," and Gentry said he would send it.

"Stephenson lay down on the bed and slept. Gentry put hot towels and witch hazel on my head and bathed my body to relieve my suffering. . . ." Stephenson wakened and "said he was sorry, and that he was three degrees less than a brute. I said to him, 'You are worse than that.' " The bellhop brought up their breakfast and Stephenson, standing shirtless beside Madge, who sat dazed on the edge of the bed, tipped him a dollar. Stephenson ate heartily: grapefruit, coffee, sausage, buttered toast; Madge only drank coffee.

Stephenson's chauffeur, "Shorty," came

in; he had driven Stephenson's car up from Indianapolis. "I said to Stephenson to give me some money, that I had to buy a hat. Shorty gave me \$15.00 at Stephenson's direction and took me out to the car." She bought a small black silk hat for \$12.50. Then "I said to Shorty to drive me to a drug store in order that I might get some rouge. We drove to a drug store near the Indiana Hotel and I purchased a box of bichloride of mercury tablets. I put these in my coat pocket. Then we went back to the hotel."

The men got some more liquor at Stephenson's direction, and Madge asked permission to go into Room 417 to rest. Stephenson said, "'Oh no . . . you are going to lie right down here by me.' I waited a while until I thought he was asleep, then I went into Room 417 [alone]. There was no glass in Room 417 so I got a glass in 416. . . . I laid out eighteen of the bichloride of mercury tablets and at once took six of them. I only took six because they burnt me so."

Previously she had purloined Stephenson's revolver, but she abandoned her plan to kill herself in his presence out of deference to her mother. Now she lay down on the bed "and became very ill . . . vomited blood all day." Not until nearly 4 P.M. did anyone come to see her—Shorty. She told him she had taken poison and adjured him not to tell Stephenson. ". . . he turned pale. . . . He then went out. In a few minutes Stephenson and Gentry and Shorty came into the room very much excited. Stephenson said 'What have you done?' " She told him. He made her drink a quart of milk and told her they would have her stomach pumped at a hospital, where she could register as his wife. "I refused to do this as his wife." Stephenson said he would take her home. She refused to go. "Stephenson said that the best way out of it was for us to drive to Crown Point and for us to get married. . . . I refused. Stephenson snapped his fingers and said to Shorty, 'Pack the grips.' Stephenson helped me downstairs. I did not care what happened to me."

On the 175-mile drive to Indianapolis they removed the license plates. "All the way back to Indianapolis I suffered great

pain and agony and screamed for a doctor. . . . They refused to stop. I begged and said to Stephenson to leave me along the road some place. . . . Stephenson . . . said he thought I was dying. . . . I heard him say also that he had been in a worse mess than this before and got out of it. Stephenson and Gentry drank liquor during the entire trip. I remember Stephenson having said that he had power and saying he had made \$250,000. He said that his word was law."

They reached Stephenson's house in Irvington late that night, and Madge's mother was at the door. One of them stalled her and they concealed Madge in the loft above the garage. Stephenson told Madge, "You will stay right here until you marry me." She remembered little more until the next morning when, about eleven o'clock, Klenck took her home. He carried her into her house and put her on a bed. Coming downstairs alone, he met a woman, Eunice H. Schultz, who lived with the Oberholtzers. Klenck told her Madge had been injured in an automobile accident. She asked him who he was and he said, "'My name is Johnson, from Kokomo. . . . I must hurry. . . .'"

Upstairs, Madge "was groaning, very pale, could hardly speak. . . . She said, 'Oh I am dying, Mrs. Schultz.'" Her parents, who had been out hunting her, returned home and called the family physician, Dr. John Kingsbury. They already had consulted their attorney, Asa J. Smith; it was he who had driven Mrs. Oberholtzer to Stephenson's home the night before, hunting the girl, and it was he who later took from Madge the dying declaration that wrecked the Klan in Indiana. Several physicians attended Madge, and her brother gave her a blood transfusion. But she died April 14th, and her father charged Stephenson, Gentry, and Klenck with murder.

II

To understand what happened to Madge Oberholtzer it is necessary to know something of the context of the crime. The postwar mood, gin parties, "the desperate game of politics," charges of frame-up and corruption, lawlessness in

high places, the struggle that accompanies the attempt to impose a dictatorship on a body politic—all these were threads in Indiana's social fabric in the twenties, and they were vital factors in the crime upon Madge Oberholtzer. And they all were bound up with the amazing career of D. C. Stephenson.

His origin is clouded. Probably he was born in Texas in 1891 and spent some of his boyhood in Oklahoma. He was a printer's apprentice. He was commissioned a second lieutenant during the 1917-18 war but apparently never saw service overseas. Beautiful women were important in his life (he married at least two before he was thirty). Honorably discharged from military service, he moved to Evansville, Indiana, where he took up his life work.

Now the original Ku Klux Klan, organized in 1865 by bored Civil War veterans and perverted into an instrument of Negro terrorization, was dead by 1872. (The postwar aspect is significant.) The Klan of the 1920's owed its name, its regalia, and some of its outlandish terminology to the Reconstruction Klan, though its tenets were those of Know Nothingism. Founded in Georgia in 1915 by Colonel William J. Simmons, the modern Klan didn't amount to much until after the war, when two press agents took it in hand in 1920; but after the original leaders were replaced by Hiram Wesley Evans, a Dallas dentist who as Imperial Wizard was by turns D. C. Stephenson's mentor and his implacable enemy, Klan membership rose to an estimated six million in 1924. That year the tide of the national Invisible Empire reached high water mark. The date coincides precisely with the high water mark of Stephenson's own career in Indiana.

Indiana—perhaps because it represented a cross section of the United States—was fertile ground for the Klan. Postwar disillusionment favored its growth, but so did other conditions. There was the boredom of the small towns. There was the old tradition of intolerance—forty years ago or more you could hear whispers that every Catholic church was an arsenal and built on a hilltop to command its town with firepower, and you could see

roadside signs at village outskirts: "Nigger, Don't Let the Sun Set on You Here." Indiana should have been a melting pot: to its northern steel mills came Europeans, to its southern hills came the Kentuckians driven there by the Night Riders during the tobacco wars; to its towns and cities came men of all races and religious beliefs. But the mixture never quite melted: the old stiff-backed yeomanry, the farmers and the small-town merchants, were set in their ways, resentful of outsiders. And now of course in 1920 the postwar scramble for jobs was on, with foreigners and Negroes competing with returning veterans. Hoosiers were sick of world affairs, they were hell-bent for "normalcy." Any organization sworn to uphold hearth and fireside and womanly virtue, "Americanism" and law and order, was assured of welcome. The Klan waged righteous war on Bolsheviks, Catholics, Jews, Negroes, bootleggers, pacifists, evolutionists, foreigners, and all persons whom it considered immoral. It worked closely with the potent Anti-Saloon League and it revived the moribund Horse Thief Detective Association, which became the Klan enforcement arm—a formidable vigilante organization that entered private homes without warrant and got to be the bane of petting parties on lonely country roads.

When D. C. Stephenson first came to Evansville he set about organizing the war veterans, an activity which, he said, inevitably led him into politics. It led him to enter the 1920 congressional primary as a wet Democrat. The Anti-Saloon League licked him; he promptly became bone-dry and Republican, and he joined the burgeoning Klan, accompanied by his beloved veterans. He was a personable man and an eloquent speaker. In 1922 Hiram W. Evans, the Imperial Wizard, gave him the job of organizing the Klan in Indiana, and before long he added twenty other states, from Maine to Nebraska.

For a time Stephenson maintained headquarters at Columbus, Ohio, but soon he moved to Indianapolis, where meanwhile he had gone into the coal and gravel business. He sold Klan memberships for ten dollars each, of which he kept about four dollars. The white robes and peaked caps, manufactured for \$1.10, cost

the members from five to ten dollars. In eighteen months, it was estimated, Stephenson made between two and five million dollars. He hired full-time organizers, some of them stock-and-bond salesmen or Florida real-estate promoters, and he encouraged rank-and-file Klansmen to obtain new members by giving them a split, sometimes as much as six dollars, of the initiation fee extracted from each "alien" admitted to the Invisible Empire. Among his most diligent proselytizers were Protestant clergymen. People of all kinds joined eagerly—power-hungry ward-heelers and men from the criminal classes, prominent business men and bankers. The prime characteristic of the Klan, at once its protection and its drawing power, was secrecy. Your next-door neighbor might be a Klansman and you never would know it even after an application for membership had been mailed to you at his instigation.

WHERE was the Klan's strength? At bottom, it lay in the minds of the men in the towns and the small cities, in their drab lives and boredom, in their bigotry, in their love of mysticism. The Klan had more than the usual amount of the abracadabra common to secret orders. It suited the Hoosiers fine. The Klaverns might meet once a week, the local leaders might meet almost nightly. Many of their meetings of course were simply poker sessions in the clubroom above the store overlooking the square, excuses to get away from their wives for an evening; but many were more serious. Every now and then posters would appear mysteriously on telephone poles at rural cross-roads, posters announcing a Konklave, or a Klavalcade, a parade. At the appointed time, usually just at dusk, the robed and hooded marchers formed near the outskirts of one of the small cities on the Indiana plains. They came from miles around. In orderly procession they marched into town, and the street intersections were patrolled by brother Klansmen who had usurped the police function. Why could they get away with this? Simply because they were in truth the law. The mayor was Klan-elected; so were the city councilmen; so were the sheriff and the prosecutor.

No one viewing a parade could laugh at the Klan's absurd posturings. There were hundreds, perhaps thousands, of marching men, all clad in white from head to foot; no music, no leaders, no flags, nothing but silent men marching in the dusk—that and a silent, awed crowd of onlookers. Through the town they moved, perhaps passing pointedly the Negro district or the home of the Catholic bishop, and on out to the side of the country road where, in the gloom of the evening, they set up their wooden cross on a hillside, soaked it with kerosene, and fired it for all to see. Perhaps they took in new members who, kneeling before this blazing symbol of terror, swore secrecy and obedience until death.

The Klan spread like a grass fire. It is to the credit of Indiana newspapers that they did not support or condone it. But they dared not fight it; it was running the state before they knew it; and men who were not members—not only Negroes or Catholics but also, for example, Protestant business men vulnerable to boycott—genuinely feared it. By 1924 it claimed from a quarter- to a half-million members, more than a tenth of Indiana's total population, and the cities were organized block by block, the counties road by road.

III

IN 1923 Indiana was humiliated when its governor, Warren T. McCray, was convicted in federal court of using the mails to defraud. He was sentenced to ten years in Atlanta penitentiary—the first American governor so convicted. Today it is generally conceded that McCray was the innocent victim of the post-war deflation in farmland values. But Stephenson, an adroit opportunist, seized on McCray's conviction as proof of his charge of corruption in high places. The duty of the Klan was plain: to purify, to purge, Indiana politics. Stephenson set about this task assiduously.

According to a deposition filed much later, the former Exalted Cyclops of the South Bend Klavern said that a former Indiana Grand Dragon told him that the Klan was building a political machine to control the United States; that the Klan

stuffed ballot boxes and used "a lot of money and whisky" to elect a mayor of Evansville; that one of the Klan's leading up-lifters was "the fastest man with a gun in the state of Indiana"; that "we planned to extract Catholicism from the schools as a dentist would extract teeth"; that at least one local Klavern broke up when the Klabee, or treasurer, could not account for the funds; that Stephenson planned to make Protestant ministers in each county salaried Klan members; that Klansmen who had been planted on every newspaper in one of the state's largest cities regularly furnished to Klan leaders advance proofs of editorials and news stories before publication.

Thus, while the rank and file played ghost, their leaders had more serious aims: money and political power. They got both. At the height of his career Stephenson maintained an expensive yacht, a hotel suite and a palatial home, offices in two cities, a fleet of expensive cars, and an armed bodyguard. He owned interests in various business enterprises, including a tailoring company. He gave clothing to various public officials, from policemen to the governor. He performed favors for his friends. Did a Knight who was a chiropractor by day want to get his profession legalized? Stephenson would put a bill through the legislature. The legislature was considering a bill that would abolish Madge Oberholtzer's job; Stephenson killed it for her.

He could be a man of the people when he chose. On summer evenings when he drove through his realm he would park his Cadillac slantwise at the curb on the square and chat about crops with the Klavern leaders who left the corner drug store to stand with one foot on the running board. But he also moved in a fast circle in the capital city, a circle of cocktail parties in hotel suites and dinner parties atop the hotel roof above the city, a circle that met in a smoke-filled room when the legislature was in session. A circle, in short, which he must have denounced many times in flaming speeches to the rank and file in the country districts.

And he also could be spectacular. When, two years after he joined the Klan (his phenomenal career was surprisingly

brief), he assumed office as Grand Dragon of the Realm of Indiana on July 4, 1923, he arranged at Kokomo the greatest Konklave ever held in Indiana. After all the Knights had assembled (two hundred thousand strong, he later estimated) he swooped down from the sky in a gilded airplane, quite a sight in those days. He stepped from his plane clad in resplendent robes and pledged his unfaltering leadership, and when he departed majestically the hysterical multitude threw at his feet coins and jewelry.

He knew all the tricks. He called himself the foremost mass psychologist of his time, a claim that cannot be dismissed lightly, and he kept before his desk a bust of Napoleon. His ambition was to be President of the United States. He had his eye on the Senate seat of Sam Ralston, whose health was failing fast in 1924, and on the 1928 Republican presidential nomination. Who dares say with certainty that he would have failed? No one laughed when he explained to the throng at Kokomo that he was late because he had been consulting with President Harding on high matters of state nor when, frequently, he kept callers at his office waiting on the pretext of speaking long distance with the White House.

HAVING built his organization, Stephenson led it into the political campaign of 1924. Already he had made deals with some of the bosses. The Klan crossed party lines. It voted for its own members and its friends, whether Democrats or Republicans. But by and large the Klan won power by using the Republican party, probably because the Republicans were already in control of Indiana and Stephenson, instead of trying to lick 'em, joined 'em.

Before the polls had been open long on that primary day in May of 1924, it was apparent that something new had come into Indiana politics. The professionals had known earlier that Klan leaders were making up their slates in secret, but the slates were not given to the Klan rank and file until primary morning, and nobody really knew the strength of the Klan nor where it stood, for there had been rumors that Stephenson had quarreled with Hi-

ram Evans and other national Klan leaders. "As the day wore on it appeared that political affiliations were being disregarded and that the contests in many precincts had become an out-and-out Klan and anti-Klan fight." Clearly the Klan was supporting Ed Jackson (Republican) for Governor and Captain George V. Coffin for Marion County Republican Chairman.

When the votes were counted it was demonstrated that Stephenson dominated the Republican party.

But only four days after the primary it became known that Stephenson and the Klan leaders were at odds. The leaders claimed he was banished from the Klan for conduct "unbecoming a Klansman" and involving a manicurist. Stephenson said he had resigned earlier because he didn't like the way the national leaders stirred up religious and racial hatred and used women to frame their political enemies on Mann Act charges. Stephenson also said blandly that he had organized his old army associates into a political group to try to prevent Evans from gaining control of Indiana.

At any rate, after the primary the fight between Stephenson and Evans came into the open, and they remained bitter enemies thenceforward. On April 17, 1924, that is to say, "on the Deadly Day of the Weeping Week of the Appalling Month of the Year of the Klan LVII," His Lordship H. W. Evans, Imperial Wizard, had signed an edict ordering the Evansville Klavern Number One to try Stephenson and had addressed it to "All Genii, Grand Dragons and Hydras, Great Titans and Furies, Giants, King Kleagles and Kleagles, Exalted Cyclops and Terrors, and to All Citizens of the Invisible Empire, in the name of the valiant and venerated dead."

Could such stuff be taken seriously? Indeed, it was the opening of a fight for big stakes, involving ultimately perhaps the fate of the nation. Four days after the primary Stephenson called his suspension "a huge joke." But he fought back. To Cadle Tabernacle at Indianapolis he summoned Klansmen from every Indiana county in an effort to sever the Indiana realm from the "domination" of Evans

and Walter F. Bossert, who was an Imperial Representative and a Republican politician. Stephenson assailed the practice of collecting "contributions that go to the Imperial Palace at Atlanta," promised "the right of self-determination by the consent of the governed," and attacked "money-mad" individuals seeking to exploit Klan power selfishly.

The gathering elected him Grand Dragon (Grand Dragons always had been appointed at national headquarters). He said, "We're going out to Klux Indiana as she's never been Kluxed before."

Strife within the Klan became vituperative and deadly. The campaign ground on to election day. On that day the Klan elected "most everyone that was elected."

Now Stephenson had "more influence than any one man ever possessed in the free state of Indiana." To his elaborately appointed eight-room office suite on the third floor of the new Kresge Building came a steady stream of legislators and other state dignitaries. In addition to winning the hearts of the plain people, the voters, Stephenson also had gathered round him a little circle of professionals. He himself was rarely seen in the halls of the huge sepulchral Statehouse, but his men were there.

There was work to be done. Stephenson was in the thick of the fight for control of the powerful Marion County Republican machine, now split on the rock of Klan dissension. For years criminal prosecutions and frame-ups had been common in Indiana politics. But now matters were approaching the flash point. Stephenson said the Klan leaders from Atlanta were trying to frame him on a morals charge. A woman who said she was his long-forgotten first wife came to Indianapolis and filed suit in Superior Court on March 18, 1925, charging that Stephenson had deserted her and failed to support her or her child, and it was said that her expenses were paid by Stephenson's Klan enemies. Curiously, only the day before, Madge Oberholtzer had taken poison in the hotel room at Hammond.

At about 5:30 p.m. on April 2nd Detective Lieutenant Jesse McMurtry and three other officers went to Stephenson's room,

Number 1532, in the Hotel Washington. Stephenson at first told them he was Mr. Butler, Mr. Stephenson's secretary, but one of the cops recognized him, and Stephenson said, "Yes, I am Mr. Stephenson, what is the racket?" They said they had a warrant. "Very well, read it." And then, "I am armed; do you want me to disarm?" They said they did, and he took from his pocket a forty-five-caliber automatic. He also removed the badge of the Horse Thief Detective Association. Then, saying, "Well, I am used to being framed; this is another frame-up," he went along quietly. Klenck and Gentry also were arrested.

Madge Oberholtzer's father said, "Neither faction of the Klan is mixed up in this. I am going through with this uphill fight for the sake of humanity—for the sake of other fathers and their daughters." Stephenson's secretary, Fred Butler, said, "We've always landed on our feet, haven't we?" The Marion County Klavern Number Three adopted a resolution denouncing Stephenson. Stephenson's mansion in Irvington burned, and firemen found large containers of gasoline in the house (as well as a lot of ammunition); Stephenson, Klenck, Gentry, and Butler were charged with conspiracy to commit arson (but not convicted). Stephenson, in a dark suit and a pearl-gray hat with turned-up brim, told a reporter, "I'd give anything if I could get away from the Ku Klux Klan."

IV

THE question naturally arises: would Stephenson, a shrewd man fully aware of the many enemies who confronted him during that critical spring, have been indiscreet enough to get drunk and assault an innocent maiden? With what glee his enemies must have read the newspaper accounts of his arrest! As the trial began Stephenson declared that the murder charge was part of a gigantic conspiracy fostered by the Imperial Wizard. Was it a frame?

Well, the chief evidence against Stephenson was Madge Oberholtzer's "dying declaration." Asa Smith took it from Madge, and there is no evidence that Smith, today a man with a substantial

civil law practice, ever was active in Klan affairs or Indiana politics. On cross-examination Stephenson's attorneys charged Smith with attempting to blackmail Stephenson with the dying declaration. Smith denied it flatly, and Stephenson's lawyers presented no corroborative evidence.

But was it possible that Smith was made an innocent party to the "conspiracy"? That would mean that Madge Oberholtzer's dying declaration was not true. This Stephenson's partisans charged. A booklet published in his behalf in 1940 attacked the dying declaration at various points. For instance, why did Madge make no outcry or effort to escape? Again, although "terrified" and "very ill," she was able to note such details as the fact that Stephenson's revolver was pearl-handled, but did not recall that the Pullman porter (as he testified) brought sandwiches to the compartment. The newspapers reported she bought the hat and the bichloride of mercury at stores in the hotel building, which she would not logically have used a car to reach, as she said she did (and it is a curious fact that the state introduced no witnesses to testify they had sold her either poison or a hat). The pamphlet questioned, among other things, whether in those days in Indiana a woman of the virtue claimed for Madge Oberholtzer would have gone voluntarily to a bachelor's home at ten o'clock at night, whether she could have been "forced" to take three drinks, whether she would have gone unguarded from the hotel room where her abductor slept to an adjoining room to take poison instead of escaping, whether she would have swallowed the poison and vomited all day alone in the room without seeking aid. The pamphlet ended by suggesting that the whole dying declaration presented to the jury was not the document Madge signed but was a substituted document, written by Stephenson's enemies who forged Madge's signature to it. Nevertheless, Judge Will M. Sparks admitted the declaration and said, "[Its] credibility and weight are wholly for the jury." One must remember that, when she made it, Madge Oberholtzer was in pain and she was dying. Of course Madge's statement was not subject to

cross-examination. (Stephenson or his partisans have hinted that the woman he took to Hammond was not Madge Oberholtzer but "the wife of a prominent state official.")

But the question of Stephenson's guilt involves broader issues. For certainly this was no ordinary murder case—that is, death did not immediately follow the act of violence charged, and indisputably Madge took a deadly poison by her own hand. This raised the question: what, precisely, killed the girl? The state's medical experts contended that she died of a pneumonia infection caused by Stephenson's bites, that she would have recovered from the mercury poisoning and ensuing nephritis, and that Stephenson's delay in providing medical treatment contributed to her death. The defense claimed simply that she had committed suicide. This had been the verdict of the coroner, Paul F. Robinson, and he testified for the defense at the murder trial.

The trial was venued to Noblesville, a small county-seat town not far from Indianapolis. Thus Stephenson, seeking justice, came back from the wicked capital city to the country folk whence sprang his original power; but now he came charged with heinous crime. Surprisingly, the courtroom was not always packed. Did "good people" stay away for fear of blushing? Perhaps. Yet everyone sensed that more was on trial here than one man charged with killing a girl. It was said that death threats were received by the prosecutor, William H. Remy, a zealous reformer and one of the few Marion County officials elected the year before without Stephenson's support.

Neither Stephenson, Klenck, nor Gentry took the witness stand. The defense established an alibi for Klenck (he was discharging his duties as deputy sheriff at the time of the attack). Its witnesses testified that Madge had known Stephenson a little longer and a little better than her dying declaration indicated, but that was all. The court refused a defense offer to prove that Madge had visited a married man at police headquarters and that his wife had caught them. This, and testimony indicating that Madge at one time or another had suggested having a

drink, were the only attempts to blacken the girl's character. Attacking the point in the dying declaration where she related that Stephenson and Gentry had stopped at the Hotel Washington to pick up the tickets, one witness testified that he had seen her sitting alone in the car and that she seemed under no duress. Two newspapermen testified that they had seen no serious wounds on the dead girl's body.

The trial lasted more than a month; the transcript covers 2,247 pages. Judge Sparks, charging the jury, said it was possible for one person to drive another by fear to suicide, and that this would amount to felonious homicide. But in such cases the suicide must have been a reasonable step taken in well-grounded fear of immediate violence and must have been the natural consequence of the "unlawful conduct" of the person who caused the fear. These questions were for the jury, which also had to consider Madge's past relations with Stephenson and her chances of seeking help during the abduction; the question of whether she went to Hammond willingly was crucial. If she assented to the event which caused the "remorse, grief, shame, or humiliation" that drove her to suicide, then of course no homicide had been committed. But if she had been assaulted forcibly, then the jury had to determine whether suicide was a logical consequence, that is, whether, to a virtuous woman, death might be preferable to dishonor. This alone would be sufficient to convict. If the defendants, having abducted Madge forcibly, willfully kept her prisoner in the Stephenson garage and withheld medical attention, they were guilty of murder. Judge Sparks defined second-degree murder as unpremeditated homicide committed "purposely and maliciously," and he defined malice as not simply ill will but as "any wicked or corrupt motive."

Klenck and Gentry were acquitted. And Stephenson was sentenced to life imprisonment.

WHAT would happen now, politically? Stephenson went to prison boasting that Governor Jackson would pardon him. He didn't. It became

known that Jackson had rebuffed the Klan in state appointments after Stephenson's arrest.

After the Stephenson verdict was in, the ordinary Klansmen went on holding their meetings as always, but the professional politicians were quick to read the omens. They who so recently had welcomed Klan support now shunned it desperately. The Democrats feared that the Klan, spurned by Jackson, would move in on the Democrats: Frank P. Baker, Democratic boss, said, "We don't want the poisonous animal to crawl into our yard and die." Democrats sensed a new political weapon. The Republican organization was splintering into factions. Clearly the political machinery which had controlled Indiana so tightly was flying apart. For years to come "Stephensonism" would be a label fatal to any Indiana politician. They all knew it; they scurried to cover.

The thunderclouds blackened. The fearful politicians heard rumblings from the penitentiary at Michigan City: Stephenson, embittered by Jackson's refusal to act, was going to blow the lid off. Finally the storm broke. Stephenson wrote a note to Thomas H. Adams, editor of the *Vincennes Commercial*, disclosing the location of two "black boxes" containing Stephenson's private papers. The *Indianapolis Times*, under editor Boyd Gurley, launched a crusade. Stephenson played ball: "I have been railroaded to prison to protect others." It became plain that Stephenson for years had collected evidence against the politicians he corrupted. Guided by Prosecutor Remy, three Marion County grand juries conducted the investigation. Witnesses disappeared. The black boxes disgorged. The mayor of Indianapolis was indicted for violation of the corrupt practices act; on February 4, 1931, he began serving a thirty-day sentence. Six members of the Indianapolis City Council, indicted for receiving bribes, paid small fines on minor charges and resigned. The entire city administration had been overturned.

But the inquisitors were after bigger game. The *Times* produced a \$2,500 check (among others) drawn by Stephenson in favor of Ed Jackson during the

1924 campaign. "After three weeks' deliberation" Jackson explained that the check was payment for a riding horse named Senator, which had choked to death on a corn cob. Finally came evidence purporting to show that Jackson, while a candidate, had offered a bribe of money and immunity to Governor McCray, then under indictment on the charge which later sent him to the penitentiary. Jackson was indicted, but he pleaded the statute of limitations and was saved.

Other officials were indicted. The former Republican state chairman went to Leavenworth on a conspiracy charge. Evidence indicated that a congressman had pledged his post-office patronage to Stephenson. Judge Clarence W. Dearth of Muncie was impeached; he once had threatened a newsboy peddling an anti-Klan paper; he barely escaped removal from office.

The pot had boiled over. For its part in building the fire under the Klan the Indianapolis *Times* won the Pulitzer Prize in 1928. By that time the Klan claimed only four thousand members in Indiana.

V

Is the Klan, as such, dead today in Indiana? Probably only a few local groups survive. Could it be revived? Probably not, under that name. But this war will end some day, and Hoosier bigotry and boredom are not dead. Newspapermen consider the Negro problem dangerous in Indianapolis (and in other cities as well); in the summer of 1943 Negro soldiers, denied entrance to a park swimming pool, stoned a street car, and the story was suppressed.

Though the Klan is today no longer a potent organization, it appears to survive as political poison. True, among the men washed into minor local office by the Republican tides of 1940 and 1942 there were a number of holdovers from the Klan, long out of power. But not until June of 1944 was any important state politician openly charged with Klan connections. The man was Robert W.

Lyons, a personable Richmond lawyer and millionaire chain-store lobbyist, who had been active for four years in Dewey's behalf—but always behind the scenes. Now he came into the open as Republican national committeeman. Abruptly a member of his own party denounced him as having been an officer of the Klan during the Stephenson days. After enduring two weeks' criticism, Lyons resigned. This of course did not necessarily mean that he relinquished actual power in Indiana Republicanism.

In recent years the newspapers have investigated several rumors that the Klan was being revived politically. There has been an ever-present feeling that, if watchfulness relaxed, the Klansmen might yet ride again. Nearly twenty years have passed since Madge Oberholtzer died and the Klan reigned, but much scar tissue remains in Indiana.

Stephenson is still in prison, having carried his case unsuccessfully through about a dozen appellate actions. He has claimed that Klan death threats prevented him from presenting an adequate defense. In 1940 he was refused clemency by a Democratic administration. Precedent makes a lifer in Indiana eligible for parole after he has served fifteen years. Stephenson has served nearly twenty years, which he contends proves he is a "political prisoner." One political reporter has said that "Indiana governors are politically ambitious and Stephenson is the hottest thing at Michigan City—if you paroled him it'd be worse than getting caught stealing ten thousand dollars." A deputy attorney general has said that Stephenson was denied parole chiefly because he has been unco-operative and imperious toward prison officials. Today he invents gadgets, some, he claims, valuable to the war effort.

His case of course has become Indiana's *cause célèbre*. He still has blindly loyal followers. Stephenson himself once wrote this note to a newspaperman: "I should have been put in jail for my political activities but I am not guilty of murder." Many plain people agree.

THE Easy Chair Bernard DeVoto



OLD SUBSCRIBERS will remember a tradition which requires the Easy Chair to appear in shirtsleeves at midsummer. A frivolous piece would have been out of tune with the times in the August issue, however, and I decided that we had better skip it this year. But since then something has come up which makes it proper to let world affairs slide this month and, with due thanks for the vacation, to summarize for you a case of censorship which is a good deal more asinine than it is sinister. I say that for I have come to agree with the responsible party, Senator Taft of Ohio. As I understand a series of statements made by the Senator and published in the *New York Times*, he pleads that he was merely being stupid. He says that he did not intend and did not foresee the full implications of his stupidity: his motives were pure. Stet. I think we can accept his explanation.

Senator Taft's purpose was unexceptionable. He wanted to safeguard the Army, the Navy, the Marines, and the associated services. As you know, Mr. Taft, many of his Republican colleagues in Congress, and some Republicans who have to vote Democratic because they live in the South had grown concerned about the gullibility, as they saw it, of our fighting men. Their most strenuous efforts had not sufficed to prevent Mr. Roosevelt from being a candidate again, or even to set up an opposition candidate who could inspire confidence in Mr. Taft.

Extremely dangerous possibilities were suggested. Mr. Roosevelt and his organization might be unscrupulous in a way not open to Mr. Taft's party, which is out of office. They might flood the armed forces with political propaganda masquerading as legitimate military stuff. They might make a hideously dishonest

bid for the soldier vote. For there was going to be some soldier vote, in spite of all that Mr. Taft and his colleagues could do to disfranchise the Army in the sacred name of states' rights.

Figure it out for yourself. The Commander in Chief might address a message of congratulation to, say, the Ninth Division in Normandy and slip into it a paragraph claiming that the division's success was due primarily to the Democratic candidate. Or take Mr. Davis's OWI, which the opposition in Congress well knows is full of low cunning and dedicated to the perpetuation of Mr. Roosevelt as our indigenous Führer. Since American history has turned out to be Democratic propaganda, OWI might circulate the Constitution, the Declaration of Independence, and the Federalist papers and claim that Mr. Roosevelt wrote them with his own hand. It might distribute millions of pamphlets ostensibly designed to recall the glories of Gettysburg, say, and into half of them insinuate a claim that Mr. Roosevelt commanded the Union artillery and into the other half a claim that he was only half a step behind Armistead in Pickett's charge. Mr. Taft and his colleagues felt confident that soldiers, sailors, and marines could deal effectively with the enemy but were not confident that they could deal satisfactorily with political propaganda. New Deal propaganda, that is.

They were engaged in writing a bill to vindicate states' rights and incidentally hold down the soldier vote, and they directed Senator Taft to write a section covering the horrible possibilities here suggested. He did so and, with the help of the Southern Republicans who vote Democratic, the bill was passed and became Public Law 277, 78th Congress.

The whole law makes for meditation but we are concerned here only with Senator Taft's Title V, subheaded "Amendments to Act of August 2, 1939, as Amended." That Act is the Hatch-Connally "clean vote bill," generally known as the Hatch Act. So our Title V, which you might think of as a wartime measure due to expire shortly after the end of hostilities, has become part of the permanent law of the United States. I understand Senator Taft to plead that that result also was inadvertent.

THE Army and Navy found themselves obliged to construe Title V. It forbids the government to distribute, or to sponsor or facilitate the distribution of, any political argument or propaganda whatsoever that is calculated or designed to affect any federal election. But since I can't write like a lawyer very long at a stretch, let's skip everything down to the provision that principally concerns us. This provision forbids the services to distribute books of general circulation which contain "political argument or political propaganda of any kind designed or calculated to affect the result of any election for" federal offices. Observe the phrase "of any kind" and the word "calculated." Either a lawyer or a general could make a great deal of them and when lawyer and general are combined in a single official the results could have been foreseen by anyone except, on his own showing, Senator Taft.

The Acting Adjutant General needed twelve pages, single space, to interpret the page and a half of Title V. But the interpretation is not only long, it is befogged far beyond the ordinary achievements of military legalese; it is one of the least comprehensible documents I have ever encountered in a long career of trying to understand bad writing. Well, I think it says that the Act is not to be applied retroactively beyond January 1 (or possibly March 31) of this year, but it also directs officers of the educational services to throw out anything that violates the statute. And in fact textbooks and other material previously used by the educational services have been withdrawn from them. The *Times* of July 5th names five

history and economics texts already found to violate Title V. Presumably others have been by this time and certainly many more will be as fast as the Army's own educational courses and those offered by colleges under its supervision can be examined. History and economics are highly inflammable stuff. At any moment the unwary mind might encounter something in either that might make him think of politics, and no statute of limitations applies. As the Acting Adjutant General points out, "a book . . . made many years prior to the 1944 general election may, by the manner and timing of its use, become potent political propaganda capable of affecting such election." There being no safe substitutes, this part of the Army's educational program will apparently have to adjourn till the day after election. Or adjourn *sine die*, for, as I have remarked, the Act is permanent.

Title V also covers magazines which might expose soldiers to political argument. Here, however, the Acting Adjutant General was able to work what used to be and doubtless still is called the old army game. He directed that "soldier preferences" be determined by a "reliable method"—that is, by sampling. You ask a hundred soldiers which magazines they like to read. Ninety of them say *Captain Marvel Comics* and ten say *Harper's*. So you requisition ten copies of *Captain Marvel* and none of *Harper's*. Eighteen preferences were determined and the list was published. By a useful coincidence it did not contain *Harper's*, the *Atlantic*, the *New Republic*, the *Nation*, or any other magazine likely to express overtly any political opinion unpalatable to Senator Taft. The Army, so the Army said, had to stand on the facts as revealed by the reliable method. So it took an additional half-hitch on the facts, just to make sure. Following publication of the preference list, the Acting Adjutant General ordered, "no commander . . . will be authorized to purchase, distribute, or sell through post exchanges or otherwise" any magazine not on that list, and "no such commander will hereafter make any arrangements under which other magazines [other, that is, than those on the list] are available for distribution or sale under Army auspices."

If a copy of *Harper's* got into any soldier's hands, the Army was in the clear. (Later the list of eligible magazines was expanded, in response to public clamor; *Harper's* may now be legally distributed to soldiers, I am happy to report.)

MEANWHILE another danger had to be faced. A terrifying amount of dynamite had been distributed to troops by the Army itself. The Council on Books in Wartime had printed for the services some three hundred books, described as "reprints of current best-sellers and the best books of all time." These constituted the Armed Services Editions, beautifully printed, paper-bound volumes never sold to civilians. Upwards of thirty-five million copies had been distributed to soldiers, sailors, and marines when Title V put the whole list in peril. The Pentagon quivered with a paralyzing realization that the Army itself had exposed soldiers to a biography of George Washington Carver, the selected writings of Abraham Lincoln, Mr. Lippmann's *U. S. Foreign Policy*, *The Grapes of Wrath*, and Plato's *Republic*. Such books were forbidden by Title V. On the Acting Adjutant General's showing, all books this side of *Patty Goes to Boarding School* were forbidden, and God knows if it is safe to stop with *Patty*. Nor could the old army game be worked here—these books had gone out through channels and on orders. If Senator Taft should rise to a question of privilege and denounce the Army for sending out the Emancipation Proclamation or Lincoln's Second Inaugural Address, the responsible authorities had only the feeble answer that they had also distributed Plato, who was in favor of slavery.

But, though painfully compromised, the Army could at least protect itself from now on. The Council on Books in Wartime had another list ready for the Armed Services Editions and the Army moved to reconsider. Some of the titles on the list were apparently as uncontroversial as the Little Colonel series but four were clearly "calculated to affect the result" of the presidential election of 1944. They were E. B. White's *One Man's Meat*, Mari Sandoz' *Slogum House*, Charles A. Beard's *The Republic*, and Catherine Drinker Bow-

en's life of Justice Holmes, *Yankee from Olympus*.

It does not become me to speak of Mr. White, who was a former colleague on *Harper's*. I suppose Miss Sandoz was found improper for the virginal minds of soldiers because her book suggests that there may be corruption in the United States. Unhappily Mr. Beard, who is thus found to be as dangerous as Plato if not more dangerous, is available to soldiers through the reprinting of most of his book by one of the magazines on the Army's preference list. If it is ever proper for soldiers to be taught about the government they are dying to preserve, and about its origins and purposes and potentialities, clearly to be taught about them during an election campaign might lead on to political thinking, and the Army was quite right to suppress Mr. Beard. What arouses my admiration is the Army's self-restraint, its austere self-sacrifice, in declaring Justice Holmes a clear and present danger to the soldier vote.

"I think that, as life is action and passion, it is required of a man that he should share the passion and action of his time at peril of being judged not to have lived." "In the midst of doubt . . . there is one thing I do not doubt . . . and that is that the faith is true and adorable which leads a soldier to throw away his life in obedience to a blindly accepted duty, in a cause which he little understands, in a plan of campaign of which he has no notion, under tactics of which he does not see the use." "Out of heroism grows faith in the worth of heroism." "All that is required of you is that you should go somewhither as hard as ever you can. The rest belongs to fate. One may fall—at the beginning of the charge or at the top of the earthworks; but in no other way can he reach the rewards of victory." Justice Holmes speaking. Maybe the generals would have been bright to risk the incidental danger of political thought.

Titles of books sufficiently chaste for the mind of the American soldier are now being earnestly sought by the Army and the Council on Books in Wartime. But let us not get too excited, brethren. This is just one asininity compounded by another one, a military folly abetting a

political folly to produce results which Senator Taft promises us are altogether foreign to his intent. It is nowhere near so dangerous a case of censorship as certain others currently with us, for instance the Post Office's continuing zeal to protect our moral purity and some other, possibly related purities. It is not so dangerous—if only because it has been so universally ridiculed that it will promptly be abated.

IT is only in appearance that Senator Taft and his colleagues who passed the Act desire to deny our soldiers all reading matter that has a higher intellectual content than Gasoline Alley. (Incidentally, Orphan Annie and Joe Palooka, if no other comic strips, clearly violate Title V.) He says that what he wrote has been misinterpreted and he may be believed, for no one who has ever heard him speak will accuse him of a serpentlike cunning in the use of words. He and his pals merely intended that soldiers should not hear Democratic campaign arguments at government expense. Well, if they could be prevented from hearing them at anyone's expense, that would be so much velvet, but there was no intention of prohibiting books or even certain specified ideas, to be determined by a reliable method. The Senator is now on a hot spot. Repeated experience has given him great skill in getting off hot spots, and you may be sure that before long soldiers will be able to read Mr. White and Mrs. Bowen.

Nor did the Army intend to depict itself as teaching soldiers that their whole duty is to keep their bowels open, their mouths shut, and their minds blank. True, the net effect is just that. True, this official policy reduces to nonentity Army educational programs that were already better protected against modern ideas than those of any other Allied Army. True, that policy is dangerous to democracy, is anti-democratic, is a laboratory specimen all complete of precisely the kind of official antisepsis that the Army has been charged by the American people with the job of destroying. True, the policy is blind, idiotic, dangerous, contemptible, and intolerable. But it was not planned to be—and it won't be long. No doubt quietly but perhaps with a canny fanfare of pub-

licity, the policy will be reversed and the troops permitted to read a book, just as the list of eligible magazines was expanded from 18 to 189. And we shall all profit from a demonstration that our military set-up does indeed answer to public opinion.

But there is another demonstration which we shall do well to bear in mind, and I think that a couple of theories currently offered to explain the policy must be rejected. The Army itself explains that it can do nothing whatever about the law except obey it; that if Senator Taft succeeds in prohibiting reading, the Army cannot expose its humblest shavetail to fine and imprisonment by making him an accessory to the distribution of a book. Horse feathers. The very essence of the Army is a discreet approach to regulations. But on the other hand certain apologists are also wrong when they explain that the Army is applying the Act literally in order to bring it into contempt and so get rid of it altogether. The Army has set up no visible record for subtlety in such matters. The truth is simpler and more obvious: the Army is facing reconversion.

The Army does not want to be put in a position of seeming to influence this election in any way whatsoever. To avoid the appearance of that evil, it would not only prohibit Mrs. Bowen and Mr. White, it would prohibit the dictionary and the telephone directory, it would if necessary refuse to distribute cigarettes till the labels had been scraped off the packages. To more parts of the Army than the War Plans Division the end of the war is in sight. That means that a reversion to a peacetime military establishment is in sight. Pretty soon the generals will be in there pitching again, with the bases loaded, three balls called, and the head of the batting list coming up. They will be working furiously at the familiar, disheartening, never successful job of getting enough money from Congress to keep the Army going. The Army has no politics but administrations change and it has to keep its nose clean. Some day it might have to face an appropriations committee conceivably headed by Senator Taft which wanted to begin by determining whether or not it had permitted soldiers to read campaign literature away back in 1944.

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years, is the author of Montana: High, Wide and
Handsome and of many articles on Northwestern subjects }

THE MONTANA TWINS IN TROUBLE?

JOSEPH KINSEY HOWARD



FOR almost a generation a pair of fat boys like Tweedledum and Tweedledee, an arm of each flung chummily across the other's shoulders, have been running the show in Montana.

The twins—Anaconda Copper and Montana Power—had for many years a single directing intelligence; their political and social policies have generally been identical; and they have many interlocking and interdependent business interests. So Montanans have always lumped them together. In the dialect of the Treasure State, they are “the Company.”

The first question asked about a political candidate, whether he seeks a seat on a county school board or a seat in the United States Senate, is always, “Is he a Company man?” And if someone suggests a major community venture in any of the principal cities—sometimes even in farm villages—everyone else wants to know, “How does the Company stand on it?” Because if the twins dislike candidate or project, the chances of either usually have been very slim indeed. Have been, up to now; but something is happening in Montana.

One of the twins, Anaconda Copper, has been doing all right, for the copper which Anaconda produces is a precious war material. The market is guaranteed, labor controls curb the rebellious spirit of Butte, and manpower controls funnel into the mines and smelters what

few able-bodied workers the hard-hit state of Montana has left—not nearly enough. War has added to this twin's girth and complacency.

But Montana Power has been losing weight and is beginning to look decidedly peaked.

MONTANA has been learning of this state of affairs with surprise and comes by such knowledge with considerable difficulty, since the twins control seven of the state's fourteen daily or almost-daily newspapers and appear to have the Indian sign on some of the “independents.” Of the eight newspapers in the five principal cities (Butte, Great Falls, Missoula, Billings, and Helena) all save Great Falls' two are Company-controlled.

Along with a highly-colored account of its troubles which Montana Power has presented to the public in Company newspapers, this harassed twin has voiced loud cries of anguish, complaining of persecution. Montanans have been told that what has been happening to “their” Montana Power Company (it is an operating subsidiary of the vast American Power & Light system) probably never happened to anybody before. Some citizens were sufficiently persuaded of this to assess themselves twenty-five cents a share on their preferred stock and hire attorneys to help Montana Power resist the first thorough Saturday-night scrubbing it has

ever had to face. Others, less easily convinced that the interests of preferred and common stockholders (American Power & Light owns Montana Power's common—93.73 per cent of all voting stock) are invariably identical, suspected that this wholesale employment of "interveners' counsel" was a scheme to pass the gravy bowl around among the Company's legal friends; these skeptics kept their two-bit pieces in their pockets to jingle pleasantly against Montana's heavy silver dollars. Still a third group, the mass of Montana's population (and that is fewer people than live in Milwaukee), has been happily unconcerned about the Power Company's troubles but is gradually becoming aware of the fact that it has troubles; and this is significant, and bad medicine politically, for it has never happened before on such a scale. Let a boss's subjects once learn that the old man is on the skids and there's no telling what might happen. . . .

II

THE Montana Power Company would appear to have brought some of its troubles upon itself by an oddly arrogant proceeding: five years ago it marched into federal court to assert its virtual ownership of the Montana portion of the Missouri River, longest in North America, which rises in the state. A group of farmers in Broadwater County had organized a water users' association under a new state law, to irrigate twenty-one thousand acres of land with water purchased from the State Water Conservation Board. This water the Board obtained by constructing a diversion dam in the Missouri; the project cost a little less than a million dollars and was one of several such undertakings in the plains states assisted by PWA and other federal agencies.

The Power Company sued the Water Conservation Board, its members (who included the governor of the state), and the water users' association. It asked that title be "quieted" to its asserted prior water rights on the Missouri, and that the defendants be permanently enjoined from diversion of any water from the river for their project. The Company's complaint said that for operation of its seven hydro-

electric installations on the Missouri below the farmers' dam, the flow of "all of said waters . . . uninterrupted and undiminished" was necessary in order that it might fulfill its obligation as a public utility. (In a later action, unrelated to this one, its counsel said it was predominantly a power company rather than a public utility.)

During the lengthy hearing before a special master of the water-rights action, M. E. Buck, the Company's operating vice-president and general superintendent, responded "Yes, certainly," when asked, "You claim all the water in the river, don't you?" But the question and answer were not accepted in evidence because Company counsel earlier had acknowledged that a water-right appropriation "of the whole stream . . . made in that way we would concede would not be a valid appropriation." Nevertheless the issue was clear: a victory for the Power Company meant that to all intents and purposes it would own the river, by virtue of water rights it had acquired by absorption of their original claimants.

THE lower court decided for the Company and granted the injunction it requested.

The Water Board, the water users, and the state of Montana appealed, with the help of the Federal Power Commission and the U. S. Department of Justice. To the circuit court in San Francisco the appellants said:

The court wrongfully ignored the fundamental principle that the corpus of running water belongs to the public and is not subject to private ownership or control. . . . The court wrongfully extended and applied the doctrine of priority so that it may permit by a corporation the manipulation, waste, exploitation, and unlimited control of the waters of a great river.

And on January 4th of this year the circuit court reversed the judgment. The action brought by the Montana Power Company was specifically dismissed in so far as it concerned the Water Conservation Board and its members: the court held that the Board was "a mere arm" of the state and as such could not be sued in federal court. The effect of the decision was to restrict the Company to proceeding against the water users' association

alone in state courts, and lawyers wondered if such an action might be hampered by the fact that the water users do not actually divert the water but purchase it after it has been diverted by the now legally impregnable state Board. The Company acknowledged, in consenting to dismissal of the federal court case against the water users, that the state Board was an indispensable party in that action.

The Power Company had been expected to appeal to the U. S. Supreme Court, but as the appeal date passed without initiation of further action it became apparent that the utility had abandoned hope of victory in federal tribunals. The complexity of the controversy (the record fills five printed volumes) and discreet obscurity of the news stories in all but one or two of the papers discouraged public interest; besides, many Montanans, including especially some highly placed politicians, were most unhappy about the whole affair. Nevertheless the fact that the Company had taken one of the worst lickings in its thirty-year history could not be entirely concealed. Montana's Senator James E. Murray, unpopular for some time with the Company, issued a jubilant statement in Washington; and so broken was Company spirit, at least temporarily, that it did not even bother to point out that the Senator's interview as carried on the news wire misquoted the circuit court decision—though this could hardly have been done, to be sure, without printing the interview too.

III

ALMOST before there had been time for knowledge of this setback to sink in, Montanans learned that "their" Company was under fire from a more formidable foe than any state agency—the Federal Power Commission. Owners of Montana Power preferred stock (the Company made strenuous efforts several years ago, like other utilities, to obtain wide distribution on its home grounds of its preferred securities) received letters from stockholders' committees suggesting that they assess themselves to hire attorneys to represent them as "interveners" in a forthcoming Federal Power Commission hearing in

Butte (in at least some instances the letters named certain designated attorneys to handle the "interveners'" interests). This hearing was called on an FPC order to the Company to show cause why it should not be required to adopt the Commission's system of accounting provided for in the Federal Power Act of 1935, when Congress directed the Commission to determine the legitimate "original costs" of utility properties. Adoption of the accounting system in the form presented by the FPC staff would result in elimination of about \$50,000,000 alleged excess capitalization from the Company's books. In the letters urging them to employ counsel, the preferred stockholders were informed that this would jeopardize the value of their holdings.

The hearing opened March 27th and ended seven weeks later. By invitation of the FPC, the Montana Public Service Commission sat jointly with the FPC trial examiner but maintained independence on rulings as to acceptance of evidence. The million-word transcript—nearly six thousand typewritten pages, supplemented by 420 exhibits filling three trunks—is illuminated by flaming outbursts from "intervener" counsel, one of whom at one time said that the exhibits "might have been prepared by Commission counsel, typed to suit their particular needs for the purposes of their case," and another, "We do not propose to stand here and see this company butchered by the Federal Power Commission." (The *Montana Standard*, one of the two Company-controlled Butte dailies, improved on the record slightly when, in its subsequent summary of the hearing, it quoted this remark. The *Standard* put it this way: "Attorney E. G. Toomey of Helena replied that he was objecting because he 'did not want to see this company, *in which so many Montana people have ownership*, butchered.'" The phrase here italicized does not appear in the official transcript.)

The trial examiner, Edward B. Marsh, replied sharply to the "butchering" implication: "[It] is the most uncalled-for and unjust statement I think that has ever been made in any hearing with which I have had any connection." He then explained that no more weight attached to

evidence submitted by the FPC staff than to that submitted by the Company. At the start of the proceedings the examiner had attempted to reassure the "interveners" by this statement:

Perhaps it is well also to call attention to the fact, as expressed in many of its decisions, that the Federal Power Commission is just as much interested in the protection of the legitimate investors in public-utility securities as it is in any other phase of its regulatory functions. To me it is obvious that a contrary policy would ultimately lead to defeat of the basic objective of regulation, namely, the protection of the public interest. I think it not improbable, at least, that the Commission had something like that in mind when . . . it granted the interventions of preferred stockholders.

Counsel for the "interveners" remained unconvinced, however, and maintained throughout the hearing the position that their clients' interests were jeopardized by the FPC; toward the close of the proceeding they put on the stand a number of Montanans who testified that they thought Montana Power was a good stock and worth the money and that the Company's properties were worth the sums shown on its books.

IT WAS Montana's first experience with administrative procedure, which, with judicial approval, has long been freed from the necessity of adhering to the strict rules of evidence. The novelty of it gave rise to expressions of shocked horror in the *Standard*, which reported, "Court rules regarding the taking of testimony and the introduction of evidence do not prevail and this departure provided a source of constant worry and protest on the part of several widely experienced Montana attorneys engaged in the hearing." It also brought objection from C. F. Kelley, chairman of the board of the Anaconda Copper Mining Company, who was counsel for the late John D. Ryan during the period when the latter was buying and selling power properties and participating in creation of the Montana Power Company. Kelley said on the stand:

It may not be proper, but I am still licensed as an attorney in the state of Montana, and I am a stockholder in the Montana Power Company, and I have some ideas about the rudimentary principles of evidence. In all my long experience, I have

never seen things permitted to go into the record as there have been in this hearing. That is my opinion.

"Have you had much experience before regulatory commissions?" the trial examiner asked.

"Thank God, no!" retorted Kelley. "Mine has been before courts."

Company and Commission counsel had agreed long before the hearing that each side could offer photostats of documents from certain Company and other files without "proving" them by witnesses in the usual manner. "Interveners," who entered the case late, were not parties to this agreement. Nevertheless the trial examiner did exclude several exhibits and a few were withdrawn.

RARELY has a public proceeding of such importance to a state found such an indifferent or hostile press. Two weeklies with limited fields of circulation were the only newspapers in Montana which made any consistent effort to present the FPC staff's side of the argument; they were the *Montana Labor News*, a Butte union organ, and *The People's Voice*, a Farmers' Union and labor paper in Helena. In all the weeks of the hearing, the federal commission counsel were approached but once by a Butte daily newspaper reporter, and then only to be requested to stand still and have their pictures taken.

More remarkable, however, than the completely one-sided accounts in Company-controlled papers were some of the stories which went out to the rest of the state over Associated Press wires. These emanated from the offices of the Butte papers because under the AP system they are local correspondents for the wire service; the Associated Press, boasting of nationwide coverage by virtue of its franchise requirement that local members supply local news exclusively to it, does not acknowledge the accompanying danger of censorship by small-town advertisers, industry, or Chamber of Commerce boosters.

One AP lead, a few days after the hearing opened, read:

BUTTE, March 31—(AP)—All the petty questions and suspicions as to what was in the minds of the men who organized the great power possibilities and potentialities of Montana were

answered today by C. F. Kelley in the hearing before the examiner for the Federal Power Commission and the Montana Public Service Commission over the Montana Power Company's accounting methods.

There wasn't any sordid or petty thought in the minds of these men. These men realized that they were dealing with tremendous resources, that they were laying the foundations of a great service to mankind.

It was so that Mr. Kelley described it when he was asked by the Federal Power Commission attorney why he believed that the Butte Electric Company got a bargain when it purchased the first half of the Great Falls power interests from John D. Ryan. . . .

This statement was made piecemeal in answer to numerous questions, but Mr. Kelley gave the formula on which all enterprise and all success in the west has been built.

A five-column story in the *Montana Standard* after the hearing was concluded, purporting to summarize the entire proceeding, started on page one with this head: "FPC Ignores Value in Its Public Utility Accounting; Startling Practices and Procedures Are Disclosed in Lengthy Hearing Directed to Montana Power Company." The article said in its lead, "Practices of accounting that will prove astonishing to western business people . . . were disclosed." These "practices," it developed, were the FPC insistence that original cost was the only legitimate cost of physical properties allowable on the Company's books. Original cost was defined as cost to those who first put the property to public use, cost resulting from a bona fide transaction between parties with no affiliation of interest. The principle was embodied in the congressional mandate to the Commission in the 1935 Federal Power Act, and was upheld by the U. S. Supreme Court January 31, 1944, in the case of the Northwestern Electric Company of Portland, Oregon, against the Commission. The *Montana Standard's* story did not mention this judicial endorsement.

THE Montana Power Company vigorously resisted reclassification of its accounts. The "original cost" principle, it complained, did not represent true "value": the properties were worth the figures at which the Company's founders recorded them on the books because "the developments and the use of power over a

period of four or five years had indicated that those sites were valuable production properties." And there were other defenses: one was that the Company and its predecessors were predominantly power companies and not public utilities because the two most important predecessor companies sold 99 per cent of their output to industry. (The Company's 1940 report showed 76.3 per cent of its total horsepower sold to industry, only 4.5 per cent to residential consumers; in the Anaconda it is reputed to have one of the largest single industrial customers, if not the largest, possessed by any American utility—a customer which in 1940 was using more power than the entire airplane industry in this country.)

The series of transactions through which the Montana Power Company came into being, its counsel said, were bona fide, "arm's length" sales, despite the fact that the seller in three instances was John D. Ryan and the buyers were companies in which Ryan was a director, a dominant stockholder, or (in one instance) president. (During the time the Montana Power system was being organized, Ryan also was president of the Anaconda Copper Company, then headed its successor, Amalgamated, and returned to the presidency of Anaconda when the Amalgamated "trust" was dissolved in 1915.) Minutes of Company meetings were introduced to show that Ryan represented himself as seller and disassociated himself from the buying companies in which he was interested, during the period of negotiation, by a statement to that effect for the minutes.

THESE deals occurred between 1908 and 1913 in this order:

In August, 1908, Ryan bought for \$1,500,000 all the stock of the Great Falls Water Power & Townsite Company from James J. Hill, builder of the Great Northern Railroad.

In January, 1909, Ryan sold exactly one-half of this stock to the Butte Electric & Power Company for \$2,500,000, of which \$150,000 was cash and the rest was in stocks and bonds of the Butte company. The buyer was obligated to find a purchaser for the bonds, and with the cash

thus realized Ryan paid off the notes by which he had financed his purchase of the property from Hill. By virtue of this transaction he became the largest single stockholder in the Butte firm and a director; and by retaining the other half of the Great Falls property he became an equal partner with Butte Electric in its operation.

On November 25, 1912, Ryan bought from the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, of which he also was a director, the Thompson Falls power site, for \$950,000. Credited against this sum was \$113,000 which Ryan already had caused to be spent in developing this property.

On December 12, 1912, the Montana Power Company was created, consolidating Butte Electric & Power Company and several subsidiaries, and issuing four shares of \$100-par Montana Power stock for each \$100-par-value share of Butte Electric. Ryan, by virtue of his dominant stock position in the Butte company, continued as the largest individual owner of shares in Montana Power.

On December 16, 1912, Ryan became president of the Montana Power Company upon the retirement (because of illness) of its original president, who had headed Butte Electric.

On February 11, 1913, Ryan sold to the Montana Power Company his remaining half of the Great Falls properties (for the whole of which he had paid \$1,500,000) for \$22,500,000 in stock; on the same day he sold to the Montana Power Company the Thompson Falls site (for which he had paid \$950,000 less than three months before) for \$5,000,000 in common stock. The deed of transfer for the Thompson Falls property was received by Ryan the day before he resold it to Montana Power.

THE record shows, therefore, that Ryan built his \$1,500,000 Great Falls investment to \$25,000,000 within four years and pyramided another \$950,000—Thompson Falls—into \$5,000,000 in three months. The FPC staff said the Montana Power Company could not list Ryan's profits as bona fide original acquisition cost because Ryan was an interested party on both sides of the table, because the profits thus realized were actually merely "transfers from the left pocket to the right

pocket," and had had the effect of "watering" Montana Power's stock to the extent of \$24,000,000. The mere exchange of Power Company stock for the hydroelectric properties acquired, said FPC counsel, did not constitute a cost to Montana Power but simply admitted Ryan to a larger participation in the Company's profits and a greater degree of control in its management. (The *Montana Standard*, in its "summary" of the hearing, listed the costs of the properties to the Power Company but failed to mention what they had cost Ryan.)

Another \$20,000,000 worth of "water" was pumped into the Company's capital structure, the Commission staff charged, when Butte Electric's properties were transferred to the newly organized Montana Power. Said John J. O'Neill, assistant chief accountant in the FPC's division of original cost:

The stockholders who owned Butte Electric & Power Company and its subsidiaries in the morning were the same stockholders who owned the Montana Power Company in the afternoon. Instead of holding one share of Butte Electric & Power Company common stock with its par value of \$100, they held four shares of Montana Power Company common stock each at \$100 par value. . . . The entire transaction can be summarized by stating that the stockholders of Butte Electric & Power Company wrote up their properties to the extent of \$19,833,333.33 and declared that self-created surplus in the form of a stock dividend. . . . The same plant and property was there in the afternoon as was there in the morning and the same people owned it.

But, said C. F. Kelley, a principal Company witness by virtue of his long association with Ryan, this was not a write-up because "obviously it represented the difference between the cost of the property as reflected upon the local books of the local companies . . . and the actual value in the opinion of the people that were creating the consolidation and the new company . . . the difference between the original cost of the property and the value after it had been developed."

FPC counsel declared such testimony of anticipated power development was an attempt to justify by hindsight the inflation of the Company's capital structure. Their objection was sustained by the Commission trial examiner, who ruled out of the federal case all evidence of value of

Company properties subsequent to the date of the Company's organization; such evidence, he said, was irrelevant in an inquiry into the original cost of a utility's facilities.

THIS ruling caused a split between the FPC trial examiner and the Montana Public Service Commission which was joyously reported in the Company-controlled press. At the opening of the hearing, Company Counsel J. E. Corette (since named vice-president) remarked that he believed this to be the first joint hearing of this particular type and therefore previously there had been "no conflicts between an order of a state commission and an order of the federal commission, and there has been no question involved of whether, when such a conflict might exist, the company would have to follow the state commission or the federal commission system of accounts." All this, he added, "merely creates a new question which might arise if there should be a conflict." The trial examiner asked, "But there is no conflict here now?" "Not now," Corette retorted, "but there could be."

The lawyer's prophetic gift was confirmed within a few days when Chairman Austin B. Middleton of the Montana commission overruled the FPC counsel's objection to the "value" testimony and ordered that all such evidence be accepted for the Montana board. As a result, the *Montana Standard* was able to emphasize again, "The Montana commission will reach its own decision." Later in the hearing, Middleton, who during the course of the proceeding announced his candidacy for the Democratic gubernatorial nomination, took occasion to nod courteously to the "interveners":

The Montana state commission wants the record to clearly show that it recognizes that the interveners' counsel, representing thousands of Montana people who have millions of dollars in savings and investment in this company, have exactly the same standing before the commission as the company counsel . . . or commission counsel.

These lawyers for the "interveners," the *Montana Standard* pointed out, represented more than 2,600 Montana holders of preferred stock, "and their appearance

in the hearing disclosed that 72.7 per cent of all stockholders reside in Montana and hold 71.5 per cent of the company's preferred stock." This *Standard* story, however, omitted any mention of one intervenor, American Power & Light, whose counsel was listed by the Butte newspaper only as an assistant to the chief counsel for the Montana Power Company, and whose only participation in the hearing was to present evidence that in 1928 and 1929, "in completely arm's length transactions," it paid \$90,000,000 dollars for the common stock of the Montana Power Company, "now held by American Power & Light Company."

The preferred stockholders' intervention was a curious development. It apparently was the first time that owners of preferred securities had taken part in such a proceeding as allies of a company which chose to resist FPC reform of its capital structure, and they have appeared on some occasions as parties with interests adverse to that of the allegedly "inflated" Company; it is the FPC's contention that squeezing out the "water" in no way reduces the Company's actual assets. It precludes payment of dividends to common stockholders on the basis of "water" in the accounts, but, says the FPC, it benefits owners of preferred because it permits reduction of fixed charges which must be met before income is available for distribution to these stockholders. This, it is contended, would be brought about by an improved financial condition enabling the Company to obtain lower interest rates on its bonds.

IV

THE allegation that Montana Power's capital structure is unhealthily edematous is not, however, the most serious threat to this twin's peace of mind. Another was touched upon briefly near the close of the Butte hearing, after the Company had offered in evidence a New Jersey legal opinion that it was a new corporation under the laws of that state and therefore that its creation was not, as the FPC staff asserted, merely a subterfuge to cloak a capital write-up. To this the federal bureau counsel retorted by injecting the issue of federal permits for use of the pub-

lic domain—permits obtained in the names of Montana Power's predecessor companies and legally nontransferable, but never taken out by Montana Power.

These permits, for occupancy of land under reservoirs or transmission lines, were issued by the Department of the Interior or the Department of Agriculture. The Company must choose, said FPC counsel:

... whether it will claim to be a new corporation and renounce its claims to rights under federal permits or licenses issued to its predecessors, on the one hand; or whether it will, on the other hand, renounce its claim to be a new corporation distinct from its predecessors and will adhere to its claim to be entitled to use lands of the United States under permits and licenses granted to the predecessors.

Though careful to distinguish the issues, bureau counsel pointed out that another FPC "show cause" order pending against the Montana Power Company questions the utility's right to maintain its dams in a river which the Commission contends is a navigable water of the United States. (This order, issued July 27, 1943, charged that the Company's seven Missouri River plants had been operated in a navigable stream without license from the FPC as required by the Federal Power Act, and that their operation therefore had been illegal. It demanded that the Company show cause why it should not obtain the necessary license, or why the Commission should not "make such other order as it may find appropriate . . . to develop, conserve, and utilize the navigation and water power resources. . . ." The hearing, originally set for October 1, 1943, has been delayed owing to war service of men needed by both sides for preparation of the case.)

All this, federal commission counsel insisted, raises a question of whether the Company "can claim any amount, and if so what amount, for either tangible plant, water rights, or intangibles associated with many of the hydroelectric plants operated by the company, an issue which we want clearly understood is not being waived by commission counsel in this case." Replied the Company: "We believe that that part of the argument is entirely immaterial and improper in this case."

IF THE reclassification proceeding follows its normal course, the Federal Power Commission's decision on the issues debated at the Butte hearing cannot be expected before late this year or early in 1945, since final briefs are not due until September. After the Commission, considering the briefs and the hearing record, has made its ruling, the Company has thirty days in which to petition for a rehearing by the Commission, and if this is denied, sixty days to petition for a review by the U. S. Circuit Court of Appeals.

Meanwhile there have been reports that the Company has offered to compromise. Paul T. Smith, a member of the Montana Public Service Commission, and Arthur F. Lamey, one of the "intervener" attorneys, conferred in Washington with FPC members while the Butte hearing was still in progress; according to the newspaper *The People's Voice*, they took East a Company offer to write off \$45,000,000, but this has not been confirmed by official government or Company sources.

Such a maneuver, if the compromise could have been made to appear as negotiated by or through the Montana commission, might have proven of political benefit to Chairman Middleton of the Montana board, especially if as a result of it he could have announced Company consent to a reduction in domestic rates. The FPC, whose jurisdiction is limited to interstate transactions, could not directly force a reduction of rates in Montana even if it decided the Company was overcapitalized; its ultimate ruling, however, would govern any interstate rates, and also the Company's dealings with the SEC on future bond and stock issues and probably with investment bankers.

IN MONTANA's July primary election, Middleton's opponents in the Democratic governorship contest included a young progressive supreme court justice strongly backed by organized labor and the Montana Farmers' Union, and a former Democratic governor who once, when a district judge, signed a court order removing from office Butte's labor mayor and sheriff, while the city was under martial law during a union dispute. The Company made no secret of its opposition

to the young progressive, Leif Erickson, and another former Democratic governor, also named Erickson, was induced to participate in the campaign on Middleton's behalf in an effort to cut into the younger man's expected big vote from Montana's Scandinavian farmers. Nevertheless political insiders said that both Middleton and the third Democratic candidate, former Governor Roy E. Ayers, had been motivated by personal ambition rather than by Company promises, since the Company was reputed to have hoped to give its support to still another prominent Montana politician. Ayers' last-minute filing for the primary was particularly upsetting since it apparently resulted in splitting the conservative vote: Erickson won with a total vote approximating the combined vote of his two opponents and Ayers was a poor third. Company support in the general election, in view of the Erickson primary victory, was anticipated for the Republican incumbent, Sam C. Ford.

Even a setback in November could hardly kill off Erickson, a phenomenally successful campaigner who leaped from one term as a county attorney in an eastern border county remote from major cities to an associate justiceship on the supreme court. He is only thirty-eight. Conservative politicians who could be expected to enter the lists against him are old men, and the war has forestalled development of young, vigorous political talent.

The Company's political outlook, therefore, may well be the darkest in two decades. In 1920 it was confronted by two candi-

dates in the general election who both opposed it—Burton K. Wheeler, Democrat, and Joseph M. Dixon, Republican who had managed Theodore Roosevelt's Bull Moose presidential campaign. Dixon won and promptly inaugurated a new mine-taxation campaign which resulted in adoption of an initiative measure imposing added levies upon Anaconda Copper's production. He lost out in his bid for re-election in 1924, and never since that year has conservative control of the governorship been seriously threatened until now.

The Broadwater defeat, the Butte reclassification hearing, and the pending challenge to the legitimacy of the Montana Power's occupancy of the Missouri River are showing the people that the Company is not as impregnable as it looks, so political control may yet be wrested from the dominant twins. Montanans are learning that what has happened elsewhere could happen in Montana.

IT MAY be recalled that in *Through the Looking-Glass* Alice remarked to the twins, "Really it's coming on very dark," and asked if they thought it might rain.

Tweedledum spread a large umbrella over himself and his brother, and looked up into it. "No, I don't think it is," he said: "at least—not under here. Nohow."

"But it may rain *outside*?"

"It may—if it chooses," said Tweedledee: "we've no objection. Contrariwise."

But it is beginning to look as if the umbrella had sprung a leak. And the clouds rolling over the Rockies are dark indeed!

{ Fletcher Pratt, though a civilian, is a close student }
{ of naval affairs. He has written many articles }
{ for us on the U. S. Navy's performance in this war. }

BATTLESHIP ADMIRAL

The Story of Dan Callaghan

FLETCHER PRATT



DANIEL J. CALLAGHAN was born and brought up in the San Francisco of pre-earthquake days, a gracious, cosmopolitan, and rather bawdy city, somewhat continental in character. Such cities in Europe usually contain a stratum of families almost pietistic in their devoutness and their strict adherence not only to the observances but also to the moral code of the Church. These families are usually socially somewhat separated from the rest of the community; they gather round some particular church or similar institution and the home is of great importance to them.

It was so in the San Francisco of the nineties; and the Callaghan family were members of a group that pivoted around St. Ignatius' School, where young Dan got his early education. The difference was that in America and particularly in San Francisco an element of energy was added, quite foreign to the European experience, so that instead of living the cloistered existence of such a family in, say, Vienna or Dijon, the younger Callaghans got as actively into everything as so many monkeys. Young Dan was always down at the bay and frequently aboard the ship on which his uncle, the to-be admiral James J. Raby, was then serving.

There were three other brothers; they

must have brought home some rare tales from time to time. But the point is that they were early made to realize that the lush life around them belonged to another world. In their own lives, strict discipline was accompanied by a joyousness of outlook in which that exterior world had little part. The lesson was thoroughly learned; when young Dan Callaghan arrived at Annapolis in the summer of 1907, aetat seventeen, to salute for the first time the bronze statue of Tecumseh which is known as "the God of 2.5," he had already seen more of life and was more mature than most men in the upper classes.

Physically also he attained maturity early. A portrait of him at the time (it is quite definitely a bad picture and may not be wholly representative) shows him as a young man with a lot of chin, eyebrows thin at the ends, and a serious, almost set expression around the small mouth. He was uncommonly large, both vertically and horizontally, for his age; a eupeptic man, whose abounding energy earned him the nickname of "Fire Engine," though he was occasionally called "Fat" and didn't like it because it was an injustice.

He might have been a tower of strength to the football team but early in the game hurt a leg so that baseball became his sport. In his fourth year at the Academy

he made the varsity and his N; the student-official *Lucky Bag* describes him as "only a passably good first baseman" who, on being shifted to catcher, came into his own, with a powerful throwing arm that infallibly shot down base runners and a very considerable ability at steadying and soothing pitchers, who are always temperamental cattle. That the team lost nine out of sixteen games, including the all-important Army game, was hardly his fault. A study of the scores shows that Navy was held back all year by a lack of batting power in the outfield in spite of Callaghan's good work in getting low-score games out of contented pitchers.

The fact that he could do this was, indeed, symptomatic of his whole career at Annapolis. Other men unconsciously leaned on him, came to him for advice. It was not that he was a brilliant student; he was usually toward the upper fourth of his class but never near the top and it was remarked that his standing suffered by reason of the extensive letter-writing he did. It was rather a straight matter of character; the problems on which his judgment was requested were nearly always ethical or closely approaching that category.

One of his classmates describes him as a "serious citizen" who never drank or smoked forbidden cigarettes or went in for practical jokes. One would receive the impression of aloofness if it were not also clear that he had all the Irish gift for politics, was always organizing something, showing up at every meeting and invariably making a speech serious in tone and convincing as to content, forever being elected to a committee to do something and frankly enjoying the opportunity this gave him to be in contact with other people.

That is, he was a notably friendly man, and one who is described as being extremely good company, a lively conversationalist in the serious style, luminous rather than witty. The rather odd thing is that no one can recall any brilliant or trenchant remark that he made, though the human memory keeps this type of recollection better than any other. His success as a speaker seems to have rested on the accent of sincerity he lent to ideas and

ideals that might be considered commonplace. He behaved like a man who thought it was fun to keep the Ten Commandments.

His officers thought well of him and made him lieutenant of the first company. When he was graduated in 1911 (incidentally, in the same class as Admiral Norman Scott and General Lewis H. Brereton) his *Lucky Bag* sketch had this much to say:

"Dan came to the Academy a quiet, steady fellow, and leaves it just as quiet but steadier. One of the very few men who have not changed their good habits and who have not acquired bad ones. He is a rare combination of straightforwardness, dignity, and generosity that makes him one of the most respected and admired men in the Brigade. His claims to be a Red Mike have suffered sadly during the last two years."

The last sentence is cryptic, but the point to note is that the sketches in this publication were very frank and by no means always flattering.

II

IN those days the young officers from the Academy were graduated with the rank of "passed midshipmen" which has since disappeared from the service. They were asked (as they still are) to express their preference for type of duty. Those who knew Dan Callaghan at the time say that he had already made up his mind to specialize in ordnance—it was one of the few personal matters he could be persuaded to talk about. He applied for a heavy ship. And so he regarded it as a favor to draw the armored cruiser *California*, then operating on the West Coast, as his first duty assignment.

The exhilaration lasted till he got aboard and probably for a little while afterward. The ship was comparatively new; big, roomy, comfortable, without the hammocks and cramped decks of the older ships he had known during the midshipmen's cruises. She was a paradise for an officer studying ordnance, for like all the pre-dreadnaught vessels of her class she mounted no less than four distinct types of guns, and to his great joy Callaghan received command of a turret containing a pair of eight-inch

guns, the heaviest pieces aboard.

There was a distinct prospect of early active service with its chance of adventure and promotion, for China had just exploded into the Sun Yat-sen revolution and our government, with a lively remembrance of how Chinese revolutions had turned out in the past and no foreknowledge that this one would be different, had already ordered the *California* out to Pearl Harbor to stand by for trouble.

Three of her sisters went with her. They made up "the Armored Cruiser Squadron," specifically so named, subject of a song by one of its officers of which the chorus runs:

Away, away, with sword and drum,
Here we come, full of rum,
Looking for someone to put on the bum—
The Armored Cruiser Squadron.

It was in every sense a hard-boiled and hard-drinking Navy in those days. The Armored Cruiser Squadron, from the fact that it was always on detached duty, showing the flag in foreign ports where whoopee was official and obligatory, was the most hilarious in the fleet, and Callaghan found he had picked himself out the most hilarious ship in the squadron. When she was not winning gunnery trophies—thanks to Callaghan and a battery officer named Bates—she was usually staging a heroic party.

The steerage mess, which is composed of the very junior officers, led the way. They were just out of Annapolis and now drinking was no longer a crime to them but an evidence of manliness. Of course a good part of the special conditions on the *California* can be referred to the chance combination of personalities among the seven other passed midshipmen who had accompanied Callaghan on the detail. One, who became known as "the Unsturdy Oak," is described as having a conversation that never rose above the belt; he later had to be court-martialed and dismissed from the service. Another was to commit suicide in a moment of alcoholic depression. But the *California* had her own special reason as well; it seems that the good people of the state were so proud of the cruiser that bore their name that they undertook to provide her

officers with all the home-grown wine and brandy they could drink.

To be sure it was considered slightly beneath one's dignity to accept this official hospitality. But along toward the end of a pay period one after another of the young officers would call a boy and, with a somewhat conspiratorial air, send him down to the wine locker for a bottle of free booze.

All but Daniel J. Callaghan. When a bottle was broached, even a bottle of Scotch after a pay day, he refused with a good-humored tolerance that carried no sting and went on with the conversation; when the Unsturdy Oak embarked on one of his bawdy stories, Callaghan quietly slipped out to go lie in his bunk and read a book on ordnance.

Sun Yat-sen was achieving his revolutionary objectives without any more damage to Americans than might reasonably be expected in such a situation, but it was decided to send the Armored Cruiser Squadron across the Pacific anyway on a practice and training cruise. They made a couple of stops at the South China ports and with the coming of hot weather went up to Tsingtao, then in German hands, where the question of Callaghan versus John Barleycorn came to a head.

THE Graf Spee's squadron was in the port, the same that was later sunk off the Falklands. There was visiting, one ship to another and back; and the German Imperial Navy being what it was, the visits were a series of binges. It finally occurred to the *California's* exec that the demands of politeness would be satisfied with something less than having all his officers roll under the table every night, a process which was beginning to have its effect on some of them; also that he had a resource in that steerage from which echoes occasionally reached the higher echelons of command. He detailed three of the young men to uphold the honor of the ship in all future bouts with the beer mugs. One was the Unsturdy Oak, one was the suicidal alcoholic, and the third was Dan Callaghan. On the grounds that he had religious scruples against drinking Callaghan refused.

It was not the type of order whose re-

jection would be held punishable disobedience by a court martial. But an officer of executive rank can, and not infrequently does, make things extremely unpleasant for a junior who thus establishes himself as a disobliging fellow. Nothing of the kind happened with Dan Callaghan; all the refusal brought him was additional respect, and the Armored Cruiser Squadron sailed back to San Francisco, where home again was celebrated by the steerage with a masked visit to one of the hottest spots on the Barbary Coast. Callaghan stayed aboard as junior duty officer.

III

IT was during this period that Congress passed the law automatically commissioning graduates of the Academy as ensigns, which advanced those who held the passed midshipman rank to ensign without examination. It is characteristic not so much of the future admiral himself as of what others thought of him that this was considered a break for him, since the examination at this grade was the toughest on the list and it was doubted whether he would make it. He was by now a well-qualified junior watch officer and the record of his turret had been brilliant, but this was felt to be because he got along so well with the men that they worked their heads off for him, whereas the examiners would want to know how he stood on differential calculus. The Navy had not yet taken its scientific training as a matter of course and started looking for leadership.

It had, however, been doing something about the physical condition of its officers ever since the days of the first Roosevelt. There was still on the books a fiat from that advocate of the strenuous life that every officer should walk thirty miles in three days at least once a month. The ship acquired a new skipper about this time—that McNulty who later adopted some Russian refugees and married one of them—and as one of the means of tightening up on the tough boys in the steerage he enforced the exercise rule. Officers were observed trotting unhappily around the quarterdeck mile after mile, with pedometers strapped to their legs.

At this juncture the ship was sent down to lie off the depressing palm-fringed coasts of western Nicaragua as part of the Wilson occupation. Ensign Dan Callaghan formed part of the landing party that went ashore with the Marines under their major (another not unknown to future fame—Smedley D. Butler), and with them participated in the shoot-and-run affair dignified by the name of the Battle of Coyotepe Hill. It was unimportant to everyone but the Nicaraguan who got knocked off and to Dan Callaghan.

To the latter it meant an opportunity to cover his thirty miles without that depressing round of the decks. He began doing his turn on the beach and was presently imitated by a few of the other officers. It was still a melancholy business plowing through the soft sand, so he organized a couple of baseball teams, sometimes playing with the pedometer on his leg to get his thirty miles into the official records.

Today they would call him athletic officer and an important cog in the ship's morale machinery, but in 1913 it was all new. The men loved it and Callaghan found out something fairly important about gaining their co-operation.

THEN Mexico blew up. Madero upset the old tyranny of Porfirio Diaz; Huerta turned traitor on Madero and shot him; and the armored cruiser *California* went up to Guaymas on the Gulf of California to watch the West Coast. There was much anti-Americanism among the Mexicans there. One Saturday afternoon a liberty party from the ship got soused in Guaymas. The shore patrolmen tried to arrest them; the chief of police in the town, a Huertista, cut himself in on the row and shot two of the patrolmen dead.

The excitement caused by this news was intense; everyone believed, in accordance with the George Barr McCutcheon tradition of the age, that the police chief's forty-five had fired the first shots of a war. Nevertheless Callaghan walked up to the Captain and with the proper salute asked permission to go ashore for mass in the morning. No one else who was present at the interview now survives; all we know

is that the permission was given and that Ensign Callaghan went to church next morning in an intensely hostile city, alone and unarmed. He continued to go to the same church every Sunday till the ship was ordered back to San Francisco and he was detached.

It is the Navy custom to shift its young officers to a different ship and type of duty after two years, the idea being to produce a man who has no special technical prejudices by the time he reaches the upper ranks of command. Ensign Dan Callaghan, already beginning to specialize in ordnance, was thus assigned to the destroyer *Truxtun* as engineer officer.

But it is also the custom to alternate tours of sea duty with jobs on one of the shore establishments to give administrative experience. There is a certain amount of mystery in why this was not done in Callaghan's case. The probable explanation is that in those days nearly all the fleet was in the Atlantic and the available shore jobs were on the East Coast. Callaghan had a very particular reason for wishing to keep San Francisco as his home post—to wit, that a considerable proportion of the letters he so indefatigably wrote were directed to a certain Mary Tormey, a singularly beautiful girl belonging to the same social group from which he had sprung. When the *California* put into her home port this long-range courtship had culminated in marriage. The *Truxtun* would give him more sea duty; but the destroyers of that day were more often in harbor than abroad on the bounding main, for which their construction did not suit them.

So Mrs. Mary Callaghan continued to live with her widowed mother while Ensign Dan's married life consisted of a series of visits from the destroyer base at San Pedro. There is a description of him from this period as "serious—much too serious—his smiles were rare. With his ship secured at the [Mare Island] Navy Yard for overhaul, it seemed that he could have gone home a great deal more than he did, yet he maintained an inflexible commuter's schedule which got him up very early in the morning and home very late at night."

IV

THE seriousness no doubt dates at least partly from his experience in the roaring steerage of the *California* (he was to change later when he discovered that all officers in the Navy were not like that); but partly also it was due to the *Truxtun* herself. She was one of a class since made famous in fiction as *Delilah*, 420-tonners optimistically described as seagoing by their builders, coal burners with a whaleback bow forward that was supposed to make them seaworthy but only succeeded in making them cramped. There were sixty-one men and three officers, who lived a rugged life in rooms the size of a Chic Sale special placed dead aft over the screws "so that it was like sleeping in a coffee grinder."

This did not matter to Callaghan; at sea he never got any sleep anyway. The organization meant that all three officers had to stand bridge watches, and when he came off one of these it was back to the engine room to toil with machinery that had been built in 1901, had seen hard service, and was now thoroughly obsolete. As it turned out there was more sea duty than he had anticipated; no sooner had the destroyer been fitted out than she was ordered down to the Mexican coast, where the pot was still boiling.

There were no interior passageways through the ship. One had to get from one compartment to another by scrambling perilously across the deck and down a hatch, so that the food was always cold by the time it had been carried from the galley under the bridge to the wardroom aft. This did not matter much either, for the little destroyer rolled and pitched so furiously that it was impossible to keep a cooking vessel of any kind on the stove at sea and all the officers took their meals standing on the bridge in the form of corned beef or onion sandwiches with coffee on the side. There was no radio and the only light was provided by a five-kilowatt generator; and in cold weather the water that was perpetually coming down the hatches formed a film of ice across the deck of Callaghan's cabin from which his shoes stood up like islands.

"The bunkers in those ships," says one who served in them, "were in the narrow space between the skin of the ship and the boiler-room bulkheads and were divided themselves into small compartments by several athwartship bulkheads. The coal we usually got was very fine, almost powdered, and frequently wet. . . . This meant that a man had to go into each individual bunker through a deck hatch, carrying a candle and armed with a slice-bar to strike the coal down. Between the smallness of the compartment, the powdered coal dust filling the air, the motion of the vessel, and the heat of the atmosphere it came near killing anyone who was not very tough. I never went into one myself . . ."

Dan Callaghan did, especially when the going was particularly rough—not as a devotee of the ancient chestnut about ordering his men to do nothing he would himself avoid, but because he considered himself the man best able to handle a difficult job and he wanted it over with. The men adored him, though he was the very antithesis of the usual destroyer officer, who was a rather dashing and raffish fellow always in some scrape.

Close relations between officers and crew were not unusual in those old destroyers, which had neither chaplain nor doctor. The men would bring up problems—"Well, you see, sir, I'm having a little trouble with my wife," or "Sir, there's a big ranch right next to that farm I own at Sausalito and . . ." With Callaghan this was intensified; in spite of his youth he acquired the name of "Uncle Dan" and in return for their respect he gave the men a degree of confidence unusual even for that service, where the men were all veterans and discipline was practically unnecessary.

THAT was what caught up with him. The *Truxtun*, with three of her sisters, had returned to the States early in 1915 to prepare for a cruise to Alaska. As she was tuning up for the trip the starboard condenser began to behave badly. Callaghan opened it up, found some of the condenser ferrules were corroded, and replaced them. The occurrence was not unusual and a spare supply of these small

brass devices was carried aboard, but as they seemed to be going a little faster than normal, Callaghan drew on the nearest destroyer tender for forty-eight more, all she could give him. When he got to the yard, which was in May, he requisitioned another seven hundred in anticipation of the long cruise.

He was frantically overworked at the time and a good deal worried. His wife had a baby coming and was having none too easy a time of it; his younger brother had just graduated from St. Ignatius, was getting ready for his entrance examinations, and needed help and advice. Seniority had made Uncle Dan executive of the ship as well as her engineer officer.

In June the condenser balked again; forty or fifty more ferrules were replaced. In the early weeks of July, with everything ready for the big cruise and the ship running up the Coast, it went irreparably wrong; the *Truxtun* had to signal inability to make the trip and go into dockyard to have the whole condenser replaced. In the Navy some person is always responsible. The board of investigation (which is a kind of maritime grand jury) found that the *Truxtun* condenser ferrules had shown a high rate of corrosion; that she was a freak ship, built by a Baltimore yard, slightly different from the rest of her class in the pitch and threading of her condenser ferrules; that the seven hundred ferrules taken in at the dockyard would not fit. In the judgment of someone topside, the failure to requisition ferrules sooner and to inspect meticulously for accuracy those that he did get constituted dereliction of duty on the part of Lieutenant (j.g.) Daniel J. Callaghan. He was relieved of his duties and ordered before a general court martial, which had power to dismiss him from the service for such an offense.

There was a nine days' wonder in fleet wardrooms over the irony of the most conscientious man in the service being brought up on such a charge, but the wheels of the law ground inexorably toward the court martial in August. Then it came out that the condenser plate had developed a case of galloping consumption for some electrolytic reason that not even the scientist could explain; no amount of

ferrule replacement would have done any good. As for the seven hundred that did not fit, they had been received aboard by one of Uncle Dan's fireroom staff, a semi-illiterate (not uncommon in the Navy in those days) ignorant of the uses of a pitch gauge, who had pronounced them satisfactory in order to save his beloved chief the trouble. Callaghan received a verdict of full acquittal, the highest form of exoneration he could get from the court.

He had discovered with Thiers that "quand on est au gaillard, l'humanité se compose de lâches, de menteurs, et de paresseux." The character was now complete; all the rest is in how it worked out. But when the twenty-five-year-old lieutenant went home after the court martial it was noted by those who had not seen him for several months that his hair had become prematurely gray.

V

THE clock turns to November, 1916, with Woodrow Wilson just elected for keeping us out of war and most people in the services doubting whether he would be able to keep it up. Lieutenant Dan Callaghan, having finished his tour of duty in destroyers by working up to the command of the *Truxtun*, was ordered up to Bremerton as engineer officer for the recommissioning of the old protected cruiser *New Orleans*.

She was one of the famous line of Elswick cruisers, and there were none better in the world—when they were built. This one had been built exactly twenty years before for the Brazilian government, had been bought by our Navy for use in the Spanish War, and then had retired to peace at the end of an anchor chain because nobody loved her.

The reason for this was that both British construction and Brazilian ownership had left their marks. To the former she owed her small size, about that of a modern heavy destroyer; a wardroom which would not hold more than four officers at a time, where the spirit locker was the largest piece of furniture; and officers' quarters in the traditional British position, dead aft over the screws where

vibration could not possibly be missed. To the Brazilian ownership she was indebted for small bunkers and for valves, gauges, and working parts marked in Portuguese.

The service of U.S.S. *New Orleans* was one of hilarious low comedy. Her petty officers were old Navy; her crew were mainly young reservists from Oregon and Washington, the very best of material. Their ship was a wandering curiosity shop and they were determined to have a good time. Those who saw Dan Callaghan during this service remember him as the life of the party, always joking, laughing, or eagerly discussing baseball. Whenever he could, he got ashore and played himself; when he could not, he trotted around the engine room, caroling a merry stave as he lifted a 175-pound valve into place; for as on the *Truxtun*, he often did things like that himself as the quickest way of getting them done. His life had smoothed out, with a fine son and mother both doing well. The younger brother was coming through at Annapolis; he himself was in line for promotion and the exec's billet on the ship. He had a number of friendships made in the wardroom, including one with a young Navy doctor which was to last the rest of his life and play an important part in his career—Ross McIntire.

Not that they had an easy time aboard the *New Orleans*. When she reached the Atlantic the United States was at war and she went at once into the most nerve-racking service in the world—convoy, mostly from Staten Island ports toward the Mediterranean. Because of her age and lack of speed she always drew the very slowest convoys—the concrete-hulled monstrosities and all the other knickknacks, six- and eight-knot ships that sometimes showed a minus figure for the day's run against the wind. Near the coast of Europe the convoys would be met by British destroyers and the *New Orleans* would turn back, which meant that she had to make double the Atlantic voyage every trip. This was more than her fuel capacity would permit. They built pens of light boards around her main hatch and piled them high with coal in bags, then shoveled loose coal in among the bags.

Of course this covered the whole ship with coal dust when the wind blew, and when it blew really hard the loose coal would start flying, then the bags and the pens that held them, so that approximately every third trip she had to put in at the Azores to coal ship for the return voyage. Nobody seemed to mind; in fact the only thing they did mind was that they never got a shot at a German sub or surface raider, out of all that weary voyaging. The only excitement came when they met a big disabled British liner off the north of Scotland in a gale. It fell to Callaghan to make arrangements for taking her in tow; she was five times the size of the little cruiser, and his captain reported afterward that he did not think any other engineer in the Navy could have made it, but Uncle Dan did. That gave him his step and executive rank; and late in 1918 his tour of duty on the *New Orleans* ran out.

VI

IF he were to progress much farther in the Navy it was essential that he take a whirl at shore duty. He was probably not very delighted with the idea, but he conscientiously took up the assignment, which was at the Bureau of Navigation in Washington; and Mary Callaghan came East to join him.

Nobody who knew him will say very much about the two years he spent in that office, and their silence probably covers the fact that he was unhappy. He had now been at sea for seven years, the most formative of his life as to tastes and habits. Once the paper work was out of the way, everything had been free and easy with Uncle Dan. Now he was suddenly in a world of boundless protocol and red tape and questions of personality; and perhaps, too, it was a little difficult getting used to having women around all the time instead of for a week-end once in three months.

He played the game without flinching. People who visited his house of an evening, both in the Washington days and later, are unanimous in saying what a fine time they had with this good companion who mixed cocktails for all the guests,

taking none himself, passed out cigars and cigarettes which he himself did not smoke, and served excellent dinners when he would have gladly done with a Bermuda onion sandwich.

He played the game at the office too, listening to endless requests for this duty or that, balancing, persuading. For the Bureau of Navigation had nothing to do with navigation. It was the personnel office of the Navy (which has since received a title in accordance with its duties) where assignments to duty were made and refused. To it came officers presenting kicks about being assigned to the staff of the Governor of Guam, ten million miles from nowhere; or requesting duty aboard the *Birmingham*, because old friend Joe Gish was her exec—with all the surreptitious pressures that go with such a situation.

In normal times this would be bad enough for a friendly man like Callaghan, who hated refusing to do things for other people. But 1919 and 1920 were the particularly bad years, with demobilization, ships laid up, staffs pared down, and the department inventing all sorts of rules to persuade officers to leave a service that had room for only half of them, no matter how good their war records. Callaghan stuck to it for the full two years, giving no sign that he was doing anything but enjoying himself; but there is every reason to believe he was glad when it was over and he could go to sea again as assistant fire control officer of the new battleship *Idaho*.

THE date was October, 1920. It is capital, marking a prime transition period, both in the history of Daniel Callaghan and of the Navy. The Washington treaties were just over the hill, the fleet was shifting to the Pacific to take on a character wholly new. Callaghan was now settled in his profession and in his specialization, his dislike of the East and his liking for service afloat. In the course of the next decade and a half he followed the line of duty normal to an officer of his background—short tours ashore on the Board of Inspection and Survey and with the Naval R.O.T.C.; longer tours afloat on the battleships *Colorado*, *Mississippi*,

Pennsylvania, and finally *California*, on the last of which he worked up to gunnery officer on the staff of the commander, U. S. Fleet, who was Admiral Leigh.

Callaghan now moved constantly from ship to ship, arranging gunnery problems and supervising drills. He was convinced that skill with guns, especially the big guns of battleships, would be the ultimately determining factor in any war, regardless of the surface eddies in the stream of naval thought that threw into prominence now the torpedo, now the airplane. About the smaller pieces he was less sure, particularly those in the anti-aircraft category. It was only human for captains to put the best men in the big gun turrets, where they could run up scores that looked well on the ship's record and on their own. Perhaps some different system of scoring competitions—or perhaps a different type of anti-aircraft gun . . .

Dan Callaghan had, in fact, become one of those people who form the fundamental policies of the Navy. Under its own peculiar system this policy-making is not done directly and by orders, but through the exchange of ideas in wardroom conversations, leading up to a tactful suggestion offered to that lonely man, the admiral, who has learned that even a junior lieutenant may produce the key item that causes a whole program to succeed. There is too much executive detail for the admiral to consider, there are too many questions with an instant yes or no, for him to do much fumbling with ideas. That is the function of his juniors, especially the staff officers.

The system is peculiar to navies and, in its fullest development, to the American Navy. It is one of the reasons why that service operates more as a unit than most military organizations. "We do all our fighting behind closed doors and then get behind the line that wins out," one of its officers has said. The wardroom conversations are also the reason why it is rarely possible to assign any development to an individual, or to say what an individual has done. He is an influence which can hardly be described by anything more than a signpost indicating directions.

Dan Callaghan's influence was in the

direction of more guns. We have a picture of him exerting that influence in the wardroom of his second ship *California*, chewing continuously on hard candies and drinking coffee as he talked (and he used to upset his stomach and to straighten out he chewed peppermint drops, which of course made matters worse, to the amusement of others). When, at the end of a day spent in exercises at sea, the young officers had hurried ashore to cocktails and dinner, he would go down to the wardroom with his box of candy, send for a cup of coffee, and talk. If the conversation turned away from gunnery or sport (he had added football to his range of interest since his son had turned out to be a crack player for St. Ignatius) he was a little apt to lose interest after a while and go off to his cabin to work. In the morning he would be up early, serious about his business—"stolid in his temperament, not a bit of Irish flash about him," one friend puts it. At sea he would have a handball board rigged on the quarterdeck with a cage over it and play by the hour, usually with the young athletes fresh from the Academy, since no one anywhere near his own age could stand against him.

VII

UNDER normal peacetime conditions less than one Naval Academy graduate in a hundred attains the rank that permits him to hoist an admiral's flag. An indispensable preliminary of this is that the candidate shall have commanded a large ship with satisfaction, since ideas and the ability to lead a large organization do not always go together, as Mahan demonstrated in his personal career. An almost indispensable preliminary of captaincy is that the man shall have been executive officer of some big ship. Commander Callaghan was already marked as a possible future admiral but his service in the higher ranks had been almost exclusively staff; so in 1936 the Bureau of Navigation gave him a chance to fill out his experience by naming him exec of the heavy cruiser *Portland*.

He did a rather remarkable job. Under the peace establishment the efficiency of a

ship is determined by the results of various competitions—gunnery, engineering, etc.—against other vessels of her class. The competitions are scored by a system so elaborate that it often takes an Einstein to find out who won. In the good old American spirit of competition the execs of the ships concerned used to sit up half the night finding ways to cut corners on the rules—such as slipping a little ethyl into the gasoline.

This is immoral. It is also a form of immorality which the Navy can and does regard with considerable tolerance, since the ultimate objective is to prepare ships for war, in which few holds are barred. If a fighter pilot with ethyl in his gas can catch up with and shoot down a Jap bomber, it is not the rules of war that will suffer, but the enemy.

It was both the strength and the weakness of Commander Callaghan of U.S.S. *Portland* that he refused to have anything to do with this legitimate cheating, so productive of new ideas. Whatever the background, it was still cheating to him. He held strictly to the rules as they were writ and kept his men to them, too; but the execs of the other heavy cruisers, scouting force, speedily discovered that if they wanted to stand number one in the fleet they would have to beat the *Portland*. Throughout the year or more while he was her exec she continued to rank first or second in every class of competition.

The performance so thoroughly settled the question of his executive ability that he was returned to staff as operations officer of the scouting force to wait for seniority to bring him into the range of captain's rank and his command. At this point chance and friendship took a hand.

THE office of Naval aide to the President was about to fall vacant by expiration of term of duty and Roosevelt consulted his personal friend and physician, Ross McIntire, about a new man for the job. In most administrations it is a position chiefly concerned with looking ornamental in full dress at public functions and standing behind the President to whisper at strategic moments that cruisers do not carry 16-inch guns. But McIntire

knew that this President stood in no need of primary instruction and wanted a genuine seagoing sailor, whom he would use for rather different purposes. He recommended his old friend of the *New Orleans*, Dan Callaghan, with whom he had kept up a desultory correspondence. Roosevelt remembered Callaghan as one of the men he had seen and liked around the Bureau of Navigation back in 1919. And so Dan Callaghan found himself Naval aide to the President—the commission signed in green ink on St. Patrick's day as a compliment to an Irishman.

It was the beginning of what can only be described as a collaboration, in which Callaghan became more than ever an influence on our whole naval policy. The thirty-first President works all his aides hard, but none harder than the Naval man, in whose department he has an abiding interest. Captain Callaghan was continually being called on for some report, running down through all the bureaus to assemble every bit of information available on the subject and collating it in a form which enabled Roosevelt to make one of his famous snap judgments.

It was a job which found Uncle Dan at his most effective; after a few tries the President learned he could be trusted and let him work in his own way. From the beginning he possessed the complete confidence of the officers in the bureaus, who knew him as the man from the fleet, with the blue-water point of view. This favorable impression was increased by the incidental fact that Callaghan did not go in at all for "social stuff." His family remained in the West; he lived on the yacht *Potomac*, attended functions only when it was a duty, and when he talked, talked baseball or international politics, never a word about his job or his boss. The congenial cynics of the White House press brigade thought the world of him; he played everything straight off the chest.

Under the circumstances a good deal depended on how he presented any given question for presidential action. People familiar with the situation are inclined to believe that he had rather more than a finger in the general increase of anti-aircraft armament throughout the fleet, that was pushed so hard after the German dive-

bombers showed what they could do to ships in the fighting off Norway. Especially he seems to have been interested in the introduction of the 40-millimeter Bofors, which was to prove the number-one weapon against close-in planes. At the time the 40-millimeter Bofors lacked a good fire-control mechanism; the sights on the first British-made examples that came over here were a definitely bad feature; so were the percussion fuses on the ammunition. It took a good deal of penetration on the part of both Callaghan and the President to perceive that the weapon had possibilities for development.

The details are not precisely important; the important fact is that Captain Callaghan had become one of what the believers of victory through airpower somewhat derisively called "battleship admirals." He thought that the arbitrament of battle at sea still lay with the gun and the ships that could carry it; and that such a ship was less than she should be unless she could furnish her own air cover.

VIII

IN the spring of 1941 the heavy cruiser *San Francisco* needed a new skipper and Callaghan was in line for the appointment that would mean his admiral's stars. The President released him from his aide's appointment several weeks early to seize the opportunity.

With this ship, the first he had commanded since the old *Truxtun*, Captain Callaghan plunged into the void that surrounds the wartime movements of a vessel not actually in combat. The *San Francisco* was not in Pearl Harbor at the time of the attack; she is not mentioned in Admiral King's report as among the vessels present during the Gilbert-Marshall raid, the bombing of Tokyo, or the Battle of the Coral Sea; and by the latter date, indeed, orders were already under way detaching Uncle Dan from his ship for more staff duty with the rank of Rear Admiral.

It came about this way: Vice Admiral Robert L. Ghormley had been recalled from his post as naval attaché in London to head the recently-formed Southwest

Pacific Command. He asked the Bureau of Personnel to recommend a chief of staff; he had no preference. They knew Ghormley there at the bureau—a man who did a lot of thinking on broad strategic lines, very accurate in his estimates of situations and means, somewhat remote from those around him. To form one of those duets of intellect and character which have always achieved the most spectacular results in war (Hindenburg and Ludendorff, Grant and Sherman) he would need a chief of staff with good control of morale, driving energy, and offensive spirit.

"How would Dan Callaghan do?"

"Delighted; just the man I would have chosen if I had the pick of the entire Navy," said Ghormley and went down to Nouméa, where Callaghan joined him in June, just after Midway had been fought and it had become clear that we possessed the means for an offensive—provided we kept it small, both as to commitments and as to area.

That was the genesis of the Guadalcanal campaign, which was to prove so unlimited in commitment and area. As Chief of Staff, Dan Callaghan had to fill in the details of the Vice Admiral's plan. It was making bricks without straw. Ships had to be borrowed from the little Australian fleet to furnish escort and gunnery cover for the original landing. Marines had to be taken from garrison duty among the islands. There was a shortage of working space, of equipment items, and above all of officers to handle the thousand and one details of staff work. When the four cruisers went down in the Battle of Savo Island, their surviving officers were eagerly kidnapped and plunked down at desks to handle some of the work over which Callaghan had been sitting up so late that he grew red-eyed and unable to play his usual game of deck tennis.

Savo, of course, changed everything in more than one way. "The loss of the four cruisers left us inferior in strength for several months"—during which the officers of the South Pacific Command made even-money bets that they would shortly become another exiled government. The shifts and devices and desperate battles by which this was prevented have been

told; there is no need to repeat or to comment on them here. When help did come streaming down from the north, it came with a new admiral, Bull Halsey, with his own chief of staff. Callaghan was out of a job.

BUT immediately he was in another. For Halsey wanted precisely a battleship admiral, a gunnery specialist strong on offensive spirit, to lead his cruiser division, and he thought Callaghan was that man. So Uncle Dan's flag went up on the *San Francisco*, his old ship.

Early in November he took her into the troubled waters of Ironbottom Bay off Guadalcanal, covering a big convoy with other ships in company—a grouping whose strangely mixed units betray the shifts to which we were put to maintain our hold on the bloody island. There was another heavy cruiser, the *Portland*, with eight-inch guns; a light cruiser, the *Helena*, with six-inch; a pair of anti-aircraft cruisers, *Atlanta* and *Juneau*, with five-inch; and eight destroyers belonging to three different classes.

The story of that November 12th has been told many times—how as the convoy lay unloading the Japs came over Florida Island with thirty-two torpedo bombers—how the fleet formed circle and while the Grummans from Henderson Field jumped the bombers from above, the five-inch and forty-millimeter struck at them from below—and how only a single Jap soared away up the Slot with smoke pouring from his engines and a Wildcat riding him down. It was only the first gust of the whirlwind; that afternoon word ran in that the enemy were coming down to Guadal with the big parade—battleships in action for the first time in this war, with cruisers, destroyers, and numerous transports behind.

We also had battleships in the South Pacific but they could not possibly get there in time. If the Japanese closed into the beach the heavy shells of their battleships would certainly knock out the Henderson Field planes as lighter ships had once so nearly done before. The transports would come in with their thirty thousand Jap troops; there would be no way to prevent their landing; the slender force of

Marines ashore, still barely sufficient to hold the line we had gained in August, would be submerged by numbers; and the island for which so much blood and treasure had been spent would become another and worse Bataan.

"Engage the enemy," were the orders to Callaghan, whose strength was perhaps a quarter of the forces now rushing down on him.

THE Japanese (perhaps consciously echoing Mr. Hitler's remark about "military idiots") complain that it is difficult to fight Americans because we have no true sense of strategy. We fight, they say, at outrageous times and places under conditions no sane military man would accept. The kind of action they would have attempted off Guadalcanal under such conditions is fairly clear. There were a handful of PT boats with their torpedoes over at Tulagi; Callaghan's destroyers had approximately eighty torpedo tubes among them and his two anti-aircraft cruisers mounted six apiece. In that black night the low-slung vessels could hide under the loom of the land; they could rush in as the enemy approached and with luck and good aim could slip enough torpedoes into the ribs of his big ships to discourage him, making their getaway with the help of speed and dark. The heavy cruisers could lie at a distance off Cape Esperance or the mouth of Lengo Channel and fire into the mess from long range.

This was the convention. This was what an officer with a proper sense of (Japanese) strategy was supposed to do. The proof of it is that the Japanese admiral disposed his fleet with great skill to beat off exactly such an attack. We do not know, nor shall we ever know, whether Callaghan considered this form of action. If the idea occurred to him or was presented by one of his staff, he could hardly do anything but reject it without a second thought. It was one of those trick solutions he had so consistently avoided when executive of the *Portland*. Quite aside from the physical morality of ordering other men into a desperate adventure where he could not lead—it was his province to be the leader and his flagship carried no tor-

pedoes—there was an element of intellectual dishonesty in such a failure to use the main weapon of the U.S. Navy, in whose employment he had specialized. It would have involved a denial at the intimate moment of crisis of the faith he had always held.

Thus character—morality—by any name it is still the same—at the crisis of Dan Callaghan's life became the paramount issue. No more than St. Paul did he believe in faith without works. He would fight with the gun, yes, but one might as well do this thing intelligently. At any normal range the fourteen-inch shells of Japanese battleships would go through and through the sides of our lightly plated ships, while the eight-inch that were the heaviest we carried would merely produce some beautiful and rather appalling fireworks on their heavy plates. To achieve any result that would make a difference in the fate of Guadalcanal, it was necessary to get in so close that all shells would strike with the maximum velocity at which they left the muzzle, and no armor would be of any service.

In an action under such conditions all chances would favor the lighter gun, which can be served more rapidly and is mounted on a platform a trifle harder to hit. Moreover such a combat would have the not inconsiderable advantage that Callaghan expected and would be prepared for it, while the Japs would not be.

After the transports and supply ships had been seen clear of the area, the *San Francisco* turned her prow westward again and led the little fleet back to the shores of Guadal. At one-thirty the *Helena's* TBS spoke to say the enemy were coming. Dan Callaghan turned once to close the range beyond a chance of missing, shouted "Commence firing; give 'em hell, boys!" and the guns went off.

All that he had been, all that he was were concentrated in that moment; and in it a pair of fourteen-inch from the Jap battleship hit the bridge and killed everyone on it. Seventeen minutes later the enemy were beaten and on the run, with half a dozen ships down, and Guadalcanal was saved.



Another Man's Poison

GEORGE W. MARTIN



WHEN Ring Lardner said, "Wives is folks what's allus wantin' to be where they ain't," he did not add a great deal to the current knowledge about women; but he did furnish a highlight on the masculine approach. For most of the present information about women is not only furnished by male researchers, but is formulated in terms of men. It is explained that women are "more" this than men, or are "less" than men, so that the resulting appraisal is relative to and tested by exceedingly volatile and unstable units. Man may be the measure of all things; but if he is used as the measure of woman the answer is limited to masculine attributes and does not mean anything.

If this measurement were turned around, and men were appraised in terms of women, we should find the males were the "stronger sex" because they smelt stronger; that they were intent on rum and meat; that they were lazy, and timid, and vain; that a decent reticence with regard to their private affairs was quite beyond their capacity; and, above all, that they had such a horror of being different, such a fear of standing alone, such an urge to conform and be popular and ordinary as to constitute the greatest single menace to freedom and the Good Life. Only let this poor male nestle comfortably among the other monkeys and be like them, and how grateful he is. With what docility does he submit to be regimented by bureaucrats and petty officials; with what avidity does he join trade unions, manufacturers' associations, boards of directors, fraternities, legions, political parties, and plunderbunds. With what pomposity does he descant on the

excellence of his way of life, of his circle of friends, of his program for salvation; and with what unendurable complacence does he return to his rooftree in the evening to play the tired Hercules and bore his faithful spouse with biased autobiography.

It has not been observed that women generally are ambitious to be this kind of a clown. On the contrary, the world is filled with the wrecks of efforts to regiment them and discipline them and make them docile. They seem to be impervious to the implications of situations: they refuse to sit down and keep silent, no matter what the dictates of modesty or propriety; they lie about taxes and count it a virtue; they resist oppression with screams which are singularly embarrassing to tyrants; they are not interested in joining anything—apparently not suffering from a feeling of inadequacy when they stand alone; they do not admit the validity of logical sequences, but truth for them is a private matter.

In short, they do not accept the universe: they keep it on probation.

II

WHEN Homer wants to say what a high-class girl somebody is, he describes her as "good-at-the-needlework." It does not appear who did the cooking for the well-greaved Achaeans and the horse-taming Trojans—probably the kitchen police—but the girls did the mending and darning. These occupations are known among men as "womanly," which means that it is convenient to men to have the women do them. Every husband today wishes his wife could cook

and sew, and is besotted to have his daughters trained so. It is true that he likes to think of his mother as a well-educated, intellectual woman—rather than as a cook—but that is because he considers that she must have been a very unusual woman to have been the mother of so astounding an aggregation of virtues and talents as himself. Having arrived at his present pinnacle, he would prefer to have daughters who will wait on him rather than provoke the great mind to unwonted activity. Thus it comes about that fathers and husbands alike would limit and subject their women to vocational training in the manual arts—including piano-playing—if they had their way.

In this they are ably seconded by Our Enemy, the State, which has labored unremittingly to standardize and regiment women and get them to rely on others than themselves. Under the guise of "protecting" them, women are paid, out of the tax money, to conform to prescribed practices in activities varying from "maternity aid" (*i.e.*, having babies) to "women-in-industry": the sum and substance of the whole effort is to enforce docility and conformity and align them in ranks as has been done so easily with the men. If only the politicians can exact unquestioning submission from the mass of the citizens, then are they free to fight among themselves for the exploitation of the poor boobs: and so they preach obedience to regulations as the highest form of patriotism; they extol the release from cark and care and the irksomeness of thought which inert reliance on the Government will assure; and they decry the efforts of those who try to provide for their own old age or challenge the infallibility of the pronouncements of the Leviathan.

And in this the politicians are well advised; for certainly the only guarantee of democratic government is the constant and lively possibility that good men and true, when pushed too far, will resort to the sword. And though men may be put off for a time by a pretense of courts which are represented as independent and impartial arbiters between the citizen and his Government; and though the old

tooth-pulling tactics be now dressed in the guise of boards, and commissions, and bureaus, with a vast welter of regulations, and opinions, and decrees; still it is not difficult to discern that all this poopery is merely the more expensive democratic edition of the same old lackeys and loafers that have always battened off the rest of us.

All this is the Way of the World; and it must be accepted if one is rational, like the Universe. But the wise have regarded it since the beginning as a problem which should be solved, rather than simply denied: for so fatuous is the ordinary man that what is unpleasant he will deny the existence of. There is, of course, some personal inconvenience in running counter to this popular philosophy. Socrates, Servetus, Bruno, and Galileo were in conflict with duly constituted authority, and disposed of accordingly; but Jefferson was more fortunate—or discreet. He advocated having a rebellion about every twenty years.

The pleasure that such a prospect would give to most of us is almost too keen to be sustained by the human frame. One might pause here and reflect, temperately and at leisure, whether the members of Congress or the Judiciary should be slaughtered first. Certainly we should all agree that lawyers, labor leaders, and bankers were small fry compared to these tax-eaters, these maggots who exist only to consume us. But this program is essentially impracticable: for to kill them all would not change the essential simian characteristics which inevitably breed these leeches and provide the medium in which they live, and move, and have their being. To kill them is not to accept the Universe. We must devise some virulent parasite which will make life hard for them, which will deter them from embarking on their predatory career, which will eventually destroy them.

III

IT is not for nothing that an all-wise Providence has created all men equal, and women irrational. In mathematics it is the irrational numbers which cause the conversation. Who cares about the

integers which follow one another with such monotonous reliability? Who cares whether Achilles will catch the tortoise? Irrationals are not bound by facts or logic. Every woman knows to a certainty that the tortoise will be defeated. It is of no avail to argue about the matter. What is a hypothesis in the face of experience? There may be no such thing as the square root of minus one. What of it? It is a useful concept in connection with certain operations; and if it is useful, let us get on with our knitting.

Women are the great pragmatists. If they are mad, be sure there is method in it. They are concerned with the important things: laughter and babies, romance and repose. Let engineers bother with production: it is not a reality. And all this metaphysical rationalizing that emanates from the Supreme Court: is it not merely the miasma arising from exhibitionism—and not a very funny show, at that? All males are innately buffoons desperately seeking the admiration of the rest, shrieking to watch while they do this and look while they do that. The paunchy, dignified ones are more comic than the raucous orators of the agora, but the whole fermenting performance must be one in which no self-respecting woman would consent to have any part.

Why should irrationals make out these income-tax returns? Suppose they refuse; what are the Lords of Creation going to do about it? Not a thing. It is not feasible to put women in jail for not paying taxes. And if one lady wishes to communicate forbidden information to another lady, lives there a man sufficiently demented to accept the challenge? Does anyone suppose it was the men that broke Prohibition? When the male is confronted with some form of robbery like the "protective" tariff, his one idea is to try to get for himself a share in the swag; women smuggle. And the women are right; for when a system of deliberate loot, of perverting the power of the Government to private gain, is set up, then an honest person should have no truck with it whatsoever, but, by seeking to nullify it, either extirpate it from the body politic or bring the attempts at enforcement into such disrepute as to threaten the moral basis

of all Government. This is as effective as resort to the sword. This is the action feared by the politicians. This discredits them, and shows them up for hypocrites and welschers.

IV

THE NATURAL gifts of women being essential to the continuance of democratic civilization, the question arises whether by developing these feminine traits it would not be possible to curtail tyranny and regimentation and exploitation, and perhaps establish a balanced society in which no pressure group could convert the Government to its own use—whether for economic gain or for the making of the citizens over in an image supposedly admirable. With regard to this, now is the time to take thought; for the situation is presently growing worse.

The war gave the Leviathan an unprecedented opportunity to encroach on the powers and privacies of society. In the name of patriotism and self-preservation it has called on all of us to conform, and obey, and surrender our property to it without protest. This may be requisite and proper for the moment, but it must not continue after the war. For just as the State has no money of its own, so it has no power except what it can wrench from society. This redistribution of power, this aggrandizement of the State at the expense of society, is a continuous process which takes place, not only in this country, but in all the organized governments which are, or have ever been. The end result may be, as in Athens, that the citizens come to consider the exactions of the enemy could not be worse than the exactions of the State, and open the gates accordingly; or, as in Rome, that the best efforts of those not living off the State are at last ineffectual to meet the demands of the sycophants.

It ought to be possible to indoctrinate women with knowledge of the experience of mankind in this connection so that they will acquire a contempt for authority, and a hatred and distrust of power. For women are regarded by men without apprehension. The more stupid and corrupt a man is, the more steeped he is in "practical" politics, the more carelessly he

discounts women as a political force. It has never been possible to get them organized into permanent parties, except for something that they suppose concerns them intimately—like Lysistrata. It is men, of course, who are the State. There is no such thing as law-without-men to torment us. It is not a situation which is Our Enemy. It is the blind mouths who insist that one can have his cake and eat it too; who would try to get milk and meat from the same cow; who would keep out foreign goods yet sell to foreign nations; who would be isolated and safe in the world without making any contribution toward keeping the peace. The resentment at the denial of the possibility of evading work and responsibility, the howling dervish rage with which any questioning of it is received, is the backbone of demagoguery.

Men were bad enough before the war. What helpless robots they will be after the State has finished with them is unpleasant to contemplate. The colleges have been turned into technical institutes, where the liberal arts have been adjourned for the duration and English teachers are a dime a dozen. The idea that a human being has any intrinsic dignity or worth is derided, and spiritual values are at a new low. How could it

be otherwise with politicians directing education?

There cannot be responsible citizens without a philosophy of free will; and there can be no democracy without responsible citizens. It is the significance of things that is vital; but the technologists seem not aware of this. What good did it do Vulcan to be a cunning artificer when he could not keep his wife interested? Of what avail to the Germans to study Jung, and Freud, and Adler, and Münsterberg? They knew all about psychology, but they only succeeded in making everyone hate them. After they found out about the wheels of the watch, they still could not tell time. They thought they had truth by the tail; but it turned out to be a collection of statistics with which they tried to support their wishful thinking. Technology never made a nation, and it never will; for it is not concerned with the things men live by.

Penelope sits in her hall in Ithaca. She waits, and weaves, and ravel, and waits. She thinks when the outfit gets home again from the Normandy beachhead maybe the boys will take notice of what has been happening to her and her poor old father-in-law while they were away.

Keep a stout heart, Penelope; the day of reckoning is coming.

Several authors will contribute in rotation to "Another Man's Poison." Next month, Thomas Hornsby Ferril.—The Editors.

{ After ten years at school in England, Santha Rama Rau returned to India in 1939. Later she came to the United States to attend college; she has just graduated from Wellesley. }

HOME TO INDIA AT SIXTEEN

SANTHA RAMA RAU



THE first words my grandmother said to me when I returned to Bombay after ten years' absence were, "My dear child, where in India will we find a husband tall enough for you?"

"I don't think I need worry about that for some time," I suggested. "After all, I'm only sixteen."

"That's nearly twice as old as I was on my wedding day."

There was clearly no answer to that, and I turned to my mother for help. She was just getting out of the car—the only woman I know who can do it gracefully—and was looking amused but encouraging. She came up the front steps to my grandmother's house, to my rescue. Under cover of the greetings and embraces I regained what I like to think was my composure, though my sister assured me that I didn't lose my hunted look all day. As we walked across the deep veranda into the cool twilight of the house, I decided that if this introduction was any sample, India was going to be unusual at least—if unnerving.

Standing at the top of the white steps my grandmother had looked imposing if not positively frightening, but when I stood next to her I saw that she was a tiny woman—something under five feet—with a small, erect figure. Her face has a deceptively submissive expression; on her forehead she wears the heavy red, yellow, and white caste marks of the Saraswat

Brahmin; her hair is drawn back to the low knot worn by the conventional Hindu woman. She never wears shoes or sandals unless she is going into the city in the car, and her feet are as flexible and sensitive-looking as her hands. I followed this tidy little woman, in her red cotton sari, wondering just how I should feel toward a virtual stranger who happened to be my grandmother.

In the drawing room the rest of the family was waiting for us. Grandfather picked up his cane and came across the room. "This is a very real pleasure," he said in his careful Oxford English. "I trust your journey over was not too uncomfortable. Traveling since the beginning of the war has been even more tiring than in normal times, has it not?" (This was in 1939.) He looked bent, and much older than I remembered him, but his impersonal voice and inquisitive eyes had not changed. "Let me reintroduce you to your relatives. You have indeed been away from India too long." Aunts and uncles and cousins came forward, and we smiled, shook hands, made the usual meaningless comments and greetings. The youngest girl in the house gave us each a cluster of jasmine flowers strung together on red twine.

Mother said quickly to me, "Darling, how lovely they will look tucked in behind your pompadour," to indicate what I was supposed to do with them.

Premila, my elder sister, who has an irrepressible sense of the incongruous, muttered under her breath, "Well, we're over the floor show. When do we eat?"

MY MOTHER and Premila and I had arrived in Bombay that morning from South Africa. During my father's three years' diplomatic appointment in South Africa he had not been able to take a vacation to visit Premila and me at school in England, so in the summer of 1939 he told Mother firmly that since he had gone to all the trouble and expense of giving his two children the kind of education that has made the cultured classes what with a little trouble they need never have been, he demanded the privilege of seeing what damage was being done. Mother called us from South Africa and told us to take the next boat out. We did—and when the war in Europe broke out, and we could not get passages back to England to finish our education, my mother decided to take us back to see India.

My mother is an exciting person to travel with. She always wears a sari and is tremendously fond of brilliant colors. People are apt to come up to her and ask her to pose for portraits or studio photographs—this has happened several times—and often she is asked for her autograph, as strangers seem to be certain that if she isn't advertising something she must be a film star. Time and again, at parties given by South Africans, I had heard the anti-Indian prejudice of the people explained to Mother with the phrase, "If only the Indians here were like you . . ." Father's diplomatic position kept her from answering as she would have liked.

She describes herself in a tone of parody as "Junoesque." Her hair has always been knotted in the traditional Indian way simply because she has never found time to think up a new way of doing it. Before she goes out she sometimes looks in her mirror a little desperately, thinking that she really must fuss with cosmetics a bit as all her friends do, decides that she is late already but will think about it before next time, and with a little gasp of relief hurries off.

As our ship had moved into the Bombay harbor that morning, the ten years that I had been away had begun to seem like a formidable barrier to "understanding" India. While we watched the reasonably exotic skyline of Bombay become clearer through the early morning mist, I hoped that the fact that most of the members of Mother's and Father's families were still in India would make our introduction to the country quicker and more complete. But at the same time I felt homesick for London, the long windy evenings, taxi drivers coughing outside restaurants, and the grayness over the river at three in the afternoon.

Mother said, "I'm sorry your first introduction to India after all this time has to be by smell." The curious smoky and spiced breeze from the bazaars blew across the deck. Gradually we could make out the more impressive buildings—all railway stations or hotels, it turned out.

Customs and passport officials are the same all over the world, and by the time they had guided us through the formalities we were too tired to care what Bombay looked like. Seen from a car window the Indian bazaar sections of the city were surprisingly like the glamorous Orient of Hollywood movies, with beggars rapping at the car window, half-naked people asleep on the pavements, and fly-infested selling booths; the English parts of the city, with their expensive shops and stiff uneasy houses, looked familiarly provincial. Only the neat blocks of apartment houses along the sea roads seemed incongruous.

My grandmother's house is in Colaba, the extreme end of the island of Bombay. To her considerable annoyance, since the beginning of the war Colaba had been designated a military reservation and civilians who happened to be living there could enter and leave it only after their passes had been examined by the guards on duty. By way of protest my grandmother would refuse to exchange one word with these guards even when they were Indian. She would always take one of her servants with her when she had to leave Colaba to take care of the tiresome business of passes. Accordingly we found a servant waiting for us at the barrier to

escort us through the military examination.

ON BOTH sides of the drive up to the house there were great banks of wet, dark tropical plants and bushes. The hollows were steamy and lined with hibiscus in flower. We drove past the tennis court, which was covered with green slime as it had been flooded for the last few months of the monsoon. Now the servants' children were making mud castles on it and climbing the guard wire to steal the mangoes from the trees.

The house itself was large and white. Red and purple bougainvillea streamed down the walls and made a moving screen between the pillars of the porch. Later that morning, when my cousin Saguna showed us around the compound, we saw that the garden extended almost as far behind the house. Here were the servants' quarters, low-roofed and mud-walled, with the inevitable brass vessel of water heating on the wood fire in the courtyard. The Brahmin cook was sitting in the shade wearing only a loincloth, twisting his hair on the top of his head and reading his prayer book. One of the women was crouching by the earthen fireplace blowing the hot embers into flame while her daughter ground spices in a stone bowl next to her. They all stood up, "Salaam, Miss Sahib, salaam ji." They stared at us, smiling and inquisitive.

My cousin told them that we greeted them too, that we were her relatives from a distant country, that we couldn't speak Hindustani. The little boys drew circles in the dust with their toes—they clearly didn't believe such absurdities.

II

WE WALKED back to the house. Inside it was cool and dark. The bamboo matting had been drawn across the verandas. There was the monotonous sound of the fans in every room. Already, now that the formalities of our arrival and the introductions to the family were completed, the members of the household had settled back to their normal routine and their daily occupations.

After all, we were members of the family, and if we were excused our duties to that family for one day, the others were not. We were not guests or visitors; we might have been away for a very long time but now we had returned, restoring normalcy to the family and taking up our neglected positions in it.

Saguna led us through the living room, furnished almost completely in the Indian style with low, hard *thakats*—wooden platforms—covered with a white tapestry or heavy woven cloth and softened only with bolsters piled against the wall. The tables were of intricately carved rosewood—useless for anything but decoration. The only ornaments were the brass vases filled with red flowers (as this was a joyful occasion) and the Benares trays piled high with jasmines. These would be changed twice or three times a day, according to how fast the flowers wilted. In a wall niche was a small image of Ganesh, the elephant god, which the children had decorated during the festival with tinsel and pieces of red silk.

"Alone at last," Premila said as Saguna closed the door on us in our bedroom. With a sigh she threw herself onto a bed, only to rise instantly announcing furiously that her back was probably broken. We turned up the bedclothes to find that the mattress was just a thin cotton pad and that underneath the bed was made of plain wooden boards.

Mother came in with her hair down just as Premila was saying, "What I like about travel is that one can have such good clean fun roughing it in out-of-the-way places."

"What's all the noise about?" Mother asked.

"Look at this bed. For heaven's sake! Am I supposed to be able to sleep on this?"

"You certainly are. And very thankful you'll be too in the really hot weather."

"But these are *boards*—"

"Has Saguna been showing you around the garden?" Mother interrupted. Her years of diplomatic training have instilled in her the habit of avoiding scenes.

Presently Mother went downstairs to find out what she was expected to do by way of duties about the house. Premila looked pensively at the garden. "I

wonder," she said, "whether one can get a decent tan in this sun."

"We'll ask Them at lunch."

"Working on the assumption that They have lunch."

"Well, They must eat sometime."

"Probably behind locked doors. It's nearly three o'clock already, and They can probably keep this up for hours yet."

She pulled up the shades on the other windows and opened the French doors. The sun and the heat streamed in, and with them the pigeons. Premila was past speech. We both stood and watched the birds fly unconcernedly in and perch on the rafters making their curious, persuasive purring. Gradually they made more and more noise until the room sounded like the parrot house at the zoo.

MY GRANDMOTHER came in to call us for tea and found us still staring at the pigeons.

"There seem to be pigeons in the room," Premila said patiently.

"Their nest is up there in the rafters."

"You always keep pigeons in your rooms?"

"Only here. They will not build on the ground floor."

"Isn't it sometimes a little inconvenient?"

"Not at all," she added pointedly. "They deserve the shelter as much as we do."

"Yes, of course. I suppose they do."

"Besides," my grandmother said with a distinct twinkle, "you might have been a pigeon in your last birth." That apparently settled it.

Tea was served in the dining room. The room was arranged in the formal English manner, but the meal seemed to be relatively casual. Aunts and uncles drifted in and out, apparently unaware of the presence of other people. They picked up cups of tea and hard little varnished sweets or dangerously triangular curry puffs and wandered off again with a polite nod in our direction. By way of conversation I asked if there was any place we could sunbathe after tea. My grandmother looked astonished and angry.

"Sunbathe indeed! We're going to have a hard enough time getting you

married as it is, since you have acquired your Western tastes, without your ruining your only asset—a fair skin—with a sunburn!"

"Can't get away from color prejudice even here, can we?" Premila said to me.

DINNER was an entirely different meal. It was served late, about nine o'clock, and, we discovered, was the chief meal of the day. *Chota hasari*—the little breakfast—consists of a cup of tea at five-thirty or six in the morning, with possibly some fruit or toast served with it. At about eleven or at midday a heavier meal is eaten, *chapatis*—thin unleavened wheat cakes—and curry, with *dal*—a kind of lentil soup—and curds and sweets of some sort. But for dinner there was always rice, several varieties of curry, pepper-water and *dal*, *chapatis*, curds, buttermilk, pickles of various sorts, cabbage wrapped in bay leaves and steamed. Afterwards all kinds of sweets were served, some heavily spiced, tasting unfamiliar and strong, and some that seemed to be just sweetened milk. Fruit from the garden and from the bazaars was then brought on—mangoes, guavas, pomegranates, nectarines—they all had exotic, story-book names.

This meal was always eaten on the wide veranda opening off the living room. An enormous cloth was spread on the stone floor. By the light of the oil lamps which were used on the veranda (though the rest of the house had electricity) the silver and the brassware on the "table" looked bright and foreign. The food was placed on flat, round silver *thalis*, and the curries and other dishes were contained in little matching bowls clustered round the *thalis*; even the water glasses were made of silver.

We sat on low wooden stools round the cloth and ate with our fingers. The technique of this was hard enough to master, particularly with liquids, but we had to remember as well the complicated and formal ritual of the rest of the meal. As the servants bring round fresh dishes, you serve yourself with the left hand. You must always use only your right hand in the actual eating of your food. You must wait until the men have begun their

meal before you may begin on your own food. And even then, you must wait till the older women start to eat. This grading system, we were told, was a concession to changing times and relaxing manners and formalities. In the old days, the women would not even sit down to their meal until the men had entirely finished. They would wait in the kitchen and help the servants in serving the food, or in the more well-to-do homes they would wait in their rooms.

I noticed that my grandmother still maintained this custom, and although she would sit with us she would eat nothing until her husband had finished his meal. I think she would have liked to compel all the women in her household to behave in the traditional way, but this was one of the few instances in which she had found that social progress had got out of hand.

The servants scurried about on bare feet, the tails of their turbans and the fullness of their white coats waving behind them as they dodged among the people at the table with fresh dishes. They were silent, obsequious, and omnipresent.

After dinner when we went back to the living room I turned to my grandfather and asked him if one could get some news on the radio at this time. In the middle of my sentence I stopped abruptly. It had suddenly occurred to me that there might not be a radio in the house, and that I might embarrass them by asking. But my grandfather said, "Do not be uncomfortable; we have a portable wireless here which one of your cousins brought back from England."

He walked over to a table in the corner and unlocked a cabinet fronted with dark glass. Inside was the radio, shiny and anachronistic in this twilight Indian room. It looked as if it had never been used, but the battery seemed still to be good, for as I fiddled with the knobs the precise English voice of the newscaster from All-India Radio, the government owned system, broke incongruously into the room. He was saying something about "the impregnable defenses of the Maginot Line . . ." Already Europe and the war seemed to me like a half-remembered movie.

III

MY GRANDMOTHER cannot speak English. I have never discovered whether this is from principle or simply because she has never tried, but she understands it perfectly. In England Mother had kept Premila and me familiar with Hindustani by speaking it to us sometimes when we were home for vacations, and by teaching us Indian songs. So during our first few weeks in Bombay we could both understand the language though we were still too out of practice to try speaking it yet. Consequently my grandmother and I spoke different languages to each other. But we got along very easily in spite of it.

I found after a few days that in her own indirect way she was trying to instill in me something of the traditional Hindu girl's attitude to the household, the rest of the family, and living in general. The servants were the first problem that came up. Whenever the telephone rang, one of the servants would run to answer it. They were unanimously terrified of the instrument and would hold the receiver well away from the ear and scream, "Allo?"

Naturally unless the caller and the name of the person who was being called were both very familiar to the servant nothing was understood or accomplished. After watching this procedure for some time, I began to sprint for the telephone, too, whenever it rang. As long as I won it was all right, but occasionally I would reach it at the same time as the house boy. The first time this happened he grasped the receiver and ignored my outstretched hand. I asked him please to let me answer the phone in future if I were in the house—this in very polite if halting Hindustani. I used the formal form of "you" as I would have to any stranger.

Afterward my grandmother called me into her room. In her own mysterious way she had overheard the conversation and wanted now to warn me against treating the servants in such a way again.

"They are not your equals, so do not treat them as such. It is not enough for the servants to be frightened of you; that fear must be founded on respect. This pandering to them is some unreasonable

sentimentality you have picked up in the West. It embarrasses them as much as it irritates me. . . ."

She went on to explain that one could retain a feeling of equality (tinged all the same with condescension) for the cook, because he, after all, had to be a Brahmin—one of our own caste—as he handled the food. By all means we should give them medicines if they were sick, see that their children were well treated, visit their quarters and make sure that their rooms were kept clean, even give their children an education—which they would never get if it were left to their families—but we should always keep our social distance.

Then there was the matter of prayers in the mornings. My grandmother was always up by five o'clock and said her prayers, decorated the images in her shrine, and sang the hymns of the day at that time. The other women of the house were expected to join her, though there was no expressed compulsion. After a few days of this I decided that if I expected to be able to stay awake after nine at night I must stop keeping these hours.

One afternoon I told my grandmother that the prayers were meaningless to me except as a curiosity, that I could make no sense of the hymns, which were sung in Sanskrit (I'm pretty certain they were incomprehensible to her too), and that I felt that I was too old to be converted to Hinduism now.

She assured me briskly that even if I wanted to, I could not be reconverted to Hinduism, and that no such expectation had prompted her to suggest that I come to prayers with her. I had been born a Hindu, but since I had crossed water, eaten beef, neglected to wear my caste mark, and committed innumerable other offenses, I had lost my right to both my religion and my caste.

"But don't assume from that that you may marry anyone outside the Brahmin caste!" The real reason, it turned out, for this religious indoctrination had been to show me something of the values which Indians live by.

"Do you realize that you know nothing of a factor which is vital to the lives of most of your countrymen? Do you always want to see India through the eyes of a

visitor? The real Indians are the villagers, the peasants. Poverty and the work on the land is so much a part of their daily living that they must have a tremendous, inclusive faith to make such living possible. If you want to understand these people, you must also understand something of Hinduism. It is the most rigid of beliefs, the most realistic of philosophies, and it determines for them everything from their food to their morals.

"We have been called pacifists," she continued, showing, for the only time that I can remember, any consciousness of the existence of contemporary politics, "but it is not ignorance that makes us so. We could be the most highly educated country in the world. We have all the prerequisites for intelligent 'political consciousness'—*if that were an end*. But I, for one, can only hope that the religion and philosophy of our people will secure them against civilization, and what you call 'progress.' Bless you, my child, progress is just a convenient term for describing our journey from the great age of India."

If I had at the time been less scared of my grandmother, I would have argued with her about her attitude toward conditions in India, which seemed to me hopelessly reactionary. Concepts which had always seemed to me self-evident she ignored or nullified with her strange, kindly, patronizing attitude toward "those Indians less fortunate than ourselves." Equality of opportunity? Absurd!

"But I can see that you do not even know what I am talking about. Because we let politics pass us by, because we have evolved no way of writing down our music, because we do not preserve in a concrete form our art and our stories, the West considers that we have lost our culture. But it is in the oral traditions of the villages that the arts of India are really alive. The brief Western immortality of museums is pointless to people who have seen eternity in their earth. In comparison with this the people of the West are shortsighted, are they not?"

"I suppose so."

"And we are longsighted—which is not the same as being farsighted," she added unexpectedly.

IV

I WAS growing impatient because I had invited a friend to tea, it was getting dangerously near teatime, and I had yet to change.

"Is it all right," I asked my grandmother casually, "if I have a friend to tea?" It was a very informal meal and Saguna frequently had girls from her school to it, so I didn't think there would be any objections.

"Perfectly all right, my child, if she is a suitable friend."

"Well, it's a he. I should think he's suitable. He traveled over from South Africa with us. Mother liked him."

I have never seen anyone look as shocked as my grandmother did then.

"The more I see of you girls the more amazed I am at your mother for the extraordinary education she has given you, and above all for allowing such outrageous behavior from any girl in our family!"

"I don't think this concerns her at all," I said, surprised. "Besides, she could scarcely have kept us in a vacuum during all those years in England—particularly when she was away so much of the time!"

"That is exactly what I told her. You should never have been taken to England. You should have been left here in our care."

"But we wanted—"

"Don't argue with me, my dear child. I will discuss this with your mother."

I turned to leave the room. "Well, shall I call him up and tell him not to come?"

"Of course you cannot do that. If you have invited him already, we are obliged to extend hospitality to him. But while I am the head of this house it will not happen again."

Upstairs I asked Mother what to do. I told her that my grandmother had not yet heard the whole story. I had promised John that I would have dinner with him. Mother looked at me despairingly. "Was it for this that I learned to be a diplomat's wife?"

"I don't see that I've done anything so awful."

"I suppose it never occurred to you that

your grandmother never receives Englishmen in her house?"

"Why *would* it occur to me?" I asked.

"For obvious reasons. The situation being what it is in India, in her own inimitable way your grandmother makes a personal—or rather a social—issue of it."

"I thought she was supposed to be so detached from politics."

Then Mother began to think that the whole situation was funny. "But the really appalling thing is your dinner engagement with him! If you go out alone with him, and the family knows about it, you're as good as married to him."

"You mean I'm not supposed to be alone with any man until I decide I want to marry him?"

"I'm afraid that's right."

"But *Mother*, doesn't that seem to you a little absurd?"

"Darling, I was never alone with your father until I was married to him."

"But *Mother*—"

"I know, I know, times are changing, *everybody* does it, but I'm sorry, dear, you'll have to break the dinner appointment."

"But *Mother*—"

"Let's not discuss it further, shall we?"

WHEN John came we had tea in icy solitude on the front veranda. His first remark was, "You look pale. Do you feel all right?"

"I feel fine. I'm not allowed to wear make-up around here." I had had a brief argument with Mother about that, too.

"Never thought it would make so much difference."

"My grandmother doesn't approve of it."

"Damn right. Now you won't get lipstick all over the cups and the napkins."

As Mother came out to join us the curtains to the living room swung behind her, and I saw that the family was gathered there. I don't know how anything immoral could have gone on with the gardeners as an audience and on an open veranda, but I suppose they just wanted to make sure. I was thankful that John was facing out toward the garden.

He asked Mother where the family, of

whom he had heard so much, were.

"Oh, they went out."

"All of them?"

"Of course," Mother said, as if it were the most natural thing.

"Oh."

"They went to the tennis tournament."

When Mother says anything in that carefully explanatory way, as if it were absurd that anyone shouldn't know, nobody can say, "What tournament?"

I took John out into the garden to tell him I couldn't dine with him that evening. I thought it would be best to tell him the whole story. I don't think he had the least idea what it all meant, for he just looked very hunted and said, "But you don't want to marry me, do you?"

V

THE incident, when I looked back on it, brought into sharp contrast for me the astonishing changes that have taken place within fifty years in the ordinary girl's life in India. My grandmother was married when she was nine years old. When I heard that, I was profoundly shocked. Child marriage in books was one thing, but such a barbarous thing in my own family was quite another. But apparently I had been influenced by the sensational inaccuracies that have been put out about India in books like Katherine Mayo's *Mother India*, just as so many foreigners to India have been influenced by similar books.

When my grandmother says that she was married when she was nine, she means that a betrothal ceremony was performed between her and my grandfather. Perhaps "betrothal" indicates too weak a link, for she could not then have married any other man—even if my grandfather were to have died before the actual wedding ceremony. Her "husband's" family would have been obliged to clothe her and shelter her just as they would the widow of one of their sons. As soon as the betrothal was completed she went to live in her mother-in-law's home. She stayed there until her mother-in-law died and she, as the wife of the oldest son, became the head of the family.

Between the time when she first came to

live at the house and the time when the real marriage ceremony took place, about seven years later, she was carefully chaperoned by some member of her "husband's" family on all occasions when she had to appear socially or in the presence of any men. This, Mother assures me, is the traditional method, at least in our caste. She took her place at once in the daily life of the home. A Hindu girl's duties in her mother-in-law's home are specific and exacting. Their purpose is to train the girl to be, as nearly as possible, the perfect wife and mother.

It is practically a tradition among Hindu women that their mother-in-law is always a monster of efficiency and demands equal competence from them. She insists that the young bride must give no order to a servant which she cannot perfectly carry out herself. Consequently the bride must learn to cook, sew, clean, bring up children (and there are always several in the house on whom she can practice), run the family life, advise those younger than herself, keep the accounts of the household and keep a careful check on the finances of each individual member of the family. I'm sure every Hindu wife of that generation can tell stories about having had to cook meals for twenty-five people single-handed, or of having had to rip out a seam fifteen times because it was not sewn finely enough.

In those days, half a century ago, the joint-family system still dominated the social life of Hindus. My grandmother's mother-in-law, for instance, presided over her family, with her husband as a sort of consort. All their sons lived in the house with them, and as they married brought their wives to live in the family home. The daughters lived there until they were married and then they, like my grandmother, went to live in the homes of their mothers-in-law. The children of the sons were educated in the house by tutors until they were old enough to go abroad to college. My grandmother learned to read and write along with her nieces and nephews after she was married, but that was the limit of her education. Besides these close members of the family, various cousins, and great-uncles left over from another generation, lived in the same

house. It was a joint family of the most conservative type.

Originally this social unit had grown out of the fact that India was almost entirely an agricultural country, and wealth was measured only in land. The sons of any land-owning family, therefore, were compelled to live together for economic reasons and because the laws for property division were so sketchy. As the system took root and grew, somehow the women seem to have taken charge. Their province—and this is true to a wide extent even today—was the home and there they were dictators. The oldest woman in the house held and dispensed all the money in the household. Anything that any member earned was given to her and she drew from each according to his capacity and gave to each according to his need. So although she had no legal rights she could, if she wanted, have absolute control over the members of her own family.

By the time my grandmother, as the wife of the oldest son, came to be head of the household the system was already breaking down. Our family moved from the south, which is our home, to Bombay. My grandmother found that her sons showed a regrettable tendency to wander off to what she considered the less civilized parts of the world. One of them even married a Viennese girl, beautiful—but a foreigner. She found that she had no control either over whom her sons married, or even over the education of her grandchildren. But to look at her and the way in which she lived you would never suspect that the conditions which made her standards valid were vanishing from India.

ONE of the minor forms which my grandmother's continued autocracy took was the examination of the mail received by anybody living in the house. Saguna told me that she used to censor, and sometimes entirely remove, letters from people of whom she did not approve. She did not know the people who wrote to me, and still had not gathered in her own mysterious way their respective life histories, so she would just question me closely about all my mail. Whom were the letters from? Any of them from men?

Where did I meet them? Did my mother know their families? If the questions were not satisfactorily answered, she would say, "In my opinion you should not reply to that letter," or, "Surely a brief note will be sufficient answer."

To me even Mother's education—which seemed to her so progressive and enlightened—appeared incredibly narrow. Certainly she was not married at an apallingly early age—although her sisters were; she was given, on her own insistence and on the arguments of one of her brothers who was at an English university, a formal education at school and college. She had wanted to be a doctor and after endless arguments with her mother she was allowed to go to medical school in Madras. But unfortunately her mother heard that she was the only girl in her class and that every morning she would find notes on her desk from the men students—some expressing their view of women who broke the fine conventions of Indian womanhood by leaving their homes and entering a world of men, and some exclaiming poetically, "If I were Dante, you would be my Beatrice. . . ." She was taken out of the school immediately and continued, instead, more ladylike work in English literature in a women's college.

All the same, Mother defied two of the most rigid social conventions of the time before she was twenty-five. She earned a living by lecturing in English literature in a Madras college; and at twenty-five she was the first Kashmiri girl to marry outside her community. When we went back to Kashmir—more than twenty years after Mother's marriage—I met women who still would not receive Mother, and could scarcely be civil to her if they met her at somebody else's house, because of the shocking way in which she broke their social rules when she was a girl. For at that time in India there was a prejudice not only against inter-caste marriages but against inter-community ones too. If your family or your ancestors came from Kashmir, your husband should come from there too.

Because Mother had to fight against the old standards, and because she was brought up to believe in them, she has an emotional understanding of them which

my sister and I will never have. Brought up in Europe and educated in preparatory and public schools in England, we felt that the conventions were not only retrogressive and socially crippling to the country, but also a little ridiculous. We thought at the time that one needed the perspective of travel to see these things. But we were only flattering ourselves, for later we found many young Indians who had lived at home all their lives and had a far clearer picture of India's social problems and, moreover, were doing a great deal more about possible solutions for them than we ever thought of doing.

VI

TOWARD the end of our first week in Bombay, Mother and Premila and I were invited to a party given by some friends of ours for the Congress ministers who were resigning from the provincial government because Britain had brought India into the European war without consulting the Indian ministers. Even though the party was for retiring ministers I had expected that there would be some attempt to make it a festive affair. But it proved to have less liveliness than a wake. The Bombay ministers themselves seemed to be absorbed in a depression which they did not try to alleviate by even the grimmest humor. Even the host and hostess made no attempt to introduce any other topic of conversation than politics. I sat in the corner of a *thakat* learning the first lesson of social life in India: to the Indian, politics are what the weather is to an Englishman. Politics are an introduction to a stranger on a train, they are the standard filler for embarrassing silences in conversation, they are the inevitable small talk at any social gathering.

I felt, then, that all these "petty politics" were hopelessly ill-timed when there was fascism to be fought all over the world. I loved, and thought I understood, the English people, and I felt that in some obscure way they were being attacked. It took me two years to realize that Indians must be capable of fighting fascism in India before India can effectively join the Allies in their fight against totalitarianism in the rest of the world.

EVENTUALLY, when I managed to drag Mother away from the friends whom she had not seen for so many years, I asked her if she would mind stopping in for half an hour at the Yacht Club, where I had promised to meet John for a drink to make up for my rudeness a few nights before. Mother looked at me very strangely.

"Oh of course," she said at last, "I had forgotten. *He's* a stranger here as well, isn't he?"

"Yes. Why?"

Mother smiled. "I hate to break it to you like this, but no Indians are allowed in the Yacht Club. Exclusively for Europeans."

"What a grisly sort of place."

"It runs true to form. The colonels congregate, call each other 'old boy' and order *chota pegs*."

"John is going to be embarrassed out of his wits," I remarked.

"Poor sweet. You'd think, wouldn't you, that it would strike *some* of them as a little absurd?"

We drove up to the Yacht Club. John was waiting for us outside.

"I wouldn't be surprised," Mother said, "if social insults were to break up the Empire long before political injustice could."

John leaped into the car almost before it had stopped. His scrubbed schoolboy's face had a high gloss of embarrassment on it.

"Look, I thought it would be ever so much more fun to join some friends of mine at the Harbour Bar at the Taj Mahal Hotel. You don't mind, do you?"

"Can't think of anything nicer."

The friends at the Harbour Bar proved to be delightful—far pleasanter, certainly, than the Yacht Club could have been. But although the evening was a success John wriggled out of a tentative plan we had made to go to the Elephanta caves together with what he was convinced was perfect finesse. He never asked me for another date, though we met occasionally at parties. Apparently Anglo-Indian relations in India were too much for him.

WHEN we came out of the Taj I saw my grandmother's car parked outside the hotel. It is sedate and black. The ayah, my grandmother's personal servant,

came out of it, salaamed to us, and explained that my grandmother wished me to come home in her car. It would not be necessary for the sahib to accompany me.

John was looking apprehensive, and when I gave him a feeble excuse, he did not even look surprised. He just said "Good-by" quickly and ran toward his own car.

I could not expend any of my irritation on the ayah because she always plugged her ears with cotton wool whenever she drove in a car. Somebody had once told her that the vibrations would affect her inner ear and eventually make her deaf.

MY GRANDMOTHER must have known that I would arrive at the house cross and resentful, for she met me on the porch.

"A special treat for you tonight," she said, and smiled as if she knew that I realized what she was doing. "We are having meat curry for dinner."

I was surprised out of my exasperation because I knew that my grandparents were such strict vegetarians that they would not even eat eggs. Some Hindus draw a careful distinction between fertilized and unfertilized eggs, but my grandmother ignored the facts of life and exiled them all. Besides, according to the correct Hindu conventions, even the presence of meat or fish in the same kitchen in which the rest of the food was cooked defiled that food.

"It was cooked outside in the courtyard," she explained. "The gardener's wife, who is not a Brahmin, consented to prepare it for you and Premila. Of course it will be served to you separately, at a different table, perhaps—or you could even eat it before dinner. Are we not accommodating?"

I found another surprise upstairs in Mother's bedroom—a box of Craven A cigarettes on the bedside table. My grandmother does not approve of women who smoke. She had made this perfectly clear to all of us when we first arrived. Consequently Mother and Premila used to disappear up to their rooms after every meal and smoke their cigarettes rather guiltily in solitude.

Now, apparently, the prejudices were

forgotten and my grandmother not only allowed them to smoke, but provided them with cigarettes. We never discovered what the prevalent attitude about cigarettes was, for my grandmother, who treats such matters in the same way she does the presence of the British in India—with the conviction that if she completely ignores them they will eventually go away—never would discuss the subject. Mother's theory was that one of the servants had been given to understand—without any specific orders—that guests in the house, even if they were members of the family, were to be supplied with everything they desired, within reason. Hospitality demanded it.

That evening I decided to try to draw my grandmother out on politics. I asked her whether India could be regarded as a country.

"Is India a country in the sense with which we are familiar?" she repeated. "Well, your English friends would tell you that it is so only in the sense that all Indians walk the same earth and watch the same stars."

I thought, then, that I would get no more of an answer from her, for she continued more thoughtfully, "Your mother tells me that you are not staying with us long, that you will travel over India."

"Yes, I think we're leaving for Delhi fairly soon."

"Wherever you go people will tell you about the differences and confusions of India—our disunity and divergence. But don't forget that we have humanity in common, and we need ask no further than that."

I looked at her solemnly, feeling eager to *understand* India. I think this must have seemed a little ridiculous to her, for she said, "You young people are always romantic and scornful and vaguely cynical. You never seem to be realistic. When you travel across this country, keep it in your mind that India is neither a slut nor a queen—but don't miss the queen in the slut or the slut in the queen." She twinkled at me and the crow's feet round her shiny black eyes contracted with amusement. "And try to remember that the world does not rotate about a point on its circumference."

{ *This is the second of two articles on war maps by*
C. Lester Walker, free-lance journalist, who has
written for us many other articles on military subjects. }

WAR MAPS: TECHNIQUES AND SECRECY

C. LESTER WALKER



Two years ago when Navy and Marine Corps staff officers were in New Caledonia putting the finishing touches on preparations for our invasion of the Solomons, one of their problems was how to get a map.

For Guadalcanal there *was* no map. There were a few drawings by missionaries or coconut planters, but these were mere sketches—all rough and extremely limited in area. And the hydrographic charts of the islands' coastlines were often more exasperating than useful. Too many of them reported with complete candor: "Location not accurate to within several miles."

So, as one military topographer put it afterwards, "Strictly speaking, a matter of a few weeks before the Solomons invasion the Marines actually didn't know with any accuracy where Guadalcanal was."

That was in July. The first Marine landings were scheduled for August 7th. They would be on a strange coast, and the battles to follow would be in country unknown. An expedition of that character without an adequate map was unthinkable. And yet there was still no map. And maps of a 2,500-square-mile area are not made overnight. And there was now very little time.

At this point the New Caledonia base

got in touch with the Army Air Force units working out of Port Moresby on New Guinea, 1,500 miles away. The Moresby headquarters called in Captain Karl Polifka—later to be famous for his photo-reconnaissance exploits, and now a full colonel—and said, in essence, "Map Guadalcanal."

It is reported that Polifka, who is the tobacco-chewing kind of flying man, took another chaw and queried, "In what?"

His brother officer waved to a B17 which stood on the field. Polifka was a single-engine pilot. It is said that he had never even seen a Flying Fortress before. Much less had he ever flown one. Nevertheless he loaded the bomb bays with extra fuel, filled the plane, as he has said, "chock full of cameras," and with the controls feeling very strange after his single-engine jobs, took off for Guadalcanal, almost a thousand miles away.

He flew two courses: one straight down the spine of the island; and then the return, a little off shore and up the north side. Japanese flak and pursuit planes went after him, but he kept on "burning film," as the reconnaissance pilots say, all the way.

When he got back to Moresby, his films were rushed to Australia, where a topographical battalion, of Engineers, was eagerly waiting for them. The photo-

graphs turned out to be hazy and with their full quota of tilts and tips, but there was no time to let a fault like that slow things up. The Engineers drew their map. Completed in a matter of days, it was put on a plane and flown to invasion headquarters in New Caledonia.

The delivery of this map made history in more ways than one. It was *the* map used for the expedition to the Solomons. It was the first reliable map ever made of all Guadalcanal. And because of the amazing speed with which the job was done under actual war conditions, it proved conclusively and dramatically the worth of a new method of making maps for Ground Forces by adopting a system the Air Forces had been successfully using for some time to produce aeronautical charts.

THE method was just cutting its teeth at that time; but it is grown up and in wide use today. It is called the *trimetrogon system* (meaning three-measure-angled) and was developed by two colonels of the Air Forces in conjunction with the U. S. Geological Survey, where one of them was formerly a topographical engineer. They hit upon the idea one day of mounting three cameras side by side in a reconnaissance plane in a novel way. One to shoot directly downward—vertical. Another to be set at a slant of sixty degrees to starboard. The third at a similar slant to port. All cameras to expose simultaneously. The resulting photographs give a clean-sweep picture stretching from horizon to horizon.

The finished photographs are taken over by a staff of mapmakers called photogrammetrists who utilize them to make aeronautical charts. On the photographs certain prominent lakes, river junctions, headlands must be marked by hand and their exact latitude and longitude determined by photograph measurements. Instruments then tie these points together in both the vertical and oblique pictures. Viewing the photographs in the third dimension with a stereoscope, the mappers then spot features of the terrain which are to be put on the drawn map. They mark them with colored inks, and this surface detail is then transferred from the photographs to the sheet-to-be

by projecting it onto mapping paper. Here other mappers draw in the required detail, making the basic map. From the photographs another special instrument has determined the contour lines, or heights above sea level of all points of the terrain, and these are in turn transferred to the basic map, which, with the addition of radio and aeronautical data, is then complete. Other mapmakers then translate this drawing into small scale aeronautical charts for the pilots, navigators, and bombardiers.

Speed—almost unbelievable speed—is the great contribution of trimetrogon. The method is said to be the greatest speedup in mapmaking history. Its performance under stress in the Solomons was perhaps proof enough, but since then other demonstrations have occurred. A plane with trimet cameras poking out of its nose has flown down a planned course and in three hours photographed 20,000 square miles. For aeronautical charting purposes only one-fifth of the earth's land surface was adequately mapped before trimetrogon began—now the total charted by trimet alone is over 9,000,000 square miles, an area larger than all of European and Asiatic Russia, or more than three times the size of the United States. Under conventional methods, it is estimated, the same job would have taken roughly a hundred years. Vast areas of upper Canada were formerly so poorly mapped that they showed only what had been seen from a canoe or by a man on snowshoes, and the maps were almost a blank. Maps of the same regions now will show literally thousands and thousands of lakes, all good for emergency landings, all got on paper in a total of six months' working time. So speedy is the method that one map covering almost 90,000 square miles of Africa was ready for service one week after the trimet films were received by the cartographers on this side.

Something of the marvel of such speed (and incidentally, 90,000 square miles more than equals the area of Illinois and Indiana put together) is perhaps fully appreciated only when one remembers that originally in mapmaking every single rod of ground had to be measured and surveyed ploddingly on foot.

The Aeronautical Chart Service, which is responsible for the compilation, production, and distribution of all aeronautical charts—of which there are over five thousand different kinds—for the entire Army Air Forces all over the world, has, through the trimetrogon method which it developed, performed the greatest photo-mapping job in all history by charting the countless air traffic lanes to the most remote corners of the world.

II

ALTHOUGH the fastest, trimetrogon is not the war's most accurate method of military mapping. That distinction goes to what the Army calls its *multiplex aero projector system*. The method has been in general use for military mapping only four or five years and was the one used for preparing many of the maps for the invasion of France.

Multiplex, like trimetrogon, starts with a plane, a pilot, and a camera, but with a single camera rather than a triple one. And although fitted with a wide-angle lens, this camera does not have the trimetrogon's sweep from horizon to horizon. So a pilot must make numerous adjacent flights. He shuttles back and forth over the terrain, and takes care that each flight overlaps its neighbor by at least 20 per cent on the sides. As he flies, an instrument with a fancy name, an intervalometer, automatically regulates the time and distance apart of his camera shots. The resulting pictures will have a 55 per cent overlap, and when developed they will have the correct "shingle effect" that multiplex mapping by air demands.

If there is a great urgency for the map in process—as was the case in the invasion of France—the photographs will probably be rushed to the map-plotting room of the U. S. Geological Survey in Arlington, Virginia. Here the original negatives, which are about as big as a studio portrait, will each be reduced to a sixty-millimeter square. These reductions are then put into the *multiplex projector*, and the real business of making the drawn map is ready to begin.

The projectors—each looking a little like an oversize and corpulent black spy-

glass laden with gadgets—are mounted over the drafting table on a long horizontal metal bar. Usually there are six projectors, but there have been eighteen and can be more. Lights go off in the room and on in the projectors, and the flight course of the plane—with all its tips and tilts—is projected in miniature, as a spatial model, down the table length.

Here is a point over enemy-held France where anti-aircraft fire has forced the pilot to twist and turn. The hilltops on the drafting board, seen through the red and green perspective filters, show an unmistakable tilt. The grassy ravines seem to be squeezing their way uphill. A technician of the Geological Survey busies himself a moment calculating the angle at which the photograph was made. He then reaches up to one of the projectors and adjusts it to tilt the correct number of degrees in the opposite direction. The hills and valleys straighten up, and appear now approximately as if photographed directly from the vertical.

Perhaps the mapping plane, for one reason or another, was unable to fly according to plan and had to take a long and crooked course. The multiplex projectors will still follow the flight—as they did in one extreme and notable case when making the Aleutians maps. The photo-mapping pilot on that occasion ran into fog and storm. He therefore flew an over-long and very irregular run. When the mappers tried to reconstruct the flight line on the multiplex bar, they ended with a structure that went off the plotting table. Additional projectors were rigged and the flight followed, no one knowing where it would end up. It went through the plotting-room wall, into other rooms, on through other walls, until finally it zigzagged to rest in another part of the building.

From these flight-line photographs the mappers, bending over the drafting table, pick the detail they need for the particular drawn map. It may be a whole line of enemy fortifications, or a single school-house where snipers could hold out. In either case, from the multiplex photo-data they transfer the object on to the drawn map with a minimum of locational error. Whereas the faster trimetrogon occasion-

ally misplaces a spot on the ground by as much as two to three hundred yards, which on an aeronautical chart in a plane traveling over 300 miles an hour is negligible, multiplex can fix a point in space to as close as ten feet, the accuracy required by ground troops. It can do even better on a horizontal measurement—one of the reasons it is admitted by all to be the last word in precise and practicable military mapping technique.

BOTH these methods of mapmaking—trimetrogon and multiplex—usually yield a drawn map which is "vertical." That is, everything is flat and as if seen from directly above. In this war, however, this type of map is not the final answer for all combat needs. It will suffice for the ground soldier but not for certain men in the Air Force. Hence, returning bomber pilots early in the war were sometimes heard to exclaim: "Can't make out shore line from that *flat* map. Be wonderful if they'd give us an oblique map. The land and everything on it as it looks from five miles up. You know—foreshortened." Today maps of just that type are being used.

They are called *bombardier and navigator perspective maps* and for the Americans were developed largely by the Eighth Bomber Command in England. Their mappers took a circular vertical map of a target area and surrounded it with perspective drawings of the same area as seen from six different approaches around the compass. They made two perspective drawings for each approach. The outer one serves the navigator, who is trying to locate the target area from, say, five miles above the earth and fifteen miles away. The inner one is for the bombardier when he takes over, still five miles up but now only seven miles from his target.

At first all these perspective drawings were sketched and traced by hand. Then they became too popular. The Bomber Command, stepping up its program, was finding the new map invaluable. It kept increasing its orders until the Army cartographers were heading for nervous breakdowns trying to keep up with the demand. Then one day somebody looked at the

basic vertical map through a reducing glass—and exclaimed, "All the detail converges!" Instead of just a glass why not use a camera? The scheme was tried, and after some experimentation it worked perfectly. Today the oblique maps are made by photographing a vertical map, using a tilted camera. And they are made so accurately that they even conform to drafting scale.

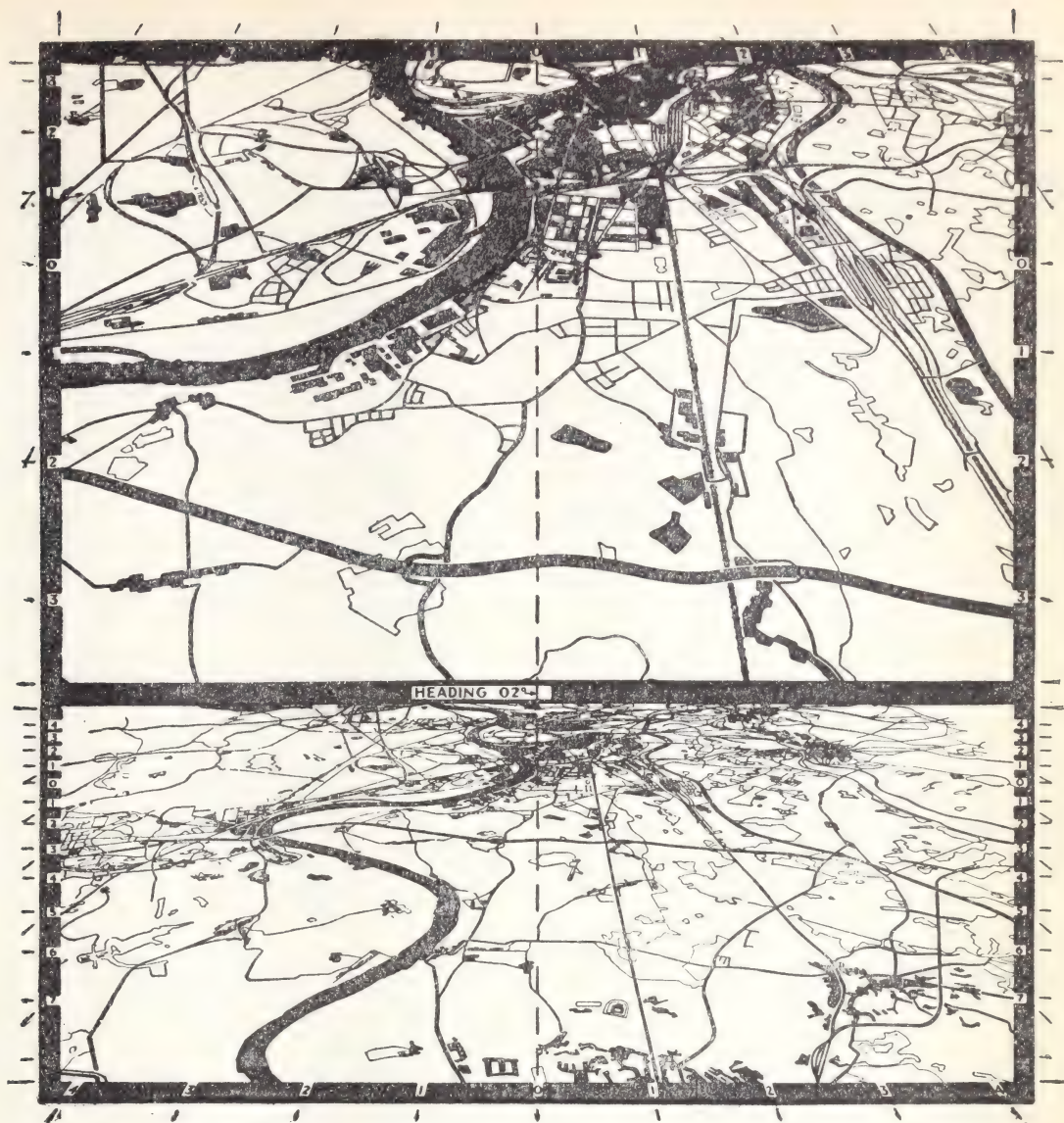
Now, using these maps in daylight precision bombing, a navigator and bombardier approaching for their first time, say, a town on the Elbe estuary near the coast of Germany can see at a glance what the shape of things ahead should look like. They have no need to guess at the amount of distortion which perspective will make in the curve of the river, the cut of the headland, or the shape of the railroad marshaling yards which they aim to bomb—as examination of the reproductions on the page opposite will show.

III

ALTHOUGH five hundred million air reconnaissance photographs, it is estimated, were taken for preparing the invasion map of the coast of Europe, it should not be assumed that aerial photography does most of the work in the making of a military map. Actually a myriad of other steps are involved—many of them more painstaking if less dramatic.

The beginning of the most important map may be very prosaic indeed. A directive will come down from the General Staff to the Chief of Engineers, saying, "Make a map." A few days later a young man in the Cartographic Division of the Army Map Service plant in Washington will go into the Library, where over 150 persons are at work among files of a million maps, and ask, "What have you got on Helgoland?"

Then follow over a course of weeks or days the routine steps by which is prepared a map that may wipe out an enemy fortress. The Map Library searches its own files, calls on the three-quarters-of-a-million snapshots of the National Geographic Society, and on every map library throughout America. The researchers then analyze the assembled material—



PERSPECTIVE MAPS FOR BOMBERS

The *lower* map shows the target area as it will look from 15 miles away, as the bomber approaches it at 25,000 feet altitude. The *upper* map shows it as it will look from 5 miles away and 25,000 feet altitude. Other pairs of maps are provided to show how the target area will look when approached from other directions.

old and new maps, photographs, sketches—and prescribe its proper use. Map Design Section picks up here, and specifies the style of the map, colors, detail, and type faces—all with an eye to practical use in the field. Meanwhile the Geodetic Section, in a flurry of computing machines, is figuring the proper projection and the correct military grid lines.

If aerial photo data is to be used, a photo-mosaic will probably be made. On wide tables Army Map Service girls will lay out hundreds of photographic prints,

carefully trimming them to match, and using bridges, churches, and watercourses as their guides. The mosaic will then be photographed and a print made. On this a cartographer then inks in the features to be transferred to the map in the making. The draftsmen take prints of this to their drawing boards, and, each on a separate sheet, ink in the colors: blue for waterways, green for woods, brown for contour lines, red for roads, and black for the other works of man. Then, each color sheet goes to the Army Map Service Lithography

Department (or to outside civilian lithographic firms), where plate-making and final printing follow.

BUT these are merely the regularly scheduled routine steps in a military map's production. It is the special and often bizarre difficulties which make a map man's work one of surprises and complexities. Some of the problems the researchers have run into furnish an example. In numerous Pacific Ocean areas are islands which disappear. The Los Jardines in the Marcus Island area perform this trick frequently. So do the volcanic Kiriles north of Japan. As a supposedly dependable "source," the researcher may investigate the *London Times Atlas*. Here he finds all the islands ever seen in this region at any time! Then, how to know what islands in the area to be mapped exist or do not exist right now?

Other pitfalls beset the researcher's path. One Army Map Service man was working on source material for Bali one day when he discovered that a supposedly reliable map was representing as an island what was really an offshore depth curve over two hundred meters deep! Another researcher ran into China-made maps where downhill contours went uphill. Another found on another Chinese map that the distance between two points is often not distance at all but the time necessary to cover the distance. Other troubles will lurk in the altitudes of mountain peaks. On the basic source map they are sometimes wrong—a terror to aviators. The classic case was a set of South American maps which had been issued by the airlines—most of the lines German and Italian owned. For purposes of economy one company had made all the maps for all the others. It was discovered that the mountain peaks in Colombia had been set a thousand feet too low—to bang up competitors!

Further to complicate our military mapmaker's job there is the *special* map—something new, usually, and wanted yesterday. One afternoon a major of the Air Forces came into Army Map Service to get a map of the hump of Africa. Easy enough—but it must be on two thousand eighteen-inch rayon handker-

chiefs. The Map Service had never printed on cloth before, but that was a detail. It managed to turn out the job, in three colors, from Saturday to Saturday and get the maps on a plane for Africa just in time for the invasion.

Another special was the map which you can read in the dark. Early in the war it became evident that the Germans were spotting our night bombers when the pilots winked on their map-reading lights. The Aeronautical Chart Service of the Army Air Forces therefore asked for a chart which would glow in darkness. Army Map Service, working with commercial companies, developed a process which produces a fluorescent map readable either in daylight or low visibility red and amber or in the completely invisible "black light" of ultra-violet.

In these maps the fluorescent materials are either impregnated in the paper or made a part of the inks. They are more lasting than any former fluorescents (always notoriously unstable) and will stand up against a hundred hours of usually deteriorating sunlight with no appreciable diminution of glow. One of their most fascinating qualities at first sight is that they not only shine in the dark but actually shine in variegated colors. Zinc compounds in the fluorescent ink produce a mulberry-red glow, cadmium a brilliant yellow; others shine a grayish green, or in gold or orange. And the fluorescent background inks glow so brightly that other colors—contour purple, road brown, air-data blue—can all be printed in ordinary inks, making a map sheet like a veritable Joseph's coat of many colors.

An added touch is a sort of magic chemical solution (costing the Army only one dollar for fifty barrels!) which on application will turn a non-fluorescent map into one readable in the dark. Thus a paratrooper can now land in pitch-black night, take a container of solution from his pocket, swab the surface of any map, play the invisible rays of his ultra-violet flashlight over it, and *see!*

IV

ALL the time a map is being made the never-ending business of what the

Army calls "security" is being created along with it. That is, the tremendous problem of secrecy—keeping the map and everything about it from the knowledge of the enemy. Not merely the map itself, but one fact *about* a map can affect the success or failure of a campaign. Suppose, for instance, that Nazi Intelligence had learned that our Army Map Service was printing large quantities of maps of the west coast of Jutland. A strengthening of anti-invasion defenses in Denmark would almost surely have followed.

So, among other precautions, there is at the Army Map Service plant a daily security routine. In each department stands a large, dark green "security box," about half as tall as a man. Through the slotted top is shoved every scrap of paper, proof, drawing, or sheet of calculations made and discarded during the day. At three every afternoon what is known facetiously by the employees as the "garbage detail" visits the boxes. The detail consists of an officer and a trusted workman, who procure the separate keys (a different one for each box in each department) and then make the rounds, emptying the boxes and taking the contents directly to the incinerator.

When a map in process is *extra* heavy with security, special precautions are taken. Intelligence officers are set to watch over every step of production. As each step is completed, they destroy all the "evidence"—that is, negatives, plates, proofs, each in turn. At night they hide away the day's work in heavily padlocked closets. In the morning they alone can get the materials out again.

Once a war map is completed, its security often increases rather than diminishes. Even the wrapping and packing of it may become a cause for the deepest secrecy. During the preparations for the Sicilian invasion a battalion survey company of Engineers was set to work in Algiers preparing maps for shipment. The men were confined to an enclosure twenty-four hours a day and wrapped maps, fifty to a roll, and sacked them, and loaded them onto trucks. They stuck on thousands of apparently meaningless labels, which only someone up top knew the meaning of; but the men couldn't help knowing that

the maps were all of Sicily. Ten days before the invasion fleet sailed this group had worked night and day for over a month, and now, their job done, visions of a trip to town and some good Algerian wine, at a few cents a bottle, danced through every head. Imagine their surprise when instead of being given leave they were clapped into jail! And there they stayed until after the armada had sailed.

One soldier, after a few days in the lockup, developed appendicitis. But he was not taken to a hospital until a special room was built for him there. Officers in charge of security didn't want a man who had wrapped the maps to see or talk to anyone.

ON occasion, maps in this war have become so loaded with security that they could scarcely be talked about—not even in whispers. The story is told of an officer in Washington who came into Engineer headquarters one day and said:

"I have to get some maps, and they are all so damned secret I can't even tell you what the area is."

Instead of *saying*, he *pointed* to a region on a map and was then given some other maps to take away. And a certain Army colonel, whenever Naval task force commanders or Army Intelligence men came to him for maps, would invariably give them three rolls instead of one. One roll was the real thing, the other two for camouflage. The commanders had to study all three and not know which was the one that revealed what area they were being sent to.

There have been times when a tremendous amount of security attached to a particular map but it was impossible to keep the matter entirely secret. That was the situation when the maps were being readied for the first bombing of Rome. Everything was done to see that the nature of the target and the fact that these maps were in preparation should not leak out, but inevitably *someone* had to know, for many of the aerial photos from which the map compilers worked were marked in heavy red lines: "Do not bomb here." Under the red lines reposed St. Peter's and the Vatican!

SEEMINGLY fantastic, these security precautions are, however, not so extravagant as they appear. Remember that this is the first war where every common soldier knows the value of a map and most soldiers know how to read and use them. That is why our maps in the field usually have printed across them in red: "This map is an official document. If found it must be handed in to the nearest military headquarters or police station."

In the last war it was a saying of the men that maps were for generals only—or, more picturesquely, that a general was "a dogface who can read a map." But in this combat one map in the hands of a private can do incalculable good or irreparable harm. There is a historical example, fortunately in our favor: Faid Pass.

In that battle, in the Tunisian campaign, a certain American division was caught in unexpected artillery fire while it was pushing forward to get to a particular mountain pass which, for purposes of co-ordination of attack, it had to reach by a particular time. To arrive on schedule the division would have to knock out the

Axis battery which was doing the shelling. But it couldn't tell where the battery was. So it couldn't return its fire. One lone American scout, reconnoitering in the hills far from his own outfit, spotted the enemy guns. This man had an accurate map with him and used it. He made out the direction of the enemy battery from where he stood, marked the direction on the map, and estimated (correctly) the number of yards distant away from him. Then he took a sharp look around at the general lay of the land. Another at the contour lines on his map. The two seemed to him to jibe. This was the place, all right. He marked the location of the enemy battery on his map and hurried back to field headquarters and his commanding officer. Using the intelligence data on the private's map, our artillery went into action and smashed the German 88-millimeter guns. The American division reached the mountain pass on time.

"And their arrival," one American officer has since declared, "marked the turn of the tide for the entire Tunisian campaign."



{ *Paul Schrecker, distinguished European philosopher of history,
now living in New York, was especially interested during his
American travels in regional history and regional differences.* }

AMERICAN DIARY. PART III

The Observations of a European Philosopher

PAUL SCHRECKER



Los Angeles

IF it were not for the strikingly beautiful natural surroundings, this town would certainly be one of the least pleasant of all I have visited. Extending over twenty-five miles, without any actual division from the neighboring towns with which it runs together like oil spots on a paper, without any organic center, inner structure, or unity, it seems a conglomerate of disparate fragments. It has a certain aesthetic character only where its growth has not disturbed primitive elements, as in the Mexican district; or where there has been an effort at cosmopolitan elegance, as in certain parts of Beverly Hills; or where nature is so gloriously beautiful that even the worst infractions of good taste cannot destroy its charm, as on the coast at Santa Monica. Between these districts you find all kinds of unintegrated regions—miserable slums, average business districts, and exaggerated versions of the ugliest elements of a modern town, such as filling stations, diners (one that I saw promised in big letters “Idealistic Hamburgers”), parking lots, car cemeteries, amusement centers, burlesque theaters (one of them combined in its publicity the eternal and the topical by announcing that the featured beauty had “more curves than the Burma Road”). In the amusement centers, those de-

spondent institutions where people spend their nickels and dimes in the pursuit of the cheapest kind of happiness, I noticed an odd thing. They were chiefly frequented by service men, with or without their girls. The service men seemed to be particularly attracted by the shooting galleries. This would be quite understandable if they wanted to show off their marksmanship to the girls, but mostly they came alone; and they seemed to enjoy themselves very much, though probably they must spend many of their service hours on the rifle range.

Perhaps after all there is nothing exceptional about this. Movie stars play a role even when they are not on the set, and genuine cowboys, I have been told, prefer Western stories to all other kinds of reading and go to town to stand in line when a Western film is featured.

This standardization of people by their jobs is one of the strange contradictions of American life. Nowhere else have I seen vocation and job so unconnected as in America; yet nowhere else have I seen the job so completely taking possession of the man who fills it. In this country a man may be a teacher today, a bank executive tomorrow, and a government official some time later—and he will be totally devoted successively to teaching, banking, governmental administration, without ever

regretting his former profession. Now it would be a cheap and childish explanation of this to say that he becomes devoted to his new job because he can make more money at it and because money is at the top of his hierarchy of values. For if you analyze individual cases you will find that this motive does not fit. I think, rather, that this succession of professions reveals the man's inner uncertainty about what is really his vocation. Ordinarily only a very complete individuation enables one to know just what sort of work one belongs in. A man who is not pushed into a certain walk of life by tradition or convention, and whose experience of life is not wide enough to suggest a definite choice to him, may spend half his life groping—or perhaps his job and his vocation will never coincide. In Europe his choice of an occupation would be largely limited and determined by rigid class and family traditions; but that is seldom true here.

As far as the influence of the movie business reaches, Los Angeles offers everywhere the same unorganized and confusing aspect. The city seems not like a real city resulting from natural growth, but like an agglomeration of many variegated movie sets, which stand alongside one another but have no connection with one another. Hardly anything looks as if it had struck roots under the surface. This boom town, I thought, might soon become the most populated place in the world—or a ghost town just as well.

IF you leave the focus of pseudo-elegance where even bad taste seems to be fake bad taste, and even the slums to be fake slums; if you ride some thirty miles into the Pomona Valley, you feel as if you had escaped a nightmare and again reached enjoyable reality—or rather, ideality. Indeed, everything is so enjoyable and lovable here that you can hardly believe actual life and work can go on in this setting. A college town like Claremont, for instance, reminds you of the Garden of the Sleeping Beauty rather than of a workshop for any kind of work. People here seem preoccupied chiefly with two things: their salvation and their gardens. Even the orange groves which stretch up

to the barren foothills of the mountains look as if they had been planted and taken care of for beauty's sake rather than for any economic purpose.

It is surprising that in this exuberant scenery even Puritanism seems to prosper. It had been my opinion that Puritanism's severe and rigid moral code was, if not a product of rather unfriendly and barren natural conditions, at least favored by them; that it flourished where life was hard and had to be lived in closed rooms rather than in the open. In Europe, for instance, it is a fact that not only Puritanism, but even Protestantism, has been confined chiefly to regions where there is not much sunshine and man has had to toil hard for a living. Where a mild climate permits people to spend most of their life in the open, and thus acquire a rather intimate knowledge of one another's private lives, it would be difficult—I thought—to maintain the cold and severe dignity of Puritanism. Here, nevertheless, the Unitarian Church has imposed social and moral codes which match any in New England.

II

Tucson, Arizona

THE ride from Los Angeles to Tucson is one of the most exciting experiences I have ever had at the window of a railroad car. When the train passes the crest of the San Bernardino Mountains the whole character of the landscape changes abruptly, without any transition. Just a moment ago you were looking at orange groves, avenues of palm trees, white houses covered with bougainvillea; and now you are in a desert which accompanies you to the very outskirts of Tucson. You know that it is called a desert, yet it cannot be compared with any desert you ever saw before. An aggressive and bizarre vegetation covers most of it and seems to sneer at all human efforts to replace with more useful plants the odd-looking giant cacti, Joshua palm trees, and agaves. At sunset this scene presents a magnificent picture incommensurable with any you have ever seen before.

Arizona covers an area more than half as big as France and has not quite half a million inhabitants. Whether the future

of this state will be that of a center of recreation and the tourist trade or that of an agricultural area able to support many millions depends entirely on the development of irrigation by means of the Colorado River. This is a political problem as much as it is a technical and economic one. Six other states and Mexico are competing for the waters of this stream, and the dams that have been constructed so far in Arizona have carried water almost exclusively to California. There seems to be a vicious circle in Arizona's battle to get her share in the irrigation potential of the river. So long as this state is so thinly populated, its political power will not be sufficient to defeat in Congress, and in the federal administration, the claims of the more powerful heirs of the national resources; and so long as no adequate irrigation of its arid valleys is achieved, its population and in consequence its political power cannot increase very much.

Here one sees a conflict of civilizations—on the one hand those of the aboriginal Indians and of the early Spanish and Mexican settlers, and on the other hand modern American civilization, which has been grafted on the earlier layers but as yet has proved unable to assimilate them. There are only two ways in which these inconsistent elements may eventually be integrated. Indian civilization is a product of natural conditions and well adapted to them. Modern American civilization corresponds to natural conditions too different from those prevailing here to be able to adapt itself to a desert region. Since, nevertheless, America will not give up the idea of Americanizing Arizona (which would be one of the possibilities), the only alternative will be to transform the natural conditions of the region as radically as possible—and this is almost entirely a problem of irrigation.

In Tucson this conflict of civilizations is almost palpable. The Spanish and Mexican inheritance is very strongly marked in the style of many houses, and near the town one can admire some real examples of the Spanish baroque style as applied to churches and missions, which fit perfectly well into the scenery. But immediately behind the last houses of the

city the desert begins, and rattlesnakes are no rare visitors to the last houses. In drugstore windows you see first-aid kits which are to protect people against the bites of snakes and black widow spiders, side by side with the most sophisticated beauty products. Is this not an adequate symbol of the fact that here nature and civilization are contiguous but not yet adjusted to each other? Yet, though Arizona was the last state to enter the Union, it was one of the first to be settled. Here is a striking illustration of the impossibility of adapting an imported civilization to natural conditions with which it is at variance. In old times such a civilization would have died out. Today it seems more likely that technological progress may transform and adapt the natural conditions so that they may fit the imported civilization. It may even not be utopian to anticipate that, if the waters of the Colorado River should not suffice for irrigation, water could in the future be produced synthetically.

III

Albuquerque, New Mexico

IN area and population this state closely resembles Arizona, and its topographical nature seems to be much the same as Arizona's. Yet its character is very different. Maybe the fact that it does not have to share the waters of its river, the Rio Grande, with neighboring states accounts partly for this difference. But the main reason is its history, which I studied in the splendid books of Dean Hammond and on which I had the privilege of getting his own comments. It reaches farther back than that of any other member of the Union; it appeals very strongly to the imagination; and more than that, the history of New Mexico is not a dead thing but still is an active influence. For here the Indian and Mexican civilizations proved to be strong enough to maintain their forms even after the region was penetrated by American patterns. For instance, New Mexico is the one bilingual state in the Union; the state university is built in the adobe style of the ancient pueblos; and even the Catholic Church has had to compromise here with the

strong resistance of the Indians to modernization. The pueblo churches, like the university, are built in adobe, and in their ceremonies the Indians set up Catholic images among their native magical symbols.

It seems difficult to explain why the autochthonous elements have survived here while in other regions they have been completely absorbed by modern Americanism. It seems to me to be due to three things. The first and strongest one may be the Catholicism of the early settlers. It is a common observation—for which the French Canadians provide the best example—that a Catholic group preserves its national traditions and conventions and withstands assimilation much more efficiently than any other group. Franciscan and later Jesuit missions maintained a stable grip on the pueblos and on the Mexicans, and succeeded in organizing life in a way that allowed the Indians and the Spaniards to live together in peace and friendship and to unite their energies against intruders. So when the Spanish Empire in America began to dissolve and the Louisiana Purchase brought New Mexico under Anglo-Saxon domination, the native civilization was already strong enough to withstand modern penetration.

The second reason for the relative independence of New Mexico's civilization is, to my mind, precisely the richness of its history. A nation is forged together by the living remembrance of a common past, common fights against invaders, common sufferings. In this respect New Mexico, until the middle of the nineteenth century and even later in its fight for statehood, was united by a common past. It had its heroes from Cabeza de Vaca to Billy the Kid. The Pueblo Indians have most likely no very distinct knowledge of this common past; yet it works as a living force which inspires all achievements in this region.

The third reason is that modern American civilization has had much to learn from the civilization it overcame. Very frequently in history a victorious group has adopted the higher, or better adjusted, civilization of a group that it has defeated. This happened, for instance, to the Greeks in Crete. If churches, hotels, university buildings, and museums can be built even

today in a style that originated several hundred years ago, without looking like stage sets, it proves that this style is an effective and elastic synthesis of the natural requirements and the cultural elements of civilization in this region. As a matter of fact a modern air-conditioned hotel built in the adobe style in Santa Fe seems much less artificial than a Gothic cathedral on Fifth Avenue. Even the five-and-ten-cent store in Santa Fe does not wear the inter-regional uniform it displays everywhere else, but conforms to the pattern of this particular region.

IV

Austin, Texas

IN this state—much bigger than Germany—it is impossible for a hasty visitor to get more than very accidental and unreliable impressions. You notice, of course, that people are taller than anywhere else, and if you are of average size this gives you an inferiority complex. I do not wish to generalize in the manner of that British globe-trotter who, traveling in a pullman on the Continent, looked out of the window one evening when the train stopped at a station in Belgium, saw a person with red hair standing there, and noted in his journal: "The Belgians are redheads." But here is what happened to me three times. Sitting in the hotel lobby, I was approached by a tall man who sat down next to me, started a conversation with "Hello, Judge, you certainly will appreciate this one," and began to tell me a courtroom story which was supposed to be very funny but which, much to my regret, I could not understand. I realized it was a very funny story only when he poked me in the ribs and burst into Homeric laughter. This, I repeat, happened to me three times and they were three different men who called me Judge, told me funny courtroom stories, and poked me in the ribs. I cannot be sure they were three different stories because I did not understand them. Perhaps it was a conspiracy.

WITH the chairman of the history department of the University of Texas I had a revealing conversation

about American civilization and its present state. The author of one of the best analyses of an American region, *The Great Plains*, and of a sharp diagnosis of the present crisis of modern democracy, W. P. Webb, recently returned from England where he had taught history for eight months at Oxford. He thus had had an opportunity to visualize in perspective the problems that confront American democracy in relation to world politics. The result to which he came is rather pessimistic, though by no means defeatist. Since the surface of the earth is now about divided among the nations, since there is no frontier left, no no-man's-land where unemployed energies can find an outlet, these energies threaten to provoke civil wars unless a radical change in social organization takes place. There are, of course, countries where many millions could still be settled—for instance, in South America. Postwar competition among the overpopulated nations will certainly aim at those regions. But there is also in every part of the civilized world an inner frontier which still, for a very long time, may prove to be a safety valve against a too high inner pressure, and this is the frontier of science. Scientific progress applied to more intensive and more rational exploitation of the limited resources of the earth, along with higher standards of general education, may still prevent for centuries either a breakdown of democracy or its degeneration into mere automatism. Seen from this angle the present world situation appears less chaotic, more understandable.

V

New Orleans, Louisiana

STROLLING through the Vieux Carré with its sad relics of French glory, its innumerable "French antiquity shops" filled with horrors that a concierge in the outskirts of Paris would not hesitate to throw into the garbage, its strange tendency to emphasize its French character by making alcoholism easy and night clubs the most frequent institutions, you can perceive remnants of genuine French civilization only by moments and, as it were, through a thick fog. You feel

depressed, as in an auction room where insignificant things that belonged to your grandmother are for sale. The only place where you feel everything is genuine, and not got up for naïve tourists by some travel agency or chamber of commerce, is the old French cemetery with its decayed tombstones and the hardly legible but well-known French names. Here you realize the tragedy of the French colonists who, in the play of world history, were sacrificed by their native country and unable to safeguard their civilization in an alien world.

When this territory was transferred from France to Spain, in 1762, they protested and vigorously opposed being put under foreign rule without their consent. It was, I think, the first time in modern history that a national minority had proclaimed its right to self-determination. Was this protest a result of the teachings of Montesquieu and Rousseau, or was it a spontaneous outbreak of a new spirit under the pressure of adverse conditions? Or did they just defend economic interests, as a Marxist historian would assume? Yet they merely came under the rule of another Latin monarchy; the shock must have been much greater when, after a short return of French rule, the territory was included in the Louisiana Purchase. But by 1803 the national unity of the French had already been disrupted by Spanish, German, English, Indian, and Negro settlers, and the rule of the United States soon created new conditions which, except for the national nostalgia, far out-valued the French and Spanish ones.

I wonder whether the Vieux Carré is not the first example of a planned town built on a rectangular, geometrical basis. When, in 1720, the Sieur de Bienville charged his engineer the Chevalier de la Tour with drafting the plan for a new city to be erected on the Mississippi, it may have been the first time that a town was conceived in another way than the traditional European one: streets radiating from a center formed by the belfry, and connected by streets running in concentric circles. But maybe De la Tour followed patterns which had already been established somewhere else. Anyway, this geometric regularity accounts for the fact

that, despite some French elements, the streets never give you the sense of being in some provincial town in metropolitan France.

In the Cabildo in New Orleans, as in other American historical collections, I noted again the American predilection for exhibiting old fire engines of every type. I do not remember a single European museum, except perhaps the exclusively technical collection in Munich, where old fire engines would have been shown. The reason for this cult of devices for fire extinction must be that—in contrast to Europe, where in modern times the use of stone for buildings in a town was almost compulsory—most buildings in this country have been, and some still are, made of wood. This makes fire engines vital weapons of civilization. Almost every town here has been destroyed by fire once or more in its history.

It is the prevailing use of wood for buildings, by the way, that so often gives the European traveler in America the sense that he is seeing merely provisional buildings and towns. In Europe wood is used only for temporary buildings; so the European naturally feels instinctively that whatever is built in wood is intended only for ephemeral use.

VI

Atlanta, Georgia

THOUGH I had been warned by many people that the old Confederate spirit was still very virulent, I was amazed to find how aggressive it was, even in these war times. Around the state capitol the Daughters of the Confederacy set up some years ago memorial bronze panels on which the phases of the Battle of Atlanta, the heroism of the Confederates, and the atrocities and unnecessary destruction perpetrated by the Federals are reported in detail. In Grant Park you can visit an immense cyclorama of the Battle of Atlanta, designed to commemorate the individual and collective heroism of the Confederates. The guide who describes the details of the enormous picture, probably in the same stereotyped words he has used for many years, does not seem impressed at all by the fact that his

audience is mostly composed of service men and women who may be damyankees and may be called upon tomorrow to sacrifice their lives for America—which, sad as it may be, includes also the old North. Nobody protests against this black-and-white picture of the villain Yankees and the heroic Confederates, probably because the connection between past history and actual life is not sufficiently realized.

Often I wonder if the movies have not partly atrophied the common man's imagination. The reality they present is so specific and detailed that it gives the imagination no chance to elaborate upon it. Historical reports, being necessarily less clear cut and definite, therefore easily seem to deal with events less real than those in actual life or in the movies, just because the imagination, spoiled by the latter, has become sluggish. And when historical episodes are pictured in such a stiff and old-fashioned way as they are in this cyclorama, people refuse to take them for a reality the effects of which may be active still, the more so since the commenting guide's worn-out dramatization is anything but suggestive and convincing.

Yet the aversion against the Yankees is very much alive here just as in other regions of the Old South, where asking for book matches instead of carrying big wooden matches loose in your pocket makes you already suspect of being a damyankee.

On the other hand, if Atlanta seems devoted in its leisure hours to the cult of its past sufferings and heroism, the modern parts of the town follow the patterns established in the despised North. Buildings which might just as well stand in a downtown New York business district recall the past only to the extent that they contain antique shops that seem to specialize in Confederate paper money, rifles, and sabers. You see such an incredible number of those arms that you feel the Confederates would have been very happy to have possessed them.

VII

Richmond, Virginia

THE quiet and noble way in which this city commemorates its past is in sharp

contrast to the resentful chauvinism of Atlanta. You feel here that you are on the scene of a historic tragedy; and you realize that resigned greatness and dignity and pride in one's past are much more appealing to the sympathies than the vainglorious appeal to political passions which extols the heroism of the Confederates by debasing their former enemies. Whatever your political sympathies may be, you feel here the emotional background of the Civil War. Even if you knew the political and military history of that fratricidal struggle pretty well, something is added here to the picture in your mind—an emotional or perhaps merely an aesthetic tinge which makes it appear in a different light.

You realize, too, that political and even economic motivations, scientific as they may appear, are not enough to explain fully the great conflict that involved so many irrational factors. That the birthplace of this nation—the area which had cradled Nathaniel Bacon, Patrick Henry, George Mason, George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, John Marshall, and James Madison—should become the focus of a fight against the unity of this nation, was a destiny that had indeed something of the greatness of a Greek tragedy. When you walk through the White House of the Confederacy, in which Jefferson Davis once lived and which now contains relics of the fourteen Confederate States; when you look at the historic documents which, without any ostentation, reveal the heroic sacrifices that the South made for the cause it deemed good and just, you cannot but feel that something more was involved in this civil war than economic interests and political ideologies.

I recalled here the discussion I had had some weeks ago about the religious wars of the seventeenth century. A historian had contended then that the actual combatants may have believed they were fighting for or against some religious dogma, but that in fact they had fought subconsciously for some economic interests of their respective princes. The same sort of misrepresentation may often distort the history of the Civil War. Such divergencies of interests as those between

Northern trade and industrialism on the one hand and the Southern plantations on the other, and between abolitionism on the one hand and slavery on the other, may account for the fact that the differences between North and South degenerated into a civil war. They are not sufficient to account for the passionate, heroic, and persevering sacrifices of the actual fighters on both sides. Only if one considers the conflict as one between two civilizations is it possible to come to a true understanding of the tragedy.

True, those two civilizations stemmed from a common root. True again, the generative principle of their political life, the Constitution, to whose establishment and development Virginians had contributed so much, was a common norm. So was the language they spoke; so was their religious background. But the natural conditions to which the common norms had been adapted were so momentarily different that eventually the one basic civilization split into two.

Materialists would, of course, argue that the differences in natural conditions brought about differences in economic conditions; that it was only these differences in economic conditions which caused the cultural differences which developed. But this hypothesis, to my mind, is a worn-out cliché. Differences between economic structures can easily be stated in statistical tables and graphs which make a misleading show of being as accurate and reliable as a demonstration in physics or chemistry, because they are expressed in the same symbolic language. But even if we could find two equations which would accurately express the economic differences between North and South, they would scarcely be of much use in helping us to understand the contrast between life in Richmond and life in Boston, for instance—a contrast which we immediately realize intuitively.

What we call economic conditions are indeed nothing but a set of norms which determine—at least in part—how people work. These conditions, at certain times and in certain places, may be more obtrusive than the other norms of civilization, because at these times and in these places the human needs whose satisfaction

depends on them are in special danger of being frustrated; yet they never determine the nature of human work and human conduct completely and unequivocally. Every act of human work is the result of attempts to satisfy *all* the aboriginal human needs which articulate themselves in a civilization. Every act of human work is affected by traditional and conventional patterns designed to satisfy the aboriginal human needs, not only for self-preservation and the preservation of the species, but also for justice, happiness, knowledge, aesthetic pleasure, and linguistic expression. This means that any civilization, taken as a whole, is the sum of innumerable acts done in accordance with the changing norms in politics and law, religion, science, art, and language, as well as economics. In various epochs the hierarchy of these norms may be arranged in various ways. Yet the structure of every civilization is so complex that none of them can maintain for any length of time complete command over all the others.

Not only economic work proper, but every kind of work had to cope with other than economic conditions in the North; the same was true in the South, where the

other conditions were quite different. If we bear this in mind, the apparently trivial statement that the "spirit" of the North was different from the "spirit" of the South makes good sense. The spirit of the South was defeated in the Civil War, as every civilization is defeated that proves unable to adapt itself elastically to conditions of life in a wider field.

I believe—without being by nature inclined to optimism—that in any conflict between civilizations the ultimate victory will come to that civilization which permits more freedom in human work, and which thus can adjust itself more flexibly to all sorts of varied and changing conditions.

This statement is by no means what is commonly called a "value judgment." It is a thesis based on all historical experience, as well as on a thorough analysis of the structure and dynamics of civilization as such. It seems to me that the history and destiny of the United States offer a more striking confirmation of this thesis than any other part of historical experience. And I think, too, that its truth is tacitly taken for granted in the thoughts which Americans give to the future of their country.

(This article concludes Paul Schrecker's three-part series of observations on his American travels.—The Editors)



For information concerning the contributors to this issue, see Personal and Otherwise among the following pages.

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THE GREAT POWERS AND EUROPE

PETER F. DRUCKER

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{ *The End of Economic Man and The Future of Industrial Man.* }

DURING the past few months it has gradually become clear that the Great Powers have a peace plan for Europe. It is true that this plan has grown out of pragmatic decisions on day-to-day problems rather than out of an agreement on basic policy. It is also true that many of the most important questions—questions which must demand decisions on the very day of the armistice—are still at this writing completely unsettled, even though it is possible that organized German resistance will have ceased by the time this is published. Yet since the conference in Teheran a year ago, the grand design of Allied policy has unfolded sufficiently to allow the conclusion that the Great Powers have formed a Council for Europe—"for" rather than "of," because the Europeans themselves are excluded from it or subordinated to it. Mr. Churchill's repeated promise that eventually the Continental nations will be admitted to membership in equality with the

Great Powers only emphasizes their present inferiority or exclusion.

It is dangerously easy to read too much into the recent actions of the Great Powers and the statements of their leaders. But on the whole they follow so consistent a pattern as to allow us to speak of a definite policy which may be summed up under four major headings.

FIRST, *there is the decision to organize Europe separately instead of within a worldwide international order.* This, the one point on which we know that Great Britain sided with Russia against the American State Department, shows clearly in the careful separation of the talks on Europe's future from the talks on the Pacific. That there were two separate conferences last year—Cairo and Teheran—could be explained by Russia's neutrality in the war against Japan; for military strategy was undoubtedly as important a subject at these conferences as was political strategy. But

this explanation makes very little sense if applied to the "security talks" between the Great Powers which have been going on in Washington. These talks have been concerned exclusively with the basis of post-war organization; yet the conference on Far Eastern and Pacific matters and the conference on European matters have been kept as far apart as they were a year ago.

But the best indication of the substitution of the principle of regionalism for that of international or worldwide organization is perhaps the precipitate decline of the international organizations started with such high hopes only a year or two ago. Even the UNRRA (United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration) has been abandoned by the Great Powers—although its job would have been primarily nonpolitical—to the extent that, as now constituted, UNRRA will be hardly more than a rationing board for American surpluses.

SECOND, *the peace is to be based on the military and economic strength of the three Great Powers who are to make all the major decisions.* Instead of an international police force there is to be a close military alliance of the three Powers, modeled on the Anglo-Russian entente. Instead of international agencies for raw-material control such as had originally been considered by Britain and the United States, there are to be accords between the Great Powers, such as the recently signed Anglo-American petroleum compact. Accords between the three Great Powers will also decide the future international organization of aviation and shipping. It was obvious at the international monetary conference at Bretton Woods that the real points at issue were the currency and credit relations between America, Britain, and Russia, and that the "international" in the title of the conference was not much more than a courtesy title.

It follows from this that in the Three-Power master plan there is no room for any Continental power with an independent foreign policy. That means that the Great Powers will frown upon a European Federation or regional federations between European countries, such as the proposed Balkan League or the Scandinavian Bloc.

It also means that, in effect if not in theory, the sovereignty of all European countries is to be limited to the domestic sphere. Therefore, no Great Power with an independent system of alliances is to be allowed on the continent of Europe; all the Great Powers are to be non-European.

These two principles can be regarded as the real foundation for the European peace as envisaged by the Great Powers; and there is little doubt that it was the agreement on them which constituted the achievement of Teheran. Yet it is most unlikely that Continental-European regionalism and Great-Power rule will be openly acknowledged in the official peace plans. On the contrary there is bound to be a good deal of internationalist camouflage—not only to placate the internationalists in England and America but above all to smooth the ruffled feathers of our European allies. In fact the "security talks" between the Great Powers which are in process in Washington while this is being written are clearly concerned with the finding of phrases, slogans, and formulations which will sound like major concessions to internationalism while actually affirming the decisions of Teheran: it can hardly be an accident that the personnel sent by the Great Powers to these talks has consisted of experienced international draftsmen and lawyers rather than of policy makers. Not all of these formulations will be as cynical as the "international air force" proposed by Russia, which is clearly nothing but a Soviet-led Foreign Legion of the Air. It is even to be expected that by way of compensation for the lack of an international political organization there will be a considerable expansion of international technical and research services modeled after the Economic Secretariat and the Health Service of the League of Nations. But all questions of political and military security will remain firmly in the hands of the Great Powers and will be decided by them on a purely European or purely Pacific basis—however well the big stick may be hidden behind internationalist verbiage.

IN MARKED contrast to these first two principles the third has been openly acknowledged, particularly by Mr. Church-

ill: the abandonment of any ideological basis of European reconstruction. Just as the military and economic strength of the Great Powers is to be the final guarantee of peace in Europe, so is the maintenance of peace to be the aim of all their actions, and the sole rationale of their alliance.

Hence, any European government will be acceptable, whatever its political complexion, if it seems likely to guarantee peace. This came out sharply in the deliberate praise bestowed upon the Franco regime in Spain by Mr. Churchill. It also shows in the acceptance of Marshal Tito of Yugoslavia by England and America. Russia showed the same disregard for ideological lines in its support of Marshal Badoglio in Italy. How far this policy may be carried can be seen from Stalin's reported demand that Finland install Marshal Mannerheim as President in order to obtain an armistice. Mannerheim not only led his country into the war on the side of Germany; he also for many years led a semi-fascist movement aimed directly at Russia. Yet the Soviet government was apparently willing to forget and forgive because of its conviction that Mannerheim alone enjoys the support of the Finnish army sufficiently to be able to live up to his political and military promises.

Of course this abandonment of ideological criteria does not mean that the Great Powers will always agree on the kind of government that in a given country is most likely to be stable and peaceful. It also does not mean that the Great Powers do not have ideological preferences or that they will exclude ideological aims from their policies. It is, for instance, quite possible that Moscow favored Marshal Badoglio only because he was without support in Italy and thus likely to become a pawn of the Italian Communist party. But on the whole, the three Great Powers seem willing to subordinate ideological aims and to make recognition of any government—except perhaps in Germany—dependent only on its willingness and ability to subordinate its foreign and military policies to the peace interests of the Great Powers. And this, however much it may be denied in Washington and London, also means that the Great Powers will on the

whole tend to prefer in practice an authoritarian government of military men and civil servants to one based on the fluctuating fortunes of parliamentary majorities.

FINALLY, it has become pretty clear that by and large the Versailles borders—the 1941 borders in the case of Russia—will be the basis of the territorial settlement of Europe. With the exception of the three Baltic states incorporated in the Soviet Union, and of the city of Danzig, which will be Polish, all of the countries in existence in 1938 are to exist as autonomous units in the future; and unless the permanent dismemberment of Germany should be attempted there will be no new states. Except for the shuffling of Polish and Prussian provinces, permanent territorial changes will be rather slight and in the nature of “frontier rectifications” rather than of large-scale annexations. They will not be based on ethnic or historical principles but on considerations of strategy. And the solution of minority problems will be sought not in “just” frontiers but in large-scale exchange of populations.

It is also clear that Russia has been given a veto power on all territorial settlements, if only because she alone of the Great Powers has a land frontier on the Continent and a land army ready for immediate action against disturbers of the peace.

VIEWED historically, this emerging plan is far more like that of the Holy Alliance which terminated the Napoleonic wars than like the League of Nations; in everything pertaining to power politics it is built very much on the lines of Metternich's structure, which kept peace on the Continent for thirty-three years. But instead of a political ideology—such as the legitimism of the Holy Alliance—it makes the maintenance of order the supreme, if not the only criterion; it is a Holy Alliance which does not want to be “holy.”

The immediate effect of this plan has been to increase tremendously the political effectiveness of the Great Powers in Europe. Since Teheran they have been able to make immediate decisions on immediate questions and to enforce these decisions on

allies, neutrals, and defeated enemies alike. At the same time, however, the moral influence of the Great Powers has been declining rapidly all over Europe as a result of the abandonment of ideology in the peace plan. We have heard a good deal in this country, during the past year or two, about the decline of American influence and prestige in France and in Italy. But we have largely overlooked the evidence, in reports from many European countries, that the moral stock of Russia and Great Britain has similarly gone down in Europe.

II

THERE is a great deal to be said for this plan of the Great Powers. It establishes a relatively clear and unambiguous criterion of political action and decision. It is not based on the demand that any Great Power act "altruistically," that is, in opposition to or in disregard of its national interests. On the contrary, it proclaims that what is best for each of the Great Powers is best for international society; and it seeks the basis of universal peace not in a subordination of the Great Powers to a world order but in the basic peace interest of the Great Powers themselves. It frankly recognizes that no political order can survive unless it is ultimately backed by superior force.

The plan also puts first what for most Europeans will come first: peace, order, and a chance to pick up the shattered fragments of individual and social life. It recognizes that Europe is tired and worn out to the point of complete collapse, and that the raising of ideological issues at this time might easily lead to civil war.

Finally, the plan is modest and easily enforceable. It aims at "peace in our time" rather than at the millennium. It does not pretend that the Great Powers have a common ideology when in fact they differ widely in their ideas on government and economics. It does make possible collaboration between the Great Powers on a purely pragmatic basis. It eliminates the danger that they will try to convert each other, which certainly would make any peace impossible. It also eliminates the necessity for that con-

stant interference in the internal affairs of the countries of Europe which made the Holy Alliance universally hated and which finally led to its collapse. The Great Powers, under their present plan, will not have to take sides in the struggle of factions within European countries. They will have neither to spur nor to buck basic social or political trends in Europe as Metternich had to do. They can be indifferent to European nationalism and will not have to support rival claims to territories. In other words, the Great Powers, by abandoning an ideological basis for the peace in Europe, can act efficiently and without friction for the sole aim of maintaining the peace.

BUT the very features which make it a very strong plan also may make the Three-Power settlement a very weak one. And it is not easy to say whether the strong or the weak features will prevail.

To the abandonment of an ideological basis the Three-Power scheme owes its realism and the possibility of unity between the Great Powers. But along with the ideological basis the Great Powers have voluntarily abandoned the moral leadership in Europe to which their victory over Nazism entitles them. And it is questionable whether without such leadership Europe can overcome the hatreds which Nazism will have left behind, and can form the stable governments without which it cannot recover.

We do not, I think, realize fully how much hatred the Nazis have succeeded in spreading all through Europe—hatred not only of the Germans but of their satellites, hatred not only of the Quislings but of all groups and classes against one another. These resentments may be submerged for the moment in the community of resistance against the foreign oppressor. But they are bound to come out in almost every country of Europe as soon as the fighting is over; and moral and social collapse might follow.

Return to prewar conditions, even if possible, would only aggravate the tensions between classes, sections, and nations which threaten to atomize Europe. The best way out is to transcend these hatreds of the past in a new common creed, a new

common hope. To have given such a basis on which yesterday's enemies, particularly internal enemies, could unite as partners in a common cause was the great achievement of Woodrow Wilson—an achievement that counterbalanced many of the weaknesses of his policy. Whether restoration and rehabilitation can provide such a common cause is rather doubtful. But without an ideological program they are all the Great Powers can offer.

Even more serious may be the inability to give an ideological lead in the formation of new governments. For in large parts of the Continent there may be no basis on which a stable government can be formed without such a lead. Restoration of prewar political and social conditions is clearly impossible except in Norway, Denmark, Holland, and—conceivably—Czechoslovakia. As all experience has shown, there is no reason to expect the “democratic revolution” which had been promised to us earlier in the war. And there is little doubt that the conservative forces of Europe have lost so heavily, both in prestige and in power, that they could rule only in a dictatorship. Europe lacks leaders; nationally known and experienced leaders rarely come out of the underground and the prewar leaders have lost their standing. Europe lacks standards of political morality and conduct after years of arbitrary despotism. Europe lacks economic aims and rules after years of systematic looting and war economy. Unless these foundations of government are created, the nations of Europe may well be forced into a new totalitarianism—whether nominally of the right or of the left would make little difference.

It might thus be essential for the very attainment of peace and order that the Great Powers be capable and willing to set up an ideal and to put the prestige of the powerful victors behind certain rules of political and social conduct. But—at least this is the way it appears to Europeans—their peace plan rests on a resignation of such moral leadership. Both Mr. Churchill's praise for General Franco and the Soviet support of Marshal Badoglio admit only of this interpretation. Apparently the Great Powers will not even

enforce that most sorely needed of the Four Freedoms, Freedom from Fear. At least there has been no indication that they will insist on a restoration of habeas corpus and on the abolition of secret police, administrative tribunals, and administrative detention without trial, such as have lately made their appearance in French North Africa. They have also apparently given up any idea of encouraging economic unity in Europe.

SOME of our small European allies even fear that the peace plan of the Great Powers will actually prevent the establishment of any but ultra-nationalist governments, because of its subordination of the welfare of Europe to the interests of the great non-European powers. This comes out most strongly, perhaps, in Russia's proposal for the settlement of the Polish question, which may very well lead to the worst kind of nationalism in both Poland and Germany. To give White Russia and Ruthenia to the Soviet Union and East Prussia and Silesia to Poland may be strategically justified, but clearly considerations of justice or welfare have nothing to do with it. Such a plan is likely to prevent Poland and Germany from ever getting together by keeping alive anti-Polish sentiment in Germany and the fear of a German revenge in Poland. At the same time any Polish government risks being forced into subservience to Moscow so as to obtain concessions for the Polish nationals incorporated in the Soviet Union. Under these conditions, none but an extremely nationalistic government would ever be acceptable to either Poles or Germans.

But the greatest danger in the abandonment of ideological principles and of moral leadership is that it may force the constructive energies of Europe into opposition to the Great Powers and their peace. And if the constructive energies of Europe cannot be organized in support of the peace, they may well be forced into a new totalitarianism—which is precisely what the Nazis will be waiting and working for. By abdicating moral leadership, the Great Powers will have largely deprived themselves of the means to counteract such a development, should it happen. For

neither air superiority nor the control of raw-material supplies is an effective weapon against a moral collapse.

In the final analysis, the Great Power plan aims at establishing the foundations of peace rather than peace itself. It is a plan for a long transition period—perhaps as long as ten years—out of which the new Europe is to emerge. Its strength lies in the clear recognition of the need for unity between America, England, and Russia during this critical period. Its weakness is that in order to achieve this unity the developments in Europe itself are largely left to chance.

III

THERE are two minimum conditions that have to be fulfilled if the Great Powers' plan is to carry Europe through the transition period. First, all Continental nations must subordinate their foreign policies to those of the Great Powers; and second, they must all produce, somehow, a stable and reliable government. This raises respectively the question of France and that of Germany. For France is the one European power most unlikely to accept a second-class position; and Germany is the nation most unlikely to be able to produce a government.

A great deal has been written about the disputes between de Gaulle's Committee of Liberation and the Great Powers. The view has been widely expressed that these quarrels are motivated by personal opposition to General de Gaulle in London and especially in Washington, or by distrust of his ambitions. It is probably true that General de Gaulle has aroused a good deal of personal animosity. He could not have done what he did without a disproportionate share of self-confidence, conceit, and fanaticism; and these are not qualities likely to make a man loved, particularly by his allies. It is also probably true that there has been much distrust of his regime, especially in Washington. But probably there is another reason for the failure to recognize the Committee: the simple fact that an official recognition of a French government would at once raise the question of France's participation in the postwar settlement.

Immediately upon recognition, the French government—any French government—would have to demand that France be regarded as a Great Power and be admitted as the fourth equal partner by America, Britain, and Russia. That General de Gaulle could not take any other view of France's rôle in the postwar world is obvious. Indeed, his popularity with the French rests on his steady and unfaltering refusal to accept any solution other than the restoration of France to her full glory, and on his refusal to admit not only the reality of France's defeat but also that of the causes which led to her defeat. But any other French leader would have to act the same way in order to be acceptable to the French people.

In 1918, France made the same claim and was accepted. Indeed, the Versailles settlement rested on the assumption that France was the first power in Europe. This assumption had proved unfounded even before 1933. And it would certainly be unjustifiable today by any objective criteria: population and age distribution of the population, industrial resources, political prestige, and strategic location. The opposition to de Gaulle is thus based on the refusal of the Great Powers to accept a claim blatantly at odds with the facts, and to repeat what at least two of them, England and Russia, consider to have been one of the major mistakes of Versailles.

For it is not just a matter of prestige whether a country counts as a Great Power or not. Few things are as dangerous to international peace as to accept as a Great Power a nation not capable of carrying that load. A Great Power must have an independent national policy and must be strong enough to live up to the obligations of such a policy. A power that only pretends to be a Great Power can, however, do neither. It must thus either act irresponsibly as did Italy under Mussolini, or it must seek backing for its policy in an alliance with a real power. But it cannot subordinate its policy to that of its ally, since it claims to be a Great Power and to have an independent policy. Thus it demands of its ally what is in effect a blanket promise of unconditional support without any right of control.

Failure on the part of the ally to give this blanket promise—and he cannot give it without abandoning his own independence—results in deep bitterness and recrimination. But if the promise is given—and it cannot be withheld without endangering the whole peace system—it must lead to deep resentment and opposition on the part of the more powerful ally. In either case, the result is bitterness between the partners to the alliance, leading to disunity and to inability to make decisions in either country.

A good example of the consequences of such an alliance which is based on the claim of a second-rate country to be a Great Power was the alliance between Imperial Germany and Austria-Hungary by which the Kaiser underwrote blindly the adventurous and irresponsible Balkan policy of an ally far too weak to bear the consequences. But the best example is that of the relations between France and the Western Powers between 1918 and 1938. In order to be able to live up to the responsibilities she had assumed as a Great Power, France had to demand an unconditional guarantee from England and America. It was the fear of giving this guarantee which, more than any other factor, underlay America's refusal to safeguard the peace which she had made. And it was British resentment against this guarantee which helped to make England's policy in the postwar years so fatally indecisive, halting, and planless.

The decision not to admit France as a Great Power is thus fully justified by the facts; prominent participation in the military occupation of Germany—such as has been promised to General de Gaulle—is probably all that should be granted. Yet it is very doubtful whether the issue can be solved this way, even though it be the most reasonable way. Will France accept the solution—in fact, can France accept the solution? Under the Great Powers' plan, France is given no alternative—no such rôle as, for instance, might be hers in a federated Europe. It might thus easily come to appear to Frenchmen that their country, while it ultimately won the war, was cheated out of the peace. It may perhaps be appropriate to recall that it was out of precisely such a feeling—

based also on a conflict between Great-Power pretensions and small-power reality—that Mussolini came to power in Italy after the last war.

THE question whether France can accept relegation to second rank has already become acute. The question whether Germany will be able to produce a stable government will, however, become acute only in a few years.

For at first Germany will be totally occupied and governed by the Great Powers. Even though Continental troops—French, Belgian, Polish, etc.—will probably do a good deal of the actual long-term occupation in the Anglo-American zone, the political and military control of occupied Germany will be exclusively in the hands of the three Great Powers. There is to be no destruction of German industry, at least, not in the area under British and American administration, which will contain the bulk of German heavy industry. In spite of the protests of the smaller European countries who fear German hegemony, German industry is apparently to be used both for the production of war material against Japan and for that of industrial goods needed in the rehabilitation of Europe. All this can be done without a German government; indeed, at first we shall probably refuse to deal with any government agencies except purely local ones.

But none of the Great Powers will be willing to govern Germany for a very long time. The demand for recall and demobilization of the American army of occupation will be pretty general in this country very soon after the cessation of hostilities. And the same will be true of Russia and England sooner or later—with five years an upper rather than a lower limit. The Continental countries could not keep up the occupation and government of Germany by themselves. And over the entire transition period will thus hang the question: who will ultimately govern Germany, and on what lines?

Until recently, this question was usually discussed much in terms of 1918: whether Germany is to be a Great Power or not, whether she should be dismembered or not, etc. According to the view most

often heard in popular discussions in this country, Germany will remain potentially a Great Power but must not be allowed to become one, and therefore either she must be dismembered or her industries must be destroyed. But three other policies have been advocated by influential statesmen and soldiers in London, Moscow, and Washington. First, that Germany, being potentially a Great Power, must eventually be recognized and integrated into the international system as a Great Power; second, that Germany has ceased to be a Great Power—at least for fifty years, perhaps forever; and third—a view still held in influential political and military circles in England—that Germany has become an inferior power, but for the sake of the European balance must become a Great Power again.

Each of these views, however different the conclusions from it, presupposes a responsible and reasonably stable government in Germany or in the parts into which Germany is to be cut up. To doubt whether there can be any government in Germany, whatever her organization, is therefore to doubt equally the feasibility of all the policies toward Germany so far proposed. And it is precisely this doubt that has lately come up.

In no European country has Hitler destroyed the foundation of political, social, and economic life so thoroughly as in his own. Nowhere have the political leaders of a post-Hitler society been exterminated as radically as in Germany. Nowhere is there greater hatred and suspicion between classes, groups, and sections. There are no institutions of social life left, except, perhaps, the churches. All the others either have become completely discredited through identification with Nazism, as the law courts, schools, and police have been, or have been destroyed, like the press and the universities. What is left may well be destroyed in the death throes of the Hitler regime, for the one country to which the scorched-earth policy is to be applied most ruthlessly is Germany herself.

There have lately been many warnings against accepting the German military or the German anti-Nazi elements as peace partners. But the question is not

whom we want to make peace with in Germany, but whether there will be anybody to make a peace.

There never has been any real chance of the restoration of the democratic republic in Germany, if only because Hitler and his secret police have seen to it that there are no democrats alive to form a government. And even before the recent purge of the old officers' caste, the Junkers had lost all ability to succeed Hitler. They have no popular support; however destructive the purge may have been to military morale, it was probably popular with the anti-aristocratic masses at home. The Junkers also have never been in control of the new army built up since 1935; it is remarkable how few of the German officers reported as killed or captured have carried the old names of Prussia's military aristocracy or even Prussian names at all. Finally, the German military class will remain as fully identified with Nazism in the minds of the Germans as Badoglio remained identified with Fascism in the minds of the Italians.

BUT if Germany cannot form a stable government, the transition period cannot be resolved into a new European order. Neither Europe nor the Great Powers can demobilize. Such a perpetual armistice would set the countries of Europe against each other, as few of them could resist the temptation to enlarge their territories at the expense of a disorganized Germany. It would make the German question a grave threat to the unity of the Great Powers themselves. Finally—the worst threat—it might force or coax the Great Powers into sponsoring a new Hitler, if only to enable them to withdraw from the tedious and thankless job of governing Germany. Because they do not proclaim ideals of government and of political conduct on which they could establish a responsible German government, they might have to establish an irresponsible one.

It is clearly on such a development that the Nazi leaders have been pinning their hopes for a comeback ever since they realized the imminence of defeat. They intend to gamble on the chance that the Great Powers, caught in the choice between a chaotic Germany and a totalita-

rian Germany, will give their blessing to a new Führer. It is the gravest charge against the abandonment of moral leadership in the peace plan of the Great Powers that it makes such a gamble appear a plausible possibility to the Nazi bosses.

IV

NEITHER the French problem nor the German problem, serious as they are, will become real threats to the peace settlement as long as the Great Powers remain unified in their support of the peace plan. Hence the leaders of the Great Powers have all along placed the major emphasis on their relations with one another rather than on territorial, political or economic details. It has been from the start their major intention to work out a peace plan that is equally acceptable and equally to the interest of every one of the Great Powers. For as long as the United States, Great Britain, and Soviet Russia can all support the peace settlement in Europe as most conducive to their own national interests, the peace is safe.

It has been assumed all along, particularly in this country, that the threats to the unity of the Great Powers would come either from Russia or from American isolationism. Examination of the actual plan reveals that neither fear is justified. As for Russia, the peace plan coincides so perfectly with her interests that she may well demand that it become the permanent rather than the temporary settlement. There is nothing in it that is likely to arouse the opposition of American isolationists. In fact, it will be the internationalists who will not be satisfied by it, as it proposes no really effective international agency and no restriction on national sovereignty, at least not on that of the Great Powers. It assumes only two things about America's future international behavior: that she keep up a substantial military establishment, and that she continue to refuse to accept the hegemony of any Continental power likely to be hostile to the United States. And there is nothing in these assumptions with which even the most ardent isolationist would quarrel.

But the very provisions which rid the plan of all exceptions likely to be made

to it in the name of Russian or American national interest make it very difficult—not to say dangerous—for England to accept it. Under the plan England is asked to give up her traditional position as the leading power of Europe. Politically and economically she is to be a non-European power. Traditionally it was on her position as the leader of Europe that England's claim to be a Great Power rested. The question arises whether she can keep a Great-Power status without being the leader of Europe.

IN a remarkable article some months back, the London *Economist* said bluntly that England by all standards is only potentially a Great Power. In population, industrial resources, and strategic position she is overshadowed not only by the United States and Russia but by Germany as well. She can be a Great Power only as the head and leader of a combination of nations. At the same time her economic structure makes it absolutely essential to the physical survival of the population that she be a Great Power. How then can she accept the peace plan of the Great Powers which asks her to abdicate as the leader of Europe?

It is obvious that Mr. Churchill fully realizes all this. According to all reports he fought hard against the Great-Power plan. When he was finally forced to accept it, he did so only because he expected to be able to base the Great-Power status of Britain on a closely integrated British Empire. Hence the sensational speech made by Lord Halifax in Montreal a few months ago, in which he raised the demand for a unified Empire with a unified foreign and military policy; hence, too, the report that these very demands were presented by Mr. Churchill himself to the recent Commonwealth Conference of Dominion Premiers in London. But Lord Halifax's speech in Montreal was at once sharply attacked by Prime Minister King of Canada, and the Dominion Premiers seem to have turned a deaf ear to every one of Mr. Churchill's proposals at the Commonwealth Conference. Close as are the bonds between England and the Dominions, the latter show no inclination to subordinate themselves to the mother

country. One of the most noticeable features of the recent monetary discussion at Bretton Woods, New Hampshire, was the unsuccessful attempt of the Dominions and of India to obtain the transfer of their frozen sterling balances from London to New York.

Opposition to Mr. Churchill's plan for a unified empire is not confined to the Dominions and to India, but can also be found in England—both on the right and on the left. For, it is argued, in such a unified empire, England would soon lose her dominant rôle and would become a vassal of her Dominions—which would defeat Mr. Churchill's purpose.

Therefore British leaders have been moving toward the other alternative—that Great Britain should become again the leading power of Europe. The first man to come out publicly in opposition to the plan of the three Great Powers was Field Marshal Smuts of South Africa, who demanded that Britain organize a Federation of Western Europe, comprising the Scandinavian countries, the Low Countries, and France. In England the main proponent of such a view is Mr. Churchill's closest colleague and possible successor, Mr. Anthony Eden. He has backed de Gaulle against his chief and against Washington, and the Polish government in London against Moscow. He has repeatedly, though cautiously, voiced his belief in a Federation of Western Europe; he was responsible for the—officially denied—proposals of federation which England made to Belgium, Holland, and Norway. Under his guidance England has also been working to bring about a united

front of the colonial powers—Britain, France, Belgium, and Holland—in international affairs. Some independent publicists who used to be rather close to Mr. Eden in pre-Munich days—notably F. A. Voigt, formerly of the *Manchester Guardian*, and Vernon Bartlett, England's best-known liberal news commentator—have gone even further and have suggested that a rejuvenated Germany would have to be brought as a partner into such a Federation of Europe.

These ideas are in radical contrast to the Three-Power plan. For while a British-led federation of Europe would not be anti-Russian or anti-American, formation of such a federation would invalidate the foundation on which this country and the Soviet Union now base their postwar policies. Also such a British-led European Federation would have to be based on an ideological foundation—most probably a form of "Tory-Socialism" opposed alike to Russia's denial of civil liberties and to America's insistence on free enterprise.

It is very doubtful whether England will actually attempt to become the leader of Europe, and even more doubtful that she will succeed if she does. But if the Great Power plan should fail to solve the French and German problems, and there to offer a working basis for the transition period, then the alternative proposed in England may well come to appear as the only way to a permanent settlement. And for this reason alone England is likely to emerge as the pivotal power in the Council for Europe, and English policy as the dynamic element in the European picture.

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A SOLDIER LOOKS AT THE CHURCH

RUSSELL C. STROUP



TO THE question "What does the soldier think of the Church?" the only proper answer is "He doesn't." In the thinking of the average G.I. the Church of Jesus Christ shares a place with the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Clay Pigeons. His complete and colossal indifference is merely a reflection of the mind of the man on any Main Street, for the soldier is simply a civilian in uniform and his mental outlook has not been radically altered by the entirely different environment in which he finds himself.

He is, in a sense, concerned with religion. In fact it is one of his favorite topics of conversation. To his long and lively discussions he brings an eager interest and an incredible ignorance. His faith is far greater than his knowledge. There are in truth few atheists in foxholes just as there are few atheists in factories. The average man has little inclination to doubt the fact of God, the efficacy of prayer, or the certainty of immortality. These fundamentals of religious faith he takes for granted; and the professional agnostic is as little regarded as any clergyman, which is to say that he is ignored completely.

The typical soldier, if such there is, has no quarrel with the Church. He is no more interested in closing the church doors than he is in entering them. With the natural courtesy of Americans he is respectful to clergymen even though they make him feel uncomfortable. Even the

nostalgic and somewhat uneasy affection of a preceding generation for the Church of their fathers is not shared by a youth raised in a home untouched by anything more vital than an inherited concern with organized religion. When pressed by the Army to state a religious preference the soldier will vaguely assent to being classified, but many are not communicants and would be hard put to it to explain their preference. Nor is it possible to discover by inquiry any explanation for this indifference. The lack of interest is too complete to stimulate discussion among men who are ordinarily only too willing to discuss any subject under the sun. To most soldiers the Church is dead and weeds grow over her grave.

PERHAPS they are right. Certainly there is little vitality in a Church which has so signally failed to impress itself on the consciousness, to say nothing of the conscience, of a generation. A Church which had succeeded in gaining the hostility of the world would be a Church Militant. A Church which had gained the allegiance of the world would be a Church Triumphant. But a Church which has the world's indifference is a Church Moribund. The tragedy is that organized religion has not even suffered the distinction of a dignified death. Rather it presents the pitiful and rather ridiculous spectacle of a superannuated actor who in-

sists on playing his part long after the audience has left. It is a sacrilege indeed when the Body of Christ is either ignored completely or treated with amused condescension.

The irony of it all is that churchmen and especially clergymen are quite unaware that the world has passed them by. It is probable that the laity are more conscious of this, but with tender solicitude they seek to shelter their ministers from the facts of life. In this they have been notably successful. The average pastor may become perturbed by the failure of most of his membership to show any vital concern about the Church which carries their names on its roll, but he seems blissfully unaware of the fact that the vast majority of the community in most sections of our country are not even nominal members of any ecclesiastical organization. These are outside the pale of his narrow experience. It is distressing to see the perturbation of many Army chaplains thrown for the first time into intimate contact with the rank and file of Americans for whom the Church simply does not exist.

Even those clergymen who have been mercifully forced out of the cloistered seclusion of their protected parishes into the bewildering confusion of an unfamiliar world are inclined, after the manner of their kind, to refuse to face reality. They lay the blame for the all-too-apparent indifference on the unnatural conditions of Army life, though the fact is that there is a far greater interest evidenced in the Army chapel than in the home church. But the Church seems always to be making excuses, seeking to find the fault outside of itself. This is a vain and futile business. The time has come for self-examination and self-condemnation. We must realize that the fault is not in our world but in ourselves. We must awaken from our fool's paradise and discover the reasons for the world's indifference. Some of these are starkly apparent in the attitude of Army men.

THEIR attitude toward the chaplain is illuminating. In one's first approach to the men it is at once apparent that the soldier expects one to be concerned exclusively with his venial sins. The "good

boys" among them will take pains to make it clear that they eschew liquor, gambling, prostitutes, and profanity, feeling that such righteousness will set the mind of the Padre completely at rest regarding their spiritual health. The "bad boys" will either seek to shock the simple-minded man of God by a recital of their peccadilloes or awkwardly make excuses for them. Both "good" and "bad" assume the Church's only interest to be with their petty sins or paltry virtues. The assumption is justified by the record. Small wonder the Church is ignored.

It is the function of the Church to convict the world of sin and call men to repentance, but what are the sins which are damning the world to hell in our time? Today fear clutches the heart of humanity as it dimly conceives of the awful horror threatening to destroy every vestige of Christian civilization and send us reeling back into barbarism. But while the world is on fire, the Church fiddles. With irritating monotony we play over the same silly tune unheard above the roaring of the flames. We continue to condemn those evils of the flesh which are only secondary symptoms of a deep-seated disease which threatens the very life of humanity.

Is it any wonder that soldiers facing death in the grim reality of the greatest bloodletting in human history should be unconcerned at the prattle of the chaplains—and there are many—who lecture them on the evils of stud poker, profanity, and jungle juice? Most of the soldiers would not defend as good their language, appetites, or diversions, but all of them must feel that the evil which has brought them to this hour, threatening their lives and the life of the world, is not contained in these paltry sins. They know the awful necessity of war has made them wreckers and killers. They have been taught to shoot, stab, and throttle their enemies. They have been exiled from peaceful homes and the creative work they knew to live like rats in muddy holes. They feel instinctively that the physical and spiritual suffering of war in which they have shared must result from the sins of the world. They would like to know what these sins are. They would like to hear them condemned in themselves as well as others.

They long to understand the reason for the cross on which they hang and that other Cross where goodness, justice, mercy, beauty, honor, and love are crucified. They desperately hope that the world may be saved; but how? And the Padre says, "Naughty, naughty for getting drunk."

Before God, what sort of preaching is that? Worse, I have heard a chaplain, God forgive him, preaching to men in the valley of the shadow of death the absolute necessity of baptism by total immersion! Is it any wonder that the soldier is only irritated by the pathetic pipings of such pitiful prophets? While Christ suffers on the Cross for the sins of the world we hurl our polemics at the soldiers shooting craps for His robe. And the tragedy is that the men expect nothing more from His disciples.

II

THEY expect nothing more partly because of their opinion of parsons. The soldiers see the chaplain as something less than a man, who, set apart as he must be, knows nothing of life. Like the man in the street they imagine the clergy to be much more at home in the Ladies' Aid than in the world of men. It is a source of amazement to many to find their chaplain human. They are further astonished to discover that some chaplains have learned the facts of life. But underneath all this, their original conception holds. The Church is weakened by a leadership whose lack of sophistication is almost unbelievable.

From his youth up the average clergyman has been a person apart. Early dedicated to the "work of the Lord," he is nurtured for his vocation by doting parents and parsons. From the narrow atmosphere of a sectarian college he goes on to seminary and from there is sent, a young innocent, to a parish where his loyal flock make certain that he remains uncontaminated by any contact with the world. This is surely the worst possible preparation for a man who should grapple with evil and deal on intimate terms with the all too sordid lives of men and women. Knowing more of homiletics than humanity, versed in theology but ignorant of the world and its affairs, he plods along in the

ruts worn by his predecessors, doing faithfully the inconsequential work of the average parish priest. His church members neither expect nor want him to concern himself with the vexing problems of a world that has lost its way.

Even the crusade against war by the more enlightened churchmen which helped to redeem the futility of the prewar Church was rendered worse than useless by their failure to comprehend that war is more a consequence than a cause of evil. In attacking war the crusaders were attacking hell and not the sins which send men there. The voice of the Church should have been raised against the evils that breed wars. Our well-meaning but unrealistic pacifism served only to weaken the nation in its inevitable conflict; inevitable because the causes of war were not fearlessly faced, ruthlessly exposed, and sagaciously eliminated. You do not prevent wars by deploring them. Yellow fever is not eliminated by insisting that it is bad but by draining the swamps and destroying the mosquitoes. Even so with war.

Refusing to learn from experience, many Church leaders today are foolishly wasting their breath insisting that war is evil and condemning those who are taking part in it. Do they in the easy security of their sanctuaries imagine that it is necessary to convince soldiers that there is no good or glory in the bloody business in which they are engaged? Not the voice of the preacher but their cruel experience has taught them that. But understandably they resent the implication that they have sinned in doing the dirty job that had to be done. They do not enjoy being killers, these boys, and they would like from the Church a sympathetic understanding of the cruel necessity which has made them so.

More than that, they would like—and have the right to expect—that while the Church refuses, rightly, to glorify war it will glorify the motives that actuate men engaged in the conflict. God forgive us if we condemn these men as we did their fathers to the hell of disillusionment when they have finished their task. They are laying the gift of themselves upon the altar as a sacrifice to what they believe to be ideals worth dying for. If we make a mockery of their motives we shall destroy in

them, as we did before, that idealism without which we cannot build the brave new world of the future. It is one thing to insist that the war of itself will not achieve democracy, security, peace, or liberty. It is another thing to say that the men who suffered and died were not really fighting to preserve these things. It is for us to assure them that the years which they gave were not worse than wasted and that their comrades did not die in vain. There is one good thing which war, the destroyer, creates, and that is the righteous purpose in the hearts of men to give themselves freely for what they conceive to be some higher good. Out of war's wastage let us seek to conserve this treasure. Let us use this spirit to empower our continued effort to achieve in peace what could not be achieved by war.

A disillusioned generation will hardly be enthusiastic about supporting a program of world reconstruction based on ideals we have already taught them to decry. Let us rather direct our efforts toward making these men feel that the ideals for which they have risked their lives were not hokum but the very essence of reality and must be achieved in our world. Perhaps then the spirit engendered in war will fulfill its high purpose in peace.

Above all the Church must dedicate itself, both now and in the postwar world, to the high task of denouncing the evils which are the root cause of conflict. Just as certainly we must present to men the pattern of the Kingdom of God as the answer to man's desire for a better society—not as an impossible ideal to strive for but as a practical program to be achieved. The supreme task of the Church, however, is not preaching but practice.

III

WE MUST first of all rid the Church itself of these evils. Denunciation of sins which we share will forever fail to convince men of our sincerity of purpose. It is the duty of the Church to be in the world a "colony of Heaven" where men may see worked out in practice the principles which, inculcated into the larger society, will mean its salvation. This is the harder but the better way.

We know, for example, that one of the sins of our age which has fostered conflict and war is the sin of pride and its attendant bigotry and intolerance. But the Church can neither convict men of this sin nor call them to repentance and the redeeming work of brotherhood until we have convinced the world that we ourselves are free from this great transgression. So far we have failed to do so. Until we do, men will rightly mock us for our hypocrisy.

Intolerance is heinous whether it parades in brown shirts or in white sheets, and the Church in America must labor long to free itself from the stigma of having fostered the unrighteous bigotry of the Ku Klux Klan. Racial conflict is threatening the world today as never before, and it will be one of the stupendous problems for our postwar world to grapple with. The subject races of mankind are stirring into articulate protest which must be heard if we are to have peace. This protest has been stimulated both by the racial intolerance of the Nazis and by the encouragement of minorities by the war aims of the Allies. The lines are forming between those who would enslave the weaker races and those who would grant to them equality of opportunity in a free world. The Church must make a stand. But what shall it profit us to talk of racial brotherhood while we deny it within our own communions? If we believe in brotherhood we must prove it by ending forever the inequalities within the Church.

Nor can a Church which is divided by religious intolerance and corrupted by religious bigotry establish in the hearts of men that spirit of understanding and love that will permit races and classes to live together in unity and peace. When has the Church shown fruits meet for repentance? Are not our divisions within the Body of Christ the scandal of Christendom in spite of all our ecumenical talk? Can we who are so disunited lead a world to unity? It is good to preach against narrow nationalism and paint the glories of a co-operative society among nations, but it would be better to demonstrate that the Church is able to resolve its own differences and create its own unity. So long as we are not willing to make the sacrifices

necessary to bring about co-operation between denominations we shall not be fit to lead the people into the Federation of Mankind. It is not necessary that we should abolish denominations any more than it is essential or desirable to eliminate nations; but it is imperative that we put an end to conflict and achieve co-operation between the several members of the Body of Christ.

MATERIALISM is one of the disruptive philosophies of our modern world. The greed of men and nations has found its certain fruition in the devastation of war. Against this philosophy the Church is surely committed. But we are more than tainted with this same deadly spirit. How much of our concern has been with budgets and buildings, how little with fasting and prayer! The voice of well-heeled ecclesiastics preaching against rampant materialism to smugly comfortable congregations has a hollow sound. Constantly we urge our members to support some worthy cause with "their gifts and prayers" but it is usually all too evident which of the two we consider important. Men are rightly offended when they attend our so-called services of worship and find not a priest but a beggar in the sanctuary. The clank of coins is far too loud in our temples for men to hear the voice of God assuring us that a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of things which he possesses. The attitude of the Church is all too plainly indicated when one of our greatest ecclesiastical organizations supports fascism in a nation where its property is protected by the state and opposes it in a country where its holdings are confiscated.

A world that is concerned with the distress resulting from a criminal inequality in the distribution of goods will not look for leadership in economic reform from a Church where clergymen labor excessively in poor parishes for a pittance while their brethren in Christ enjoy the sinecure of privileged pastorates. Nor can we preach persuasively the necessity for a living wage while so many of our own ministers and church workers fail so dismally to receive adequate support. Until the Church has put into practice the basically Christian

standard of "from every man according to his ability and to every man according to his need" we shall not be able to lead the world in a Christian solution of our economic problems.

Even so with social and political reformation in a world torn between the ideals of democracy and tyranny. The necessity that the Church shall stand for liberty is plain. Out of the Christian emphasis on the dignity and worth of every human personality was born the doctrine of democracy. We dare not be false to our own child. Rightly the most articulate foe of totalitarian tyranny in Europe has been the Church. Men seeking to strike off their shackles should always find a champion in the Church. Unhappily there are masses now in revolt who are firmly convinced that the Church is the friend of privilege and power. They have noted the record in Spain, Latin America, Italy, Austria, Russia, Poland, and other nations where pastors of the people have formed an unholy alliance with their plunderers. Even in our own country there have been too few prophetic voices lifted from our pulpits in defense of the rights of man. We fool no one when we dodge our responsibility by asserting that the business of the Church is to preach the Gospel. The New Testament is no longer a forbidden book. Men may read it and the simplest among them cannot fail to understand the plain words of our Lord when He insisted that the essence of true religion is to do unto others as you would have them do unto you.

AS WE have insisted, however, the Church must do more than preach democracy. It must practice it. The revolt of our original Protestantism against religious authority was a part of, and the inspiration for, the political revolutions which followed the Reformation. But Protestantism in many of its branches has not kept the faith. In Christendom as a whole the vast majority of Church governments are autocracies which out-Hitler Hitler. This is true of all which cling tenaciously to the authoritarian government of an episcopal hierarchy. As the original Protestants clearly comprehended, the divine right of bishops is at one with the divine

right of kings. It is a sad anachronism that even now such completely undemocratic Churches as ours should flourish in nations dedicated to the principles of political liberty. As a society within a society the Church should be an example of a functioning democracy. In many of our communions it is far from such.

The attitude of the Church toward women is a case in point. While against constant opposition women have been achieving legal and political equality they have consistently been denied ecclesiastical equality. In spite of the fact that both numerically and financially, and certainly spiritually, women are the chief support of our churches, there are few communions which accord them even the semblance of equality with the men of the congregations. The fact that most churchwomen accept this without murmur is not a justification for such a denial of the fundamental tenets of democracy.

The most pernicious form of tyranny in our world today is that exercised over the minds of men. This is the fundamental offense of the totalitarian state. This is the supreme denial of the dignity of human personality. This is the Nazis' unforgivable sin against the Holy Ghost. Here too the Church itself has sinned. We have sought to shackle the minds of our adherents not only theologically but scientifically. The inquisition is perpetual. Who would have the temerity to suggest that either priests or people are permitted in most Christian churches to adventure boldly in search of ever new Truth which

God has promised to reveal to mankind by His Holy Spirit? Nowhere outside of Nazidom can one equal the justifiable fear of all too many clergymen that by their preaching they may bring down upon themselves the swift and certain wrath of the self-appointed Gestapo which operates in every denomination. What a travesty on the perfect liberty which should exist in Christ! The hope of humanity lies in the untrammelled search for Truth. This alone can set men free. In this search the Church should lead the way. Only by swearing eternal enmity against every form of tyranny over the mind of man will the Church be able to lead mankind in the unceasing struggle for freedom. Only as we allow the winds of freedom to blow unchecked in our own communions will men recognize our leadership in a democratic world.

IF SOME chaplains in the Army have been able to overcome the deadly indifference of the soldier it is only because they have brought to them a religion that serves their present need and fulfills their future hopes. But our hold upon these men is tenuous. One day they are coming home. They will need the Church and the Church will need them; but it must be a revitalized Church. They and all men will be seeking leadership in the rebuilding of a wrecked society; that leadership must come from a Church which has given evidence by its own reformation that it is worthy to direct the reformation of mankind.

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COLONEL McCORMICK OF THE *TRIBUNE*

JOHN BARTLOW MARTIN



ONE day in 1942 Colonel Robert Rutherford McCormick strode into the city room of his Chicago *Tribune*. He had a statement for the press. Word had just arrived that the Federal Grand Jury had determined that the *Tribune* had not violated security regulations by publishing a detailed story on the Battle of Midway. The handful of staff men stopped working to watch him. "There was electricity in the air," recalls one who was present. As the Colonel reached the center desk the staffers burst into applause. It was not a staged demonstration; it was a spontaneous and curiously ingenuous one. They crowded about him, and he was touched and for a moment could not speak. Then he dwelt haltingly on the vindication and his confidence in the men who had handled the story; and he said that he had no family but regarded the *Tribune* as his family, and that when he died the *Tribune* would pass to the employees. Then, once more alone and unapproachable, he retired to his eyrie on the twenty-fourth floor of the *Tribune* Tower.

At that time criticism of the *Tribune* was at its peak. Mass meetings had denounced it and burned it in the streets; men of liberal persuasion everywhere were out to get the Colonel. Marshall Field's new Chicago *Sun* was pointing up the con-

flict which the Union for Democratic Action termed "The People *vs.* the Chicago *Tribune*." Secretary Stimson had attacked the *Tribune* and President Roosevelt had concurred. A few hours after the Midway story appeared, the Navy Department had been on the Colonel's neck. Amazingly the Colonel had backed down, telegraphing Admiral King that the *Tribune* would not have printed the story had he known of it in advance; and the *Tribune* had also admitted that its correspondent, Stanley Johnston, had not been at the Battle of Midway but in the *Tribune* office, deducing the composition of the Japanese fleet. But the Navy, unappeased, revoked Johnston's credentials and held up his citation for heroism. This—reinforced perhaps by the Colonel's old enmity for the late Secretary of the Navy, Frank Knox, who was also publisher of the Chicago *Daily News*—aroused the Colonel's wrath. Those men in the city room were responding to the sight of a man who is willing to fight bitterly against odds.

ALTHOUGH Colonel McCormick lacks sufficient time to read every story in his paper before publication, the *Tribune* nevertheless reflects his personality so closely that he is blamed or praised for everything it publishes. He is one of the few important survivors of the era of per-

sonal journalism. And in other ways he is a throwback to the past. Above all he is a lonely, patriotic, sincere man who believes that he is one of the few remaining bulwarks between this country and catastrophe.

As an aristocrat and scion of "one of the great families of Chicago" (as one of his wealthy friends put it three times in a ten-minute interview), he has a strong sense of *noblesse oblige*. Paternalistic, he regards his heavy responsibilities with deadly seriousness. He labors prodigiously at newspapering, and although he is not considered one of the great American editors, he is an inventive man with vast knowledge of the mechanical side of newspaper manufacturing, and has a talent for surrounding himself with extremely able helpers. Arrogant, distant, he has few intimate friends and little social life. He inspires either bitter hatred or blind devotion and so he has become at once a cult and a legend. It is easy to hear anything about him, from vicious scandal to irreverent anecdote, but it is difficult to go behind the legend, for he ordinarily refuses to be interviewed, and his friends adopt his close-mouthed attitude. Once he sent word to a *Sun* reporter that he would see no one from the *Sun* but Marshall Field. Recently he has been so frequently under attack that today his friends leap belligerently to his defense as soon as his name is mentioned, assuming that assault is imminent.

Few men in public life have gone to greater lengths to keep their private affairs private and their public affairs pugnacious. He has an abiding contempt for the idle rich and the proletarian leaders alike and he expresses it frequently, for he is blunt of speech; once he startled a luncheon club by opening his address thus: "Today I am going to talk about the pimp. Willie Bioff." But those who know him well say he is shy and likable.

In a strange way fate seems to hand him the opposite of what he seeks. He is beloved chiefly by the "society" people he detests; he has carpentered the career of but one hugely successful politician, and that one is a Roosevelt supporter; he saw the Republican Vice-Presidential nomination he coveted go in 1936 to his enemy

whose newspaper publishes the deadly "Colonel McCosmic" cartoons; he has been charged with aiding the Germans whom he despises as filthy-minded mongers of scatological humor. The Colonel must feel that it is events which are contradictory; they plague and confound him. He plays the patriot's part and what happens? He is accused of disloyalty. Contemptuous of failure and intensely patriotic, he champions persons who happen to stand with him on this issue and that, and they turn out to be traitors. It must all be very confusing to him.

TODAY at sixty-four Colonel McCormick is a tall, erect man of vigorous habits and military mien. His voice is deep and gruff and, anomalously, carries an accent which sounds almost British. He is always self-possessed, with the poise of breeding. He is handsome, with arched aristocratic eyebrows, tired pouchy eyes, a bristly mustache, and gray hair. He dresses immaculately, frequently in tweeds, and possesses an extensive wardrobe, most of it acquired in England. He is a vain man who finds it extremely difficult to unbend, and the rare occasions when one of his reporters sees him at ease become deathless city room legends.

One evening factual errors appeared in the first-edition editorial on Ludendorff's death, and so a top-notch reporter instead of the usual menial was dispatched with the first edition to the Colonel's town house on Astor Street, not far from the Tower; for the Colonel was certain to make important corrections in the editorial (his troops had opposed Ludendorff's in the war) and nobody but the Colonel's secretary can read his handwriting and she had gone home. With trepidation the reporter entered the living room, a big, comfortable room furnished in excellent taste. The Colonel was dressed in tweeds, which explained why he hadn't seen the editorial before publication: he had been out on his eight-hundred-acre estate near suburban Wheaton. He was in jovial mood. While he read through the editorial he offered the reporter a drink. The Colonel had had a couple of drinks himself—a rarity, for though he loves good living he is an ex-

tremely temperate man. (Incidentally, he does not smoke and dislikes having those about him smoke.) When they had finished their work the reporter rose to leave—interviews with the Colonel are brief—but the Colonel asked if he had a ride back to the office. The reporter said a photographer had brought him. “Take the photographer some cigars,” said the Colonel, and thrust on him a fistful of cigars. Once more the reporter sought to leave. But the Colonel, measuring him with his eye, said, “I believe we are the same height. How tall are you?” The reporter said he was six feet four, an understatement by three-quarters of an inch. The Colonel boomed, “Let’s meashah,” and called the butler. The butler, a very short man, brought a chair and climbed onto it. The two men stood stiffly back to back and the butler placed a silver salver across their heads. The reporter realized he was a little taller than the Colonel. At the same moment he felt an increasing pressure on his head. He allowed himself to shrink. Finally the butler announced, “Exactly the same, sir.” The Colonel said with satisfaction, “I thought so.” The reporter departed.

II

COLONEL McCORMICK was born in Chicago, July 30, 1880. His grandfather was a brother of Cyrus Hall McCormick, who patented the reaper and may have invented it (the Colonel doesn’t think he did; this is a family squabble). His mother was the daughter of Joseph Medill, Abe Lincoln’s friend and owner of the *Tribune*. Thus the Colonel, or Bertie, as members of his family call him, came honestly by his traditions of Midwest aristocracy, influence in public affairs, and violent journalism. Oddly enough, it was the original Marshall Field—the grandfather of his antagonist of today—who loaned Joseph Medill the money to buy control of the *Tribune* in 1874 after Medill had been fired as editor by anti-Grant liberals. Medill always said he intended to run his paper so that people would swear by it while they swore at it. He succeeded, and so has his grandson, the Colonel.

Though the McCormicks came to Chicago a hundred years ago, they originally were a Virginia family, and the Colonel, despite frequent attacks upon Southern politicians, today retains a deep affection and kinship for many traditional Southern institutions—militarism, gallantry, paternalism, feudalism, and the landed aristocracy which champions states’ rights. Several of the Colonel’s ancestors engaged in politics and public affairs, and his father, Robert Sanderson McCormick, was appointed secretary to the American legation at London. So Bertie and his brother, Medill McCormick, attended preparatory school in England for a time. It has been said frequently that the Colonel’s distrust of England stems from those early days. A boyhood playmate recalls that even earlier, in Chicago, he and Bertie avidly read boys’ books like *The Boys of ’76* in which all Yankees were embattled heroes and all British were scheming redcoats. The elder Medill had been intensely patriotic; so was the Colonel’s father. Bertie’s former playmate recalls, “They were always twisting the lion’s tail, and Bertie simply carries on.”

In Chicago Bertie lived with his parents on the Gold Coast. Most of his playmates were named McCormick: nearly a dozen McCormick families, all powerful, lived within a radius of four blocks near Ontario and Pine (today renamed Wabash but still referred to, significantly, by family members as Pine).

While his father served as ambassador to Austria, Russia, and France, Bertie lived in Chicago with various relatives, including his grandfather Joseph Medill (who died in 1899), and his aunt and uncle, the parents of his Patterson cousins who today edit affiliated newspapers. He went to Groton School and then to Yale. Years later, Franklin D. Roosevelt banteringly disclaimed to a *Tribune* reporter responsibility for the Colonel’s education, since the Colonel had been one form ahead of Roosevelt at Groton. The common story goes, of course, that the enmity between the two men began at Groton. One classmate confirms this but is unable to document it; and the legend seems contradicted by the *Tribune*’s early neutrality

toward Roosevelt. It is said the Colonel felt that even a Democrat would be better than Hoover. (The *Tribune's* chief objection to Roosevelt in 1932 was its doubt that he would make a President sufficiently strong to deal with the obstructionist Congress.)

BERTIE was graduated from Yale in 1903. He took up residence at the Union League Club in Chicago and entered Northwestern University Law School. But everybody in his ward was in politics—his family and neighbors had come to feel civic duty almost obligatory—and in 1904 Bertie left school and ran successfully for alderman. In 1905 he was elected president of the Sanitary District board of trustees, an office he held until 1910, despite critics who called him "Czar McCormick" when he instituted administrative reforms modeled on military lines and designed, he claimed, to increase efficiency. He apparently did a good and conscientious job, familiarizing himself with every detail of the operation of the district.

It was at this time that he met a young Irish construction boss, Edward J. Kelly, who knocked down an obstreperous workman who was a son-in-law of a powerful Republican politician. McCormick, though himself a protégé of the politician, praised Kelly's courage and promoted him instead of firing him. Today Kelly is mayor of Chicago and, though a Democrat, he has the support of the Colonel. It has been said that the Colonel made Ed Kelly. If, as some believe, the Colonel's lifelong ambition has been to be Illinois' Mark Hanna, it is perhaps a tragedy of his career that Kelly turned out to be boss of the machine that carries Cook County for That Man in the White House. Persons who regard the *Tribune's* support of the Mayor as simply a cynical bipartisan deal overlook the Colonel's intense loyalty to old friends he admires.

A member of the City Council from 1904 to 1906, McCormick later served with the Chicago Charter Convention and the Chicago Plan Commission. He was admitted to the Illinois bar in 1907 and helped organize a law firm which today is the largest in Chicago and is still counsel

for the *Tribune* (as well as for the antagonistic *Times* and *Sun*, when their interests do not conflict with the *Tribune's*). But his career as a lawyer and public servant was cut short in 1910 when Robert W. Patterson, son-in-law of Joseph Medill and editor of the *Tribune*, died.

Bertie's elder brother, Medill McCormick, had been aiding Patterson at the paper, but he wanted to run for senator (which he did, successfully, becoming one of the "irreconcilables" who torpedoed the League of Nations); and so Bertie, who was then twenty-nine, and his cousin, Joseph Patterson, became co-editors. Soon the slogan "The World's Greatest Newspaper" appeared on page one, where it remains. James Keeley, the veteran managing editor, stayed on to run the paper until 1914; thereafter the cousins were in full charge.

The combination of the cousins was an effective but not an especially happy one. Patterson was a socialist and enjoyed donning disreputable clothing and rubbing shoulders with the common people—activities of which the Colonel has never been accused. Unable to agree, they took over the editorial page in alternate months, with somewhat startling results. It was Patterson who developed the comic strips which have been one of the reasons for the *Tribune's* huge circulation. The Colonel was more interested in the mechanical departments. He hired experts to head them, invented improvements in printing, and bought vast timberlands in Canada and a fleet of lake freighters (some of which fly the Union Jack he distrusts). To this day the Colonel is a publisher's publisher, familiar with the mechanical operations of newspaper publication as he was familiar with the working of the Sanitary District.

SCARCELY had the cousins assumed full control of the *Tribune* when the European war broke out. Since youth the Colonel had been a student of military affairs, an admirer of things military, and a horseman. Commissioned a major in the First Cavalry, Illinois National Guards, he went to England early in 1915. In London he married a Chicago woman named Amie Adams whose divorce a little

earlier from her husband, a relative of McCormick's, had been bitter. He lunched with British leaders, including Asquith, whom he told that only "society" in America was very strongly pro-Ally and that the nation as a whole was for America first and was unsympathetic toward all warring nations. Even then he was critical of England's military prowess. He visited the Russian front and wrote a book, *With the Russian Army*, which he dedicated to the Grand Duke Nicholas; in it he expressed admiration for the Russian army, said that the spectacle of Cossacks mounting and swinging into line could be equaled only by international polo, and ended, "... I have tasted the wine of death, and its flavor will be forever in my throat."

How heartily he quaffed the wine of death has been the subject of controversy. Sent to the Mexican border, he won a reputation as a good drillmaster and disciplinarian who held himself aloof from his brother officers. Later, as a major in the First Division, he was attached to Pershing's headquarters staff in France. Subsequently he was elevated to lieutenant colonel and colonel. His detractors tell a yarn to the effect that the soldiers at the front became so weary of caring for his dog that they poisoned it, that the Colonel believed it had been taken to Paris, and that he went there in search of it, lamentably, at the very time that the Battle of Cantigny was about to begin; but the fact is that the Colonel did fight in the battle. Not without reason did he name his suburban estate Cantigny.

He was sent back to the States to train troops and draw up a handbook of instructions for young officers, and by the end of the war he was commandant of Fort Sheridan, near Chicago. In 1923 he was awarded the Distinguished Service Medal for leadership, executive ability, and supervision of training and discipline. To this day he signs his articles in the *Tribune* "Colonel Robert R. McCormick" and his employees invariably address him as Colonel. Every year he entertains the members of his First Division at a picnic at his estate. His affection for his old comrades in arms is indisputably genuine.

Though called a "tin soldier" by his enemies, the Colonel is a serious student of

military affairs. He published a life of Grant which, though perhaps insufficiently critical, was documented with extreme care. In doing the research for it the Colonel visited battlefields and paced off distances. His library on the Civil War is extensive and he contributes scholarly pieces to the *Tribune* on Civil War military operations. Reading occupies more of his few spare hours than social functions, and he sometimes abandons his guests abruptly to retire to his library. His recently inaugurated Saturday night radio addresses have dealt almost exclusively with soberly factual accounts of the present war ("Tonight I am back again in the Pacific"); this summer some of his baffled associates were wondering if he did not intend to turn to more inflammable material as the 1944 campaign waxed hot.

III

BY THE end of the First World War the Colonel and his cousin, Captain Patterson, had conceived the idea of establishing the tabloid *New York News*. (It is said they made the decision to publish it while sitting on a manure pile in France.) Whether they established it to get out of each other's hair, or to incur a deficit that would reduce their tax liability on the huge *Tribune* profits, or simply to expand their endeavors, in 1925 Patterson went to New York to edit the *News* (which, far from being a money-loser, achieved the largest circulation in America). The cousins, as trustees of the Medill Trust, retained theoretical influence over each other's papers; their so-called *Tribune* group established the magazine *Liberty*, lost money on it, traded it to Macfadden for an unsuccessful Detroit daily, and bought the *Washington Times* and *Herald* for Patterson's sister Cissy, who shared with them and Ruth Hanna McCormick Simms the income from the Medill Trust. But since 1925 the Colonel has been supreme in Chicago and in Chicago alone. The two thousand shares of *Tribune* stock are closely held by the Trust and a few individuals. Each share is probably worth about \$37,000.

Under Colonel McCormick the *Tribune* has become enormously successful and

arrogant. Its circulation, above a million just before Pearl Harbor, is not much lower now. The paper is very powerful. Despite the legend that its support is the kiss of death to a politician, the politicians are afraid of it, for it fights with tireless and fearless savagery. Many liberals have longed for a champion as able. It bows to no man. While some newspapers critical of the President have deferred to the prestige of his office, the *Tribune* has treated him as just another scheming politician. Once the department store, Marshall Field's, a big advertiser, attempted to suppress a story about an embezzler who had absconded with store money; the managing editor responded by developing the story, originally unimportant, into a major story and printing it, three-quarters of a column long, on page one. By backing up its reporters, right or wrong, *Tribune* executives have developed the feeling in Chicago that when a *Tribune* reporter comes to your door the *Tribune* itself, in all its might and majesty, has come. This is the Colonel's policy. One night near deadline a *Tribune* reporter, Big Jim Doherty, denied admittance to a room where police were questioning a murder suspect, grabbed a chair and started battering down the door; when the State's Attorney telephoned the paper to demand that Doherty be fired, the managing editor replied gently, "Mr. Courtney, if you knew Mr. Doherty as well as I know him you would know that it is very difficult to deny him. Good-by, Mr. Courtney."

Almost unquestionably the *Tribune* aids some of its enemies by the virulence of its attacks. Many Republicans think it is making plain people feel sorry for Roosevelt. Once, in spite of his subordinates' warnings, the Colonel ordered a daily page-one story assailing Earl Browder just before Browder was to speak at the Chicago Stadium. The result, of course, was that the *Tribune* turned what promised to be a small audience into a capacity crowd.

The *Tribune* has a long list of hates, including the idle rich, the British, pacifists, Bolsheviks, and "New Deal crackpots," and there has been scarcely a time when the Colonel was not embroiled in some major editorial battle. An assortment of hates has often been a good thing for a

newspaper. Recently an astute *Tribune* reporter cited a *Sun* editorial which deplored a public official's alleged corruption but said that until he had been tried it was unfair to judge him; the reporter compared this to a *Tribune* editorial which thundered that until such thieving scoundrels were behind bars the people of Illinois were not safe, and commented, "*That's* what's wrong with the *Sun*—the people of Chicago have been raised on raw red meat and they won't go for this damned wishy-washy objective journalism." Impartiality is one of the few things of which the Colonel has not been accused.

HE HAS made the *Tribune* one of the best papers in America to work for. He pays higher overall salaries than any other newspaper proprietor in Chicago or New York. He is loath to fire anyone. It is said that any man of sober habits and ability who serves the *Tribune* long and well is certain to die well-to-do. Once, having gained complete confidence in his long-time managing editor, Edward Scott ("Teddy") Beck, the Colonel said impulsively, "Let's make Teddy rich." He did, too. One year four top executives split a million-dollar bonus. On a lower level, a staff member who marries receives a chest of silver as a wedding gift—providing he has not previously been divorced (a curious provision in view of the Colonel's own marriage to a divorcée). The *Tribune* sells its employees company stock which pays big dividends (they must relinquish it on leaving); it gives them sick leave ranging up to half a year at full pay plus half a year at half pay, pension benefits up to \$100 a month which continue even though the pensioner takes employment (not on a daily paper), speedy death benefits, cheap credit and group insurance and hospitalization, free semi-annual dental inspection and cleaning, vigilant support if a dentist overcharges them, medical attention in office emergencies, and, to city-room hands, free lunch nightly. Retirement is encouraged; the Colonel believes young men should run the paper. When the federal government set up social security Captain Patterson discontinued his paper's benefits but Colonel McCormick did not, holding that the New Deal would

boondoggle the social security fund away and that, anyway, no government could take care of his employees as well as he.

When he heard that the Guild, the newspapermen's union, was asking for a sixty-dollar weekly minimum wage for experienced men at other Chicago papers, the Colonel immediately raised *all* his men to sixty dollars. The Guild never obtained sufficient membership at the *Tribune* to force an election or direct negotiations with the Colonel.

Apparently no *Tribune* employee is subjected to pressure as to how to vote. A man in a mechanical department was once a candidate for public office on the Socialist ticket. Several employees have worn Roosevelt buttons. During the bitter 1936 campaign one troubled reporter offered to resign because he intended to vote for Roosevelt; his superior told him to forget it, though he added that things might be different if the reporter were making speeches in Roosevelt's behalf.

Every year at Christmas each employee receives an envelope containing a handsome greeting card (which usually displays a picture of the Colonel's farm, Cantigny) and a bonus ranging from 3 to 10 per cent of the employee's annual salary. One year the bonus was omitted, probably as a depression retrenchment measure, though rumor has it that the Colonel simply decided the employees were taking the bonus too much for granted (which was true). That year a pair of swans graced the photograph of the farm on the greeting cards, and now each year the city-room men pray fervently, "May there be no swans on this year's cards!"

THE *Tribune* top executives are extremely loyal to the Colonel. The working newspapermen are split. Formerly the *Tribune* hired only young men without wide previous experience and trained them as *Tribune* men. But in the mid-thirties it was forced to hire more journeyman newspapermen whose unswerving loyalty to the man who pays them is wholly unrelated to their private views; and today the journeymen probably are in the majority. The journeymen are, of course, the Colonel's best hatchetmen. They are able to see eye to eye with him

on many occasions, as when he drives from public office a man who lies to the reporters; on other crusades of his they simply assassinate his enemies with disinterested venom, mindful of good salaries and generous expense accounts.

The *Tribune* has been called the only completely staffed newspaper in the Midwest and perhaps in America. "They are a beautiful team to watch," said one newspaperman. As many as a dozen reporters may cover one story. When Browder spoke, the various assignments covered more than a page on the assignment sheet. The *Tribune* always has on its staff more than one man who more closely resembles a detective than a reporter. One of the heaviest blows the Colonel ever suffered was his discovery, after the murder of Jake Lingle, one of his "detective-reporters," in 1930, that Lingle possessed underworld connections and so had betrayed the *Tribune*.

FREQUENTLY the initials "RRMc" appear beside a story listed on the assignment sheet. This means the Colonel himself wants it covered. Usually the reporter to handle it is selected by the managing editor, who has discussed it with the Colonel during their daily afternoon conference. When the copy is ready the managing editor takes it to the Colonel, who reads it and scrawls a big "OK" across it; thenceforward the copy is sacred. A reporter working on an "RRMc" is never interrupted.

Although most of the Colonel's orders filter down to the staff through the rigid hierarchy, he calls his top torpedomen to his office when he wants to send them abroad or discuss a local story in which he is particularly interested. Response to such a call is never delayed. Before the war he dealt with his large and excellent foreign staff directly—and sometimes almost frantically, as when he demanded to know whether William L. Shirer was trying to win a tablet for himself in Westminster Abbey, or when he cabled Edmond Taylor that he thought Taylor had lost his mind and suggested he either join the Foreign Legion or go to a sanitarium in a neutral country. In addition to the managing editor and the editorial writers, with whom

the Colonel confers daily, a few special writers see him occasionally. Among them are the political editor, special assignment men like Philip Kinsley (who is now engaged in writing the *Tribune's* official history), and the farm and automobile and aviation editors (their specialties are the Colonel's hobbies). The Colonel piloted his own plane until he cracked up near his farm (where he had a private airport) and his late wife induced him to desist; he continued to fly with a private pilot until the war emergency, when he turned his plane over to the armed forces.

THE hall outside the Colonel's office is adorned with old prints of Chicago and the flag that flew over the *Tribune* in Civil War days, and it is guarded by an armed sentry and a secretary. He really has two offices. The larger is equipped with several rows of theater seats dominated by the Colonel's desk (on a dais), a unique table covered with a red-and-yellow marble slab. The adjoining inner office contains a fireplace and is furnished more comfortably, like a study. The Colonel always wears his coat at work. His desk is usually clean. While talking he toys with an ornamental letter opener. It has been said that nobody ever has talked to him longer than thirty minutes. His daily conferences with his executives are brief, and reporters called to his office do little but listen, sometimes only for a few seconds.

All have been embarrassed on their first visit to his office; on turning to leave they cannot find the door. The paneling seems unbroken, and they can't get out until they learn the trick of opening the secret door. Some consider this door a precaution against physical attack, but it is probably just a foible: the tales of the Colonel's fear of assassination are exaggerated and born of ignorance.

Though not a good speaker the Colonel assiduously belabors luncheon and other clubs with his gospel that the New Deal is ruining the nation. His speeches are not always as effective as his paper's hard-hitting or insidious editorials; and his letters are sometimes ill-advised, as once when he wrote to a friend claiming personal credit for introducing machine guns,

mechanization, automatic rifles, and airplane artillery spotting into the army, and introducing the R.O.T.C. into the schools; for being the first to advocate an alliance with Canada; for "getting the Marines out of Shanghai" and acquiring Atlantic bases; but admitting he had failed "to get the Army out of the Philippines" or to persuade the Navy that airplanes could destroy battleships.

Readers who share the Colonel's views like to believe that he writes all the *Tribune's* editorials. This is not true, though he tries to read them all before they are published, and he writes some. His prose is like his private speech: blunt and forceful. Late one night when he had been out driving through the city he stalked into the local room wearing a big overcoat and driving gauntlets and followed by his dog. He sat down at a typewriter, pounded away a few minutes, flung aside his gauntlets, and typed a little more. He is a big man at a typewriter. Presently he ripped the paper from the machine, handed it to the center desk, said, "Put that in—the editorial page," and strode out. He had written about five lines deploring the manner in which "one of the smaller newspapers" was disfiguring elevated pillars in the Loop with advertisements for a serial story. The editorial page was replated.

He ordinarily enters the city room once every two weeks or so, usually with his dog Lottie, an ancient German shepherd, at his heel. In 1937, while the Memorial Day battle at the Republic Steel plant was at its height, the Colonel came into the city room and told the staffers working on the story that the union men were not strikers but rioters and were to be so labeled in the paper. He was so genuinely enraged by the "riot" that his voice trembled. People who have seen him in such situations have no doubt of his sincerity.

A FEW years ago when the *Tribune*, like most newspapers, was campaigning against syphilis, a reader's letter wondered how many *Tribune* employees had syphilis. The Colonel promptly ordered a staff-wide blood test. Yet he is not humorless. One afternoon he strolled into the city

room and, remarking he had heard that Colonel Knox had ordered his *News* to differ with the *Tribune* on every question, boomed with brief laughter, "Ho ho; he'll be at a disadvantage next week when we come out against syphilis!" Nevertheless, when matters of high principle are at stake the Colonel is grim, as when he read Rhode Island out of the union and ordered its star ripped from every flag in the Tower after the Democratic majority in the legislature of that state had ousted the Republican members of the supreme court. (The Colonel's lawyers advised him that defacing the American flag was a criminal offense; and, in order to sew the stars on again, employees had to haul down the flag atop the Tower, causing a deluge of apprehensive telephone calls.)

In 1936 the Colonel organized the Volunteers, lay speakers in Landon's behalf, among them many of the elderly ladies who lionize the Colonel. As the campaign closed the Colonel predicted that history would record that it had been the Volunteers who saved the nation in '36; and a *Tribune* employee composed a limerick which, depending for its rhyme scheme on the Colonel's accent, gained such wide currency that the author became alarmed. It went:

There was a young man from Topeka
Whose campaign grew weakah and weakah,
Till the Volunteers came
And made every old dame
A bellringah, singah, or speakah.

IV

MRS. McCORMICK's name used to appear on the society pages, the Colonel's almost never. One veteran society reporter says she never has seen him at a social function. His friends say that, especially in these times, he is too busy for "society." He once employed a man whose duties included squireing Mrs. McCormick to the opera, horse shows, benefits, and other affairs which the Colonel refused to attend. His chauffeur also took her to the opera. The Colonel and Mrs. McCormick frequently rode to hounds on the Wheaton estate, and when she died about five years ago he gave her a military funeral and buried her body on

the estate. But, unlike him, she preferred to maintain residence in the three-storey, brick-and-limestone, ivy-grown town house. Once she entertained Queen Marie in their home but the Colonel refused to come downstairs. Yet he tried to please his wife in many ways, not always with success. Once he arranged a tableau depicting the venality of Prohibition agents and presented it in his town house after a dinner party in honor of his wife's birthday; he considered it hugely funny but Mrs. McCormick was not amused, nor were the guests.

The Colonel likes pretty women and has been on friendly terms with at least one woman in radio, stage, or motion pictures; and he is capable of little gestures of gallantry. It is said that once, driving into the city on Roosevelt Road, which runs through a slum area, he espied an elderly Polish woman laden down with parcels, commanded his chauffeur to stop, himself alighted and, bowing low, offered to assist the woman. (She refused.) He has an old-fashioned courtliness about him. Once at a WGN conference he asked the ladies to leave the room and then discoursed before the men on the state of the theater, alluding fleetingly and stiffly to chorus girls' endeavors to attract gentlemen. Once, knowing that a woman friend would soon arrive at her summer house, he staffed it for her and filled it with flowers. These are facets of his forbidding personality usually hidden from public view, like his hospitality: on Sunday evenings he often has as many as fifteen people for dinner and perhaps another dozen afterward, for he invites friends to bring their guests, who these days are often servicemen, strangers to him. Yet in the neighboring town of Wheaton few people know him.

The Colonel lunches occasionally at the Chicago Club but more often at the Overset Club, an informal gathering of *Tribune* executives and their guests in a private dining room in the *Tribune* Tower. He is on intimate terms with none of his numerous relatives except, perhaps, Chauncey McCormick, who lives near him at Wheaton; nevertheless, the family is, as one of its members has said, extremely loyal in time of crisis.

His friends say that since his wife's death, although he has withdrawn almost completely from "society," he has become more tolerant in his personal human relations. "He is mellowing," one said. Strangers who have met him prepared to dislike him have been surprised at his charm; Marquis Childs—who is surely no admirer of the *Tribune's* ideas—wrote of his "shy, almost impish" smile, his grave courtesy. Now and then he dines in town with a few friends at a club or private home but almost invariably he leaves by nine or nine-thirty, often to go down to the paper. Once he was seen dining alone at a Russian restaurant; he was clipping the *Tribune*.

IF THE Colonel makes large contributions to charities or other public causes from his private fortune, he does so anonymously, with one exception: after his wife's death he gave several valuable paintings to the Art Institute. He refused to contribute to the Red Cross drive at Wheaton a few months ago, calling attention to the *Tribune's* large donation. The chairman wrote again, asking the contribution not from McCormick the publisher but from McCormick the Wheaton farmer. Presently he received a check for \$1,000 and a stiff letter from the Colonel's secretary: the chairman's importunities had in no way influenced the Colonel's decision to contribute. The Colonel's admirers call attention to his paper's Chicago *Tribune* Charities, which sponsor annually such big charitable ventures as the Golden Gloves Tournament and the Chicagoland Music Festival; they say that in this way the Colonel performs more good works than any other man in Chicago.

V

MOST of his closer friends are wealthy old-line Republicans. While some rank-and-file party members may dislike him, he is in almost complete control of the party machinery in Illinois, and men like Governor Green and Senator Brooks are considered his mouthpieces. His reporter at Springfield is called by other newspapermen his errand boy.

Because of his anti-war line before Pearl

Harbor the Colonel inevitably attracted the lunatic fringe of isolationists; and so it has been natural that, just as the Colonel sees dark New Deal conspiracies everywhere, his enemies should view him as the spider at the center of a web of Dillings and Vierecks. Actually, the Colonel has little patience with such persons. He uses them effectively when they suit his needs, but without personal enthusiasm. Publicity seekers like Representative Clare Hoffman are first astonished to find themselves on page one of the *Tribune*, then they sit up nights thinking of speeches that will keep them there. The Dillings have made it appear that they are close to the Colonel but they are not, and on at least one occasion the Colonel's secretary told Mrs. Dilling that the Colonel had no time to see a hysterical woman. The Colonel championed her cause vigorously, just as he had sought to avenge Walter Liggett's, because he felt that, whatever her views, the government's attempt to throttle her constituted an attack on the fundamental freedom of speech and the press. One cannot smile at this, for the Colonel has for many years been an outstanding and effective defender of the press's freedom.

IT HAS been said of the *Tribune* (as of other successful newspapers) that it is read so widely because it antagonizes so many people. But if nearly a million Midwesterners believed it a sinister force, would they buy it? Hardly. The truth would seem to be different: the Colonel's huge power in the Midwest is largely based on the fact that millions of Midwesterners are hospitable to his ideas. They may not go all the way with him, but his prejudices—his narrow nationalism, his distrust of foreigners and especially Europeans and more especially the English, and his detestation of many labor activities, of federal intervention in economic affairs, and of liberal ideas generally—coincide with and inflame their prejudices. This fact, added to the power which he wields by virtue of his inherited wealth, his great family prestige, and his sound business ability, makes him at the moment one of the strongest forces in American public life.

It might be argued that Colonel Mc-

Cormick is one of the few men in America—perhaps the only man—to combine two divergent strains in American newspaperdom. One of these strains is that of personal journalism: it was strongly represented in the great editors of bygone times who used their newspapers as weapons with which to fight for their personal convictions. The other strain is that of hard-headed manufacturing and publishing with a sharp eye to profits. During the past generation or two most of our big newspapers have been under the control of men who were not journalists at heart so much as industrial operators who happened to manufacture newspapers instead of, let us say, girdles. They may have had strong personal opinions on public matters, but on the job they concentrated on finding the answers to one question, "Will it pay?" Not so Colonel McCormick.

He not only knows what will sell and how to manage his big business shrewdly; he also knows what he believes and is willing to go to hell for it.

This is obviously an exceedingly strong combination, under one condition: his ideas must be basically acceptable to his readers. True, many people say they read the *Tribune* news pages for the complete news reports but never read the editorial page; but one does not need to read the editorial page to find out what Colonel McCormick believes; one can find editorials daily on page one, disguised as news stories. The Colonel is a man of inventive bent and a deep knowledge of the mechanics of publishing who happens to have a handle on Midwest public opinion because a great part of Midwest public opinion has gone back into the past almost as far as he has.

A HISTORY FOR CONTEMPORARIES

BREADS CLARK

WHEN we were young, we didn't know what hope was—
It was something everybody had.
Hope was the sparkplug in the new Ford, the static
In the radio. Hope was an embryo, it was a platitude,
It smelled of oil and the mint and of new lumber
Stacked almond-white, rough-splintered on a vacant lot.
Hope was a cheerleader with a megaphone
And the man your father bought his whisky from;
Or any damn thing.

When we were twelve, old Genghis Khan
(Made of money, Genghis Khan)
Fell off the throne that he sat on
And they found he'd been dead for years!

Hope went along to the breadline and organized the strike
 (But there was a dusty smell
 Rising on a wind from the Middle West, dryly blowing
 To meet the fog from the East). Hope was a cold dawn
 In Shubert Alley, hope was the closed door of a freight car.
 It was coke in a bottle or a butt from the gutter.
 Hope talked about peace and kept its eyes closed.
 Hope was on the defensive, and made a noise
 Like a key in a lock.

When we were eighteen, the Chinese Wall
 (Maginot, America First, Chinese Wall)
 Shredded to pieces like an old silk shawl
 And they found it had rotted for years.

Then the door burst open and the lamps shook; broke like bubbles
 On best carpets all over the world.
 And every bubble broke, all globed rainbows, floating in troubled air,
 Vanished forever when the lights went down. Hope broke too,
 Without any noise in the middle of the parlor, and we were rubbing
 our eyes
 And anyhow, who can patch up a bubble? No use trying.
 Hope was an echo and a memory, it smelled of October leaves
 Burning in back yards. The new smoke—books burning, pictures
 burning, houses burning—
 Smelled stronger than leaves.

When we were twenty-one, we came of age
 (Dead or alive, we are of age)
 And we measured the world with a wider gauge
 That measured ten thousand years.

And now we can tell you what hope is. Hope isn't a sparkplug, it's
 not a memory
 Or a foxhole or a key. Hope is no thing, not a tune or a banner
 On any wind. Hope is bannerless among the flags, and not confessed
 In a slogan. We broke the body of love and we watched hope break—
 Didn't we see it glimmer against the carpet, and break? Hope should
 be dead
 But it won't stay dead. We are acquainted with sounds and smells
 and dreams and fears
 That break and die and never come back to us. Hope is what dies
 And stays on earth.

{ Mr. Smith's most recent Harper }
{ article was "How Tariffs Can Free }
{ Trade," published last January. }

OUR INTERNATIONAL MONEY'S WORTH

BERNARD B. SMITH



WHEN the war ends the United States will be bombarded with demands from the devastated countries of Europe and Asia for long-term loans with which they can finance their programs of rehabilitation and development. Already the Polish government in London has submitted to our Treasury for approval a broad program of industrialization for postwar Poland, and in order to finance the program it has asked for a two-billion-dollar loan—to be drawn upon at the rate of two hundred million dollars a year for ten years.

Of course the World Bank for Reconstruction and Development, conceived at Bretton Woods, is intended to help such countries. But our Congress has not yet ratified the bank agreement, and unless it does so the scheme will collapse. Furthermore, even if the bank is set up its resources will be limited. The total amount which it will have available for direct loans will be less than the Poles alone want to borrow from the United States.

ASSUMING, then, that long-term loans of American dollars are essential to the peaceful development of the world—and indirectly, therefore, to our own security—how best can we assure that our dollars will be employed to the world's and our advantage?

First: let all dollar loans raised from private sources in this country be fully

guaranteed by the United States government (which, in turn, may require the guarantee of the World Bank, if one is established).

Second: in exchange for this guarantee, let our government be assured that the purpose of each loan is sound—that the funds to be advanced will be constructively and economically employed. This implies:

a. That neither the American loan nor any other funds which the borrower raises internally or elsewhere be devoted to the creation of *unnecessary* armaments, or grandiose public buildings, or other wasteful or threatening undertakings.

b. That the borrowing nation receive maximum value for our dollars so that its completed projects may serve, indirectly at least, as security for the repayment of the loans. (This can perhaps best be assured by requiring, as a condition of the loans, that American contractors, engineers, and architects be employed as supervisory consultants working with local builders and local labor on the construction of plants, factories, housing, railroads, and so on. On this point there should be little opposition from the borrowing country, for the world knows the rapidity and skill with which Americans can build.)

Third (and finally): let it be provided that part of the proceeds of our loans be used for purposes which will ensure the broad creation of dollars with which the

borrower can service the American loan. It is this proviso with which this article is primarily concerned.

II

THOSE who think of economic activity mainly in terms of production tend to regard the problem of servicing American loans largely in terms of exports from the borrowing countries to the United States. I have no desire to belittle the importance of America's buying raw materials and manufactured products from other countries in order to provide those countries with dollar credits. But the United States has long exported far more than it imports, and—happily or unhappily—there is little likelihood that this "favorable balance" of trade will be altered.

Yet, as has been emphasized several times recently in this magazine (see especially Mr. Grattan's "Factories Can't Employ Everybody!" in the September *Harper's*), the growing points in the economic system are the service industries rather than the strictly productive enterprises. Let us consider, therefore, how the services can be utilized to distribute dollar credits among the debtors of the United States.

I suggest that this can most effectively be done by providing facilities for a tremendously enlarged American tourist traffic in those countries which borrow American dollars. Two primary lines of attack are open here.

In the first place, everything should be done to encourage these countries to create modern water-supply systems, modern hotels and hostels, modern plumbing and refrigerating systems, and so on. There are, of course, Americans who enjoy primitive conditions when traveling, but by far the greater part want to enjoy the physical comforts which they have always known or have become accustomed to. The assurance of American travel standards and American living comforts, the convenience of safe drinking water, can do more to induce sustained and regular American tourist traffic than even the rather morbid interest which Americans will have in taking a look at ravished Europe or Asia after a war. And it ought

not to be overlooked that such American living standards will also do much, directly and by example, to raise the level of health in devastated and underdeveloped countries—thus not only improving the welfare and lengthening the life span of the people of these lands, but increasing their productivity as well.

But we cannot hope enormously to increase our tourist trade solely by providing ice water and brass plumbing for the comfort of American visitors. We must do something more to make it possible for the mass of our people to afford to take vacations in the lands of these borrowing governments. Before the war the only Americans who traveled extensively were, exclusive of those engaged in business, the well-to-do (who had the money) and teachers (who had the time). The American worker and the American farmer do not know the peoples of other lands, nor do the peoples of other lands have acquaintance with the average American (out of uniform, at any rate). It might be a good thing if citizens of other nations got to know those among us who never, during the prewar days, gingerly sipped Pernods at the sidewalk tables of the Café de la Paix or timorously relaxed their inhibitions in the Latin Quarter.

It looks as if our workers might have the time to take vacations in foreign lands in the postwar world. Already many of our unions in their collective bargaining agreements have wrested from management one-week vacations for their members. It is not at all unlikely that in the postwar decade these vacations will increase to two or even three weeks. Most office workers get at least two weeks. With modern airliners traversing oceans in less than a day, large numbers of American workers could thus enjoy a two-week vacation abroad—if such a junket were within their means.

IN THE second place, therefore, I propose that, during the period of repayment of an American loan, an agency be established through which an American tourist could acquire the currency of a borrowing nation at a reduced exchange rate; so that if, for example, he were going to Poland, he would receive twice as many zlotys for his dollar as he would be entitled to re-

ceive at the current exchange rate. (The amount of zlotys available at a discount could be limited to a sum believed sufficient for a person to enjoy a reasonably comfortable two-week visit.) These zlotys would, of course, have to be earmarked for use in Poland during the limited period of the worker's vacation.

If the dollars Poland acquired with the tourist zlotys were more than sufficient to pay the interest and amortization on our loans, the balance could be turned over to the Polish treasury. If the sums so deposited were insufficient, then the amount necessary to balance the annual charge could be deposited in the fund by the government of Poland.

Our loan agreement would have to provide that such a servicing fund be created; moreover, it would have to provide that Poland (or whatever the nation might be) should refrain from imposing any assessments, restrictions, or inequalities upon American visitors: in fine, that all such Americans should be entitled to at least the same treatment as that accorded to Polish citizens in good standing.

There is nothing novel in the suggestion of providing a specially channeled currency at a great discount in order to attract tourist travel. Germany employed the method during the thirties to induce tourists to bring desperately needed foreign exchange into the Reich. Germany, however, used this foreign currency to purchase vital materials for its armament program. In the instance of Poland here discussed, the American tourist zlotys would be earmarked for a more acceptable purpose: the servicing of the American loan.

III

UNDER this plan, interest and amortization would be paid not out of increased exports to the United States—which would meet with the die-hard opposition of the protective tariff interests here—but out of services contributing to the enjoyment of American citizens traveling or visiting abroad. It is obvious, also, that a country like Poland, for example, will collect more American dollars by selling its surplus food products to American tourists in restaurants—where *service* makes

up a large part of the total charge—than by exporting the same quantity of food to the United States. Services of all kinds can be sold to Americans *in Poland*, but they can't be exported and sold to Americans in the States, as grain or wheat can be.

HOWEVER providing the American people with foreign exchange at a discount for tourist travel will not by itself encourage travel abroad on a scale which will ensure the success of this plan. The problem of transportation costs must also be considered.

It is true, apparently, that our airliners will be crossing the Atlantic in less than a day at a fare of no more than a hundred dollars. But for the ordinary American even that figure will be prohibitive as a vacation expense. If he is to be persuaded to go abroad he will require a very substantial discount in the cost of air transport. (The shortness of his vacation makes it imperative that he go by air.) If we subsidize airliners to carry the mail at a low rate for the people, we ought to be prepared to subsidize airliners to transport the people themselves, so that they can travel and spend American dollars in Europe or South America or any other part of the world.

Let the American going abroad on his two-week vacation be granted a reduced rate, the difference between this and the normal rate being covered by government subsidy to the airlines. Such subsidy would, as a matter of fact, be paid for in many ways—in an accelerated growth and development of ocean airlines (with all that this might mean to the development of American airpower in the military as well as in the commercial field), and perhaps most of all in the economic and social benefits which would result from the tourist program it supports.

Granted the opportunity, our fellow-citizens will flock abroad, and will return, refreshed, with an increased knowledge of the rest of the world, and—let us hope—an increased understanding of it. Conversely, foreign peoples, through contact with the average American, will gain—let us also hope—increased respect for American people and institutions as distinguished from the American dollar.

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THE TRUTH ABOUT RACE

HENRY PRATT FAIRCHILD



IN THEIR psychological build-up for World War I the Germans laid great stress on their incomparable *Kultur*. This time they have been parading as the representatives of a Master Race. In both cases it has been the same Germans, behaving in the same way, though with even grosser bestiality in the name of race than in the name of culture.

Thus the Germans have added to their major crimes the minor, but by no means insignificant, offense of contributing to the confusion between race and civilization.

H. G. Wells is quoted as having said, "There is no more evil thing than race prejudice. It holds more baseness and cruelty than any other error in the world." Race prejudice is bad, in the first place, because *all* prejudice is bad. Prejudice, by definition, is pre-judgment—the forming of opinion in advance of the evidence, and without knowledge of the facts: an unintelligent and unjustifiable procedure. It is bad, in the second place, because it is a manifestation of one of the worst confusions and abuses that have plagued men for generations—the misunderstanding and vicious application of the notion of race itself.

So noisome has this jungle become that some writers seek to escape it by discarding the concept of race entirely. But this is sheer evasion; the only constructive solution lies in discovering the truth about race and facing it squarely and courageously.

IN THE first place, it should be recognized that much of what is called "race prejudice" is not really race prejudice at all. It is not based upon hearsay, imagination, or fantasy, but upon knowledge, experience, and contact. It is an attitude of the kind that is generated when one group comes in touch with another group. Group feeling is one of the most nearly universal, deep-seated, and tenacious characteristics of the human mind. It applies to all sorts of groups, all the way from fundamental ones like the family and religion to trivial ones such as the athletic team and the sewing circle. Naturally and normally one's feeling toward one's own group is one of sympathy and loyalty; one's feeling toward other groups is one of antipathy, alienation, or at best indifference. Attitudes of this kind are not judgments, but feelings, and are not based on rational analysis of facts but on the spontaneous, essentially emotional, reactions of the human personality.

Since group feelings in general are practically universal, and as old as humanity, they obviously cannot be condemned out of hand, and it is absurd to think that they can be eradicated simply by hortatory methods. As a matter of fact, far from condemning such feelings we habitually admire and encourage them. This is conspicuously true in the case of the type of group that we call the nation. Group sympathy, and group

loyalty, in this connection are regarded as virtues and are extolled in the name of patriotism. Professor Franklin H. Giddings built his whole system of sociology around the concept of "consciousness of kind." He said he got the notion from a New England carpenter with whom he used to work in his youth. This man was always talking about "our kind of folks"—"our kind," of course, being the right kind.

Among the various forms of group feeling, is there a special set that may be called "race sympathy" and "race antipathy"? If so, are these feelings as natural and commendable as the others, or are they alone to be considered reprehensible? And to what extent are the forms of group feeling that most people think of as racial not based upon racial differences so much as upon cultural differences—contrasts in habits, customs, ways of living? These queries lead us directly into the question of race itself.

Here one finds himself beset by an understandable temptation to falter and turn aside. The concept of race has been so obfuscated and misrepresented, so infused with emotion and fanaticism, so misused for purposes of intolerance, oppression, persecution, and arrogant exploitation that one hesitates to admit even the possibility of its existence. But science permits no evasion. Something that men have talked about, and have recognized as a guide to conduct for ages, cannot be lightheartedly dismissed, and the problem considered settled.

II

FORTUNATELY, the concept of race, in its general and abstract meaning, is simple and may be made perfectly clear. First of all, race is a strictly biological entity. A race is a group based on physical kinship, which in turn rests upon community of ancestry.

A true race comes into being when a group of individuals of a particular type is segregated, and continues thereafter to multiply solely by inbreeding, without the entrance of any outside germ plasm into its physical stock. As long as this condition exists it remains a "pure" race. If

germ plasm is admitted from a single other outside race, or from a very limited number of other races, it becomes a "mixed" race. If outside germ plasm is admitted indiscriminately it becomes mongrelized. The pure-blooded breeds of domesticated plants and animals are races in the true sense of the word, but, of course, artificially created races. All the different varieties of domestic fowl are supposed to be descended from the jungle fowl of India, and all the breeds of dogs quite possibly trace back to a single origin.

In attempting to determine whether there are true races of men, and if so, what they are like, the first question is whether any process similar to that just described actually took place in the evolution of mankind. To this there is an unequivocal and virtually unanimous answer. Practically all scientific students agree that all the men who live, or ever have lived, were derived from some very early common ancestral stock, and that the different types were developed by successive branchings, either from this parent stock or from the earlier subdivisions themselves. Where this parent stock had its abode we are not certain; but modern scientific opinion tends to believe that it was on the high central plateau of Asia. From this center (or these centers) the great primary distribution of man as we know him took place. Driven by the pressure of increasing population, one contingent after another split off and slowly made its way into one or another of the great habitation areas of the world—the plains of China and India, Australia and the South Sea Islands, North Africa and Europe, South Africa, North and South America.

Once a group became established in a widely removed new habitat it was subjected to relatively complete conditions of segregation and isolation, and the additions of outside germ plasm were negligible. The groups proceeded to develop different physical traits which were characteristic of each group respectively, and many of which were easily observable to the eye of the ordinary man. This result was due partly to the selective influence of the physical environment, and partly to the chance peculiarities of hereditary fac-

tors with which each group was endowed from the beginning, and which in the course of continuous inbreeding tended to become perpetuated and intensified.

Thus were formed the five basic human races familiarly recognized by the common man all over the world, and accepted by most specialists as the starting point of their classifications—the White or Caucasian, Black or Negro, Yellow or Mongolian, Brown or Malay, and Red or American Indian. (Some classifiers reduce the number to three by regarding the Yellow, Brown, and Red races as sub-groups of a single race.) If each of these groups, once separated from the parent stock, had remained in complete isolation down to the present day, we would have indubitably “pure” races. But as everyone knows, this has not happened. There have been many and extensive shiftings of population since very ancient times. Nevertheless, the bulk of each of these races, in its original homeland, has retained sufficient uniformity and distinction to leave no doubt in the mind of the simple everyday man as to the actual existence of different races. And the specialists back him up.

SUBDIVISIONS of these basic groups, which have developed as a result of extensions of the essential process, are also customarily called races. Just how far the term shall be carried is a matter of common sense and convenience, rather than of definition. Thus the White race (or perhaps, more accurately, the European section of it) is divided into the Nordic, Alpine, and Mediterranean races. The Mediterranean race, in turn, has been subdivided into the Libyan, Iberian, Ligurian, and Pelasgian. By a *reductio ad absurdum* any single family might be considered a race. But in practice it is seldom expedient to carry the term beyond the third or fourth subdivision.

It can hardly be overemphasized that these groups were recognized by everyday people away back in the dim mists of prehistory, and that sentiments were built up around them long before language and mental capacity had developed far enough to make fine distinctions between different kinds of groups. It must also be recog-

nized that every self-conscious group considered itself superior to its neighbors. It is quite common among primitive peoples—and also quite natural—that the name for the tribe should be identified with the word for men. Asked the name of the tribe, the native replies, “We are the Men,” the implication being that all outsiders are something less than men.

The question whether these ancient and universal sentiments may properly be classed as forms of “race feeling” (not race *prejudice*, please remember) is complicated by one overpowering fact. Man differs from all the other animals in having developed a civilization or culture. Like his physical traits, this is an evolutionary product, but *it is the result of social evolution, not biological evolution*. During the process of race formation the social and the biological evolutions went along simultaneously. The same conditions of segregation and isolation that favored the development of distinctive physical traits also promoted the formation of peculiar social customs, institutions, traditions, ideas, beliefs, and mores in general. And the two were intimately intertwined with each other—so much so that when certain countries sent explorers, missionaries, traders, and adventurers of various sorts to remote regions, their reports of the people they observed did not discriminate between the traits that were transmitted by biological heredity and those that were passed on by custom, tradition, and indoctrination. When, for example, these observers noted that a certain tribe was black-skinned and black-eyed, lacked two front teeth, had peculiar scars on the forehead, used a certain kind of language, had moplike hair, practiced circumcision, and maintained a polygamous family system, they lumped all these facts together as “racial traits.” Even the nineteenth-century anthropologists did not entirely escape this confusion: they kept confusing racial characteristics with social characteristics, particularly those of family and language.

But eventually a strictly physical anthropology emerged, and the concept of race took on genuine precision. Certain physical traits were generally accepted as race criteria, and standardized methods of measuring, describing, and recording

them were adopted. Most of these, naturally, were external and observable by the ordinary senses. For some of them commonplace designations sufficed—blue, brown, and black for the eyes; black, brown, yellow, and red for the hair color; black, white, red, brown, and yellow for the skin, and so on. For others, impressively high-sounding technical terms were devised—brachycephalic, mesocephalic, and dolichocephalic for the head form; prognathous and orthognathous for the profile, platyrrhin, mesorrhin, and leptorrhin for the nasal cavity; and lissotrichous, ulotrichous, and cymotrichous for the hair form. Each particular race was defined and identified in terms of a particular combination of characteristics with respect to each of these criteria.

AS A RESULT of all this scientific precision the ordinary layman, and perhaps occasionally the experts themselves, got an impression that the physical characteristics to be found among a particular racial group were much more uniform and standardized than they actually are. One essential step to the correct understanding of racial realities is the recognition that *the whole concept of race must be approached in the spirit of the average*. Mr. William Howells in his book *Mankind So Far*, which is one of the latest in the field and one of the best, lays great stress on this point. A race type is a composite synthesis of the averages of the measurements of particular features, taken upon as many individual members of the group as possible (ideally all, but practically an adequate random sample). This artificial creation comes nearer to representing the race as a whole than would any particular individual; but as a matter of fact, no single man, woman, or child would correspond precisely to it, and some would differ very widely from it.

It is community of ancestry, not identity of traits, that unites individuals as members of particular racial groups. If we only knew the complete biological descent of every person on earth we could give him his correct racial identification—though obviously it would be an exceedingly complex pattern in many cases. Since this is palpably impossible, the practice has developed, when it is desired to assign any

particular individual to a given race, to do so on the basis of his perceivable traits. But this is a makeshift. The real truth is that we have certain traits because we belong to a particular race, not that we belong to a particular race because we have certain traits. (The Mongolian idiot illustrates this point.) The inaccuracies, absurdities, and injustices that frequently result from this faulty procedure should not be allowed, as they often are, to discredit or confuse the concept of race itself.

III

AS THE notion of race took on some measure of scientific precision, and the widening circle of human knowledge brought racial factors into fuller recognition, two special manifestations of race consciousness developed. One was the idea, elaborated by such writers as Putnam Weale and Lothrop Stoddard, and recently revived by V. S. Srinivasa Sastri, that sooner or later the peoples of the world would align themselves on the basis of race, and there would be a "conflict of color" which would plunge mankind into an Armageddon such as had never been known before. The other was the emergence of avowed doctrines of race superiority, and arrogant claims based upon it. This ideology was developed in Europe by Arthur de Gobineau, H. S. Chamberlain, and others, and in the United States by Lothrop Stoddard and Madison Grant. The efforts to prove that practically all the great contributions to civilization emanated from the Nordic race even went to the extreme of claiming that Jesus Christ was a Nordic. More recently, this bizarre hallucination has broken out violently in the form of Nazi aggression, made doubly absurd by the fact that there is no such thing as an Aryan race.

These claims to race superiority have had the effect of throwing the whole question of race equality into the limelight. And since so much of so-called race prejudice, or genuine race feeling, arises out of the assumption of group superiority, it is essential that this whole notion be calmly and incisively examined.

Here once more, a few basic points can

be cleared up with relative ease. In the first place, it must be clearly recognized that no claim to superiority in any field is justified unless there are certain accepted criteria according to which each particular case may be precisely evaluated. It should be obvious that no such general criterion exists by which races may be judged. Consequently, all assumptions in sweeping terms of racial superiority and inferiority are gratuitous and arrogant, and should be summarily swept aside.

BUT it is conceivable that with respect to certain particular abilities—such as, for example, mechanical inventiveness, organizational ability, musical capacity, or physical endurance—certain standards might be set up against which racial groups could be qualitatively compared. No such standards have yet been accepted, and no completely adequate techniques of measurement have been found. But there have been attempts to measure such special abilities of an intellectual or emotional nature. For example, as the practice of intelligence testing became more adequately developed and widely accepted, it was inevitable that it should be applied to the problem of racial evaluation. Up to the present time, many such efforts have been made, prominent among them the tests connected with the American draft system in World War I. These various tests are marked by a considerable degree of uniformity. In the United States the Negro almost invariably stands at the bottom, some southern European group may come next, and other groups may be distributed in an ascending scale with the more definitely Nordic groups at the top. These tests have come to serve as a focus for the controversy which at present rages about the verity, validity, and significance of race differences in general and in particular.

THE obvious inhumanity, arrogance, and brutality of the activities carried on under the name of what has come to be called "racism" have stimulated an opposing school of thought, for which there is perhaps no better name than "anti-racism." It represents in general the liberal attitude, and includes many broad-

minded and humanitarian experts and laymen. Unfortunately, in their zeal for universal brotherhood they frequently fall into almost as unscientific procedure as the champions of race superiority themselves. Science gives no more support to their assumption that race is nothing than it does to the claim that race is everything.

In their efforts to discredit the claims of the racists the anti-racists have adopted certain characteristic lines of argument. It is important that these be frankly examined and judged, and in so doing it is absolutely essential to be able to distinguish between what one wishes were so and what the evidence proves is actually so. All too frequently these arguments display the common fallacy of assuming that because a certain proposition has not been proved, therefore its opposite has been proved.

These anti-racist arguments assert that race differences are negligible for the following reasons:

1. *That all men have a common origin.* This either proves nothing or proves too much. Either you admit that the separation of the human stock into different groups took place long enough ago to permit of the development of significant differences, intellectual as well as physical, or else, if this is denied, you discover that you have only to go further back along the same path to note that men and the chimpanzees and other apes have a common origin, or, for that matter, that all forms of life have a common origin.

2. *That men of all races are much more alike than they are different.* This is of course true. But for the purpose in hand it is also meaningless. It is upon the minute, subtle, and elusive differences of personality that we choose our friends, our business and marital partners, and our enemies. It is quite accurate to say that a Packard sedan is much more like a General Motors ten-ton truck than it is different. But this does not mean that it makes no difference which you have at hand on a given occasion—and certainly not that one is superior to the other.

3. *That there are greater differences between the extremes of a given race than there are between the average types of different races.* To the extent that this is true it is not wholly

relevant; for, as pointed out above, the correct conception and the real significance of race are in terms of the average. Such a statement as "Individual instances are not only more interesting than averages; they are in this case [psychological testing] more pertinent" is utter nonsense.

4. *That because the extremes of the different races overlap, individuals of a given race may have a particular trait more highly developed than some individuals belonging to some other race of which it is supposed to be characteristic.* These statements usually refer to a single trait, not to the whole personality. One such trait frequently used is stature, which is not generally accepted, except within wide limits, as a significant race trait anyway. Or they may refer to color or head form. But it is the whole man that is important. So while it may be true that some Chinese are taller than some Tierra del Fuegians, or more long-headed than some Swedes, it is doubtful if anyone ever saw a Chinese Mongolian who was taller, fairer skinned, more blond-haired and blue-eyed, and longer-headed than any Swedish Nordic.

5. *That there are no pure races today.* Whether this is true or not we do not know. The "law of aborigines" encourages us to believe that in certain remote and inaccessible corners of the earth there may be groups of considerable size that have escaped outside intermingling for a long time. But even if it is true, it is not significant. For there are certainly huge masses of mankind that are preponderantly of a given race, enough to make their race traits truly significant. It would be ridiculous to deny that the bulk of the aboriginal population of Equatorial Africa is Negroid, or that of Central Asia Mongolian.

Even less valid is the implication that only pure races have constant and important characteristics. The truth is that mixed races, as long as the constituents are constant, may have just as distinct characteristics as pure races. Every plant and animal breeder knows that some of his choicest varieties are hybrids. The English people are surely a mixed group, but it does not follow that they are the same as they would have been if a Japanese element as voluminous as the early Mediterranean or the Anglo-Saxon had been

added long ages ago. The Boston bulldog is the product of the crossing of four or five distinct strains, and yet he is one of the most distinctive of all canine types.

6. *That all the races of men can interbreed, and such miscegenation is not harmful.* We really know almost nothing about this matter scientifically. Not even an approximation of the data necessary for sound conclusions has been assembled. The evidence afforded by the half-breeds that frequent the seaports of the world is quite rightly discounted on the basis of the unfavorable social milieu in which they usually grow up, and also by the somewhat dubious character of their ancestry on both sides.

7. *That intelligence tests do not reveal simply native ability but are influenced by education and other environmental factors.* Therefore they are unfair to the American Negro, who as a whole has fewer cultural advantages than the white man. This brings up the whole question of the validity of intelligence testing. When originally devised, intelligence tests were definitely intended to reveal an innate capacity which remained with the individual through life, and was in no way affected by experience or environmental factors.

The tests have probably not completely succeeded in eliminating the effects of experience and environment, it is true; and in so far as they have failed to eliminate these effects, they have no significance as racial tests. For nothing is racial that is not biologically inherited. But they have at least partly succeeded in doing so; and certainly it is the extreme of statistical malpractice to accept their findings in one comparison while rejecting them in another—to attempt to evade the unfavorable showing of the American Negro by comparing the results of tests of Negroes in Northern states with those of white persons in Southern states. The chief weakness of the tests as measures of intelligence may be that they do not measure all kinds of intellectual ability, but only those kinds which are currently at a premium in our own educational and social system.

In this connection, there is one peculiar factor in all testing of American Negroes that has apparently practically escaped attention. This is that we customarily

follow the Census practice of classifying a person as a Negro if he has any discernible colored "blood," or is known to have Negro ancestry. Consequently, when we are allegedly measuring Negroes we may actually be measuring whites, from the true racial point of view, in a twofold, fourfold, or eightfold proportion.

The simple truth is that we do not yet know scientifically what the relative intellectual ability of the various races of men is. Some different tests, equally valid, might give the Negro a higher score than the white. Until we do know, probably the best thing is to *act* as if all races had equivalent mental ability, but we must keep open minds, and be prepared sometime to have it proved that, in some particulars at least, there are marked divergencies.

IV

TRUE as it is that there is as yet no sure scientific proof of the superiority of one race over another, we still have to deal with what I have called race feeling—the ancient and deep-seated preference of practically every individual for his own kind of people. To assume that this can be eradicated overnight as a result of argument, persuasion, or exhortation is just as absurd as to admit the claim of any particular group to a superior position. Here is the great dilemma of race—and also of international relations. The solution is very far from simple. But we have one cause for hope.

This is that many of the differences out of which feelings of separateness, alienation, and dislike arise are not racial at all, but cultural. This is emphatically true of all cases where the actual racial differences are not conspicuous to the inexperienced eye. A person cannot feel race antipathy if whatever race differences exist do not impress his consciousness. Thus, except for the Orientals, the immigration problem in the United States is not primarily a racial problem. That has been our salvation. The Negro problem is a racial problem, and therefore it persists.

The question may arise why, if race and culture are so intimately interwoven, is it necessary to make any distinction at all? Why not follow the slipshod custom of call-

ing the whole thing "race" and let it go at that? What difference does it make?

It makes this vital and fundamental difference: *race traits cannot be changed, but cultural traits can be changed*—sometimes very quickly, and even by an act of the will, and always by prolonged and close contact with a different culture. Once the pivotal truth is grasped that many of the most potent grounds of antipathy—language, food customs, minor matters of ethics and morals, family patterns, dress and decoration, even religion itself—are acquired by every individual during his lifetime, and may be discarded or modified by environmental influences, much of the menace and terror of the so-called race problem fades away into thin air.

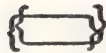
For example, it becomes clear that the great bulk of anti-Semitism is not really race prejudice or race feeling at all, primarily because the Jews are not a race. They are a series of groups of people of mixed origin who have been at least partly united over long periods of time by a common religion, by intermarriage, by common customs and tradition, and by the pressure of persecution. There are tall Jews and short Jews, black-haired, brown-haired, and red-haired Jews, Jews with hooked noses and Jews with pug noses, Jews with straight hair and Jews with hair almost as kinky as the Negro's. In fact, there are plenty of Negro Jews—a large colony of them in Harlem.

When the problem is one of cultural antipathy, there is a chance that something may be done about it. Each side may engage in some real self-examination to determine which of its traits are repugnant to the other, and may make some genuine effort to modify these traits by educational, indoctrinal, and hortatory methods. And simultaneously each side may make—with much more hope of success—a deliberate effort to mollify its own feelings with respect to the traits of the other. Moreover, when two divergent groups are thrown into close and continuous social relations with each other, a harmonization of clashing characteristics usually takes place almost automatically through the process known as "social assimilation." It is by this process that the United States has been able to maintain

some degree of social homogeneity and national solidarity in spite of the admission of nearly forty million immigrants with widely differing cultural traits and national affiliations.

Genuine race problems, on the other hand, are tough. There is nothing you can do about race itself. No one can change his own race traits in his own lifetime, and no one has any control over the race traits that he himself passes on to his offspring. True racial characteristics must persist generation after generation and century after century. Even the selective influence of the environment, which was at least partially responsible for the physical modifications which created the original race types, does not operate under contemporary conditions to bring the races together. The only way that racial traits can be harmonized is by the biological process of "amalgamation," which involves the continuous mingling of the different germ plasms.

There is absolutely no use in dodging this issue. The greatest hope for improved group relations lies in the truth, already emphasized, that a large part of the grounds for antipathy are not racial, but cultural, and subject to volitional modification. Every possible effort in this direction is to be commended, even though it results in such uniformity of customs and habits all over the world as to remove much of the charm of foreign travel. But whatever residue remains in the way of true racial feeling—preference, sense of difference, even repugnance—can yield, if at all, only to an arduous and extended process of altering age-old emotional reactions. Wise efforts in this direction merit the fullest support, though there is no use in imagining that it will be easy. But all the time we must keep sharply in mind that it is one thing to have a feeling or sentiment, and it is quite a different thing to allow it to have full sway over one's conduct.



THE Easy Chair Bernard DeVoto



THERE is a tolerably widespread belief that with this war mankind has entered the last century of nationalism. People who hold it tend to work with the most general ideas or to project into the future curves which they have plotted from the movements of history. They believe that some kind of larger integration of the peoples of the world is under way. The forces producing it can be traced back to the beginning of the industrial revolution, and the war must be understood as a resultant of them. At the end of the last war Mr. H. G. Wells warned us that the future must be seen as a race between education and catastrophe. Catastrophe won that race and, the prophets of a larger integration warn us, has now been entered in another one. Everything depends on the kind of integration worked out—which, they say, is within our control. Germany's New Order would have been a larger but a catastrophic integration; preservation of the coalition which has prevented it would be another one and would also be catastrophic. But if we seize the hour we can direct the forces of integration in such a way that they will produce a true world society. As nationalism declines, that is, we face either an unstable order composed of three or four imperial systems whose outcome is certain catastrophe—or a federation of the peoples of the world.

Unless there is an effective federation of peoples, we are asked, how can such causes of war as international trade cartels or the competition between economies be subjected to any control at all? The developing energies of science are either nihilistic or international, and unless there is such a federation how can they be kept from breaking loose? Space has become a mere coefficient of time, the imperial combina-

tions of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries are breaking up, the Asiatic peoples are resurgent—and these are only a few specific instances of innumerable forces that are impelling us toward world federation. Or, if not, then toward catastrophe.

BUT this is an exhortation and desire, not evidence, and some of us find no reason to believe that nationalism is waning. Quite the contrary. The peoples conquered by the Nazis, and especially those of western Europe, seem likely to come out of the war more rather than less nationalistic than before. If General de Gaulle speaks for the French, for instance, we may expect a resurgent France to be more unified, more disciplined, more self-conscious and therefore more vigilant and even more militant, unwilling to sacrifice any fraction of its nationality for the sake of a larger combination. If Chiang Kai-shek speaks for the Chinese we may expect China to begin an evolution comparable to the one which the European nations went through during the nineteenth century. If India is detached from the British imperial constellation, an increasing nationalism is all that one may predict for it as far ahead as one may dare to guess. Russia appears to have abandoned as both unworkable and undesirable the world revolution which for at least three generations signalized to men's hopes and fears alike the most plausible form of world organization.

Among the liberated and the liberators alike, victory seems certain not to diminish but to enormously invigorate national consciousness. Here in the United States the last war was followed by a period of cynicism and self-depreciation—in great part produced by the fact that our con-

tribution to victory, though decisive, was slight and our great effort and sacrifice remained still to be made. That period was followed by years of self-doubt, primarily caused by our economic failures, and of fear and foreboding of the war which was obviously on the way. With the outbreak of war we had to face realistically, and for the first time in our history, the shocking possibility that we might be defeated. It has been a long time, that is, since the American people felt the assurance, the power, and the sense of a great destiny which were their principal characteristics during the first century and a quarter of their existence as a nation. But it is precisely a sense of power, an awareness of great achievements, and a belief in a great destiny which victory is certain to reawaken. We shall in fact have won the war, we shall in fact have licked the world, and it is folly to suppose that the spreading realization of those facts will not intensify our national consciousness. It is folly to suppose that the same facts will work out otherwise among the Russians, the British, and the Chinese, who also will have won the war and licked the world. And it is also folly, I think, to suppose that this triumphant consciousness will sanction the abandonment of anything that has been saved or the relinquishment of anything that has been won—except within the limits of what that consciousness conceives, however vaguely or mistakenly, to be national interests now and for the foreseeable future.

The intensified nationalism here predicted does indeed contain the seeds of catastrophe which those who argue for world federation have found in it. But also it contains seeds which may bring to germination the possibility of an orderly and peaceful world. The world must indeed be organized, and it must be organized for the preservation of peace. As this column is written a preliminary conference of the victors is convening at Dumbarton Oaks. It meets in a flux of hope, fear, thesis, intention, and desire hardly short of chaos, it is being instructed by all who have hopes or fears for the future, and it appears to be beginning with the assumption that any diminution of nationalism is altogether impossible. It has perhaps the

most important job ever undertaken by any group of men ever gathered together anywhere. Its job is to arrive at some definition of what, here and now, is possible.

AMONG Americans who believe that there are sane hopes for an orderly and peaceful organization of the world a difference of approach has developed. It is best illustrated by the books which Mr. Sumner Welles and Mr. Walter Lippmann have published in the past few weeks. Both make estimates of the possible and the difference between them seems to be mostly a difference of degree, and neither has any comfort for those who believe it not only possible but mandatory to work out plans for a world federation. For though Mr. Welles proposes more than Mr. Lippmann, neither envisages any abatement of nationalism or of its sovereignties and potentialities. Both rely on the armed force of the four victorious Great Powers to disarm Germany and Japan, to effect a peace settlement, and to initiate the peaceful organization of the world. Mr. Welles proposes something similar to the League of Nations and expects the smaller nations, whether or not they belong to the United Nations, to participate in it from the beginning. The truth is that Mr. Welles does not clearly describe the organization he believes in—but at any rate it is to start from scratch, it is to be something new, something that does not now exist. Whereas Mr. Lippmann asks us to recognize that a world organization has already been established by the wartime co-operation of the four Great Powers, and to utilize that organization as the basis of whatever more inclusive one may be worked out, Mr. Welles believes that we can construct a new mechanism which will take care of future problems when and as they arise. Mr. Lippmann says, let us work with what we have, let us work with the known and tested, let us not try to do too much too soon and too far ahead lest the attempt condemn us to fail altogether.

So far we have been told little about the instructions given to the American representatives at Dumbarton Oaks, but what we have been told suggests that they are negotiating for a scheme something

like Mr. Welles's. Yet when President Roosevelt addressed the nation on his return from the Pacific he said something guarded but exceedingly suggestive about insuring the safety of the Americas by maintaining in the Pacific a zone of bases under the sovereignty, the control, or the trusteeship of the United States—and this is not Mr. Welles but Mr. Lippmann. There is a sharp conflict here. It is the conflict between the ideas represented by Mr. Welles and Mr. Lippmann, the conflict which Dumbarton Oaks and all succeeding conferences must face, and as I see it the conflict between the possible and the impossible. It is the conflict which was not acknowledged when Woodrow Wilson sailed for France nearly twenty-six years ago, but which struck him down in failure—and the hopes of many of us with him. Remembering what followed the defeat of those hopes and remembering that they were defeated because Mr. Wilson demanded in their name more than was possible, some of us will be disposed to link our present hopes to Mr. Lippmann's plea. Let us not demand too much. Let us not try to do too much at once. Or in the end we may fail of everything.

WE WHO believe in international co-operation and the possibility of a more orderly organization of the world—we even more than those whom we feel to be our antagonists—would do well to ponder Mr. Lippmann's warning that there is a difference between our hopes and the actualities to which they must conform. And it may be that we should change the angle of view from which we look at our objectives. Thus it is wholesome to look at them with reference to the alarm which we must acknowledge we felt on July 20th of this year when news was flashed of an attempt on Hitler's life. Through how many years had we prayerfully hoped for just that news and all that it implied!—and yet when it came there was no possible response to it except an alarmed certainty that it had come too soon. For a moment it suggested the imminent end of the German war—and the German armies had not been finally defeated, the German military system had not been destroyed, and the German expectation of world mas-

tery had not been rendered impossible but only had been interrupted for a few years.

When that news came I had just been reading Mr. Welles's book and I had in mind his analysis of German plans for another attempt at world mastery, plans already made and based on the knowledge that though this war was lost there must be ways of winning the next one. In that moment of alarm that the war might end prematurely I found myself trying to determine the assumptions on which for many months now the war plans division of the German general staff must have been developing plans for another war. Of the many lessons which the war plans division has learned from defeat, one is certainly clearer and far more basic than all the rest: that never again can the Russian mass armies and the American industrial potential be permitted to fight on the same side. The history of German failure this time is full of mistakes, but right there was the lethal mistake. Any combination of actual or potential forces which did not include those two must in the end have been defeated, if not by Germany alone then by the axis of power which Germany had forged. On the basis of the Russian armies and American industry the United Nations had won the war. It must now be clear to the war plans division that that very combination had been conceivable before the war and that it ensured the defeat of Germany. Germany could have defeated any combination that did not include those armies and that industry—and could not defeat any combination that included them. No German victory was possible, and so no future German war could start, if that alignment were preserved. The next war could begin only after the isolation of either Russia or the United States.

A more formidable alignment of aggressive power than that which Germany marshaled for this war is inconceivable as far ahead as anyone can see. And if such an alignment cannot succeed against the Russian armies and American industry (with all that both imply), then no alignment can succeed, whether made by Germany or by some other, now undetermined power. No nation and no coalition can plan a war with any hope of success what-

ever until it has first detached Russia and the United States from each other. The first step of any conceivable future aggression must be to break that combination in advance. Mr. Welles has vividly described the means which Germany expects to employ, among them the principle called "indirect complicity" by which our people are to be divided and set against one another. Identical means must be employed by any nation planning a large-scale war. And the beginning of "indirect complicity" must always be to divide us about Russia, with the double aim of weakening us at home and detaching us from Russia. It must be the first step not only of any nation planning war but of any nation seeking merely to protect itself by establishing a balance of power.

NO ONE can fail to recognize the interests of other nations, the tremendous international pressures, that work against Russian-American accord. No one can fail to recognize the tremendous domestic interests and pressures, in both Russia and the United States, that work against it. No one can doubt that innumerable efforts will be made, here, in Russia, and internationally, to strain them till they break. Yet there are powerful, I believe more powerful, forces which work the other way.

If in a century there has been no fundamental conflict between us and the British and if there is no reason to foresee one in the future, if no one now foresees any fundamental conflict between us and China, it is even plainer that, economically at least, there is even less likelihood of a fundamental conflict of interests between us and Russia. Down to twenty-five years ago the entire historical development between the two nations was in the direction of friendship and co-operation, in accord with self-evident national affinities and self-evident national interests. The

abandonment of the world revolution and the mutual support effectuated (against all predictability) in this war have already done much to amend the division of twenty-five years ago. Wisdom, toleration, and above all the recognition of national interests may well restore historical evolution to its original path. Unquestionably many lesser interests tend to divide the two nations but the overwhelming interest of both is to preserve their accord and extend their co-operation. Each nation is the other's best guarantee of peace.

Is not the Russian-American accord overwhelmingly to the interest of other nations and therefore of the world organization? So long as Russia and the United States are on the same side no world war is possible. And if that impossibility can be preserved there is a sane hope that smaller wars can be contained.

That, I take it, is what Mr. Lippmann is telling us. He is directing our attention to possibilities *of that kind and of that degree*. Twice now in our time, he is saying, identical causes have set the world on fire. Twice now, forces of stabilization rising in answer to world upheaval have temporarily produced a world organization which held chaos back. And both times it has had the same, or almost the same, configuration. Does not this repeated experience suggest that that organization is fundamental? Is it not wise to recognize it, to make it more than temporary, to employ it as the basis on which more can be built? Is it not suggested that the co-operation forced on the Great Powers by war may be not only the best framework for peaceful organization but the only one strong enough and durable enough to permit anything more? Mr. Lippmann thinks so and sternly directs us to preserve what we have, to use it, to attach to it the international institutions which can implement peace and may eventually ensure it. There is no other way of defining the area of the possible.

{ John A. Kouwenhoven, of the editorial staff of
Harper's, wrote "Jack & Heintz—Factory or
Free-for-All?" which we published in May, 1943. }

AN EXPERIMENT IN ENTERPRISE

JOHN A. KOUWENHOVEN



ON JUNE 7, 1944, two of the most gilt-edged investment houses in the East—Paine, Webber, Jackson and Curtis and the First Boston Corporation—issued a prospectus offering for public sale 50,000 shares of National Research Corporation common stock (par value \$1) which they had underwritten at \$500,000. It was a small deal, to be sure—mere peanuts to outfits which are accustomed to dealing in millions. But it had interesting features. For instance, right at the start the prospectus announced that the company, which had begun business in 1940 with a very small capital, had expanded "largely as a result of the wartime demand for the Company's personnel and products." And some of the subsequent statements were, to say the least, odd.

Under the heading of "General Considerations" the prospectus led off with this:

The Common Stock of the Company offered by this Prospectus is, in the opinion of the management of the Company, highly speculative and should not be considered an investment. The lack of stable earnings as shown by the accompanying financial statement reflects the fact that the company is a new venture in a new field. . . . It is impossible at this time to predict the nature and extent of the Company's postwar business, but the volume may be substantially reduced.

Furthermore, there were key sentences scattered through the prospectus which rang changes on a singularly unsalesman-like theme:

No dividends have ever been paid on the Company's stock. . . . It is not the present intention of the management of the Company to pay dividends at an early date. . . . The Company has in the past devoted a substantial portion of its revenue to research, and it intends to continue to do so. This . . . makes early payment of dividends on its Common Stock unlikely.

All in all it sounded like just the sort of thing that conservative citizens in a "mature" or "declining" economy would shun like the plague. The salesmen of one of the underwriting firms received a memorandum from the partner who had originally interested himself in National Research, indicating that it would be advisable to sell the stock only to "sophisticated people who thoroughly understand that

1. They may lose all their money.
2. There may be no market whatever.
3. There may be no dividends for years."

But the buyers came in a rush, and from what most people would have said were the unlikeliest places. One buyer, representing one of the world's largest investors' trusts, wanted \$250,000 worth of stock—far more than the company wanted any one purchaser to control. So great was the demand that the trust was able to buy only \$50,000 worth; other applicants got none. The whole issue was bought up at once. Obviously there is something exciting about National Research which doesn't show up on the balance sheets.

II

THE National Research Corporation has its headquarters in a former automobile showroom out on Brookline Avenue beyond Kenmore Square in Boston. From the showroom, which has been sliced up into administrative offices, the company overflows upstairs and downstairs and into adjoining buildings which have been acquired piecemeal till the plant now occupies more than sixty thousand square feet of assorted floor space. Even so, the volume of work done requires the assistance of more than thirty subcontractors in the Boston area.

The president of the company is Richard S. Morse, a lanky thirty-three-year-old graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and a product of the public schools in Worcester, where he grew up. The son of a Vermont-born classical scholar turned general insurance agent, and of an artistic mother, Morse as a kid was always tinkering with homemade radio transmitters and receivers, and by the time he was ten he knew he wanted to be a physicist. He never changed his mind.

N.R.C. started from scratch in 1940 (a retail credit report on the company dated June 10th of that year noted that the premises were still vacant except for a few hundred dollars' worth of office furniture and fixtures, and that the company's account was "unknown in local credit circles"). Backed by money which was put up by William A. Coolidge and a few other members of a Boston group known as Enterprise Associates, N.R.C. took chances and played hunches until in 1943 they had a gross revenue of \$776,259, and at the end of March, 1944, had orders on hand totaling roughly \$630,000—which is a big jump, though still not much as war babies go.

MORE important than financial progress, however, is the fact that in a little over four years the company had established a reputation as one of the pioneers in a new technology which has been tremendously valuable in war production and which may have important peacetime uses: that is, the exploration and development of industrial applications of high vacuum.

High vacuum—the almost complete absence of air molecules—is a comparative newcomer in industry. Before the war it had practically no commercial applications except in the manufacture of light bulbs, radio tubes, and so on. But on a laboratory scale its possibilities were well known.

When war came, there was a great boom in high-vacuum engineering. What had formerly been laboratory techniques suddenly had to be applied on a large industrial scale in the development of radar, in the coating of lenses for military optical instruments, in the manufacture of magnesium, blood plasma, penicillin, and vitamins, in the dehydration of food for overseas shipment, and in other high-priority jobs.

Moving into the field with an almost insolent disregard of precedent and contempt for difficulties, N.R.C. received some important contracts from the military services, and the company has turned in some astounding performances—particularly in lens-coating for the Navy, in magnesium production for the Defense Plants Corporation, in dehydrating penicillin (all the larger producers use the National Research process, royalty free, and have installed N.R.C.'s high-vacuum equipment), in drying blood plasma (the company is building four large plasma-drying plants for Russia, under contract with the American Red Cross and the U. S. Army Medical Corps).

At present N.R.C. is confining itself strictly to war work. Morse himself is passionately convinced that this is a war between the research laboratories of Germany and of the Allies, and he sometimes appears to be hag-ridden by the necessity for beating the Axis scientists in the race for weapons on which each side knows that the other has been working—weapons which may still decide the issue. He knows, of course, that his company's success is in great measure a wartime phenomenon, and he admits that if it had not been for the war the company might have had a hard time keeping afloat. But almost everything that National Research has done—especially in the fields of dehydrating foods and drugs and in the reduction of light metals—seems to have peacetime possibilities.

III

SUCCESSFUL as National Research has been so far, however, its wartime expansion does not explain the way investors rushed to buy up the recent stock issue. Nor do the company's technical achievements, brilliant as they have been, warrant more attention than those of many other American companies—large and small—which have contributed to the success of our armed forces. There is something more to the story, and to understand it we must have a look at the people who are involved in the company and at the ideas which underlie it.

When Morse landed in Boston in the spring of 1940, looking for cash to set up a new research company, he had just resigned from a good job in the laboratories of Distillation Products, Inc.—a jointly owned subsidiary of General Mills and of Eastman Kodak (by whom he had previously been employed). Five years of experience with corporate research had confirmed him—as he told the editors of *Fortune* last January—in the belief that research could and should be conducted as efficiently and expeditiously as any other corporate activity. He is convinced that the old idea of “ten years from test tube to product” is preposterous and that much so-called industrial research is dead on its feet. Excellent work is done, of course—especially by such companies as Carbide and Carbon in the fast-moving chemical field. But in too many cases, especially in land transportation and in the food industries, able scientists are hired under restrictive contracts and then installed in showy laboratories which management tends to regard as expensive but awesome investments in public relations rather than as efficient sources of improved and profitable technics.

What Morse wanted to do was to set up a company which would not act merely as research consultant for other firms, but which would itself develop processes and put them into production. He figured he might have to take consulting jobs, or jobs on contract from others, for a while—to tide things over till he could get going. But the heart of his idea from the beginning was to organize a company which

depended for its economic success on turning out “one new product or process after another.”

THE trouble with such a scheme in our economic system is, of course, that once a group of people have turned out an idea which is a financial success, they tend to lose interest in other ideas and to concentrate on exploiting the successful one which they have already launched. From then on, they pay less and less attention to research and invention, and more and more attention to manufacturing and selling. Aware of this danger, Morse and his associates have from the beginning been experimenting with organizational devices (some of which this article will discuss) aimed at keeping the company concentrated on pioneering.

Perhaps, as some people in academic research think, Morse is dogmatic, overconfident, too sure that his answers are the right ones. As the director of research at Eastman Kodak recently put it: “From Mr. Morse’s public statements, it is evident that he feels that large companies show an unnecessary caution in developing products for the market. I, on the other hand, would be inclined to feel that the responsibility of large companies to the public makes such caution necessary.”

Yet there are men with long experience in big business organizations whose testimony indirectly supports Morse’s attitude. Dr. Kettering of the General Motors research laboratories was recently quoted as saying that the “human family in industry is always looking for a park bench along the road of progress where it can sit down and rest,” and he further told one of his colleagues in research that the surest way to sell a new device to his company, for instance, is to sell it first to a competitor. “When we present a new idea to people,” he declared, “their first instinctive reaction is against it.”

Now, let it be clear that there is not (as some of our crusading liberals like to insist) any moral turpitude or unholy conspiracy of corporate evil involved in the reluctance of large businesses to undertake new projects which are hatched in their research laboratories. For whenever an established producer introduces a new process or product he faces the prospect—

as F. Russell Bichowsky reminds us in his manual on *Industrial Research*—of putting out of business some of his equipment, of having to spend money to train men in new processes, of having to shut down his plant, of upsetting its working schedule, of increasing the cost per unit, of incurring high rejection costs, of incurring expenses for new machinery, and of losing profits. Obviously these are disquieting prospects. Only the largest and wealthiest corporations can afford to act in terms of the perfectly obvious but somewhat remote fact that such losses would be merely temporary and that the better product or process should in the long run be more profitable than the old one. At least, that is the assumption upon which intelligent business men may well operate.

THE American economic system has in the past been probably more adept than any other at providing an entering wedge for new talent and new technics and products. But those who have launched new enterprises and been successful have almost inevitably been forced to cease bringing about changes—or at least to slow down the rate of change—in order to protect their capital investment. It seems to be the nature of our economic system at its best to provide footholds for progressive individuals and companies with new ideas; but once they have a sure footing, they tend to become less and less experimental.

As a larger and larger proportion of our economic activity comes under the control of a relatively few big companies (and this is a long-term trend which the war has markedly accelerated), the restrictive pressures—the clogs on progress—inevitably become greater and greater. On all sides we see symptoms of a hardening of the economic arteries, from illegal combinations in restraint of trade to an illusory reliance on salesmanship. It is this latter, more than anything else perhaps, which underlies Morse's lack of enthusiasm for the much publicized Committee for Economic Development; he points out that it is composed largely of representatives of industries which have emphasized selling techniques rather than scientific technics and that its board includes no one from the

chemical, electronic, or aircraft industries, where progress depends most heavily on research. In a letter to Paul Hoffman, the Committee's chairman, Morse bluntly stated that he and the young technical men he knew had little interest in a post-war period dominated by the idea of solving unemployment by supersalesmanship.

In the long run of course, everybody wants an expansive and healthy economy with the rising standards of living it implies. But only constant change and progress in the technics of manufacture and distribution can—in the long run—keep the economic system healthy. That is why there is something exciting about a project which, like National Research, is trying to find a place in the economy where change leads straight to profits.

IV

NEITHER Morse nor any of his associates has ever formulated in detail a business philosophy, and one gets the impression—after talking with them and observing the company at work—that they have arrived at their present organizational set-up largely on the basis of hunches and pragmatic experiment. Somewhere in Morse's desk there are a number of "organization charts" which represent the working relationships that have at one time or another existed between the various officers and department heads. Scattered among his letters and public statements, furthermore, there are fragmentary items which point to an attitude that seems to underlie the company's performance. And taken together, these bits of evidence add up to something suggestive in the way of enterprise.

Basically, Morse wants to have a producing unit built around scientific research. In the case of his company, the research thus far has centered in the area of high-vacuum technology (though this has not been the only area in which it has operated). But there is no reason why the same idea could not be applied in other areas with equal chances of success. The point is, essentially, that *the core of the company is ideas rather than products*—that production should stimulate research rather than that research should merely assist production.

"In an organization dominated by a research attitude," Morse says, "it would be impossible to develop a product and put it on the market before it would be obsolete"; and it is on this assumption that his entire organization is set up. From the very beginning scientific research has been the main activity of the company. Morse as president is also director of research, and the lines of authority in the company's organization spread outward from there. As it is at present organized, the bulk of the company's key personnel is engaged in research, and it is the management's intention—as the stock prospectus implied—to continue to emphasize its research activities.

Just how this will be worked out is still a matter for conjecture. Thus far the only specific step which has been taken is the decision, as Morse puts it, "more or less to divorce our production projects from the parent company when they reach the operation state." As an example of this, the company has already set up a subsidiary, known as the Vacuum Foods Corporation, which can engage in the dehydration of fruit juices or in any other application of the parent company's food dehydration processes. Presumably other operating subsidiaries will be set up to exploit other processes as occasion requires.

No decision has been reached on how these subsidiaries will be handled. Obviously, if the subsidiaries are successful there will be a tendency for the tail to wag the dog. The profits from Vacuum Foods, for example, might be so great that the incentive for further research on the part of the parent company would be diminished, especially after the present group of fifty-odd young scientists has grown older and lost some of its war-stimulated enthusiasm.

Morse is aware of this problem, and those of his associates and financial backers who have discussed it seem, on the whole, to share his attitude toward it. One possibility which has been considered is that the parent company might automatically divest itself of its subsidiaries after a specified period. The research group would thus be put in the position of having to keep new projects coming along to replace those which were sold or turned loose.

SUCH a scheme, however, would eventually bog down if it were not integrated with some plan which would constantly revitalize the personnel of the parent company. From the beginning, and by its very nature, the company has been dominated by youth. Morse himself is young. Frank B. Jewett, Jr., vice-president in charge of the Vacuum Engineering Division (and the son of the Bell Telephone Laboratory's distinguished chairman, who is also president of the National Academy of Sciences), is a twenty-seven-year-old graduate of the California Institute of Technology and the Harvard School of Business Administration. (Jewett, by the way, astutely diagnoses National Research's problem as another version of the question: how can the airlines avoid becoming like the railroads?) John M. Fox, vice-president in charge of administration, is a thirty-two-year-old former sales manager for the International Business Machines Corporation who knew nothing about high vacuum before he came to work for Morse and then took to studying physics on the train while commuting to and from his home in Worcester.

When Morse began hiring men, back in the spring of 1940, he wrote to one of the officers of M.I.T., asking him to suggest a young chemical engineer. "The type of equipment which we shall build," he wrote, "will without any doubt be completely unknown to anyone whom we may hire and we should much prefer a recent graduate on the basis of his personality and vision rather than an older man who has specific experience—which we might some day require." This policy has proved sound. Only in the field of engineering—the actual manufacture and installation of equipment—have experienced older men been employed (and in that area, of course, nothing but practical experience is worth a hoot). But if research is to remain the germinating center of the company's activity, young men will have to remain in control. As Vannevar Bush, director of the Office of Scientific Research and Development, was recently quoted as saying, creative scientific research is a young man's game.

Thoroughly convinced of this, Morse says that he long ago decided that high

wages and early retirement for research men were essential to the future success of the company. For himself, he feels it would be inadvisable to remain as president of the research group when over fifty. All kinds of ideas have been discussed in this connection. One notion is that members of the present research organization might move over into administrative positions in the subsidiaries which are set up, and be replaced by recent graduates of the technical schools (on the theory that if this particular gang of youngsters is able to run the company, the next generation will be at least as capable).

WHATEVER the solution to these problems may be, it is clear that the company is groping toward some organizational setup which will (1) keep scientific research as the focus of all its activities (instead of shoving it out onto the public relations or advisory front); and (2) keep the key positions in the company in the hands of young men, since research—as distinguished from production—is peculiarly the province of youth.

No one can say in advance how these ideas will work out, but one thing seems sure. Whether or not the National Research Corporation itself can survive the competition which it will face in the post-

war development of high-vacuum processes, the experiment which it has launched is worth a try in other fields. Morse and his colleagues know that their future is unpredictable. "It seems to me," Morse said recently, "that we have as yet proved very little. Our one asset is a corporation of young fellows with energy and ambition. . . . All our postwar credits are in our heads. We have a long way to go before we will have definitely established that we can do a better job with our methods than with those in vogue in many big companies at the present time." But this healthy skepticism about the future does not in any way hobble their present war work or their plans for postwar expansion. It merely serves as a challenge and stimulus.

Fundamentally, the story of the National Research Corporation is the story of the familiar conflict between the profit-making necessities of established units in our business system and the daring experimentation which renews the lifeblood of the system. If Morse and his company can reconcile this conflict, if their experiment in enterprise succeeds, other concerns in other industries will follow their lead. Scientific research will stimulate production more rapidly than ever before, and our chances for lively economic expansion will be vastly improved.



*{ Wing Commander Roald Dahl of the R.A.F.,
a veteran of the Greek and Syrian campaigns,
has been writing for American magazines
since his arrival in this country in 1942. }*

BEWARE OF THE DOG

A Story

ROALD DAHL



Down below there was only a vast white undulating sea of cloud. Above there was the sun, and the sun was white like the clouds, because it is never yellow when one looks at it from high in the air.

He was still flying the Spitfire. His right hand was on the stick, and he was working the rudder bar with his left leg alone. It was quite easy. The machine was flying well, and he knew what he was doing.

"Everything is fine," he thought. "I'm doing all right. I'm doing nicely. I know my way home. I'll be there in half an hour. When I land I shall taxi in and switch off my engine and I shall say, 'Help me to get out, will you?' I shall make my voice sound ordinary and natural and none of them will take any notice. Then I shall say, 'Someone help me to get out. I can't do it alone because I've lost one of my legs.' They'll all laugh and think that I'm joking, and I shall say, 'All right, come and have a look, you unbelieving bastards.' Then Yorky will climb up onto the wing and look inside. He'll probably be sick because of all the blood and the mess. I shall laugh and say 'For God's sake, help me out.'"

He glanced down again at his right leg. There was not much of it left. The cannon shell had taken him on the thigh, just

above the knee, and now there was nothing but a great mess and a lot of blood. But there was no pain. When he looked down, he felt as though he were seeing something that did not belong to him. It had nothing to do with him. It was just a mess which happened to be there in the cockpit; something strange and unusual and rather interesting. It was like finding a dead cat on the sofa.

He really felt fine, and because he still felt fine, he felt excited and unafraid.

"I won't even bother to call up on the radio for the blood-wagon," he thought. "It isn't necessary. And when I land I'll sit there quite normally and say, 'Some of you fellows come and help me out, will you, because I've lost one of my legs.' That will be funny. I'll laugh a little while I'm saying it; I'll say it calmly and slowly, and they'll think I'm joking. When Yorky comes up onto the wing and gets sick, I'll say, 'Yorky, you old son of a bitch, have you fixed my car yet?' Then when I get out I'll make my report, and later I'll go up to London. I'll take that half-bottle of whisky with me and I'll give it to Bluey. We'll sit in her room and drink it. I'll get the water out of the bathroom tap. I won't say much until it's time to go to bed, then I'll say, 'Bluey, I've got a surprise for you. I lost a leg today. But I don't mind so long as you

don't. It doesn't even hurt.' We'll go everywhere in cars. I always hated walking, except when I walked down the Street of the Coppersmiths in Bagdad, but I could go in a ricksha. I could go home and chop wood, but the head always flies off the axe. Hot water, that's what it needs; put it in the bath and make the handle swell. I chopped lots of wood last time I went home, and I put the axe in the bath. . . ."

Then he saw the sun shining on the engine cowl of his machine. He saw the rivets in the metal, and he remembered where he was. He realized that he was no longer feeling good; that he was sick and giddy. His head kept falling forward onto his chest because his neck seemed no longer to have any strength. But he knew that he was flying the Spitfire, and he could feel the handle of the stick between the fingers of his right hand.

"I'm going to pass out," he thought. "Any moment now I'm going to pass out."

He looked at his altimeter. Twenty-one thousand. To test himself he tried to read the hundreds as well as the thousands. Twenty-one thousand and what? As he looked the dial became blurred, and he could not even see the needle. He knew then that he must bail out; that there was not a second to lose, otherwise he would become unconscious. Quickly, frantically, he tried to slide back the hood with his left hand, but he had not the strength. For a second he took his right hand off the stick, and with both hands he managed to push it back. The rush of cold air on his face seemed to help. He had a moment of great clearness, and his actions became orderly and precise. That is what happens with a good pilot. He took some quick deep breaths from his oxygen mask, and as he did so, he looked out over the side of the cockpit. Down below there was only a vast white sea of cloud, and he realized that he did not know where he was.

"It'll be the Channel," he thought. "I'm sure to fall in the drink."

He throttled back, pulled off his helmet, undid his straps, and pushed the stick hard over to the left. The Spitfire dipped its port wing and turned smoothly over onto its back. The pilot fell out.

As he fell he opened his eyes, because he knew that he must not pass out before he had pulled the cord. On one side he saw the sun; on the other he saw the whiteness of the clouds; and as he fell, as he somersaulted in the air, the white clouds chased the sun and the sun chased the clouds. They chased each other in a small circle; they ran faster and faster, and there was the sun and the clouds and the clouds and the sun, and the clouds came nearer until suddenly there was no longer any sun but only a great whiteness. The whole world was white, and there was nothing in it. It was so white that sometimes it looked black, and after a time it was either white or black, but mostly it was white. He watched it as it turned from white to black, and then back to white again, and the white stayed for a long time, but the black lasted for only a few seconds. He got into the habit of going to sleep during the white periods, and of waking up just in time to see the world when it was black. But the black was very quick. Sometimes it was only a flash, like someone switching off the light and switching it on again at once, and so whenever it was white, he dozed off.

One day, when it was white, he put out a hand and he touched something. He took it between his fingers and crumpled it. For a time he lay there, idly letting the tips of his fingers play with the thing which they had touched. Then slowly he opened his eyes, looked down at his hand, and saw that he was holding something which was white. It was the edge of a sheet. He knew it was a sheet because he could see the texture of the material and the stitchings on the hem. He screwed up his eyes, and opened them again quickly. This time he saw the room. He saw the bed in which he was lying; he saw the gray walls and the door and the green curtains over the window. There were some roses on the table by his bed.

Then he saw the basin on the table near the roses. It was a white enamel basin, and beside it there was a small medicine glass.

"This is a hospital," he thought. "I am in a hospital." But he could remem-

ber nothing. He lay back on his pillow, looking at the ceiling and wondering what had happened. He was gazing at the smooth grayness of the ceiling which was so clean and gray, and then suddenly he saw a fly walking upon it. The sight of this fly, the suddenness of seeing this small black speck on a sea of gray, brushed the surface of his brain, and quickly, in that second, he remembered everything. He remembered the Spitfire and he remembered the altimeter showing twenty-one thousand feet. He remembered the pushing back of the hood with both hands and he remembered the bailing out. He remembered his leg.

It seemed all right now. He looked down at the end of the bed, but he could not tell. He put one hand underneath the bedclothes and felt for his knees. He found one of them, but when he felt for the other his hand touched something which was soft and covered in bandages.

Just then the door opened and a nurse came in.

"Hallo," she said. "So you've woken up at last."

She was not good-looking, but she was large and clean. She was between thirty and forty and she had fair hair. More than that he did not notice.

"Where am I?"

"You're a lucky fellow. You landed in a wood near the beach. You're in Brighton. They brought you in two days ago, and now you're all fixed up. You look fine."

"I've lost a leg," he said.

"That's nothing. We'll get you another one. Now you must go to sleep. The doctor will be coming to see you in about an hour." She picked up the basin and the medicine glass and went out.

But he did not sleep. He wanted to keep his eyes open because he was frightened that if he shut them again everything would go away. He lay looking at the ceiling. The fly was still there. It was very energetic. It would run forward very fast for a few inches, then it would stop. Then it would run forward again, stop, run forward, stop, and every now and then it would take off and buzz around viciously in small circles. It always landed back in the same place on the

ceiling and started running and stopping all over again. He watched it for so long that after a while it was no longer a fly, but only a black speck upon a sea of gray, and he was still watching it when the nurse opened the door and stood aside while the doctor came in. He was an army doctor, a major, and he had some last-war ribbons on his chest. He was bald and small, but he had a cheerful face and kind eyes.

"Well, well," he said. "So you've decided to wake up at last. How are you feeling?"

"I feel all right."

"That's the stuff. You'll be up and about in no time."

The doctor took his wrist to feel his pulse.

"By the way," he said, "some of the lads from your squadron were ringing up and asking about you. They wanted to come along and see you, but I said that they'd better wait a day or two. Told them you were all right, and that they could come and see you a little later on. Just lie quiet and take it easy for a bit. Got something to read?" He glanced at the table with the roses. "No. Well, nurse will look after you. She'll get you anything you want." With that he waved his hand and went out, followed by the large clean nurse.

WHEN they had gone, he lay back and looked at the ceiling again. The fly was still there and as he lay watching it he heard the noise of an airplane in the distance. He lay listening to the sound of its engines. It was a long way away. "I wonder what it is," he thought. "Let me see if I can place it." Suddenly he jerked his head sharply to one side. Anyone who has been bombed can tell the noise of a Junkers 88. He can tell most other German bombers, for that matter, but especially a Junkers 88. The engines seem to sing a duet. There is a deep vibrating bass voice and with it there is a high-pitched tenor. It is the singing of the tenor which makes the sound of a Ju. 88 something which one cannot mistake.

He lay listening to the noise, and he felt quite certain about what it was. But where were the sirens, and where the guns? That German pilot certainly had a nerve coming near Brighton alone in daylight.

The aircraft was always far away, and soon the noise faded into the distance. Later on there was another. This one, too, was far away, but there was the same deep undulating bass and the high singing tenor, and there was no mistaking it. He had heard that noise every day during the Battle.

He was puzzled. There was a bell on the table by the bed. He reached out his hand and rang it. He heard the noise of footsteps down the corridor, and the nurse came in.

"Nurse, what were those airplanes?"

"I'm sure I don't know. I didn't hear them. Probably fighters or bombers. I expect they were returning from France. Why, what's the matter?"

"They were Ju. 88's. I'm sure they were Ju. 88's. I know the sound of the engines. There were two of them. What were they doing over here?"

The nurse came up to the side of his bed and began to straighten out the sheets and tuck them in under the mattress.

"Gracious me, what things you imagine. You mustn't worry about a thing like that. Would you like me to get you something to read?"

"No, thank you."

She patted his pillow and brushed back the hair from his forehead with her hand.

"They never come over in daylight any longer. You know that. They were probably Lancasters or Flying Fortresses."

"Nurse."

"Yes."

"Could I have a cigarette?"

"Why certainly you can."

She went out and came back again almost at once with a packet of Players and some matches. She handed one to him and when he had put it in his mouth, she struck a match and lit it.

"If you want me again," she said, "just ring the bell," and she went out.

Once toward evening he heard the noise of another aircraft. It was far away, but even so he knew that it was a single-engined machine. But he could not place it. It was going fast; he could tell that. But it wasn't a Spit and it wasn't a Hurricane. It did not sound like an American engine either. They make more noise. He did not know what it was, and it wor-

ried him greatly. "Perhaps I am very ill," he thought. "Perhaps I am imagining things. Perhaps I am a little delirious. I simply do not know what to think."

THAT evening the nurse came in with a basin of hot water and began to wash him.

"Well," she said, "I hope you don't think that we're being bombed."

She had taken off his pajama top and was soaping his right arm with a flannel. He did not answer.

She rinsed the flannel in the water, rubbed more soap on it, and began to wash his chest.

"You're looking fine this evening," she said. "They operated on you as soon as you came in. They did a marvelous job. You'll be all right. I've got a brother in the R.A.F.," she added. "Flying bombers."

He said, "I went to school in Brighton."

She looked up quickly. "Well, that's fine," she said. "I expect you'll know some people in the town."

"Yes," he said, "I know quite a few."

She had finished washing his chest and arms, and now she turned back the bed-clothes, so that his left leg was uncovered. She did it in such a way that his bandaged stump remained under the sheets. She undid the cord of his pajama trousers and took them off. There was no trouble because they had cut off the right trouser leg, so that it could not interfere with the bandages. She began to wash his left leg and the rest of his body. This was the first time that he had had a bed bath, and he was embarrassed. She laid a towel under his leg, and she was washing his foot with the flannel. She said, "This wretched soap won't lather at all. It's the water. It's as hard as nails."

He said, "None of the soap is very good now, and of course with hard water it's hopeless." As he said it he remembered something. He remembered the baths which he used to take at school in Brighton, in the long stone-floored bathroom which had four baths in a room. He remembered how the water was so soft that you had to take a shower afterwards to get all the soap off your body, and he remembered how the foam used to float on the

surface of the water, so that you could not see your legs underneath. He remembered that sometimes they were given calcium tablets because the school doctor used to say that soft water was bad for the teeth.

"In Brighton," he said, "the water isn't . . ."

He did not finish the sentence. Something had occurred to him; something so fantastic and absurd that for a moment he felt like telling the nurse about it and having a good laugh.

She looked up. "The water isn't what?" she said.

"Nothing," he answered. "I was dreaming."

She rinsed the flannel in the basin, wiped the soap off his leg, and dried him with a towel.

"It's nice to be washed," he said. "I feel better." He was feeling his face with his hand. "I need a shave."

"We'll do that tomorrow," she said. "Perhaps you can do it yourself then."

That night he could not sleep. He lay awake thinking of the Junkers 88's and of the hardness of the water. He could think of nothing else. "They *were* Ju. 88's," he said. "I know they were. And yet it isn't possible, because they wouldn't be flying around so low over here in broad daylight. I know it is true, and yet I know it is impossible. Perhaps I am ill. Perhaps I am behaving like a fool and don't know what I am doing or saying. Perhaps I am delirious." For a long time he lay awake thinking these things, and once he sat up in bed and said aloud, "I will prove I'm not crazy. I will make a little speech about something complicated and intellectual. I will talk about what to do with Germany after the war." But before he had time to begin, he was asleep.

HE WOKE just as the first light of day was showing through the slit in the curtains over the window. The room was still dark, but he could tell that it was already beginning to get light outside. He lay looking at the gray light which was showing through the slit in the curtain, and as he lay there he remembered the day before. He remembered the Junkers 88's

and the hardness of the water; he remembered the large pleasant nurse and the kind doctor, and now the small grain of doubt took root in his mind and it began to grow.

He looked around the room. The nurse had taken the roses out the night before, and there was nothing except the table with a packet of cigarettes, a box of matches, and an ash tray. Otherwise it was bare. It was no longer warm or friendly. It was not even comfortable. It was cold and empty and very quiet.

Slowly the grain of doubt grew, and with it came fear, a light, dancing fear that warned but did not frighten; the kind of fear that one gets not because one is afraid, but because one feels that there is something wrong. Quickly the doubt and the fear grew so that he became restless and angry, and when he touched his forehead with his hand he found that it was damp with sweat. He knew then that he must do something; that he must find some way of proving to himself that he was either right or wrong, and he looked up and saw again the window and the green curtains. From where he lay, that window was right in front of him, but it was fully ten yards away. Somehow he must reach it and look out. The idea became an obsession with him, and soon he could think of nothing except the window. But what about his leg? He put his hand underneath the bedclothes and felt the thick bandaged stump which was all that was left on the right-hand side. It seemed all right. It didn't hurt. But it would not be easy.

He sat up. Then he pushed the bedclothes aside and put his left leg on the floor. Slowly, carefully, he swung his body over until he had both hands on the floor as well; and then he was out of bed, kneeling on the carpet. He looked at the stump. It was very short and thick, covered with bandages. It was beginning to hurt and he could feel it throbbing. Suddenly he wanted to collapse, lie down on the carpet and do nothing, but he knew that he must go on.

With two arms and one leg, he crawled over toward the window. He would reach forward as far as he could with his arms, then he would give a little jump and slide

his left leg along after them. Each time he did it, it jarred his wound so that he gave a soft grunt of pain, but he continued to crawl across the floor on two hands and one knee. When he got to the window he reached up, and one at a time he placed both hands on the sill. Slowly he raised himself up until he was standing on his left leg. Then quickly he pushed aside the curtains and looked out.

He saw a small house with a gray tiled roof standing alone beside a narrow lane, and immediately behind it there was a plowed field. In front of the house there was an untidy garden, and there was a green hedge separating the garden from the lane. He was looking at the hedge when he saw the sign. It was just a piece of board nailed to the top of a short pole, and because the hedge had not been trimmed for a long time, the branches had grown out around the sign so that it seemed almost as though it had been placed in the middle of the hedge. There was something written on the board with white paint, and he pressed his head against the glass of the window, trying to read what it said. The first letter was a G, he could see that. The second was an A, and the third was an R. One after another he managed to see what they were. There were three words, and slowly he spelled the letters out aloud to himself as he managed to read them. G-A-R-D-E A-U C-H-I-E-N. *Garde au chien*. That is what it said.

He stood there balancing on one leg and holding tightly to the edges of the window sill with his hands, staring at the sign and at the whitewashed lettering of the words. For a moment he could think of nothing at all. He stood there looking at the sign, repeating the words over and over to himself, and then slowly he began to realize the full meaning of the thing. He looked up at the cottage and at the plowed field. He looked at the small orchard on the left of the cottage and he looked at the green countryside beyond. "So this is France," he said. "I am in France."

Now the throbbing in his right thigh was very great. It felt as though someone were pounding the end of his stump with a hammer, and suddenly the pain became so intense that it affected his head and for a

moment he thought he was going to fall. Quickly he knelt down again, crawled back to the bed, and hoisted himself in. He pulled the bedclothes over himself and lay back on the pillow, exhausted. He could still think of nothing at all except the small sign by the hedge, and the plowed field and the orchard. It was the words on the sign that he could not forget.

IT was some time before the nurse came in. She came carrying a basin of hot water and she said, "Good morning, how are you today?"

He said, "Good morning, nurse."

The pain was still great under the bandages, but he did not wish to tell this woman anything. He looked at her as she busied herself with getting the washing things ready. He looked at her more carefully now. Her hair was very fair. She was tall and big-boned, and her face seemed pleasant. But there was something a little uneasy about her eyes. They were never still. They never looked at anything for more than a moment and they moved too quickly from one place to another in the room. There was something about her movements also. They were too sharp and nervous to go well with the casual manner in which she spoke.

She set down the basin, took off his pajama top, and began to wash him.

"Did you sleep well?"

"Yes."

"Good," she said. She was washing his arms and his chest.

"I believe there's someone coming down to see you from the Air Ministry after breakfast," she went on. "They want a report or something. I expect you know all about it. How you got shot down and all that. I won't let him stay long, so don't worry."

He did not answer. She finished washing him, and gave him a toothbrush and some tooth powder. He brushed his teeth, rinsed his mouth, and spat the water out into the basin.

Later she brought him his breakfast on a tray, but he did not want to eat. He was still feeling weak and sick, and he wished only to lie still and think about what had happened. And there was a

sentence running through his head. It was a sentence which Johnny, the intelligence officer of his squadron, always repeated to the pilots every day before they went out. He could see Johnny now, leaning against the wall of the dispersal hut with his pipe in his hand, saying, "And if they get you, don't forget, just your name, rank, and number. Nothing else. For God's sake, say nothing else."

"There you are," she said as she put the tray on his lap. "I've got you an egg. Can you manage all right?"

"Yes."

She stood beside the bed. "Are you feeling all right?"

"Yes."

"Good. If you want another egg I might be able to get you one."

"This is all right."

"Well, just ring the bell if you want any more." And she went out.

He had just finished eating when the nurse came in again.

She said, "Wing Commander Roberts is here. I've told him that he can only stay for a few minutes."

She beckoned with her hand and the Wing Commander came in.

"Sorry to bother you like this," he said.

He was an ordinary R.A.F. officer, dressed in a uniform which was a little shabby, and he wore wings and a D.F.C. He was fairly tall and thin with plenty of black hair. His teeth, which were irregular and widely spaced, stuck out a little even when he closed his mouth. As he spoke he took a printed form and a pencil from his pocket, and he pulled up a chair and sat down.

"How are you feeling?"

There was no answer.

"Tough luck about your leg. I know how you feel. I hear you put up a fine show before they got you."

The man in the bed was lying quite still, watching the man in the chair.

The man in the chair said, "Well, let's get this stuff over. I'm afraid you'll have to answer a few questions so that I can fill in this combat report. Let me see now, first of all, what was your squadron?"

The man in the bed did not move. He looked straight at the Wing Commander and he said, "My name is Peter Williamson. My rank is squadron leader and my number is nine seven two four five seven."

{ Lawrence Martin is a journalist who has been in South America for the past year; his collaborator is identified in the Personal and Otherwise Department. }

THE GHOST OF GERMÁN BUSCH, DICTATOR OF BOLIVIA

LAWRENCE MARTIN AND GEORGE R. CLARK



ON AUGUST 23, 1939, Colonel Germán Busch, the thirty-five-year-old dictator of Bolivia, either was murdered or killed himself. To this day the truth about his death is obscure. What is known is that he believed that he could "save his country" and spent two stormy and violent years in the attempt.

Dictators are a familiar phenomenon in Latin America, but the career of Busch was peculiar. As in many other southern republics, the economic life of Bolivia is largely under the control of foreign corporations. If a Bolivian really wanted to get on in the world he must either pick the foreigner's pockets or lick his boots or be his hired man, and many a Bolivian dictator has made a political career out of a blend of these three things. Busch was not so inclined.

The son of a German father and a Bolivian mother, young Busch was what is known in the southern countries as a "new creole." Headstrong and moody, violent-tempered, a half-alien who had never been outside his native land, Busch was at once complex and naïve. A brave and accomplished soldier, he was uninterested in personal gain; he was also ignorant, brutal, ruthless, and disdainful of compromise. He tried to be the deliverer of one of the most wretched countries on earth and, though he failed, he became the idol of

the illiterate masses of Bolivia. Single-handed, he took on the United States government and the foreign corporations. They beat him but at a very high price, for his violent death turned him into a myth, the only political myth that has any power in Bolivia. The patriot who would serve his country and the politician who must seem to do so must both invoke the name of the dead hero to get the attention of the people.

THE story of Busch cannot be understood outside its context—Bolivia. For more than four hundred years Bolivia has been a place to which foreigners go to get something and leave as quickly as possible. Bolivia has enormous stores of mineral wealth and wide stretches of as fertile earth as there is in the world, but it doesn't do the Bolivians much good. The usufruct goes mostly to the alien. Between 1540 and 1750 the Spaniards took away more than two billion dollars' worth of gold and no one knows how much silver. Long afterward, when the wars of independence were over, tin and other minerals took the place of gold and silver; there are great oil deposits and it is possible that some day the oil will take the place of importance now held by tin. But if these resources ever profit the Bolivian people it will be because the effort ini-

tiated by Germán Busch is successfully carried out by someone else.

In some ways Bolivia is the most distant country on earth. Even the airways, though they make communication quicker, cannot obliterate the sense of infinite distance that separates this region from the world. On the west the Andes Mountains form two gigantic ramparts and between the cordilleras is an enormous, windy, gray, and desolate plateau, 12,000 feet above the sea. Rising from this plateau are peaks that go up to more than 20,000 feet. To the east the terrain plunges down to the *jungas*, the hot and fertile region that stretches away to the Brazilian jungle and, toward the south, to the dismal scrub of the Chaco adjoining Paraguay and Argentina. The country is all but shut away from mankind.

The Spaniards, having smashed the primitive collective society of the Incas, turned the Indians into serfs and made for themselves a sort of high-toned little mining-camp ruling class. After four hundred years Bolivia substantially follows this pattern. The greater part of the three million population is Indian; three-quarters of the Bolivians are illiterate and never far from the edge of starvation. Above the Indians are the *mestizos* and on top are some 375,000 whites, the descendants of the Spaniards or of the few subsequent immigrants. What wealth and power there is in Bolivia is in the hands of little groups drawn from the 375,000.

When the wars of independence were over Bolivia set out to be a nation on its own. Never did a country have poorer luck. From the start the local top dogs have incessantly bickered among themselves. General Sucre, who with Bolívar liberated the country, was made the first president and promptly given the bum's rush. Since then a series of bungling, jealous, or greedy bosses have embroiled the country in wars in which they were always defeated or have pursued bloody politics among themselves. When foreign capital came in—it had to come because there was none in Bolivia with which to develop the country—the local fight was over who would collaborate with the foreigner in mulcting all the rest. The reputation abroad of the politicians and job-

holders was bad, and with reason. They were judged unreliable, and owners of capital defended themselves by asking how it was possible to deal justly in a den of thieves. It was the vicious circle once more. Suppose a foreigner wished to be honest: with whom could he safely deal? If a native Bolivian wanted his country to get a fair share of the outflowing wealth, where was he to find allies? They could be found neither at home nor in neighboring countries nor in New York, London, Paris, or Berlin. So the country bumped along like another Poland. The condition of public health was indescribable; the death rate was appalling; education was scarcely worth the name. (A traveler in Bolivia in 1901 recalls that the school of medicine at the University of Cochabamba consisted of one professor, four scholars, and no equipment whatever!) And year by year the country's wealth was being taken away.

II

IT WAS in this sort of society that Germán Busch was born on March 23, 1904. His father was a German physician who had migrated to Bolivia; his mother, Raquel Becerra, was of an old family of the province of Santa Cruz.

So distant is Santa Cruz that the boy might have grown up in Tibet. Although the province is a rich agricultural region of feudal haciendas, to this day only wretched donkey trails connect the wood-and-plaster town of Santa Cruz with the other centers of the country. It is possible to reach the place by automobile from the Argentine frontier and there is now an airplane connection with the capital, but there is no railroad and no highway. At the time of Busch's birth the province lived to itself; Santa Cruz was the center of a separatist movement that wanted either to declare its independence of Bolivia—exactly to what purpose was never clear—or to annex itself to Brazil or Argentina. Life in Santa Cruz in the early years of this century was snail-like in its pace, save when local politics boiled over in their own vacuum. A few of the *hacendados* managed to escape to Paris; the rest of the moth-eaten aristocracy

lived a dull and featureless life. A nondescript military band played in the ancient plaza in the evening, the priests mumbled their offices, the Indians pursued the silent and sullen tenor of their ways, and the region slumbered its life away.

Very little is known of Busch until, in 1922, at the age of eighteen, he went up to La Paz as a cadet at the military college. If this meant getting out into the world it was still a distant planet. La Paz has a remoteness peculiar to itself. The little city lies in a gorge high in the Andes, almost in the shadow of Illimani, one of the loftiest peaks on the continent. In appearance the town has changed but little since the colonial era. In recent years the central part of La Paz has been smoothed out with asphalt; there is now the new Sucre Palace Hotel and some modern architecture fronting the parks; there are movie theaters and a stadium; there are trams and busses; but mostly the city is an ancient and huddled community. The narrow streets—many of them are no more than a yard wide with roofs that meet overhead—are steep little cobbled winding alleys climbing the precipitous slopes. The dwellings with their red-tiled roofs glisten in the bright sun but are dark holes inside. A stranger trying to get past an Indian driving a llama down one of these alleys must be on the watch lest he slip and fall or be deluged by a chamber pot emptied overhead by some careless, if not carefree, Bolivian.

Young Busch distinguished himself by winning a commission after a year's attendance at the college. In sharp contrast to the other cadets, he was tall and had clear blue eyes and light brown curly hair. His blondness, which included a white skin and high color in the cheeks, came from his father. But the construction of his face was Indian, a fact which cast some doubt upon the supposedly unadulterated Castilian descent of his mother. In effect, Busch looked like a blond Indian. He was diligent, energetic, and without any sense of humor; he regarded a military career with enthusiasm. It was at this time that the Bolivian government had imported a German military commission, headed by one General Kundt, to reorganize the army. Busch

enjoyed these contacts also and when the General asked Major David Toro for an adjutant, Toro sent him his closest friend, young Busch.

THE state of affairs in Bolivia when Busch was in military school was this: The government's chief source of income was the tin export tax; most of the tin itself was controlled by the local Big Three of the International Tin Cartel. In order of importance these personages were Simon Patiño, a native Bolivian who lived permanently abroad; Mauricio Hochschild, a man of Austrian Jewish extraction; and Carlos Aramayo, whose company was backed by Swiss capital. Of them all, Simon Patiño with his fabulous wealth and his interests in Malayan tin and British tin smelting was by far the most powerful.

Next there was the debt. In 1908 the country had no foreign debt. By February, 1927, the Republic of Bolivia had contracted for \$40,000,000 and all but £800,000 of that sum was borrowed in the United States. In part this debt represented the extravagant refunding of various sums borrowed since 1908; in part it represented money that went into German-made uniforms for the Kundt-trained army, along with an assortment of guns, flame throwers, and other battle machinery—including twelve tanks—sold to the Bolivians by Americans and by British Vickers. Concealed inside this debt also were various sums that had been paid out for the construction of railways—railways whose principal business was to carry out ore and concentrates and carry in mining machinery and supplies. To service this debt required about three-quarters of the entire income of the Bolivian government. As an example of how a country can hock itself to a group of foreign bankers the detail of these pledges is illuminating. They were:

1. All of the controlling interest of the Bolivian Banco de la Nación
2. All revenues representing dividends payable upon these shares during the life of the loan
3. The tax upon mining claims and concessions
4. The revenues received by the government from the alcohol monopoly
5. Ninety per cent of the revenues from the tobacco monopoly

6. The tax on corporations other than mining and banking
7. The tax upon the net income of banks
8. The tax on interest on mortgage cedulas
9. All import duties
10. Surcharges on import duties
11. The tax on the net profit of mining companies
12. All export duties

FINALLY there was the Standard Oil concession on the edge of the Chaco, a concession which involved a long-standing boundary dispute with Paraguay. The Chaco is mostly a huge wilderness of scorched scrub, dense jungle, and swamp in the triangle where Argentina, Paraguay, and Brazil wall in Bolivia. At the southern apex of this triangle is the junction of the Paraguay and Pilcomayo rivers, a point which the Bolivians had long wanted to reach because it would give them an outlet to the sea. Few people, except for wandering Indians and a colony of Mennonites from Canada who came in 1928, were to be found in the interior of the Chaco. It was different with the stretch along the Paraguay River. What were called Paraguayan settlements were really the huge holdings of foreign corporations. The *estancia* of the British-owned Argentine Cattle Co. had over 7,000 inhabitants. The International Products Co., an American concern, employed 2,300 hands. The Argentine firm of Carlos Casada owned more than 4,000,000 hectares that fronted the river bank. From the riparian forests Argentine and British companies got out the quebracho from which tannin is extracted. In effect, the real interest of Paraguay in the dispute was not Paraguay at all but Argentina, which was busily at work, part of the time in partnership with British capital, in building up an autarchical economy that would, among other things, freeze out the commerce of the United States.

In 1922—the year Busch went to military school—the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey acquired an enormous concession of 7,400,000 acres in southern Bolivia. They had previously bought out a concession already owned by Americans and then had enlarged it by direct dealing with the Bolivian government. They proposed to drill on the western edge of the Chaco. At about this time the Ar-

gentine government was engaged in getting its hands on all the oil drilled in its own territory. There wasn't enough of it for Argentine needs and the possibility of oil in the Chaco was very alluring. The Bolivians wanted to put a pipeline through the Chaco and thus be able to ship down the river. At once the old Paraguayan boundary dispute was in flames again and the Argentine government was persistent in egging on the Paraguayans. At the time when young Busch graduated from school at La Paz the dispute was getting hotter by the minute and war looked certain.

BUSCH burned with patriotic fire. In 1931 he was sent to the Chaco to blaze strategic trails through the jungle before war should be declared. He performed his task efficiently and with dispatch and, in recognition of it, a grateful government bestowed on him the Order of the Condor of the Andes. In June, 1932, eight days after his return to La Paz from the Chaco, the war was on.

At the start it seemed as though the odds were with the Bolivians. They had a bigger war chest—the loan money was not yet exhausted; they had the weapons that the salesmen had high-pressured them into; they had an army of 80,000 men whereas the Paraguayans started out with fewer than 5,000. But the war proved to be a steady series of disasters. (The conflict was described by a European politician as “two bald men fighting for a comb.”) Busch's subsequent rise to glory came principally from the fact that in this miserable, bloody, and corrupt piece of military jobbery his record was the only one of daring and success.

The front was hundreds of miles from a railhead and could be reached only by trails that battered trucks to pieces. The humid heat was intense and withered the Bolivian Indians who had been herded into the army and brought down from the high rarefied air of the plateau. Ricardo Setaro, who reported the war for a Buenos Aires newspaper, described the Bolivian soldiers as “living mummies.” They died by the thousands of fever; the Bolivian medical corps was so poorly organized that abdominal wounds were given up as

hopeless, the certain prey of gangrene. The shortage of water was a nightmare. On one occasion Toro and a detachment were surrounded by a column of Paraguayans. Manning a few trucks with machine guns, Toro and some of his officers managed to break through the cordon and escape, leaving the rest to surrender. But the Paraguayans, having little water, could not accept a surrender and the Bolivian soldiers died of thirst while ringed about with their enemies.

Attached to the army was a curious air force, composed partly of new planes from the United States and partly of foreign crates. These were flown by enthusiastic Bolivians—Busch's younger brother was one of them—by former commercial pilots, and by foreigners who joined up just to have fun with a little war. The enthusiasts wanted to bomb the capital of Paraguay, Asunción, but as the League of Nations had put sanctions on Paraguay—because that country had refused to accept the League settlement—the Bolivian government was not inclined to jeopardize its moral advantage. There was a shortage of everything, including parts and mechanics, but the killing shortage was in gasoline and lubricants. Standard Oil was called on to deliver and Standard either could not or would not deliver all that was needed. This fact burned up the officer groups. Here was oil, right beside the Chaco; Standard had had the concession for more than ten years. What went on here, anyway?

And so, in the end, the bulk of the fighting—which cost altogether fifty thousand Bolivian lives—was done by the ground troops in the Chaco scrub. And here Busch shone. He was discovered to have natural talent as a guerrilla. He fought beside his men and took the same risks that they did; he seems not to have regarded himself as of finer clay than his soldiers and it was this that sealed his popularity with the Indian population. Thirty years old at this time, he was adored by his men, who bestowed upon him such romantical labels as “the Corsair of the Selva.” Furthermore, he was the sole Bolivian commander—he attained the rank of Lieutenant Colonel—to inflict any damage on the enemy.

III

INTREPID or not, one Busch wasn't enough to win the war. The Bolivian luck went from bad to worse; military organization and supply were hopeless and the rickety government in La Paz which had lumbered into the mess was incapable of doing anything about it. Boxes of ammunition and rifles lying on the wharf at Antofagasta were often found derisively marked in chalk: “Asunción via La Paz.” The Bolivian commander in chief, one General Enrique Peñaranda, distinguished himself by one defeat after another and finally the President, Dr. Salamanca, flew down from La Paz with an assortment of ministers to sack the General. This was a foolhardy move. Dr. Salamanca had been one of the most ardent promoters of the war and had been elected on what amounted to a war platform. The officers were smarting with intense humiliation. They had been licked decisively and once again the world had been shown what a crew of clumsy botchers Bolivians were. And then there was the rage over Standard Oil. The officers were disinclined to be scapegoats for the politicians and, acting in the classic tradition, a group of the more resolute determined to put the government out of business. Salamanca was informed that he would not be allowed to return to La Paz and the general staff sat back quietly to give Vice-President Tejado Sorzano—he had read the Engelbrecht-Hanighen *Merchants of Death* and kept a copy on his study table—the dubious honor of signing the peace with Paraguay. Then they would be ready to come into the open.

YET it wasn't quite in the classic tradition. The world depression had kicked the props out from under Latin America and the republics were in crisis. At the same time new schemes of government were being tried out in other parts of the world—Soviet Russia, Fascist Italy, the New Deal in the United States, Nazi Germany—and the officers were exposed to some new ideas. Affected by both Nazi and Communist ideologies, a wave of nationalism swept the continent, frequently aimed at foreign holdings and

alien controls. The Bolivians were in a position to be especially affected. A depression, the usual political uncertainty, a three years' war, and an empty treasury had put the people more deeply in despond than ever. Tin prices had fallen, the cost of living had soared, and there was speculation in food and rent. The pressures were enough to produce a labor movement and a small and noisy Socialist party. Just over the border in Peru, an exiled Bolivian sociologist named José Antonio Arze was gathering a leftist crowd around him.

It was clear that the military junta would have to act if they didn't want to miss the boat. They made contact with two Socialist leaders named Enrique Baldovino and Carlos Montenegro, and with labor through two other Bolivians, Waldo Alvarez and Fernando Sinani. With their co-operation the military financed a general strike. Then, early in the morning of May 17, 1936, a group of officers in La Paz, headed by Busch, went to the home of the fat-jowled, slit-eyed Vice-President Tejado Sorzano and demanded a written resignation. They got it and the government with it—without firing a shot or taking a prisoner.

DOUBTING his own strength, Busch would not take the top job himself and it was agreed among the officers that Colonel Toro, who was still in the Chaco, should be President. Toro was thirty-seven and Busch was thirty-two. As the acting chief of staff Busch issued a manifesto announcing that a coalition of officers and Socialists would direct the country and "organize a new fatherland upon bases of social justice, equity, and equality more in accord with the times in which we are living." It was noted that the manifesto called attention to the few who held "the great fortunes formed by exploiting the natural riches of our territory."

Though Toro was President, Busch moved to the front as a natural leader from the moment the Junta was organized—not so much from political aptitude as from natural energy and because of his Chaco war prestige. The military accepted him; he was a popular hero and the only person whom the masses of the people

would trust. He was regarded with contempt by the élite intellectuals and he absolutely terrified the little La Paz political cliques whose fortunes, for years, had depended on the nimbleness with which they could be reactionary, conservative, liberal, or whatever was called for at the moment. These interested parties regarded Busch as a bull in a china shop who would ruin their little deals—and of course that was exactly what he wanted to do.

But there was another factor that set him off from the crowd of the ruling class. We have said that he was what is known in southern countries as a "new creole." Though he was born a Bolivian, his father was alien. Young Busch belonged and he didn't belong. Such persons very often regard their surroundings with a much sharper vision than those born into the status quo. Neither by birth nor temperament was Busch inclined to go along with the young men in the top families.

He wasn't the only new creole of his generation. Another was one Dionisio Foianini, son of a Bolivian mother and an Italian father, who also came from Santa Cruz and became a close acquaintance of Busch. Young Foianini had been sent to Rome to study pharmacy during Mussolini's palmy days and there he absorbed ideas about the merits of the corporate state and met numbers of important people. If Foianini couldn't claim to be a member of that international society which included such notables as Charles Bedaux, Axel Wenner-Gren, and Ivar Kreuger, he inclined to that society by temperament and believed that, if given a chance, he could outsmart the big shots, and he convinced Busch. "He rather prides himself on being a man of mystery," was one description of him. "He is always very nervous in conversation and appears to be talking all around but never to his auditor."

SO THIS gang of young bucks took over the country and prepared to bring in the new era. Alvarez, the union leader, was made Minister of Finance and young Arze was recalled from exile to become the first Bolivian Minister of Labor. For the moment Busch was content to keep the army loyal and get Toro's work carried out.

The honeymoon was soon over. Within less than thirty days, on June 9, 1936, Toro outlawed communism and all Communist activity. This was followed by internal dissension in the government. Toro announced that the government would be "strictly socialistic" and would depend solely on the support of organized labor and former service men. Heavy levies on wealth were planned, there was much talk of colonization schemes, and the government on August 21st called for the obligatory syndicalization of all employers and all employees. This was dubbed "the most sweeping measure in the direction of corporatism that any South American state has undertaken."

But things got rockier. Having taken in the radicals, the army found them more than they could handle and became alarmed. Toro began to split and weaken the radical groups. Arze was exiled once more, a "friendly" labor federation was set up, and Alvarez, the labor leader, was thrown out of the cabinet. Toro then turned his attention to the foreign "octopus."

THE Junta almost had to stand or fall by what it did with Standard Oil. In December, 1936, a state petroleum deposits board was set up—with young Foianini as chairman—to oversee the government's oil interests and to investigate Standard's conduct during the Chaco War. On the basis of its report, President Toro, on March 13, 1937, claimed fraud, secret exports to Argentina, and failure to pay full taxes. By the terms of its contract, Standard's concessions could be confiscated without indemnity on these grounds and the thing was done. This confiscation was really an earth-shaking move. Americans will recall the hue and cry when Cárdenas expropriated the oil interests in Mexico in 1938; but the Bolivian Junta took the step a year before. The news of it was like an electric shock to the whole continent.

Whether the government's charges were or were not true cannot be discussed here. The Bolivian public had been exhorted to believe that Standard was to blame for the Chaco defeat and they did believe it. Standard was denounced as an arm of

the foreign octopus, a great corporation using corrupt local politicians as its pawns. The company protested. Standard charged that the Bolivian government had browbeaten Bolivian newspapers so that Standard couldn't get its side of the case into print. It charged that Bolivian lawyers were threatened and warned not to take Standard as a client. What the whole story is is far from clear, and passion so confused the sequence of events that so careful a student as Hubert Herring attributes the Standard Oil confiscation to Busch rather than to Toro. Actually Busch only applauded and supported a popular measure. The *New York Times* correspondent found the whole thing a fascist plot, which it was not. It was a nationalist move that fired the Bolivians—or a great part of them—with exultation. If Standard Oil was jobbed in the process, that would have been applauded too, even though Argentina might eventually get greater advantage from the confiscation than the Bolivians themselves.

On the 13th of July, 1937, while news of the oil seizure was still burning up the cables between La Paz and the United States, Busch deposed Toro and made himself President. His pretext was that the country was disorganized and threatened by a general strike. That may have been true, but in itself it could not have been enough to betray an old friendship. In the background were the tin companies and the cartel.

IV

NEITHER Patiño nor Hochschild nor Aramayo was, to put it mildly, satisfied with Toro. He had refused to take into the government representatives of the traditional parties, organizations which were very close to the tin interests. Toro had under consideration a new constitution which would abolish the parties and organize the country into guilds and syndicates; there would be a one-chamber state which would own and control all sources of national wealth and the banks, and would regulate imports and exports by quota. Who could tell where this sort of state corporatism would land the mine operators? The operators claimed that

failure to fulfill the current tin quota was due to high costs of operation. They asked the government to raise the exchange rate of the boliviano—of course any such move would automatically raise the cost of living—but Toro was not amenable.

In June, 1937, he made a concession to encourage production by offering sixty bolivianos per pound sterling for everything produced above the 1936 quota. But the deadlock continued and the next move was the abrupt ousting of Toro and the assumption of the power by young Busch. Why did Busch do it? The most convincing explanation—in the light of his subsequent actions—was that he believed that Toro had reached an impasse with the mine operators. Busch came in, not as Patiño's man, but as a leader who had never lost a fight. The hero of the Chaco thought that he could lick the tin gang.

THE new President—the constituent assembly made it legal—at first fully justified the mine operators' hopes. He appointed their man as Finance Minister; he jacked the exchange rate and kept on jacking it. In September, 1937, the rate went from 49.71 per pound to 54.68; in January, 1938, to 59.65; in April to 79.64. Every such rise meant not only lowered costs for the operators but deprivation for the people. But this seems to have been only a temporary expedient, for by the middle of 1938 Busch was struggling hard against the operators.

The pressures on him were acute. The treasury was nearly empty, exports were declining, and the people restless and more impoverished than ever. When the cartel reduced the quota for 1938 Bolivian tin production, the operators fell to quarreling among themselves over shares in the quota. Busch sought to take advantage of this by playing off Hochschild and Aramayo against Patiño; and in October, 1938, the Bolivian tin assignment committee lowered Patiño's share and raised the fractions of his competitors. Then Busch began changing finance ministers. In rapid succession five men held the job. The income sources were juggled by raising the exchange rate again, by putting more drastic regulation on the opera-

tors' incoming foreign currency, and by giving the state a bigger cut on every transaction. Furthermore a general salary increase was ordered all round.

By 1939, with war in Europe drawing near, the price of tin on the world market was rising. But the cartel was putting the squeeze on Bolivia and keeping the quota low. The operators demanded that the state give up making a profit on the exchange rate and demanded still further exchange manipulation. Never was there a clearer demonstration of the thesis that the tin cartel controlled the lifeblood of the country. Busch felt the initiative slipping from him. The political gentry, sensing this, prepared to hedge and resumed the making of little deals with the enemy.

Busch could either act or quit. He chose to act and, since many of his associates either could not or would not cooperate, he undertook to reorganize his country single-handed. On April 25, 1939, he declared the suspension of constitutional guarantees and the dissolution of Congress, taking over all government powers himself.

The die was cast, the fight was in the open. It was Busch alone against the field.

IN THE crisis, though he showed signs of strain, Busch presented a very tolerable picture of a national hero—manly, unaffected, *muy simpático*. He was bewildered by the fact that Bolivians did not unite to serve, under him, their country's honor and glory. With little interest in money himself, he was distressed at the familiar graft and corruption which is the politico's way of life. "Poor I was born," he would boast, "and poor I shall die." The manager of one of the miners' banks, in whose eyes Busch's notions were quaint to say the least, says that when the President bought himself a little house, he borrowed money from the bank as other people do. "After his death it was discovered that there was money in his name in an Argentine bank. I think that was entirely his wife's doing. The fellow was absolutely honest."

A skeptical American who interviewed him at this time and came away an ad-

mirer gives a picture which squares with the portrait of Busch drawn by many who knew him. "There was a fellow working at a desk, talking on the phone. He was like any of a hundred clean-cut men you might see working in a big bank. He looked ordinary and wore an ordinary suit. I was startled and wondered if this was the great man. But from the moment he began to talk his sincerity gave him character. He talked down to bed-rock, as if we were lifelong friends. But he was nervous. He talked of being persecuted and said that enemies were out to destroy him. He said that toward the end of the war Standard Oil had sold them out, shut off all supplies, leaving them helpless. He had pledged the people of Bolivia that he would free them of the foreign imperialists. I think he killed himself because he saw he couldn't fulfill the pledge."

WHATEVER the strain may have been, Busch hewed to the line. With a succession of autocratic decrees he attempted to get the situation in hand. Strikes and political agitation were prohibited. (Before dissolution Congress had already given him absolute power to suppress the "rightist" press.) "Any act which tends to the arbitrary increase of the prices of articles of prime necessity" was declared a crime. Rents were frozen as of December 31, 1938. Every public servant, as he took his post in the administration, was ordered to state his capital and the amount of real estate he owned. Near relatives of public servants could not be contractors, partners, or commission agents in transactions in which the officers, directly or indirectly, might have to make decisions involving the relatives.

Standard Oil was still an issue. Busch's "new creole" friend Dionisio Foianini was made Minister of Mines and Petroleum. Busch dissolved a Supreme Court that refused to uphold the government in the oil seizure and put in one that did. He concluded agreements with Brazil and Argentina to develop the wells and transport, for petroleum was useless to Bolivia without an outlet.

In his Plan of Government Busch said: "The state, as regulator of the national

economy, will try to co-ordinate the economic interests of industry, commerce, and mining, with the aim of collectivism." It would, he said, "guarantee the import and investment of capital under state control, and the strengthening of national capital with the aim of assuring the economic independence of the republic." He would "initiate a system of planned economy in order to lower the cost of living and protect the well-being of the dispossessed classes." He decreed the nationalization of the Banco Minero to protect and encourage small and medium mine operators—another move against the Big Three.

In May, 1939, a few days after he took the power, Busch issued an enlightened labor code intended to do away with the feudal conditions of work in the mines. A short time later it was withdrawn "for further study"—under what pressures it is possible to guess but not ascertain. In December, 1941, fragments of it, leaving out the essence, were re-decreed, and a year later the Bolivian Congress made the mutilated Busch Code into law. Even though emasculated, the code remains the critical political document in Bolivia today.

Week by week the opposition pressed him harder and Busch struggled the more desperately in the toils. Knowing nothing of politics originally, he had been forced to rely upon advisers at every turn. Gradually he learned that he could not trust them, that even his friends and relatives had been bought by his enemies. Alone and lonely, he drank to excess, brooding upon his plight and given to fits of depression and outbursts of almost maniacal rage. "Chaco malaria," some said. After he was dead it was said that toward the end he became all but paranoid. If so, the devils that pursued him were not of his imagination; they were real.

V

ON JUNE 7, 1939, Busch took the step that fixed for good the determination of the tin operators. By decree, the mine operators were required to deposit one hundred per cent of their foreign drafts with the Central Bank of Bolivia.

The bank would cash 50 per cent of the drafts at the exchange rate of 141 bolivianos to a pound sterling. The remaining 50 per cent would be doled out to them, under state control, for their necessities. No more than 5 per cent of their returns could leave the country as dividends.

This amounted to declaring the government the boss of the cartel; it was an economic declaration of independence. Could the dictator make it stick?

Previous crises in La Paz were as nothing to this one. The tension became unbearable. A storm of protest broke from the Big Three and their friends both within and without the country. They cried that the decree meant the abolition of the right of property; they could not, they would not submit. In the crisis, which ushered in the last phase of his career, Busch was moved to make a speech to the nation.

HE REMINDED the country of certain things he had said in his Plan of Government the preceding April:

The [world] plan of restricting tin exports has created a system of economy directed not from the country, but from the outside. Before this situation, the state must also, within the same system, plan the mining industry, seeking the co-ordination of private interests with the superior interests of the nation. On these premises, which enclose a doctrine of economic nationalism, is based the decree which, for the first time in Bolivia, establishes a system of defense of the native riches.

He went on to justify his measure on broader grounds:

The economic anarchy of the world has obliged all countries to take radical measures. . . . Some have taken the maximum of control before the danger of war. Others, as those of our continent, have turned to analogous systems with the aim of assuring their economic independence, of defending their wealth, and of surmounting this stage which, for the Latin American republics, is one of economic colonialism so long as in the world mechanism theirs is the subaltern role of simple providers of raw materials. . . . The new economic regime installed in Bolivia makes no attempt against the rights of property. . . . The state recognizes the right of private individuals to exploit the mines, and only intervenes in the control of export to avoid the flight of capital and the impoverishment of the country.

I turn to my fellow citizens to say to them: Above all political parties, above all the bossisms that have done us so much harm, let us defend our political and economic sovereignty. We are

a country immensely rich and paradoxically poor. Let us see that our wealth benefits the country collectively. . . . Let us sow in all the fatherland the schools which redeem and perfect; let us tend the network of roads and railroads that unite and fortify; let us bring everywhere the benefits of hygiene and health. May the doctor, the teacher, and the engineer construct the bases of the new nationhood.

It is said that my government is revolutionary. Yes, fellow citizens, I aspire to a revolution whose results will be these: that Bolivia take advantage of her own wealth, that it may serve . . . to develop her industries, her agriculture, her cattle-breeding and her commerce; that the nation provide itself with its wheat, its rice, its sugar, its oil, its clothing. . . . I have measured the magnitude of the step I have taken and know that dangers of every kind confront me. I face the situation serenely and if, because of it, my government should fall, it will have fallen under a great flag—the economic emancipation of my country.

It was easy to define such utterances as fascist and both politicians and newspapermen often did so. It was just as easy to accuse Busch of being a Nazi at heart, and the charge stung him to incoherent rage. But any such casual judgment hopelessly obscures the facts and further hinders any real understanding of both the situation in Bolivia and what is going on elsewhere in Latin America. No doubt Busch was influenced by Nazi ideas. His father was German; the Bolivian army's technicians were German; Ernst Röhm himself helped to train Bolivian soldiers. But to sell his country out to the Nazis was the last thing in the world that Busch would have done. He represented Bolivia for the Bolivians first, last, and all the time.

This was the fact that set him apart from his countrymen; it was the reason why the Indians worshiped him. On the 16th of June, 1939, after his address to the nation, 60,000 people marched through the streets of La Paz in a two-hour demonstration. Incidents of such a character are not provoked by the efforts of Nazi intriguers in the southern republics.

Being on the outs with the Communists from the start, Busch got the Nazi label early. Presently the tin operators found the accusation very useful for their own purposes. Increasingly, it was the favorite club to beat him with. He was attacked, badgered, and shoved from all sides and in retaliation used any weapon he

could lay his hands on. But there is no international vocabulary that will supply the word to identify Busch. Carleton Beals says of him: "He is the only president of Bolivia who ever tried to carve out economic independence for his country, one of the few who really tried to do something for his people. For all his inexperience and his apparent straightforwardness, he was too complicated a type ever to be tagged by a convenient international label. He was too much a Bolivian militarist, too ambitious, too opportunistic a politician, too great an idealist, or what have you." Busch was going to liberate his country—or else.

BY now Busch was all but winded and in the last round. In a sudden move, Mauricio Hochschild was arrested for sabotage and sentenced to death. The Bolivian *gente bien* were shocked and many interceded for him, including the ladies. Hochschild tells this story: "I heard that Foianini was really responsible for persuading Busch to spare my life and I went to thank him. 'Don't thank me,' he said. 'Thank my wife. She said that if I ever let that nice Don Mauricio be shot, she'd have nothing to do with me ever. I believed her.'"

Since the country was absolutely dependent upon tin production, there was widespread fear of foreign reprisals. In July, the Central Bank was nationalized. But instead of rising to meet an increase in quota from 40 to 120 per cent of 1929 production, tin exports began to decline. Then came a rumor that Washington would put an embargo on Bolivian gold reserves.

In this new crisis Foianini and Luis Herero, the Minister of Commerce, were hurriedly dispatched to Washington. They had got as far as New York and were at the Waldorf Astoria when the news came. Busch was dead.

VERY early in the morning of August 23, 1939, Busch had either shot himself or been murdered. The official version is that he committed suicide toward the close of a birthday party celebrating his brother-in-law's birthday, having been greatly depressed by an

anonymous letter. But the letter was never produced. And Busch's death was too opportune for too many people to be generally accepted as suicide. At once stories about his death began to circulate and they continue to this day. As one man puts it, there are many theories in circulation in Bolivia: "That he was killed by an agent of Standard Oil, or Big Tin, or both; that his brother-in-law killed him on being confronted with the anonymous letter which gave proof of treasonable graft by him and Busch's wife." The current Peruvian version of Busch's death is that he was shot by a pretty woman—who was in the hire of the tin people—with whom he had relations, and that no revolver was ever found. According to this story, the murder was hushed up by Busch's friends, partly perhaps to avoid compromising the hero myth by a death at the hands of a mistress. All we know for sure is that Busch died a violent death.

But his death revealed how he was regarded by his countrymen. After his heart had been removed, his body was exhibited in state in the cathedral. Through the day and the night of August 24th, the Bolivian people filed past for a last look at the dictator. On the next day, the 25th, it was said that "the entire population of La Paz was present at Busch's funeral." The streets were packed with a huge mob; the tension, political and otherwise, was so acute that people became hysterical. As the procession began to move from the cathedral, there were murmurs from the crowds and then shouts and yells. Cries of "Busch is not dead! He is living! Long live Busch!" were answered by curses and imprecations from other groups.

The followers of the dead man surged about his coffin, threatening to overwhelm the guards. Fearing a riot, General Quintanilla, the Acting President, hurriedly withdrew the soldiers and the coffin was carried to the cemetery on the shoulders of people from the crowd. As it slowly moved along, there were wails and moans from the Indian women and the reiterated cry of "*Te has muerto, papacito.*" It was a people's demonstration the like of which had never been seen in Bolivia.

Then they buried him and it was all over.

VI

BUT not quite. Bolivia returned to its old ways, but with a difference. The Chaco War had had one result unforeseen by those who brought it on. The parochial isolation of the Indians had been broken; they had been pulled down from the highland and pushed and hauled all over the low country and the jungle, they had gone through the vicissitudes of a war. And there was Busch. He sensed what the change was doing to them. Though thousands of them died, though they had to go back to the old serfdom, it wasn't the same. They had identified their cause with Busch and even though their future didn't look very promising, they would never again be quite the nameless, faceless people they had been before.

Two parties emerged to channel the new currents: the Revolutionary Left Party (PIR) of José Antonio Arze was formed in 1940; the National Revolutionary Movement (MNR) of Paz Estenssoro in 1941. The former had Marxist leanings; the latter had a radical nationalist bent, dubbed pro-fascist, though this is heatedly denied by the party leaders. Both pledged themselves to Busch's program—to curb the big mining interests and to fight for the economic emancipation of Bolivia. Estenssoro's party, through strenuous propaganda, became identified with Busch among the people, much to the indignation of the Unified Socialist Party. But the old Socialists, still led by Enrique Baldovino, who had subsequently flirted with the tin people, had little influence.

The task of restoring the status quo, after Busch's violent taking off, fell to squat, thick-necked General Enrique Peñaranda, the loser of battles and a war. He was never popular, but as commander in chief in the Chaco and as a member of the old Socialist-military Junta he was thrust upon the people in a bayonet-controlled election. Having shown himself to be in quiet disagreement with the Toro-Busch experiments, he was acceptable to the big mining interests. Peñaranda therefore set to work to paper the cracks and fissures of the old disrupted government and quiet the alarms of the mine operators. A Patiño lawyer was put

in as Vice-President and, later on, tin magnate Aramayo was made Minister of Foreign Affairs. Pressure to keep the peace with the tin cartel was reinforced by the war pressure from the United States for tin supplies. Peñaranda, a conservative *caudillo* of the old type, seemed to be the man to put the clock back.

BUT it was not to be. Under the dead embers was the live coal of Busch's labor code. The tin miners persisted in organizing and in asking for more wages. The rumble of discord was constant, there was a series of strikes. In 1941, timed with one tin strike, came the unsuccessful Belmonte military putsch. In this affair, working together, were the Chaco veteran, Major Villaroel; Paz Estenssoro, who was "temporarily" in Peñaranda's cabinet; and José Antonio Arze, Estenssoro's rival. Major Belmonte had been the Bolivian military attaché at Berlin, so this hybrid putsch was easily branded as Nazi-inspired. But then in December, 1942, there was a strike at the Patiño mines and, on the 21st, a crowd of peaceful demonstrators was fired on by soldiers in a mining camp. More than three hundred men, women, and children were killed and wounded. This killing was known thereafter as the Catavi Massacre. On the very day it took place, Ernesto Galarza, chief of the Division of Labor and Social Information of the Pan American Union, made public in Washington a letter which he had written to our then Under Secretary of State, Sumner Welles, in which he charged the American Ambassador at La Paz, Pierre Boal, with putting pressure on the Bolivian government in support of the mine operators against the tin workers.

THE publication of this letter exploded the works. In an article called "Inside the Good Neighbor Policy," published in *Harper's* in August, 1943, Carleton Beals told the story and traced the sequence of moves that had linked the tin cartel, the American bankers and officials of our government, and the one in La Paz. In a war crisis, when tin was essential, the American government had accommodated itself to the cartel and in so doing had

driven our Good Neighbors deeper into the mire. Let the candid American reader imagine what a literate Bolivian would conclude when he observed this setup: The Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs was Nelson Rockefeller, whose family fortune was derived from that Standard Oil Company whose concession had been confiscated by the Bolivian Junta. An assistant to Mr. Rockefeller was Mr. Joseph Rovensky, an official of the Chase National Bank—sometimes known as the Rockefeller Bank; Mr. Rovensky was a director of the great Patiño Mines and Enterprises, Consolidated, Inc. In order to get the essential tin, the Ambassador himself of the Northern Colossus had put the screws to the Bolivian government and forced it to do the cartel's bidding. It is hardly to be supposed that citizens of Bolivia would put an affectionate interpretation upon this combination of circumstances.

General Peñaranda paid a visit to the United States—well advertised by his opponents as the business trip of a tin company stooge—and was entertained by President Roosevelt as well as by Simon Patiño at the Waldorf. Mr. Roosevelt, sensing the critical situation in Bolivia, strove to turn Peñaranda's visit into an opportunity to make amends. He made a strong statement on the bad neighborliness of certain Wall Street loans made in the 20's; he apologized to Bolivia. Furthermore, a commission would be sent down to look into things and there would be money forthcoming for some needed public works.

But it was too late for gestures, however handsome. Bolivia was more than Peñaranda could handle. The discontented were able to make capital out of the *caudillo's* visit as a sellout to the United States and the tin operators. Estenssoro's party, playing the anti-imperialist issue—anti-Britain and anti-United States—for all it was worth, and harping constantly on the Catavi Massacre, gained in strength and power. Arze's PIR organization was strong among the tin workers but was handicapped by its stand for the United Nations, and anyhow by this time Arze was far away, holding down a job in the Coordinator's office in Washington. It

was the MNR that capitalized on the country's anger.

In the autumn of 1943, less than a year after Peñaranda's visit, the *caudillo* was thrown out by a palace revolution and Estenssoro, claiming to be the heir-apparent of Busch, was in power in La Paz. Among the buildings stoned by a street mob was the U. S. Embassy. In his first interview, Estenssoro attacked the ousted administration as having been "unconditionally at the disposition of the great mining companies"; he promised to jack up the miserable Bolivian standard of living and to develop communications so as to end Bolivian isolation. Once more tin magnate Hochschild found himself in jail, charged with treason. His newspapers were mobbed and later confiscated; he himself was dumped out of the country. The radical Junta was once more on top, flying Busch's flag.

The State Department in Washington maintained that the overthrow was an Axis plot directed from Argentina. This convenient explanation was far too simple and eventually caused the American government a good deal of embarrassment. Of course the Germans had been active in Bolivia, but their strength had dwindled and their airlines had been taken over through United States pressure long before. And of course the Germans were busy in Argentina and German money was pouring into Buenos Aires; but long before the world had ever heard of the Nazis, Argentine nationalists had been planning how to organize a southern bloc—opposed to the United States and under Argentine domination and tight control. The Argentine government has been meddling with Bolivian affairs for many years. The precise nature of the Argentine connection with Estenssoro's revolution last fall is not yet known, but it must have astonished—and perhaps frightened—our State Department to discover that the new Bolivian government was highly popular with the Bolivians.

ONCE in power the MNR government was confronted with all the standard Bolivian problems. The new president, Major Guilberto Villaroel, one of the old Chaco military crowd, was merely para-

phrasing his dead friend Busch when he announced the program of the revolutionary government:

In the economic field we will not attack capital, which Bolivia obviously needs, but we will make it act within just limits. Capital's functions should be confined to economics and not invade politics. Previously capital bought influences and dominated Bolivia in all its aspects. . . . The junta will come to an understanding directly with capital and labor in the name of the state.

But the MNR had one problem on its hands that it could not escape. Opposed to the United States, it yet must have its recognition. What if the Northern Colossus, having accumulated a big stockpile, quit buying tin? The fat would be in the fire again. Whoever attempted to run Bolivia couldn't escape finding the tin cartel on one side of him and the United States government on the other. Whether the State Department feared that too strong measures might force Bolivia—along with rubber, quinine, and metals other than tin—into the arms of Argentina is not now known. But the tin buying went on—on a month-to-month basis and without a contract. This was the tactic of a war of nerves.

The new regime was up against it. Either they could quit their anti-United States, anti-Tin Cartel policy, or they were through. They said they'd support the war effort. That wasn't enough for Washington. In the end, the Junta ousted three officials who were obnoxious to the State Department—Minister of Agriculture Carlos Montenegro, who had been a socialist supporter of Busch; the pro-Argentine Major Alberto Taborga; and the President's secretary. It was an ironical performance because Montenegro was one of the most honest men in the government and the expulsion of the three men left the really pro-Nazi element untouched. The ousted officials were replaced by three somewhat dubious characters: the Jew-baiting Rafael Otazo; a fascist-minded nonentity named Walter Guevaro; and one Colonel Alfredo Pacheco, best known in these parts for getting himself mixed up in a night-club brawl in Washington, brought on by his vociferous denunciations of the United States. The net result of this diplomatic triumph was

that the combined pressures of the tin companies and the State Department had merely obstructed popular hopes once more and, in the process, had got rid of one of the best men in the Bolivian government and encouraged the totalitarian notions of those who remained. It wasn't a very rosy picture, but in June, 1944, the State Department made the best it could out of the Bolivian gesture and recognized the new government.

A JULY election was called to choose delegates to a national convention that would name a new president. The ruling army faction, somewhat fly-blown by this time, set to work to get returns—there are perhaps 35,000 voters altogether in Bolivia—that would promise a new administration acceptable to the cartel and to the United States. This soured numerous MNR supporters, who flocked into the PIR camp, a place regarded with intense dislike by both Washington and the tin operators because of its radical labor complexion. The familiar atmosphere returned; there were rumors, plots, and counterplots. José Arze, who had come back to Bolivia, conducted a spirited campaign for the PIR and it was judged that the Mexican Lombardo Toledano and his Latin American Labor Confederation—Communist tinted—were lending aid in the background. Arze was elected a delegate to the August convention—not yet held at this writing—but as far as the limited ballot could show or prove anything, the MNR still was strong. The PIR made a poor showing. On the 9th of July, just after his election, an unknown assailant shot Arze as he was going up the front steps of his home in La Paz. At this writing it is not known whether he is alive or dead. It only seems probable that the convention will manage, by one device or another, to contrive a government that will satisfy the alien corporations.

Such a government may stave off Busch's ghost until the war in Europe is over, perhaps even until the tin mines of Malaya are recovered, but it will be just as tottery and badly strained an affair as its predecessors. The ghost of Busch, the man who made the break with the past, is forever there.

TWO POEMS

W. W. GIBSON



Why We Fight

FINDING the thought unbearable
Of deadly effort quite in vain,
Who has not reached a tenable
Rationalization of his pain?

Tomorrow's possible conclusion
Serves to justify today—
A reasonable supposition,
Or necessary, anyway.

But deep down like a nightmare,
Icicles in the heart:
A long war, peace no more,
A body tossed into a cart.

Angles

OBVIOUSLY there is always the angle,
The cloakroom prearrangement, the mutual
Understanding, the question already answered
Before the council of experts is convened.

One learns to assume a perpetual blackmail
And a sleek possessor of inside information,
Also the bought vote and the rolled log and
After-thought reasons for foregone conclusions.

Justice, stammers the innocent, triumphs at last.
Rather inquire: do the clever ones continue
Successful? Having slept a few times with the cook,
Do they enter heaven simply by the back door?

Another Man's Poison

THOMAS HORNSBY FERRIL



OUR house is old for Denver, fifty-four years old, and I've just given the dark end of the cellar its first thorough cleaning since our big fire of 1916 when the charred contents of the attic were bulldozed in. The cellar was musty with thousands of books and Pompeian with fly ash from the new stoker. It took two days to get to the books, through scrap iron, feather mattresses, trunks, china kilns, ore samples, oil landscapes in heavy gold frames, barrels, beds, jugs, wagons, sleds, rolls of tar paper, chicken wire, squirrel cages, bird cages, chemicals. I was frightened to find a bottle of mercury bichloride crystals from my daughter's scattered chemistry set nestled in a maze of toy railroad track. It is now all shipshape, all the books on shelves, most of them relics of preaching by my grandfather and his father, Methodist circuit riders on the border ruffian frontier of Kansas and Missouri when some of our family were in the Union army, some in the Confederate army, and some with Quantrell's guerrillas.

One huge leather-bound book was partly rotted. I turned it over like a garden stone and the sow bugs scuttled away from my flashlight. It was the register of the Blair House of Harrisonville, Missouri, into which my father had pressed Colorado wild flowers in his many years of collecting. Here was Townsend's Easter daisy in excellent condition. My father was not one to leave out anything. The label read: "Julesburg, Colo., May 2, 1906—*Townsendia sericea* (exscapa) on the sandy hills west of the Platte." On the next page, folded in a piece of newspaper, was Nuttall's spring anemone: "April 28, 1906, Palmer Lake, Colo., Ben

Lomond Ranch, *Anemone patens*, var. *Nuttalliana* (*Pulsatilla hirsutissima*)." I liked "hirsutissima" even better than Helen Hunt Jackson's phrase for anemones, "crocuses wrapped in chinchilla."

TOWNSEND and Nuttall! I had always thought of these two men together—the traveling ornithologist and his elder companion on his first Western journey, the traveling botanist who had an eye for ornithology as well—and now I found their flowers together. They stood for something I liked, the naturalist on the frontier, misunderstood by trappers and fighters. How's this for a forthright declaration (March 24, 1834): "We come from Pennsylvania, our names Nuttall and Townsend. We are traveling to Independence [Missouri] on foot for the purpose of seeing the country to advantage, and we intend to proceed from thence across the mountains to the Pacific. Have you any mules to sell?" In 1811, on the upper Missouri, Nuttall was always "*le fou*" to the uncomprehending Canadian boatmen. I had even written a poem years ago that went like this:

JOHN K. TOWNSEND

This day my bale of birds fell overboard.
They laugh! I sit for five hours by the fire
Drying the little skins of all my wrens.

They roar at Nuttall, he's another fool,
Walking all day three miles ahead of them
To save wormwood and violets from the hoofs,
They scoff from Independence to Vancouver.

There is bad luck in being fool and fool,
He loses roots and buds in the Columbia,
While this damned tailor Thornburg ruins me,
Drinking the whisky from my snakes and lizards
After I walk the lava sucking bullets
To save the wobbly mule that bears the jug.

It was one of some fifty poems I'd written about early Westerners but finally discarded because they depended entirely on literary derivation; I couldn't tie them into any of those direct experiences which finally distinguish poetry from non-poetry. But where Western experience could be integrated into my own, something else happened. I could never re-experience the life of John K. Townsend, but with Townsend's Easter daisy in my hand, picked by my father at Julesburg in 1906, I could feel a flow of continuity that included Townsend. This continuity had two streams, the stream of the conqueror, the fighter, the plunderer, and the stream of the recognizer, the finder, the knower.

Without exaggeration I could reconstruct pretty well what my father was thinking about when he picked the Easter daisy at Julesburg. He liked to go to Julesburg and talk about it. He had known General Grenville M. Dodge, who put through the Union Pacific. He would talk about the Indian wars of the sixties when mail had to go around the Horn to get to Julesburg; he'd talk about the burning of Julesburg; and he'd tell about his own father's sermon being interrupted in Julesburg in 1865 when the bugler sounded "Boots and Saddles." The peace of Julesburg, the ability to collect flowers and birds for the education of children, impressed him. As a child he had seen Quantrell burn Lawrence, he had counted the bodies on the sidewalk, he had seen Abolitionists shot down, he had read a notice that put a price on his own father's head, and Jesse James had protected his grandfather's preaching. My father had crossed the border into free Kansas with his dying mother and old Rachel, the slave who kept asking where the border was going to be so she could take her shoes off and feel free soil for the first time with her bare feet. Now it was all over, the West was finished: in a land hard fought for, the meanings of the good life could begin. We were through expanding; we could settle down.

I PUT the flowers back into the book and for the first time noticed the paper in which the anemone had been folded. It was a half-page from the *St. Louis Globe*

Dispatch for October 20, 1900. My flashlight revealed the screaming headline: EXPANSION IS IN OUR BLOOD!

What Goebbels was chanting *Lebensraum*? It turned out to be the Rt. Rev. Bishop Fowler, D.D., LL.D., of Buffalo, New York, haranguing for McKinley's re-election against Bryan. The holy man was saying: "Expansion is in our blood, in our history, in our religion. It is destiny!" He was saying that we Americans were now in a great missionary event, the third since the tragedy on Calvary: the first was St. Paul's rescue of Christianity from the Jews, the second was the firing on Sumter that had "made the Anglo-Saxon race fit to be used in the world's evangelization," and the third was the blowing up of the *Maine* "which had made the Anglo-Saxon race one." He explained that "to call expansion imperialism is either foolish or insincere, or both." You didn't need to worry about McKinley's becoming a dictator. We still had Congress, we still had the Supreme Court.

It was a disturbing transition in my mind from men who were trying to make a new land meaningful to one who was shrieking for more land. *Saved from the Jews, we were the chosen race to run the world!* We had taken Louisiana, Florida, the Northwest Territory, and "under the high priest of Democracy we took Texas." California and the Pacific Coast were "taken by Polk" and soon we "picked up Alaska," and "with such a history we ought not to get dyspepsia over the Hawaiian Islands, Guam, Porto Rico and the Samoan Islands." It was our duty. "Expansion is the law of Saxon life. . . . Mrs. Partington with her broom trying to sweep back the tide of the ocean is more certain to win than the men who stake their success fighting expansion."

I closed the book—leaving Townsend, Nuttall, and my father's flowers to fight it out with Bishop Fowler—and went up to my library to look up McKinley's conflict with his conscience as explained to his fellow Methodists: "I walked the floor of the White House night after night, and I am not ashamed to tell you, gentlemen, that I went down on my knees and prayed Almighty God for light and

guidance more than one night. And one night it came to me this way—I don't know how it was, but it came. . . . There was nothing left for us to do but to take them all, and to educate the Filipinos, and uplift and civilize and Christianize them, and by God's grace do the very best we could for them as our fellowmen for whom Christ also died. And then I went to bed, and went to sleep and slept soundly."

I WENT to bed playing with McKinley's mind, thinking out reason after reason which to him must have justified his course as being inevitable and righteous. Religious emotion is peculiarly susceptible to such ideas. I remembered the gentle people of Brook Farm in 1840 recognizing "this infamous business, to extend 'the area of freedom' to the shores of California, by robbing Mexico of another large mass of her territory . . . but after all it seems to be a more universal design of Providence, of extending the power and intelligence of advanced civilized nations over the whole face of the earth. . . ."

Here, I think, is something we overlook when we conjecture about America's future. Almost negligible in everything I read about the postwar world is any attempt to foresee the emotional mood in which our rational planning must find its way. We think in objective terms of international logic for the common welfare—common-sense political logic, economic logic. Our best polls of public opinion are inept in assessing what the American emotional temper will be when hostilities cease and we begin to take inventory of our victories. The liberal intellectual goes no further than protesting that if imperialistic and expansionist ideas take root, then great evil will have come to pass and all that we have fought for will have been betrayed. That he himself might be swept away by these emotions seems unthinkable, yet historically his type of mind has been outstandingly vulnerable.

This idea has never been out of my mind. It has colored my concept of the war from the outset. Whatever we might accomplish elsewhere, what were we doing *to ourselves?* I thought of it the first day

our troops arrived in Iceland, in Guadalcanal, in Africa, in Burma, in Saipan. Would an emotional valve close behind them? Rationally we had no designs; obviously we'd bring the boys home when their job was done. We were fighting a defensive war. The President reiterated it in his acceptance address in July: in Normandy we were defending Oklahoma and California. I hope it's true, but I've been apprehensive of recurrence of one of those frenzies of American expansionism periodically endemic in the nineteenth century, the very absence of which for forty years has in itself been a phenomenon.

My concept of the war may be a wrong-headed inland concept, but I have always felt that the forces moving in on us from the outside were less dynamic than our own internal war potential moving out to meet them; I have believed this despite the plausible chronology to the contrary in which events seemed to occur. Our war potential, I believe, evolved from our inability to make our vast internal energies work to our own satisfaction, which made it easier to look beyond our horizons, not welcoming war, devoutly rejecting it, but rejecting more decisively the internal dilemma from which a chivalric crusade offered escape. However it came about, war did something WPA couldn't do, and it's a fair question to what extent this hundred-billion-dollar economy which we now conceive as indispensable can be made peacefully to turn in on itself, and to what extent it will seek righteous pretexts for perpetuating a vast military establishment for the good of mankind in many places which we had never thought of as being part of our nation.

If you hold expansionist hysteria unlikely, or controllable by rational statesmanship if it occurs, I hope you are right; but I believe the situation is overcharged and I disagree with those who argue that to talk about it is to give impetus to it. I do not like to think in these terms. I do not like anybody who talks about the American Century, Pax Americana, or any purposeful enlightenment of other nations. We have yet to illuminate our own. Spiritually we've gone only about as far as Daniel Boone

went physically. Our quest for a meaningful life has gone whole-hog on social and economic readjustment. Even if we succeed in attaining such readjustment, this will be only a beginning. I could go back to the flowers I found in my cellar as representations not of the aspirations of particular men, Nuttall, Townsend, my own father, but as representing an infinite number of ends to be illuminated by the inquiring mind in this, our still new continent.

Cultural maturity of a nation is measured by the cultural maturity of its separate men, and in every man there seems to be something of Napoleon quarreling with something of Thoreau—the passion for power and conquest at odds with the quiet ecstasies of immediate recognitions. Whatever the excitement of conquest, the final

loneliness cannot be evaded and a man is up against trying to make some sense out of something where he is. Fortunate is he who has schooled himself. What parable, if we were civilized, should shame us and cut us more deeply than the one we cherish with such wistful sentimentality: The Great Waster ending up in the Pretty Garden loving the Little Things of Nature! The dear old Kaiser names the flowers as he wanders with his axe in the woodlots of Doorn. Napoleon weeps to his trees at Malmaison and befriends a spider at St. Helena. Your boys have just bled to take a town named Salona. It was from Salona that the great butcher Diocletian wrote to his former co-emperor Maximian: "If you could see the cabbages that I am growing with my own hands, you would never think of empire."

(Several authors will contribute in rotation to "Another Man's Poison." Next month, Rebecca West.—The Editors)

{ Major Thruelsen, formerly of the Saturday Evening }
{ Post, and Lieutenant Arnold, formerly of the New York }
{ World-Telegram, are both with the U.S. Army Air Forces. }

SECRET MISSION TO ROME

The Complete Story of the Taylor-Gardiner Mission

MAJOR RICHARD THRUELSEN AND
LIEUTENANT ELLIOTT ARNOLD



THE waters made soft rustling sounds around Palermo that night and the stars were quite clear and somewhere off in the distance a plane droned in its own loneliness. The small Navy PT boat bobbed quietly and men hushed their voices although the enemy was not near. Presently the signal was given and the PT boat slipped out northward into the Tyrrhenian Sea. The mission was under way.

It was two o'clock on the warm morning of September 7, 1943. In forty-eight hours American soldiers were scheduled to invade the mainland of Italy and join the British already on the western side of the boot for the first Continental advance of the long march to Berlin.

Four hours before the landing boats were to disgorge men and guns and tanks and trucks, 135 transport airplanes were scheduled to jump and land some 2,000 paratroopers, airborne soldiers, and technicians at Furbara and Cerveteri airfields just outside of Rome. There troops were to hold those airfields until reinforcements came from the main landings further south at Salerno.

In the PT boat were two American officers. Their mission was simple and explicit. They were on their way to Rome to prepare for the airborne landings.

Then they were to sit tight and wait for the planes to come in.

The two officers were Brigadier General Maxwell D. Taylor, a paratroop specialist, and Colonel William Tudor Gardiner, former governor of Maine, now serving as an air intelligence officer for the troop carriers which were going to fly the paratroopers and airborne soldiers over from Sicily.

THE story of their assignment goes back to a moment at 3:30 on the morning of July 24, 1943, when the Fascist Grand Council by a vote of twenty-four to seven kicked out Benito Mussolini and handed the government of Italy to the aged soldier, Marshal Pietro Badoglio.

Badoglio began immediately to try to ease Italy out of what obviously was a hopeless military situation and on August 19th he sent General Giuseppe Castellano, one of his senior staff officers, on a secret mission to Lisbon, Portugal, to offer Italian services to the Allies. In Lisbon, Castellano was informed that the Allies would accept nothing less than unconditional surrender, and that all talk of future co-operation would have to wait until that step was taken.

Castellano agreed to return to Badoglio with the Allied terms. Before he left he

told the American and British officers that Italian sentiment was anti-German. He insisted the Italian army and navy wanted nothing more than a chance to turn on their hated German partner. For political reasons, he went on, the Germans had permitted the Italians to defend Rome almost entirely with Italian soldiers and the German garrisons there were relatively light. He was not trying to pry into Allied strategy, he said, but when the time came to land soldiers in Italy, it would be a brilliant plan to land paratroops in Rome at the same time. Thousands of Italian soldiers would be galvanized by this daring move, he informed his listeners, and would join their Allied liberators and fight with them against the Nazis. With Rome in Allied hands, German communications in the entire lower half of Italy would be disrupted, and since all the main railroads passed through the Eternal City, supply lines would suffer.

Allied officers, to whom the idea of an airborne attack on the Italian capital was nothing new, had discussed such an attack frequently in their conferences, but they would now say nothing of their plans for the Italian invasion. They were not quite sure just how far they could trust Castellano or Badoglio.

Castellano left Lisbon and returned to Rome. By means of a secret radio, on August 27th, Badoglio notified General Eisenhower, Allied Commander in Chief, that the unconditional surrender was accepted. General Eisenhower arranged to meet Castellano in Sicily on August 31st to sign the formal papers of surrender.

At 9 o'clock on the morning of the 31st, Castellano arrived at Termini Imerese airdrome in Sicily in a trimotored Savoia-Maschetti and was flown to Cassibile airfield, outside of Catania, in an American plane.

The Italian officer had startling news. With much sorrow, with much helpless shaking of his head and wringing of his hands, he announced that conditions had changed so much in Italy that Marshal Badoglio could no longer agree to an unconditional surrender, or any other kind of surrender. The Germans had

poured thousands of troops through the Brenner Pass, had spread them out all over his unhappy country, and it would now be impossible to sign an armistice.

Some other time, he suggested, when conditions were better. Meanwhile, the Allies must understand, in their hearts the Italians were truly anti-German and pro-Ally. But what could one do when one's country was occupied by such a mighty military power as Germany?

In blunt terms, Castellano was told nothing doing. He glumly agreed to return to Badoglio and was given until the following midnight to radio back word that the Italian government was prepared to live up to its pledge. Meanwhile plans had been completed for the invasion. Paratroops were already rehearsing for their landings at Rome.

No word was heard by the midnight deadline. The night passed. Still no word. Allied leaders were almost ready to write Italian co-operation off the books. Then, at 7:30 on the night of September 2nd, almost twenty hours past the deadline, Castellano got word through that Badoglio again agreed to a surrender.

Castellano returned to Allied headquarters in Sicily the next day. There he flabbergasted the Allied leaders by announcing blandly that he was not empowered actually to *sign* an armistice, but was simply instructed by Badoglio to *discuss* it further. He was ordered peremptorily to get in touch with Badoglio by radio and get that authority. After much messaging back and forth over the secret radio, Castellano was duly designated an emissary of the government of Italy and at 4:30 on the afternoon of September 3rd, in a tent set up in an olive grove, he signed the document removing Italy from her axial alliance with Hitler's Third Reich.

It was agreed that a public announcement of this armistice would be made at 6:30 on the night of September 8th, simultaneously by General Eisenhower from his headquarters and by Marshal Badoglio from Rome.

What General Castellano was not told, however, was that the American invasion of the Continent was scheduled for the early morning of September 9th, and that the airborne invasion of Rome was to start

on the evening of September 8, at 6:30 P.M., the exact hour that the armistice announcement was to be made.

It is recorded that while no champagne was available to celebrate the signing of the Armistice, someone discovered a bottle of whisky and poured it out in champagne cups and toasts were gravely drunk. Then Castellano, overcome with emotion, plucked an olive branch and gave it to the nearest American officer.

THE Italian officer then announced he now regarded himself as a full co-belligerent of the Allies. He opened a brief case. He had many papers with him. The Germans, he said, had brought many divisions of their best troops to Italy, but these troops were not in the Rome area. The Nazis were still permitting the Italians to guard their own capital. It was a one-sided military conference. Castellano was verbose, enthusiastic, told everything. Allied officers listened and revealed nothing of their own plans. They felt the Italians were not to be trusted. It was even thought possible that Badoglio might be still working with the Germans.

American officers agreed that the paratroop and airborne landings were feasible at the Rome airfields on D Day. The Allies planned amphibious landings at Salerno and they figured that the airborne troops would draw German defenders from Salerno and would provide a sound diversion. It was understood by them that an airborne force of 2,000 men could not by itself take Rome, but Castellano again assured the Allied officers that the thousands of Italian troops in the Rome area would join the British and American troops as soon as they hit the ground.

Castellano worked through the day and night with the Allied officers, drew diagrams of the airfields, showed the locations of the various buildings, showed where munitions and gasoline were stored, outlined a communication system, and arranged for trucks to move the Allied invaders from place to place. But there were many things he did not know, many questions he could not answer, and to prevent any slip-up it was decided that someone had to go to Rome ahead of time

and make further arrangements with the Italians.

General Taylor and Colonel Gardiner immediately volunteered to do this.

II

GENERAL TAYLOR's job was to arrange for the paratroop part of the mission and Colonel Gardiner was to handle the intelligence liaison for the planes. The two were to go to Rome, iron out the last details with Italian officials, get everything ready at the airfields, and then wait.

Word was flashed to Rome that the two Americans were coming. Rome answered fine, send them over. Arrangements were made with Italian naval officials for transportation and Taylor and Gardiner prepared to go.

The two American officers were given final instructions. Each detail of their mission was worked out. There were 2,000 highly trained fighting men and technicians and 135 airplanes involved in the plan. The instructions given them covered everything, even things they could laugh about later.

"They told us that the Germans had this 'truth-telling' drug," Colonel Gardiner said later. "We were told, 'If you get captured put your forgetter to work.'"

Taylor wore field dress: khaki shirt and trousers and a field jacket. Gardiner was dressed in more formal wear, complete with dress blouse and trousers. Both men wore their insignia. On his blouse Gardiner wore several ribbons from this and the last war, including a ribbon showing he had served with the Army of Occupation in Germany. Not until later did he realize this ribbon might have brought unpleasant consequences if the Nazis had captured him. Both men carried regular Army .45's, and each was given 70,000 lire—\$700—in Italian currency.

THE farewells were brief that starlit night of September 6th. The risks were too great—risks of failure, risks of capture—to be even discussed. The Americans knew what depended on the successful completion of their assignment. They were aware of the importance of each hour, each minute.

Shortly after midnight, in the early hours of the 7th, the two officers boarded an American PT boat. The two men leaned against the sides of the tiny craft and looked at their watches and estimated the time they had available. The planes were scheduled to take off in less than forty-one hours.

The night was warm. The boat moved swiftly. No one spoke. The Sicilian coast disappeared and they were in the open sea. The officers idly wondered what their status would be if they fell into German hands. They were dressed as American officers and thus could not be accounted as spies. But the method of their entry, in co-operation with the Italians, might put them in that category if the Nazis so decided.

At dawn the PT boat reached the tiny island of Ustica. Taylor and Gardiner had not slept. There they were transferred to a waiting Italian corvette, the *Ibis*. On board was Admiral Maugeri, head of Italian Naval Intelligence. He welcomed the Americans effusively. The PT boat turned and sped off, back to Sicily. The corvette moved toward the Italian mainland.

Maugeri said that he would land the Americans at Gaeta, seventy-five miles south of Rome, for security reasons. There was a highway leading directly from Gaeta to Rome, the famous Appian Way. Preparations had been made to drive Taylor and Gardiner to waiting Italian officials as soon as they landed.

In the event of interception by the Germans, the Americans were to be presented as aviators captured at sea. To aid this illusion Taylor and Gardiner sprinkled water on the lower part of their trousers and mussed themselves up.

Maugeri was very friendly. As the corvette approached the mainland he said the Italian fleet was prepared to join the Allies as soon as the armistice was announced. He asked questions about the contemplated invasion. The Americans told him nothing.

THE corvette reached Gaeta at 4:30 on the afternoon of the 7th. The Americans were impatient. Time was short. It was now only twenty-six hours before

the planes were to take off. They climbed onto the gangway. Curious Italian sailors on the docks watched them. In keeping with the story that the Americans had been captured at sea, the Italian officers pushed them rudely down the gangway and spoke harshly to them. The Italian officers followed. One of them carried two suitcases containing a radio receiver and transmitter, to be used later at the airfields for bringing in the American planes.

A naval car was waiting on the quay. The Americans were herded roughly inside. The Italian officers followed. A few miles outside the city the car pulled into a side road. There an Italian ambulance was parked. The men changed over into the ambulance. The ambulance swung back into the Appian Way and headed north.

Several times sentries stopped the vehicle. The Italian officers reassured the sentries. The road was strangely clear of traffic. Colonel Gardiner said there were three or four concrete road blocks around which the ambulance had to swing, but outside of that there were apparently no defenses on this main road to Rome. Once a small party of German infantry was passed.

III

AT 10:30 on the night of the 7th the ambulance entered Rome and brought the party to the Palazzo Caprara, opposite the War Office, at the intersection of the Via Firenze and the Via 20 Settembre. The ambulance was held up for several moments to allow a convoy of German trucks to pass.

The Americans were marched past numerous sentries, Italian and German, who saluted the Italian naval officers and glanced at the Americans. They were not questioned. When they entered the Palazzo, Taylor and Gardiner asked to see General Carboni, military commandant of Rome, immediately, so that they could start work. But they found they were expected to sit down to an elaborate Italian dinner. It was now eleven o'clock and the planes were to be airborne in less than twenty hours.

Taylor and Gardiner tried to avoid the

meal. A sandwich or two would do, they said. The Italians were amazed. They were adamant. Italian hospitality would not let even war interfere. First a meal, then a few courtesy calls, then, perhaps tomorrow, or even the next day, business could start.

"We were in a spot," Colonel Gardiner said later. "They apparently thought the invasion was scheduled weeks away. We could not let them know how close it was. And still we had to get on with the job."

They ate the meal, complete with a dessert of *crêpes Suzette*, and then insisted on seeing General Carboni without further delay. The General was finally produced, sleepy and full of wonder at these strange Americans. When he awakened sufficiently to speak, he tossed a casual bombshell into the air. The paratroop invasion would have to be called off. The armistice itself would have to be postponed indefinitely.

IN THE last few days, he said, the Germans had occupied the Rome area in great strength and had virtually disarmed and immobilized the Italian garrisons. The city was now impregnable. He had the figures on hand to prove it. There were now 12,000 Germans, mainly paratroopers, the most fanatic and the fiercest Nazi fighters of all, in the Tiber Valley. There was a panzer grenadier division, increased by attachments, until it was now 24,000 strong. There were 100 pieces of artillery, most of them the deadly 88mm. guns. There were 150 heavy and 50 light tanks.

Carboni held out his hands helplessly. At the first announcement of an armistice this formidable German force would take over Rome, would oust the Italian garrisons, would even possibly do personal harm to the high Italian officials who were responsible for the surrender. No, the armistice and the paratroop landings had to be forgotten. The best thing, he said, was for the Americans to rest up from their trip for a day or two, and then return to their superiors and make their report.

THE news almost floored Taylor and Gardiner. Their mission now had changed entirely. "We had come on a

purely military assignment," Colonel Gardiner said later, "and now we found ourselves involved in the highest kind of politics." The airborne attack now was only a minor matter in an affair that involved an Italian about-face on the capitulation, a surrender that already was signed and sealed and accepted by the Allied high command. And here it was after midnight, and the hours racing away, and Carboni casually suggesting they return to their bases and say the Italians had changed their minds.

Without the armistice the plans for the amphibious landings might have to be drastically altered. If the Italian defenders were not informed of the surrender by their own high command the situation would present untold new problems. Allied leaders had reckoned on Italian confusion, but now the Italians might automatically fight on the side of the German defenders.

TAYLOR and Gardiner now insisted on seeing Marshal Badoglio himself. Carboni said this was impossible. It was too late. The Marshal was an old man and long in bed. The Americans insisted. Word was sent to the Marshal's villa. The Americans started out.

They were stopped frequently again by German and Italian sentries in what now seemed to them to be a new and hostile Rome. Carboni showed his shoulder insignia each time they were stopped. They arrived at the Marshal's villa and found Italian staff officers running around excitedly in their pajamas. There had been an air alert.

Carboni disappeared and conferred for fifteen minutes with Badoglio in the latter's chambers. Then the Marshal appeared. He was fully dressed, in a dark gray civilian suit, complete with shirt, tie and low brown shoes. He spoke in French.

He was extremely friendly, but he echoed Carboni. The announcement of the armistice must be postponed. The paratroop landings must be canceled. He quoted the figures on German men and equipment in the Rome area, reciting them carefully and almost automatically, as though Carboni had just rehearsed him.

Badoglio repeated again and again that

his sympathies were with the Allies, but Colonel Gardiner said that he began to feel Badoglio was trying to find out things, trying to learn of the exact place and time of the amphibious invasion. In the light of his new attitude the Americans trusted him less than before and the interview had a wary cat-and-mouse atmosphere.

"If I announce the armistice and the Americans don't send strong enough reinforcements or land near Rome the Germans will enter the city and take us out and replace us with the Fascists," Badoglio said, emphasizing the word "Fascists" as though to stress that he was not a Fascist. The Americans dead-panned him and said nothing about the fact that the amphibious landings were scheduled not north of Rome but actually at Salerno, quite a distance south of the city.

The Italian marshal then went to a large map of Italy and showed the Americans that the Germans had natural defenses across Italy through Formia or Minturna, near Gaeta, and suggested that if he knew exactly where the landings were to take place he might be of some assistance. Getting no response, he pointed out how various places, all north of Rome, would be ideal for landings and how such landings would also protect Rome and all those within it.

"Supposing, just for the sake of discussion, landings were made at Salerno," Badoglio said, watching them intently. "There would be many, many difficulties."

The American officers agreed politely, did not add to this observation. Instead, they brought the subject back to the armistice, and again Badoglio expressed his regrets but said the surrender must wait. He could not make the announcement as he had promised and that was final. He might be harmed himself, personally, if he made such a statement. And what might happen to Rome was beyond contemplation.

"Are you more afraid of the Germans than you are of us?" Taylor asked. "If you fail to announce the armistice there will be nothing left for us to do but to bomb and destroy Rome ourselves."

"Why would you want to bomb the city of people who are trying to aid you?" the Marshal asked slyly. "Why not, instead,

bomb the passes north of Rome, where the German is bringing down his equipment?"

It was plain he had debated on the humane fighting attitude of the Allies and the ruthlessness of the Nazis. He had more to fear from the latter and he knew it. He pointed to a large map of the Rome area and showed how it was nominally defended by four Italian divisions, and said that one of the divisions on the east was the Fascist Centauri and could not be trusted to obey his orders.

"We have only enough ammunition for about two hours," he said. "The Germans have taken away all our gasoline and if we attempted to move anything more than a few kilometers it would be taken away from us."

"But surely you can get more ammunition," Gardiner said.

Badoglio smiled triumphantly. "Your bombers have blown up our best ammunition factory."

"And there was nothing we could say to that," Gardiner remembers.

THE Marshal then indicated there was nothing more to say. The best thing, he suggested, was for the Americans to return to their headquarters with his decision to postpone the armistice. Taylor and Gardiner shook their heads. It was almost two o'clock in the morning. There were now less than seventeen hours left. And the maddening part was that they could not tell Badoglio how short the time was.

They were not authorized to act as couriers in a matter of this kind, they said. Instead, Badoglio must send a personal message by radio to Allied headquarters immediately informing the Allied high command of this new development. The Marshal drafted a message and incorporated in it a phrase which indicated that General Taylor concurred with him. Taylor ordered this phrase stricken out and, after much argument, a message was sent from Badoglio to General Eisenhower.

The Italian leader pleaded in the message that it was no longer possible to live up to his promise of an armistice because of the strength of the German troops in the Rome area. He said that the enemy

might occupy the government in Rome and that he, Badoglio, could no longer guarantee to safeguard the airfields for the Allied paratroop landings. He added that General Taylor had been given this information personally and was awaiting orders to return to Allied headquarters to present them.

General Taylor sent along another message in which he agreed that in view of the information given by Badoglio the paratroop landings were now impossible. He pointed out in his message that the Italians lacked gasoline and ammunition.

When the messages were taken out to be coded and sent over the secret radio, Badoglio seemed to relax. He became very emotional and talked at great length about his honor as a soldier and officer. He implored the Americans to trust him and swore that he was not trying to trick the Allies. Gardiner studied him closely, and later said he thought Badoglio had "the sagacious look of an old hound dog—wise and benign."

It was now almost 3 A.M. There were only fifteen hours left before the first planes were to run up their motors and then taxi out to their strips and take off.

IV

TAYLOR and Gardiner still could not sleep. Badoglio assured them that everything would be done to expedite the messages, but, as far as they knew, he was unaware of the time element involved. They were nervous and restless and at the same time almost paralyzed with exhaustion. Carboni had departed with the messages. The Americans were taken back to the Palazzo. They sat up through the rest of the night, talking quietly to each other. Wary of hidden microphones, they avoided all mention of times of the amphibious and airborne landings.

They kept checking with Italian officials. They were told the Italian radio operator who was given the messages did not have the mechanical encoder and had to encode the messages by hand, a lengthy and tedious process. The hours passed. Soon it was dawn.

While they waited in this numbed state several Italian officers suddenly burst into

their room. They shouted excitedly that Americans had landed at Salerno. Taylor and Gardiner froze. But they were still alert enough to suspect a trick and they said nothing. Later the officers said the report of the landings was a mistake.

At seven o'clock the Americans were informed that the messages finally had been encoded and sent out. Still, they were told, atmospheric conditions were so bad one could not say whether the messages had been received. Taylor and Gardiner sat down and waited and smoked. At eight word was received from Algiers that the messages had been received.

THEN Taylor began to wonder whether his message directing the cancellation of Giant Two had been worded strongly enough. He sat down and drafted another message.

The Italians, he said, had informed him that the Germans now had 12,000 soldiers in the Tiber Valley, and that other German units in the area had been increased by reinforcements to 24,000. The Italians, he said, were virtually immobilized because of the German confiscation of munitions and gasoline, and could not help the Allies if the paratroop landings on the airfields were made as planned.

This message was sent out at 8:20. Gardiner and Taylor then began to await some word of the cancellation. The minutes raced by. At 11:30 there was still no acknowledgment.

Suddenly they heard the distant roar of airplanes. They rushed to the window. They strained their tired eyes against the sky. Was the attack coming off after all? And hours earlier than planned? They could not see the planes. Was this another trick? Then they heard the dull sound of distant explosions. They began to look for someone for an explanation. They found an Italian officer who said the planes were indeed American planes and that they had just bombed the German headquarters at Frascati. And a good job of bombing it was too, he added.

The tension now had almost reached the breaking point. Taylor sat down and wrote another message in the code agreed upon in Allied headquarters for use only in the most extreme emergency, to call off

the paratroop attack. That message was sent just before noon.

There was nothing left to do. Both men tried to sleep. They could not. Finally they suggested to the Italian officials that they would like to walk around Rome. Could the Italians get them some civilian clothing? They said they would like to inspect the airfields anyway, in case a future attack was planned on them. The Italians got a set of clothing for Taylor, and some trousers for Gardiner. But Gardiner is a bulky, broad-shouldered man, and they could find no coat to fit him. The stroll was called off. Both men slumped in chairs and closed their eyes and presently they slept.

At 3:30 they were awakened. A message had been received from Allied headquarters: "You will return to Allied headquarters. Passage by air has been arranged. Your plane will not be fired upon by Allied aircraft or anti-aircraft guns."

The two men looked at each other. Without actually saying so, the message told them of the cancellation. Else they would not have been ordered back. Gardiner thought for a while that he might stay on in Rome and work there as an undercover man for the Allies, but the order seemed to preclude that.

General Taylor summoned Carboni. In stern tones, the American officer stated that the announcement of the armistice must not under any circumstances be postponed, that it had to be made at 6:30—in three hours—as the Italians had originally agreed. Carboni shrugged his shoulders. That was not a matter for him to decide, he said; that was something only Marshal Badoglio could determine. Taylor repeated that the Allied reaction would be violent if the announcement were not made.

The Americans left. They were accompanied by an Italian officer who was to return with them and serve as a representative of Badoglio in future operations. They all climbed into an ambulance. Once again they were sped through the streets of Rome, this time to an airfield. On the way, the ambulance

had to stop and wait until a long column of German infantry moved by. Gardiner said later he could have reached out and touched the Nazis as they passed. The ambulance started again and did not pause this time until it had driven onto the airfield and up to a waiting Italian plane.

They climbed aboard and the plane took off into the setting sun, heading for Tunis. As it approached the North African coast a British Beaufighter swooped down upon the Italian plane, circled it and swung around. Would it attack? Finally the Beaufighter set a parallel course and followed the plane until it landed at El Aouina airfield, outside of Tunis.

It was dark. The men stepped from the plane. There was a great deal of excitement on the field. As they climbed into jeeps they heard someone say: "Did you hear the news? The Italians have surrendered."

IN THE record of orders at Allied Headquarters, North African Theater of Operations, is the following notation:

"On the night of 8/9 September at 1730 hours Giant Two was canceled due to rapid changes in the tactical situation involving the destination of the operation."

In military terminology 1730 hours means 5:30 in the afternoon—or exactly sixty minutes before scheduled time of take-off. The cancellation reached one air base just forty-five minutes before take-off. In most cases the paratroopers and airborne infantrymen were already in their planes when the countermanding order came through.

At 6:30 that night, on schedule, General Eisenhower announced the Italian armistice. There was no announcement from Rome. Allied leaders waited, and then, at 8 P.M., Marshal Badoglio made the announcement over the Rome radio.

Immediately afterward he departed from Rome with King Victor, drove to Pescara on the Adriatic, boarded an Italian naval vessel, and put in at Taranto, safe in British hands.

The operation was canceled—but at 0230 on the morning of September 9th the first American soldier landed on the Italian coast south of Salerno.

{ E. C. Drake, a former advertising man now in
the Navy, has written articles and fiction under
various pseudonyms—of which this is one. }

RENEGOTIATE THE ENGLISH TEACHERS!

E. C. DRAKE



I HAVE the pleasure of close association with an Amherst man, class of '42 (before Amherst he attended one of the half-dozen best-reputed preparatory schools in the East), who is certified by his alma mater to be an average B student. His major was history. His minor was English. If pressed he will give you the following nuggets of intelligence:

a) The Sherman Anti-Trust Law was passed in 1922.

b) The population of the United States is 30,000,000.

c) Tom Paine was—who?

d) Chief (*sic*) Justice Holmes was a poet.

e) No information, apart from recognition of the names, re Lincoln-Douglas, Webster-Hayne, Wilson-Lodge.

Is it necessary to go on and indicate how little appreciation he has of his country's tradition?

I am not maintaining that an acquaintance with Paine and Justice Holmes is a prerequisite for good citizenship and that men less fortunately educated are automatically excluded from a sense of America's purpose. Natural sympathy and character continue to have importance at least equal to education. I am saying that if a man has been exposed to education without gaining it, it is necessary to infer that in this area his education

has not counted one way or another.

More than a year ago the *New York Times* documented a twenty-year-old skepticism of the quality of American history teaching. Although subject to numerous criticisms and witticisms the *Times* survey had the overriding virtues of publicity and particularity; it got the wind up and it smelled of History. The case against a sizable chunk of teaching was clearly made; the *Times* document, having been produced under the best auspices, could be dropped on the table before any board of regents without hesitation; constructive effort need no longer be devoted to proving the case and could be better put to curing the complaint.

Nobody has yet pointed out that the fault does not lie solely at the door of the history departments. The responsibility of the English departments in the matter also needs looking into. By this I do not mean that it is the business of the English faculties to see that the student knows dates and populations. But an understanding of Paine and Holmes is well within their ken.

THE essence of history is the motion of people. The essence of literature is its effect upon people. Where literature moves people in activities commonly considered to be of historical consequence it

exerts its maximum leverage. It is exactly that literature which is most neglected in our schools.

The literary people will object that such definitions give the populist rant of William Jennings Bryan a higher literary validity than could be accorded the distillations of Emily Dickinson, which do not move *people* at all, only the private sensibilities of persons. Conversely the historians will assert that my view is primitive, neo-Carlyle, since respectable historians now give inferior weight to events (toward which literature may have the fallacious appearance of being suasive) as against the superior importance of hidden determinisms (in dealing with which the only suitably eloquent literary form is the statistic).

But let me make a simple appeal to common sense, and ask:

a) Do we not as a generality believe that the American Revolution was history and that *Common Sense* and the Declaration of Independence were effective elements of it? Were these manifestoes not ably composed and literate? And if this is granted

b) Why is it that only history teachers are belabored because the citizens of the republic know nothing of either document?

In order not to go caterwauling all over the lot let us confine these comments to collegiate English education, though the same sort of thing applies to the lower schools. The collegiate area is sufficiently remiss; this paper is not meant to be a cure-all and the writer will be content if it makes the slightest slit anywhere in the academic fabric.

II

THE elective system has been thoroughly exposed to professional abhorrence lately and such is the tide of opinion against it that in a few years we may expect to see more sensible course requirements. The electives will remain in the higher grades, where they belong, and they will tend to diminish in the lower grades, where there is little place for them, the barest necessities of a liberal arts education being hardly accomplishable if even the entire first two college years are devoted to required subjects.

If requirements become more stringent

the English and history departments are going to benefit principally; their requirements are most obvious. What will they do with the greater number of hours given to them? Likely the history people will devote it to American history and the English people will devote it to American literature—that is the way they are now talking—and no one will devote a solitary word to American historical literature, which is some of our best literature and expresses our essential history.

Whoever pleads the case for an education in American historical literature must show that a literature is there. At the risk of reciting a catalogue I hope to indicate where it lies.

It is not alone the dramatic speeches and writings by the great men on the eve of and in the midst of great events, although that is the large part of it and justly entitled to the large measure of the student's attention. As prototypes of this literature I have already indicated Thomas Paine's pamphlet *Common Sense* and Jefferson's Declaration of Independence, two of the most tightly argued, literately figured, and soundly organized papers in all literature. A half-dozen other well-known (in the sense that everyone knows the titles) speeches and publications are no less pivotal and literate: *The Federalist*, and if one must make a selection let it be Hamilton's Number Eighty-four (Lodge collation); and Daniel Webster's witty and principled reply to Robert Hayne, as eloquent a parliamentary piece as any legislative body has heard and any nation acted upon, will do as exemplars.

That is the literature of the great national stage. There is a secondary literature no less suitable to our purpose, a literature not so apparently crucial but nevertheless profoundly effective upon our national life or profoundly expressive of our national mind and faith.

In this connection let me cite the literature of the Civil War, which neither begins with the Lincoln-Douglas debates nor ends with the Gettysburg Address. I have in mind Senator Robert Toombs's succinct statement of the Southern position delivered in the Senate on January 7, 1861. I have in mind Wendell Phillips' brilliant, sledge-hammering defense of the radical

Abolitionists read before the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society. From these opposed statements and the circumstances surrounding them (for literature is never properly isolated from circumstances) a student will get a sense of marshaled information and effective statement—the fundamentals of the composition in which his English faculty is interested. More than that, he will get an appreciation of how incontrovertibly both sides of a controversy can state their cases, and he will possibly have an appreciation of how the moral moderate—the Lincoln American—makes his way through it.

At random let us see of what other stuff American historical literature is made. There is the pithy brevity of a Holmes decision: *Tyson Bros. vs. Banton* or *Nixon vs. Herndon*. There is the plain, anecdotal, righteous argument of Theodore Roosevelt, typified in "The Shaping of Public Opinion and the Ninth Commandment." Teddy has been slurred by the sophistates but he said honest things well.

Practically anything we pick up written by Woodrow Wilson during his Washington years is grist for this mill. His request to Congress (March 5, 1914) that we reject a favored position on Panama Canal tolls, and the consequent favorable Congressional action, are reminders that we as a people can be moved by principle. Possibly the best Wilson entry in American literature is his high-spirited Jackson Day address of 1915, a hot and searching defense of party politics.

All this and much more is literature—historically effective literature—and the point of enumerating it is not to argue that it is literature because it is historically effective but that it is historically effective without being impaired as literature.

This literature is in its numerous guises emotional, terse, graceful, and uniformly well composed. It is not embarrassed by its market-place function. Above all it is attached to persons and the persons are in the historic stream, so that we have, not a detached retailing of "Courses and Trends in American History," but intimate situations in which men wrestle with problems that underlie their collective lives and come to personal conclusions. One finds the sense of hazard and choice and

doubt, and one sees the decisions arising from honorable grounds. The ignorance, the selfishness, the commonness we tend to ascribe to our historic men fade away and we are fortified in the honor of our tradition. The literature itself plainly says it. Its closer study may encourage more of us to go and do likewise.

III

WHY, again, is this laid at the door of the college English departments? For the reasons heretofore stated—that the baby is literate and important—and for these additionally:

The English departments have the personnel. They have the time. They have an astounding variety of specialized courses. One finds them teaching almost any literature so long as it toucheth not politics. Further, the English departments have the lion's share of students already in their hands, and it will be considered less revolutionary to modify subject matter than to reassign students to history.

And to put it bluntly—that is, to state the truth without interjecting the modest hedges that have a legitimate carping claim on our attention—the English departments are teaching nothing. The perfect crime has been committed by college English departments—no one even suspects that a body is there. We assume that the English faculties, having been reduced to composition and general surveys of literature, have been stripped of nonessentials and now deal only with the very stuff of the language. Far from it. Instead of preserving the life, which is thought, they have kept only the bones of composition; and, determined to create at least the appearance of whole literature, they have puttied it out where they are able with a survey that stretches from Beowulf to Masfield, touching all the names and none of the literature.

Is it important that a student learn to compose a one-hundred-and-fifty-word (count 'em, no more, no less) paragraph when he has nothing to put in the mold? As for the surveys, nothing is more apparent than that they intend to be a panorama and succeed in being a hazy horizon on which nothing worth while may

be seen. Certainly it cannot be pretended that students undertaking the courses get a sound acquaintanceship with Beowulf, Piers, Chaucer, Shakespeare, the Lake School, etc. Nor do they acquire a taste for this literature which they later indulge; our nonclassical reading habits prove it. The survey courses neither accomplish education themselves nor inspire to self-education. Least of all do they accomplish anything distinctly American.

IT is necessary to get back to content as the basis of education. In his Experimental College at the University of Wisconsin, Dr. Meiklejohn based the entire sophomore year of his program on one book, *The Education of Henry Adams*. This book was examined and re-examined and its implications read back and forward into history. The intention was to get the student into a thoughtful state of mind about the purpose and condition of his own country. Additionally the study could not avoid being a modest education in history, literature, and philosophy, and it particularly developed an inquiring state of mind about those matters.

The Education of Henry Adams was, I

believe, an unfortunate choice for basic study by an average young college group. It is difficult, never wholly grasped, and consequently discouraging to many. However, Dr. Meiklejohn's point is not thereby invalidated.

Let us renegotiate the English teachers. Instead of beginning with composition and with survey let the English teachers begin with content. It would be more to the point than their present procedure if they began with a handful of documents whose roots are deep in America, for we are undeniably in a time when an education toward public thinking overbears in importance the education toward general letters.

If the colleges will base their required English on two or three nineteenth-century papers (the Toombs and Phillips addresses and a selection from the Lincoln-Douglas debates, for example), or a similar group of Revolutionary War papers, or indeed any noteworthy literature of a like nature, they will do a great deal more than they are now doing to impart a taste for literate expression. They will, furthermore, take a sound step toward education for responsible citizenship.



{ John J. Espey, author of "The Lady Bandit" in our August issue, here presents another sketch of his early life in China. }

"NEVER GET DOWN ON YOUR KNEES AND WHINE"

JOHN J. ESPEY



MISS MARY ELIZABETH COGDAL had been in the Presbyterian mission near the Old South Gate of Shanghai for some years when I was born, so I have no clear recollection of our first meeting. But she may have remembered it. For legend has it that she bent over my crib, pursed her lips, and said, "Well, they always come that way."

Miss Cogdal was born on a farm in Illinois and later moved to Kansas. She knew the earth and was familiar with horses; no better preparation has yet been devised for a missionary. Somewhere in her past lay a romance. We never heard much about it, but it hovered there in the background—the young lover dead, the girl turning all her passion to teaching. I always gathered that it was the unreliable conduct of this young fellow which made Miss Cogdal into a militant feminist who began to teach in a country school at the age of sixteen. From that day to her death she declared herself a man-hater, and like all of that breed she could be got around by any fairly subtle male.

All her life Miss Cogdal was a little slow in paying attention to anyone, and the Lord was unable to get through His Call to her until she was in her middle twenties. After making herself acceptable to the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, Miss Cogdal, still paying no atten-

tion to anyone, started putting her affairs in order. Knowing in her own mind that life in China would hold no luxuries and that she was on the point of renouncing the world, she gave away all her possessions. When she buckled the strap on her one suitcase, it contained two changes of nunlike garments, her Bible, one knife, one fork, and one spoon. The last three items were to see her through her apprenticeship with chopsticks, and then they too were to be cast aside. Her clear voice always broke into notes of bassoonlike laughter when she told of the other ladies of the South Gate mission eagerly waiting to see the latest nineties fashions, only to be dismayed by Miss Cogdal severely attired in a rustling black creation of her own design. Miss Cogdal's establishment never quite lost its original nakedness. "Why should people worry about their houses," she would ask, "when half the children in China haven't clothes to their backs?" And then she would sweep out and clap a garment on the next child she met.

MISS COGDAL came to grips with South Gate immediately. Starting with a private teacher, she soon acquired a hold on Chinese which remained a curious delight to all who heard her speak. Then she turned her attention to the mission's

school for girls. The principal of the Girls' School at that time was an Englishwoman who did not like cucumbers. Miss Cogdal doted on cucumbers. She and the Englishwoman ate their meals together. Whenever cucumbers appeared on the table the Englishwoman snatched up the dish, rushed it out to the kitchen, and hurled the cucumbers into the garbage pail. At the end of six months Miss Cogdal became principal of the school and the Englishwoman left South Gate for a place more to her tastes.

The Englishwoman disposed of, Miss Cogdal turned to the girls. She was offended by them. They were apathetic, thin, flabby, delicate, finicky—in short, they had not grown up on a Kansas farm. Miss Cogdal went about getting what she could to take its place. She drew up a stiff regimen of physical training for all the girls. The girls shuddered; the girls' parents shuddered. One did not go in for flinging the body about wildly in China. Miss Cogdal stood firm for flinging the body about. Then the Orientals outsmarted themselves. Smiling up their sleeves, they said that everything would be fine if—and they thought it was an insuperable *if*—the foreign teacher did the same exercises. Miss Cogdal was shocked. "Of course I'm going to do them," she replied. "How do you think they'll learn if I don't teach them?" The Chinese had been had, though Miss Cogdal went on blithely flinging the body about without realizing that she had had them. Not only did Miss Cogdal do her calisthenics; she started her own vegetable garden to get more exercise by spading, hoeing, and weeding. When the girls saw this they knew that the world had come to an end. And, indeed, that world had come to an end.

In her own way Miss Cogdal set a good pace for the emancipation of Chinese women. Her pupils soon adored her to the point of imitation. She had large feet, so the Chinese girls began to frown on bound feet. She was vigorous and athletic. Her most daring advance was made late in the twenties. The short-hair question was agitating the councils of the church in those years. If it had been anyone but St. Paul who had laid

down those absurd injunctions, Miss Cogdal might have conformed. But she got to thinking about Paul, who was after all a mere man, and she decided that he hadn't known his own mind. While everyone else was debating whether or not a woman with short hair could get into heaven, Miss Cogdal took a streetcar into Shanghai. She went to no beauty parlor, for this was not a move of vanity. She went to an ordinary barber shop and demanded that her hair be cut exactly like a man's. She thought of this, I am sure, as the most humiliating method she could follow. On her return the station gulped collectively. Miss Cogdal was very calm. "It feels better," she said; "it's more convenient and it saves time."

The station hastily decided that Miss Cogdal would not go to hell, and the next day the braids in the Girls' School began to fall. Ironically, this haircut was the most beautifying thing Miss Cogdal could have done to herself. Big-boned, with great hands and feet, she had sensibly never gone in for frilly clothes or flower patterns, but the hair drawn back into a knob at the back of her head had always looked a little silly. Now, in her sixties, the close-cropped graying hair went well with her bold nose and strong chin. In her austere suits and dresses she could have stalked into any of Shanghai's more sophisticated spots and been accepted as a distinguished woman of the world. This, in fact, was just what she was.

YET underneath it all there seethed a great unrest. At the risk of appearing old-fashioned in my psychology, I think she wanted children. She may have wanted a man, but I doubt it, unless it could have been for the pleasure of hitting him over the head and plucking out his hair. She used to come and look at my sister and me when we were still small. Gingerly she held us in her arms. But at the first squawk, the first dampness of the diaper, she jumped up, thrust the infant back, and declaimed, "Let them as wants babies have 'em. I don't!" She came back to the nursery time and again.

Eventually she experimented with vicarious motherhood and took under her

guardianship an ugly duckling at the school. She fed her and clothed her, paid for her education, and even stooped to finding her a husband. This experiment was not a great success, since the husband turned out to be an opium addict and the girl not altogether grateful. Her second daughter was more satisfactory. Miss Cogdal spotted her among the alley brats of Mulberry Lane, opposite the mission compound—a dirty little girl of three living with her newly widowed father and five or six other ricksha coolies. Miss Cogdal offered to take the girl and rear her. The father was glad to be rid of his daughter, so Miss Cogdal bundled her over to our house, where she and Mother filled a bathtub and stripped the child of her rags. They scrubbed the skin off her, using tub after tub of water and ignoring the girl's screams. Satisfied at last, Miss Cogdal thrust her into some clean clothes and took her to the school dormitory. Next morning she was gone. Miss Cogdal strode to the hovel in Mulberry Lane, turned down the filthy bedding on the one bed, and found the girl asleep, her face tear-stained. Without hesitation Miss Cogdal snatched her up and, her own eyes brimful of tears as the girl fought and wept, bore her back to cleanliness. After that she stayed. As she grew up, a completely undemonstrative tie was formed between the two self-willed and determined women, a tie which was closer than Miss Cogdal normally came to sentiment.

Her unrest had some sportive manifestations. It was a fine scene of a moonlit night to see Miss Cogdal, long-sleeved nightgown whipping about her, stride back and forth on the upstairs veranda of her house as she walked in a nightmare, waving her arms about as she shouted "Help! Murder! O Lord, O Lord!" until someone led her back to bed. For no known reason this convinced her she was a light sleeper, and she refused to lock her house until a thief got in one night and rifled her bedroom successfully.

There were other nights when Miss Cogdal did no sleeping at all. If she found a book she liked—and she was an omnivorous reader—she sat up with it until half an hour before breakfast. Then she would fill her bath with cold water,

leap into it, come out refreshed, dress, go down to breakfast, and appear at school to lecture the girls on the necessity of regular habits.

I wish I knew more about her reading. I know that it followed no plan, that she had spells when she read magazines, novels, biographies, and murder stories—anything she could lay hands on. It would, I am certain, make an interesting list. When I came back from boarding school one vacation, Miss Cogdal asked me what we were studying. After I had said something about European history of the seventeenth century she remarked, "I know a book you would like, and it would do you a lot more good than any history text. It's called *The Letters of Madame de Sévigné*." Kansas—South Gate—Mary Elizabeth Cogdal; Paris—Louis Quatorze—Marie de Rabutin-Chantal, Marquise de Sévigné: there is a spell to conjure with, but I cannot complete the charm, though I remember her recommending to me *Tom Jones* and *Barry Lyndon*.

When somnambulism and reading failed to release her, she required physical expression. After one station meeting which handed down a number of Pauline rulings, she went home and dragged out a heavy log from her woodpile. Taking the outside coolie's axe, she savagely smashed the log into tiny chips before going in to eat her supper. Another time she reacted with an even finer sense of violence. What we referred to as the Q Trial provoked her. The Q's were two sisters who made so much trouble in the mission that their dismissal was considered. The investigating commission was presided over by a man, a non-South Gater: two bad mistakes from Miss Cogdal's point of view. Not only was the creature a man, he was a small man, about half Miss Cogdal's height. The insolence of this male midget's sitting in judgment on not just one woman but two women automatically brought forth Miss Cogdal's feminism to do battle against him. She won, as South Gate knew she would. But when the trial was over—and it dragged on for days—Miss Cogdal was still not satisfied. That night, as she combed her hair before going to bed, her pent fury swept over her. Stubbornly setting her jaw, she grasped

the heavy comb and, slowly and relentlessly, one by one she broke out all its teeth.

The upshot of the Q Trial was that Miss Cogdal had to go safe-conduct for one of the sisters and live with her. Her defense of this woman had not been made because she liked her. In fact, she didn't especially, but she took up the cross good-humoredly and laughed when the Chinese pastor said the two of them were just like man and wife: they fought for and with each other.

II

LATE in 1918 Miss Cogdal was practically incapacitated by sprue, and I was not doing too well either. A dictionary will observe airily that sprue is a tropical disease with ulcerated mucous membrane of the mouth and chronic enteritis. In the same lexical tone, the dictionary will note that asthma is a disease of respiration, characterized by difficult breathing, cough, etc. Neither definition is even suggestive of these two tortures.

Everyone at South Gate got the idea about the same time. Miss Cogdal, going on fifty-five, was ill and should go to the mountains for a rest. I, going on six, was ill and should go to the mountains for a rest. *Argal*, Miss Cogdal and I went to the mountains for a rest early in 1919. This is a Presbyterian syllogism. My sister was trundled off with us, and a green amah and Miss Cogdal's cook completed our party.

The trip up the Yangtze to Kiukiang by boat and then into Kuling Valley by sedan chair did not improve anybody's health. My sister was acutely homesick, but she had been told not to make me unhappy, so she mooned around, lips clamped, looking like Niobe suddenly gone dry. Miss Cogdal suffered from sprue, the cook went on a bender in the bowels of the boat, the amah was river-sick. I viewed it all impartially. At the age of four and a half, during an attack of amoebic dysentery, I had overheard the doctor saying to Mother that he didn't think I was going to live. This is a mistake doctors often make with our family, but I didn't know this at the time, and I was so invigorated at the thought of beating the rest to heaven

that I got well in a few weeks. But whenever things got very hectic I assumed the doctor had been right, and I leaned back, waiting for death to remove me. I leaned back most of the journey to Kuling, wondering if the rites of burial at sea were effective on a river.

ONCE we had arrived safely in Kuling, Miss Cogdal got down to curing her sprue and knocking us into shape. We spent our mornings at a small American school. In the afternoons Miss Cogdal took over. One of our daily tasks was writing home, an alarming process. First we drafted the letter in pencil. Miss Cogdal edited. We made a second copy in ink just to limber our fingers. Miss Cogdal read proof. At last we got a fair sheet of paper and transcribed our final copies. It took me a month or so to adapt myself to Miss Cogdal's epistolary style. Frequently during that period my first draft contained some such statement as "Auntie Cogdal beat me this afternoon until I cried." On coming to this in her editorial capacity, Miss Cogdal would look up and fix me with a not unhumorous eye. Rapping my fingers with her pencil, she would say, "Boy, tell the whole truth." My revision would come out on a piece of scratch paper: "The cook called me a bad name so I threw a mud pye at him and Auntie Cogdal gave me five wacks when I cried to make her stop." Miss Cogdal's eye would brighten at this as she corrected "pye" and "wacks." "Is that all?" she would ask. I would twist a bit, take back the scratch paper, and emend to "After I called the cook a bad name this afternoon he called me one so I threw a mud pie at him and Auntie Cogdal gave me five whacks when I cried to make her stop. It didnt hurt." Miss Cogdal would insert the apostrophe, smile at me, and say, "All right, and while you're copying that, I'll just step out to the kitchen for a few minutes." By the end of four weeks I developed a satisfactory method and was even guilty of things like "I was a bad boy this afternoon but Auntie Cogdal was very nice and just gave me five whacks."

Miss Cogdal also left her marks on my speech. Not a very advanced conversationalist at that age, I nevertheless en-

joyed talking. When I got hold of something to tell I tried to say it all at once and interrupted my own sentences, backtracked, leaped ahead, and generally made a hash of the story. After a few weeks of listening to me, Miss Cogdal pulled me up short one day in the midst of a long backwards harangue and said, "Form your sentences in your mind, boy. Speak them clearly. Then close your mouth." Not bad precepts, though for some time my conversation was rather halting as I formed a sentence in my mind, spoke it clearly, then closed my mouth and began forming another sentence in my mind, only to discover when I was ready to speak it clearly that I had lost the floor to Auntie Cogdal.

What with her belief in exercise, Miss Cogdal took us for long walks. It is not too strenuous to take a long walk with a victim of chronic enteritis; even so, we thought some of the hikes a bit too much, and one day we took Miss Cogdal for a walk. Pretending that a mountain gully was a path, we started up. Miss Cogdal was not a graceful rock-climber, and by keeping about fifty yards ahead of her we brought her panting to the top of the mountain. She played the game well, congratulating us on the trip, and never after insisted that we go any farther than we wished.

The sprue inspired a thoroughly perverse game we invented. It can be appreciated only by a child raised by the canal that bordered the mission compound, and all delicate readers are advised to skip this paragraph, for it reveals only the bad effects of living in a country which does not consider comment on bodily functions very bad taste. Miss Cogdal's bedroom and the dining room had originally been one large room. The wooden partition, thrown up in casual Chinese fashion, ended in the middle of a window and was a foot short to let one get at the latch. When Miss Cogdal was audibly in the throes of her suffering we liked to thrust our heads around the end of the partition and shout "Boo!" Miss Cogdal, enthroned, would look at us calmly and say, "All right, children, pull your heads back in. There's no need to be vulgar about it." And as we drew back, her great laugh

came crashing against the partition. I admit there is a very cananish touch to this, but the real point is that Miss Cogdal thought it was just as funny as we did.

THE series of events which convinced me that Miss Cogdal was one of the superior women of her day reached its climax slowly. My first-grade teacher was reasonably competent, but she was a trifle frail in a Victorian way. One hot spring morning she was standing by the blackboard demonstrating that two plus two equal four. As we concentrated on this problem she suddenly wheeled towards the door, said "Oh, my God!" and collapsed on the sill. A few of us ran to her, and then I, putting two and two together in my own Presbyterian arithmetic, went into the other classroom, where my sister's class worked. The teacher looked up as I entered, and I said to her firmly, "Our teacher has just said a bad word and God has struck her dead." The effect was very satisfactory, and the first and second grades spent the rest of the morning in the playground.

The next day we had a substitute, a missionary mother whose ideas on education were decidedly embryonic. Her first question was "Can anyone here count up to a hundred without making a mistake?" I put up my hand and volunteered. "Go ahead," she ordered. Wondering at this elementary task, I set out toward a hundred, galloping through the twenties, thirties, and forties, droning on into the fifties, sixties, seventies, and then rattling off the rest at breakneck speed. "Very good," the substitute said. "You are a well-educated boy." I thanked her, and she started around the class, asking each member to count to a hundred. As it happened, no one else was able to; so for the next week the first grade was taught to count to a hundred. This was done by the chorus method. Obviously there wasn't much for me to do. I could join the chorus automatically. Therefore I sat twirling my glasses in my hand and pondered the meaning of life. On Friday of that week I twirled my glasses once too often: a temple snapped, and the chorus was hushed.

The substitute came over to my desk.

"What have you done?" she asked.

"I've just broken my glasses," I said.

"Can you read without them?" she demanded.

"No," I said, although this was not strictly true.

"Then there's no use your staying the rest of the morning," she told me.

This I couldn't understand, since reciting to a hundred did not demand very keen eyesight. But I kept my mouth shut and got up to go.

"You are," the substitute said, "a wicked, bad boy to break your glasses. When you get home you must get on your knees and ask God to forgive you."

Until this moment I had not realized that I had sinned. The thought depressed me as I walked reluctantly back to the house, for if the substitute thought I had sinned, probably Miss Cogdal would think so too.

Unwillingly I went through the door. Miss Cogdal looked up from the book she was reading at her desk. "Why are you back so early?" she asked. "Is anything the matter?"

"Yes," I said bravely. "I was twirling my glasses in school while we counted to a hundred and I broke a temple. The teacher sent me home and said I must pray to God on my knees to be forgiven for this sin."

Miss Cogdal's head jerked back. Her deep brown eyes flashed. "Are you telling the truth?"

"Yes," I said.

She took a deep breath, looked in my eyes, and saw that for once the truth was in me. Then she jumped up, book in hand, raised her arm, and with a wild shout of "Sin!" hurled the book to the floor. She picked it up instantly, and down she flung it again to another magnificently bellowed "Sin!"

Thoroughly frightened, I asked, "Should I get down and pray right away?"

Miss Cogdal relaxed. Her eyes filled with tears, and for the only time I can remember she put her arm around me. "My dear boy," she said, "if we pray for anything we will pray for that idiot woman's soul." She grinned, and I felt much better. "She's not a Presbyterian," Miss Cogdal chuckled, and then grew stern

again as she added, "but that's no excuse." Turning her eyes full on me she continued, "It is the silliest thing in the world to pray to God over nothing. You haven't sinned. No one your age really can sin. And remember this: when you break a thing, when you make a mistake, never, never get down on your knees and whine about it. Just get it fixed if you can." Again her anger seized her, and she let go of me to smack her fist down on the desk. Her eyes lit up. "The Bible says, John, that you're in danger of hell-fire if you call your brother a fool." She hesitated. "Well, I won't call that woman a fool. No, I won't—she isn't worth it."

I had gathered by this time that Miss Cogdal was on my side. She smiled at me and said, "Now you may play for the rest of the morning, and when your sister gets back and we've had tiffin, we'll all go down to the Gap and have your glasses mended."

The Gap was the name given the village in the pass at the head of Kuling Valley. The three of us set out on this unusual expedition in high spirits. Miss Cogdal was quite as excited over this irregularity as we were, and that may have been the cause of her accident.

As a feminist, Miss Cogdal was always somewhat unconventional about her clothes. Instead of wearing the regulation two petticoats and an underskirt, she was in the habit of breezing about with just a pair of voluminous black bloomers under her walking skirt. We got the glasses fixed and set out to see the sights on the Gap's one street. Somewhere on this journey the elastic of Miss Cogdal's bloomers gave way. My sister and I, afraid to say anything, saw what was coming. Down, down, down came the bloomers below the hem of Miss Cogdal's walking skirt. We looked at them, hypnotized. Miss Cogdal finally noticed that we were staring at her. "What's the matter, children?" she demanded. My sister pointed feebly and quavered, "Auntie Cogdal, your bloomers." Miss Cogdal looked down. With a snort that brought everyone's eyes on her, she bent over, grasped one leg of the garment and stepped out of it, then balanced and pulled off the other leg. Rocking with laughter, she

held the things up and shook them out before folding them carefully and stuffing them into her reticule. She smiled at the Chinese audience which had gathered. "There," she said, "we can go on now." After a few paces she hitched up her skirt and commented, "I wonder why that never happened before. You know, it's a lot more comfortable this way." My sister and I looked at each other, eyes wide in admiration of such aplomb. Was this not a wonderful woman? we asked ourselves; and we agreed that she was.

III

IN THE years following our stay at Kuling Miss Cogdal returned to her teaching at South Gate. I know little of this part of her life save that she won the unfailing tribute of a great teacher: the personal affection and respect of her best students. If her methods were similar to those she had used on me, I have no difficulty in understanding her pupils' devotion.

One thing which surely characterized everything she did in and out of the classroom was her enthusiastic curiosity over whatever lay at hand. On one occasion a pupil told her that angleworms made noises—"talked," as she said. "Tommyrot," Miss Cogdal replied, or at least its Chinese equivalent, "I'll eat the first one I hear talking." After the next rain the girl called Miss Cogdal out to listen to the worms. Miss Cogdal put her ear to the ground. She heard something. Getting a trowel, she dug in and brought up some angleworms. According to my story she ate them. Others say this was the only time in her life that she broke her word.

My own contacts with Miss Cogdal during this period came from ours being the one really normal household in South Gate and from her delight in the game of rook. She was fond of normality and incurably addicted to rook, though I imagine that she learned to play the game only after coming to South Gate. Certainly her original suitcase had not held a deck of cards.

Rook leads you temptingly on to a high bid with no real indication of your partner's strength. The winner of the bid has the privilege of picking up a four-card

kitty and then discarding four cards from his hand before naming the trump. It was this kitty which was Miss Cogdal's undoing in a rook game. To have four accessible cards face down on the table so aroused her curiosity that she often had to be reminded that the bid could not go above the maximum number of points which could be won in a single hand. Her desire to hold the unknown led her time and again into overreaching herself, whereupon she would go set in a dazzling collapse, revealing as the cards were played that from the very beginning she had not held a single quick trick. Possibly this accounted for the reluctance of some of the more conventional South Gaters to have her for a partner.

For my sister and me, when we played a hand in co-operation, she was ideal. She usually took the bidding away from us, but when it came to playing out the hand—there is no dummy in rook—my sister and I went into long huddles of whisperings. If we failed to reach an agreement, I would peek into the hand on our right and my sister would do the same for the one on our left. Auntie Cogdal gazed over our heads and launched into an interesting tale for the benefit of our opponents. The three of us made an almost unbeatable combination when Miss Cogdal curbed her curiosity over the kitty. At times she trumped our tricks, but no one cared, least of all the two of us. And I think she enjoyed playing with us as much as we enjoyed her, for when she was paired off with one of South Gate's Mrs. Battles she realized too late always that she had put her partner into a bad hole and felt compelled to say loudly, "I'm a goose, a perfect goose, I know. But those four cards face down there are just too tantalizing." Her partner would look acidly in Miss Cogdal's direction, but Miss Cogdal often failed to recognize acid and was probably already well into some recent event which had delighted her. On the whole, I think that I prefer Miss Cogdal's type of game to Mrs. Battle's, for I share with Auntie Cogdal the unusual view that games are meant for entertainment. Though Mrs. Battle may have been the soul of whist, Miss Cogdal was the very heart of rook.

AFTER I went off to boarding school I saw Miss Cogdal only during vacations. One Christmas I came down with asthma, and Miss Cogdal, knowing that I would be upset by missing our annual Christmas Eve dinner at the home of some friends, brought all her gifts up to my bedroom and spent the evening with me. Her gifts were characteristic. A woman who spent almost nothing on herself, Miss Cogdal gave the best of everything to her friends, and what she would have considered mildly sinful to own herself she happily thrust into the hands of another.

That evening as I gasped and coughed between my jerky sentences—with plenty of time to form them in my mind—she sat wrapping her presents, and we talked over old times in Kuling: mud pies, my glasses, her bloomers. She shook her cropped head and laughed until she was in almost as bad shape as I was. But then she asked me with a tremor in her voice, "Do you think I did a good job? Was I all right for a mother?"

I was fourteen at the time, an age which does not lend itself to easy expression of sentiment; but I was able to catch my breath firmly for an instant and, with no need to form my sentences, I assured her that she had been all right, that she was marvelous, and that my sister and I adored her. I wonder if she had ever been praised to her face before. Her brown eyes grew luminous and her features softened.

The next breath I went into a coughing fit. "Good Heavens, boy!" she exclaimed. "There's no need to choke yourself to death flattering an old woman."

"Who—said—old?" I strangled out.

Then for the only time in my life I heard Miss Cogdal giggle. It was not a silly giggle; it was a flight of full-throated meadow larks rising at sundown.

When she left that evening, Miss Cogdal turned at the door. "I've always thought it was a pity you had to be a boy," she said, "but now I'm not so sure."

I SCARCELY know what more I can say of her. She herself would think that I had already said too much, that if I really had to write a book about South Gate I ought to concentrate on the interesting

people, the Chinese, though Miss Cogdal never found the Chinese very puzzling, for she met them all on a basis of complete equality. She had no unctuous condescension in her, none of the superior laughter which shrills through many an Old China Hand's remarks on the *quaintness*, the *oddity*, the *weirdness* (all meaning the inferiority) of the Chinese. I believe the only thing that ever angered her from them was their query in the country districts as to whether she was a man or a woman. To Miss Cogdal nothing was weird, odd, or quaint simply because it was not Kansas. She never confused difference in manner with difference in quality. She was that rarest of foreigners in China, one who accepted unconsciously the right of the Chinese to think, to act, to be human beings. She accepted everything until Kansas common sense told her something was wrong, and once she was convinced a thing was wrong she flew to remedy it, not with superior cluckings and shakes of the head, but with a clean heart and an impassioned spirit.

There was no studied policy in this acceptance. Miss Cogdal was incapable of either forming or following a policy. She had no systematic knowledge of Chinese art, but she did not sniff with supercilious amusement at paintings which lacked Western perspective. She knew little of Chinese literature, but she never sneered at things she did not understand. Perhaps the best way to describe her attitude—which was not really an attitude—is to say that the Chinese were not the Chinese to Miss Cogdal; the Chinese were honest-to-God people.

When the Girls' School was turned over to a new principal Miss Cogdal had the good sense to leave the compound. She was not going to get in anyone's way. With a friend she made a home in the International Settlement, where she created a job for herself by keeping in touch with her former pupils, who were to her her own children, devoting her waning strength to helping them in every way she could. Not entirely satisfied with this, she, who had shaped a great school, did some teaching in a small struggling school in the city.

In 1932 the Japanese swept over that part of the city. Some of her girls were

killed in the streets, some were subjected to indignities, others were able to flee. This barbarism threw Miss Cogdal into a frenzy. Back at South Gate, where she herself had had to seek refuge, she could not sleep for thinking of the outrages being committed. At last, wangling military passes for herself, she swept down on the Japanese. Exposing herself to scorn and insult, she did all she could to get the Chinese and their possessions out of the rioting district. The Japanese soldiers were, after all, men—and small ones.

When the temporary peace was arranged she went back to her home in the city. Only then did she learn that she had developed Hodgkin's disease. After reading all the literature she could find on it and learning that her condition was incurable, she refused to leave China. Instead, she went to a hospital for a few weeks, but finally returned to her own bed.

Hodgkin's disease is a degeneration of the lymphatics. In its latter stages the victim may suffer a complete agony of the body. Miss Cogdal was no pale and resigned martyr. Exhausted and gaunt, weeping over a wounded China, she was uninterested in dying a nobly restrained death. If she was to die, she was to die, and the quicker the better. As the pain racked her in her last days she cried out time and again, "How long, O Lord, how long?" After five hours of unconsciousness this great-hearted pioneer woman died.

During the last decade or so a hot controversy on the value of foreign missions has burned. At times I have found myself in sympathy with the more severe critics, but always at some point I stop. The case for foreign missions is entirely Mary Elizabeth Cogdal's case.

ON THE PROSPECT OF OVERSEAS DUTY

JAMES STEEL SMITH

overseas

over the Atlantic east
going the road my mother and my father travelled west
through the cold the deep bergs the grey
the green storms fog's mesh the hung spray
curled crest
back to the left
the homes they left the years
centuries of families among stone fields and spears
the old thatch and brick floor
the lochs the hills and the bruised scaur
the old places the known place
customary meeting and known face
the things they left my home not known
back on the cold sea to the old race
the old shore the old stone

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HOW TO HELP BRITAIN AND OURSELVES

A Proposal for a New Swap

JOHN FISCHER

{ A former Texas newspaperman who has spent several years in government service, John Fischer has now resigned from the Foreign Economic Administration to become a contributing editor of Harper's.—The Editors }

ENGLAND will end the war with her economic system bled white. She can struggle back to her feet only if she gets a quick blood transfusion, from somewhere, in the three or four years immediately after the peace. If the United States is not willing to pump a reviving stream of food and raw materials into England's exhausted economy, she can—with great effort—get it elsewhere. Within the next few months this country must decide whether or not it would be prudent *in our own self-interest* to provide the help England must have.

For weeks this question has been debated, behind carefully closed doors, all over Washington. Few issues during the

war have been argued so stridently, or have created such sharp dividing lines within the State Department, the Foreign Economic Administration, and the War Production Board. The only reason it has not burst into public controversy is the instinctive feeling of everyone concerned that such a question—deeply involving relations with a major ally—could not be handled calmly and responsibly in the fevered oratory of a presidential campaign. So far there is no sign that a decision is in sight.

Almost the only echo of the debate which has seeped out of the Washington conference rooms was reported in the August 6th issue of the *NAM News*. This

publication of the National Association of Manufacturers said, in a widely quoted article, that "top administration circles" were discussing "a proposal to continue Lend-Lease to England after the fall of Germany—at least until the surrender of Japan and perhaps well into the transition period." It added that the plan was intended "very frankly to support Britain's domestic economy," and estimated that it would "cost the U. S. taxpayer \$2,500,000,000 and up a year, above war costs." The implication was that those dreamy fellows around the White House are yearning to play Santa Claus again.

Actually the issue is not quite as simple as that. England does not want Lend-Lease or even a cash loan after the war; nor will she need anything like as much as 2½ billion a year. She does want desperately to get something more than one billion dollars' worth of food and other goods from America each year during the three- or four-year period of reconstruction, while she is rebuilding her factories and restoring a healthy international trade. Great Britain is perfectly willing, however, to pay for these goods. The real problem is to find some form of payment which a near-bankrupt England will be able to make, and which the United States will be willing to accept.

THE debate always starts with a question of fact: just how close is England to bankruptcy? Many people, inside the government and out, are so used to thinking of Britain as a wealthy nation, fattened for centuries on the harvest of empire, that they cannot quite believe her purse is finally wearing threadbare. A few even suspect that she is getting rich out of the war.

Here are the facts—by no means precise, since nearly all figures on international trade still are wrapped in the secrecy of war, but accurate enough in general outline:

In normal times the United Kingdom has to import about 4 billion dollars' worth of goods a year—including 60 per cent of her food. If she is not able to resume imports at this rate after the war, she must either reduce her population, or cut her standard of living, or both.

England can no longer pay for these imports as she did in the past. Before the war she paid in three ways:

1. By exporting machinery, calico, Scotch whisky, Harris tweeds, and a long list of other manufactured goods—about 2½ billion dollars a year.

2. By drawing interest on the investments Englishmen have made abroad during the past three centuries—about 800 million.

3. By a wide variety of "services" for other countries—about 700 million. These services included everything from carrying other people's cargoes in British ships to banking, insurance, furnishing lecturers to American women's clubs, and showing the crown jewels to American tourists.

During the war these things have happened:

1. England has lost considerably more than half of her export market. Much of it has been grabbed by the United States, which today is selling more goods abroad (in addition to Lend-Lease) than it did in most prewar years. In 1943, for example, our cash exports totalled \$2,609,000,000, and this year they are expected to climb well above \$2,800,000,000; by way of comparison, our exports amounted to only \$2,283,000,000 in 1935 and \$2,456,000,000 in 1936. American business men presumably have no intention of giving up this new slice of international trade without a fight.

2. Nearly half of England's foreign investments have been sold off, or suffered considerable damage when the Japanese overran southeast Asia. In addition Great Britain has borrowed about 10 billion dollars from other countries, over and above Lend-Lease and Mutual Aid from Canada. (The heaviest loans have come from India, which is hardly in a position to say no. Indian Nationalists have groaned and torn their beards, but since their government still is firmly under London's thumb, India has reluctantly handed over sterling and dollar balances totaling some 4 billion dollars, which are now frozen in the form of blocked sterling credits.) England thus has been living off her fat, plus a good chunk of fat from the Empire countries.

3. England has lost—perhaps for good

—her old dominance in shipping, international banking, and similar lucrative services. The world's financial center obviously has shifted to New York and Washington. Submarines have pared down the British merchant fleet, in spite of Lend-Lease replacements, while America has been building a merchant marine almost equal to the prewar tonnage of the whole world. Even if the expected post-war boomlet in American tourist trade develops, and British bottoms take over a sizable ocean freight traffic formerly carried by enemy fleets, England's revenue from services probably will show some shrinkage.

ALTHOUGH this adds up to a fairly gloomy picture, no responsible Englishman would argue that it is hopeless. Britain pulled out of similar holes after the Napoleonic Wars and World War I; given time, she confidently expects to do it again. Her business men are tough and aggressive, with an unequaled experience in foreign trade. They undoubtedly could recapture at least part of their old markets from America, plus a good share of the trade which once went to Germany and Japan. Most of all, they count on an eventual expansion in the *total volume* of world trade far beyond the prewar level. If the Allies succeed in rigging together some kind of international organization which will assure a long period of stability and peace, it should not be unreasonable to hope for a healthy upsurge of economic development throughout most of the world, coupled with a gradual lowering of tariffs and other trade barriers. Such a world might well provide new markets which would satisfy the legitimate export needs of Britain, the United States, and their minor competitors as well.

This is a long-run prospect, however. What worries England is the critical period immediately after the peace, when an exhausted world will be trying to catch its first breath. During these three or four years Britain, at best, will be able to pay by the traditional methods for only about 3 billion of the 4 billion dollars' worth of imports she has to have each year. Admitting that their figures involve a good deal of guesswork, some of Washington's

shrewdest economists predict that England's ability to pay during this period probably will add up something like this:

From exports	\$2,100,000,000
From return on foreign investments	400,000,000
From shipping, banking and other services	500,000,000
Total.....	\$3,000,000,000

The gap may, indeed, be considerably larger than a billion dollars a year. England may need to import a considerable tonnage of lumber and other raw materials, above her normal 4 billion of purchases abroad, to rebuild her bombed-out homes and industries. So long as the robot bombs were knocking out as many as seventeen hundred houses a day, however, it obviously was difficult for British planners to settle on any estimate of the demand for reconstruction material which would stay settled for more than a few hours.

II

How can England fill this temporary gap of a billion dollars or more in her trade budget? There are only four possible courses open to her; she may try any one of them, or all four in a variety of combinations.

First of all, Great Britain might reduce her purchases abroad. In normal times, for example, more than half of these purchases are foodstuffs. During the war thousands of acres of deer park and moor have been put to work producing home-grown food (largely Brussels sprouts, according to the harassed American mess sergeants in that theater). After the peace, England probably will continue to raise more of her own food than she has in the past; but the truth is that her clammy islands simply can't grow many of the basic crops efficiently, and the savings could hardly amount to more than 10 per cent of her total food imports.

Any really sizable cut in imports could be accomplished only by clamping down on living standards, or forcing a large-scale emigration of Englishmen to less crowded parts of the Empire. Neither of these drastic measures seems to be politically feasible. Any government which

tried them, except as a last desperate resort, probably would be tossed out of Westminster in a rush.

A second alternative might be to borrow enough money abroad to cover the deficit. If the International Bank proposed at the Bretton Woods Conference actually is set up, England will probably get a relatively modest credit to help tide her over the first difficult years of the reconstruction. Her best financial brains, however, are extremely reluctant to borrow on anything like the scale of a billion dollars a year, from either the International Bank, the United States, or anyone else. Britain already has piled up a World War II debt to foreign creditors of about 10 billion dollars, plus that much more in her net Lend-Lease account, after offsetting about 2 billion in Reverse Lend-Lease which she has supplied to our armed forces and merchant marine. This constitutes a very heavy burden indeed. It is true that Great Britain's total national debt, foreign and domestic, on a per capita basis is approximately equal to our own—around \$1,600 for each man, woman, and child—but in terms of national income and natural resources such a debt bears far more heavily on British shoulders than on ours. Moreover, the very fact that a substantial part of England's debt (unlike our own) is owed to foreigners makes the burden heavier still. A domestic debt, of course, places relatively little strain on the national economy, because it eventually is paid to the country's own citizens—by shifting money, in effect, from one of the nation's pockets to another. A foreign debt, however, is an entirely different proposition, for it can be paid only by handing actual goods or gold or services across the border into someone else's pocket. Consequently, the British Treasury is anxious not to take on any additional foreign obligations until it can find out from us precisely how much payment we expect to demand for Lend-Lease, and on what terms.

A third course would be for England to launch an all-out campaign to double her present volume of exports immediately, without waiting for a gradual, healthy recovery of world trade as a whole. To many Englishmen this seems the obvious

(and traditional) way out. From the American standpoint, however, it is the *least* desirable alternative. It probably would scuttle any hope for a gradual lowering of trade barriers and an eventual expansion in total international commerce; and it might undermine the current effort to organize world peace on a relatively stable and permanent basis.

FOR England could achieve an immediate increase in her exports above the prewar level only by the most relentless kind of economic warfare. As a first step she would have to try to build a wall around the Empire which would give her a near-monopoly of trade with the Dominions, India, and the colonies. This would mean strengthening the system of Empire Preference originally laid down in the series of agreements negotiated with the Dominions at the 1932 Ottawa Conference. (How far the Dominions would be willing to go along with such a policy is, of course, still an open question; but there is some reason to believe that they were sounded out in a delicate and tentative fashion at the recent gathering of Prime Ministers in London.) It also would mean a continuation of the entanglement of exchange controls, import-export licensing, and quota allotments which has been developed during the war. In self-defense other nations would have to throw up retaliatory tariffs and similar "protective" devices which almost certainly would throttle any substantial long-range growth in the overall volume of world trade. At that point the United States might as well pull the shroud over its hopes for "the elimination of all forms of discriminatory treatment in international commerce," which is one of our announced national objectives.

Incidentally, we also would have to forget our sympathetic wishes for an early liberation of India. So long as India stays within Britain's political grasp, it remains one of Britain's lushest markets. The day India becomes independent, however, that market will begin to dry up—both because a free India would try to build at once an industrial plant to supply her own consumers' goods and because she would seek to get elsewhere many of

the commodities she now buys from England. If Great Britain is forced to fight tooth and claw for export markets immediately after the war, she simply cannot afford to let go of India. And under such circumstances, America's pious exhortations about Indian independence can accomplish little except a progressive irritation of British public opinion.

Similarly we would be forced to abandon our policy of gradually tightening economic pressure on Argentina. Unless England joins us, a commercial quarantine of Argentina obviously is impossible; and an England desperate for export markets could never dream of slamming the door in the face of one of her best customers.

MOST important of all, a policy of export-at-any-cost almost inevitably would compel England to play ball, economically, with the Soviet Union. Britain will end this war so exhausted economically that she will need the friendly support of either one or the other of the two Great Powers, America or Russia. To many Englishmen, Russia seems to offer certain noteworthy advantages. The Soviet Union can supply, for example, the lumber and other raw materials Britain has to have in order to rebuild her homes and get her factory wheels turning; after the first harvest, Russia may be able to supply a considerable tonnage of food as well. Furthermore the U.S.S.R.—unlike the United States—is willing to accept England's exports in return. For at least a decade Russia might offer an almost bottomless market for British machine tools, tractors, and industrial equipment.

Moreover, Russia could guarantee military as well as economic security for England. Until a general international organization to enforce peace actually is established, and proves workable in practice, Britain must be able to count on the unquestioned support of some ally powerful enough to cope with a reviving Germany. Here again she has only two choices—the United States or the U.S.S.R. One group of British officials argues that Russia's policy, in regard to Germany at least, is likely to remain reasonably stable, while America's international behavior is notoriously liable to veer and wobble with

every change in administration. How can England be sure that the United States will not once more turn its back on Europe and forget its old allies—if not in 1948, then in 1952?

Such chilly diplomatic reasoning might find some grassroot response in the sympathy and admiration for Russia which has spread through all layers of British society in the last three years of the war. Today the average Englishman undoubtedly hopes for close postwar friendship with *both* Russia and the United States. Suppose, however, that a continuation of wartime hardships and lean rations during the transition period should bring to power a British government considerably to the left of the Churchill regime; and suppose that England should be forced, at the same time, into a bitter commercial conflict with the United States. Under such circumstances, is it alarmist to suspect that British ardor for America might begin to cool, and that England's ties with her giant customer to the east might grow very close indeed?

IT is the bare possibility of this sort of development which has precipitated the subsurface debate in Washington. Some of our more farsighted policy makers—including a number of heavily starred Army officers—contend that we cannot afford to take a chance, however slight, on permitting a situation to arise which will tend to push England away from the United States and into a closer partnership with Russia.

Our one basic war aim, they point out, is to prevent a revival of the old balance-of-power system on an intercontinental scale. Instead we are seeking, as our prime objective, an honest partnership of all the major powers to keep the peace. If that partnership ever splits into two rival groups, lining up the Eastern Hemisphere against the Western, any hope for a truly worldwide system of security will be dead for good. Most ominous of all, our group quite possibly would turn out to be the weaker of the two.

Furthermore, until some global security system actually gets into operation, it can be argued that England is indispensable to us on purely military grounds. The Brit-

ish Isles constitute both a bridgehead to the Eurasian continent and an outpost protecting our own shores. If access to this outlying bastion should ever slip from our hands and into those of a dominant Continental power, the next war very probably would have to be fought in our own hemisphere. Indeed it was the threat of such a strategic catastrophe which—perhaps more than any other factor—brought us into both world wars.

Taken together, these economic and political considerations constitute the strongest kind of reason for the United States to prevent, if possible, a situation which would force Britain into a life-and-death struggle for exports as soon as the shooting stops.

III

SUCH a disagreeable situation can be avoided; there is a fourth possible alternative for solving England's postwar economic predicament. *This simply is for the United States to supply food and lumber and other raw materials to Britain at the rate of about a billion dollars' worth annually throughout her three- or four-year period of transition.*

We would of course have to take some kind of payment for these goods. The American people are not yet very used to thinking in terms of world political strategy. Consequently, they probably would not agree to help feed and house Great Britain during the transition period merely to secure our strategic position and to prevent an outbreak of economic warfare with all its resulting international tensions and hazards. That was amply demonstrated—if any demonstration were necessary—by the string of indignant editorials which was touched off by the hint in the *NAM News* that Lend-Lease might be continued after the war. As a matter of practical politics, it undoubtedly would be necessary for the United States to get some tangible return for its aid in addition to political and strategic advantages, however important they might be.

The problem, then, is to find some form of payment which will satisfy our Yankee horse-trading instinct and which at the same time can be carried through without serious economic damage to either Britain or the United States.

GOLD obviously is not the answer. England hasn't got much to spare, and in any case it would be little short of idiotic for us to bury more tons of useless metal in the vaults at Fort Knox.

British manufactured goods could be handed over as part payment—but only a minor part. Normally we take about 200 million dollars' worth of Britain's exports a year. England would be delighted if we would take a great deal more, but there is no indication that we would be willing to accept any substantial increase. In spite of the cautious tariff reductions accomplished by Mr. Hull's Reciprocal Trade Treaties, this is still a high-tariff country. There is no reason to believe that the American business community is ready for any sweeping reduction in our trade barriers; and even if public opinion would permit, our economy could not comfortably absorb a fivefold increase in imports from Britain in the few years immediately after the peace.

British real estate seems to be the only remaining possibility. Would it be feasible to work out a swap—American food and raw materials for a few thousand acres of British territory?

FROM the American viewpoint, such a trade would appear to be highly acceptable. One lesson which has been thoroughly hammered into our skulls during this war is the value of outlying naval and air bases. As the President suggested in his Bremerton speech, a tight network of outposts from end to end of the Pacific is vital to our future security. The net cannot be completed without such British possessions as Guadalcanal, Tarawa, and a good many key islands in the Gilbert, Solomons, and Fiji groups—and also, perhaps, in the New Hebrides, which are controlled by an Anglo-French condominium. Part of this area is a matter of lively concern to Australia and New Zealand as well as to the United Kingdom, and any negotiations would need to include these proud Dominions and be arranged on terms satisfactory to them. But there is no apparent reason why this problem could not be solved.

In the Atlantic the British Caribbean and Bermuda bases, which we are now

using under a ninety-nine-year lease, have already proved indispensable. We might be glad to supplement them with additional Caribbean bases. It might be desirable to have more extensive base facilities in Newfoundland than we now enjoy. And continued access to the aerial steppingstone of Ascension Island would be very useful indeed.

It is of course impossible to put any precise dollar value on such strategic bases. They constitute a sort of military insurance policy which can be truly priced only in terms of human lives. If, however, we could buy a suitable network of bases in the two oceans for, say, 4 billion dollars' worth of wheat and cotton and lumber, the dollar cost would amount to considerably less than one month of the current war. Cheap enough.

IN PASSING it might be noted that a bargain of this kind would not affront any major political pressure group in the United States, nor threaten any vested economic interest. On the contrary, it probably would be welcomed with hosannas by the powerful farm organizations, which already are beginning to fret over the prospect of a huge postwar agricultural surplus.

Moreover, precisely because such farm surpluses are practically unavoidable, the actual cost of the trade might be far less than it would seem at first glance. All through the war we have carried some 10 million bales of useless cotton in our warehouses, and this unwieldy stockpile undoubtedly will start growing at an uncomfortable rate immediately after the peace. This year's wheat harvest was one of the greatest on record; our livestock population is at its peak. In short, we have done everything possible to boost farm output to the limit—and it is notoriously hard to turn off the tap. Like it or not, the government is going to have to handle this spate of farm production somehow for years after the war ends. It can buy up the surplus and let it molder indefinitely in the federal storage bins, or it can swap it to England for island bases. In either case the cost would be about the same. Conceivably it might even save us money to hand over our excess wheat and cotton

to Britain; in that way we could avoid the warehouse charges.

IV

TO THE British a goods-for-bases deal might look considerably less attractive. Mr. Churchill has announced repeatedly that he has no intention of liquidating the British Empire. Any suggestion that England should part with a single inch of territory is sure to stir up a tempest of protest among the Colonel Blimps and Tory politicians who are the British counterparts of our Colonel Robert McCormick. Such a trade has many precedents in English history, however—for example, the cession of Helgoland to Germany before World War I—and some means might be found to make the arrangement politically palatable. If the idea of an outright transfer of title sticks in the British craw, perhaps the islands could be left formally under the Imperial flag, with the understanding that the United States would have the right to fortify them and use them for military and naval purposes indefinitely.

This arrangement would have the additional advantage of avoiding the thorny problem of transferring populations from the British to the American flag. Some of the islands are sparsely settled; others have sizable native populations which have never felt especially attached to the Crown; but in a few—such as Jamaica—there are considerable numbers of people who are fiercely proud of being British subjects, and who undoubtedly would take a dismal view of any proposal to shift their allegiance. Moreover, certain of the islands have stubborn internal problems—economic and social—which we perhaps would rather not have on our hands. It probably would be in the interest of everyone concerned to leave the islands under British sovereignty and administration, except for the strictly military and naval base areas.

If some such device can be negotiated to overcome the political and sentimental difficulties, there should be no other serious obstacle to British agreement. Economically most of the islands are virtually worthless; in many cases, their entire produce probably has never paid for the

cost of government. From a military standpoint, the bases would have practically the same value to Britain in our hands as in her own. Assuming that England and America will stand together as two of the major partners in the future world security organization, Britain has in fact every reason to want the United States to shoulder the main burden of policing the Pacific and the western waters of the Atlantic. As the fall of Singapore demonstrated so unforgettably, she cannot hope to handle these assignments in addition to her military commitments in Europe.

ON BALANCE, then, an arrangement under which the United States would help feed and rehouse battle-worn

Britain in return for certain strategic British bases would seem to be a sound bargain for both countries. For America it would be something more than that. It might be regarded as an indication that we are beginning to catch on to our obligations in this new kind of world, in which the United States—perhaps unwillingly—has become the most powerful single nation. Whether we like it or not, so long as we hold that power we must also carry a major share of responsibility for seeing to it that the world keeps going on an even keel. By trading goods which England desperately needs for a new set of outposts for the Western Hemisphere, we can make a hardheaded and effective start toward the discharge of that responsibility.

SOLDIER'S POSTWAR PLAN

DONALD BARR

THIS harlotry of will must one day cease,
 And with the first timid return of pity,
 And in the sudden silence of the peace,
 I shall go back to friendship in my city.
 How shall I be with people, having known
 Only these void, authoritative voices
 Stating volition for its sake alone?
 I must change homeward while the world rejoices.

Music is best, I think, that does not ask
 Adherence. There is talk that lacks command
 To learn again; to live without a task,
 To sit, and know with tranquil eye and hand
 The chessmen's powers and domestic tints,
 Playing at regicide amid the chintz.

{ Mr. Grattan, the author of many of our recent economic
and political articles, here returns to the field of liter-
ary criticism, in which he first made his reputation. }

SALUTE TO THE LITTERATEURS

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN



WHAT is agitating the writers? If we can find the answer to that question we shall know a good deal about the intellectual climate of the immediate future. For writers are people of peculiar sensitivity to the winds of doctrine which blow with especial violence in a time of rapid change—some, more so than others, but none, except the outright hacks, completely immune. They react this way and that; they resist the currents and run with them; and while some produce works of little value in literary or any other terms, others of greater ability and substance, and therefore of greater importance, exhibit the same tendencies in writings of a high degree of excellence. The writing which best tells us how the wind is blowing is called *tendenz* writing. Strictly *tendenz* writing is always, of course, but a small part of the vast stream of stuff that flows into the bookstores from the publishing companies. Ordinarily it escapes the attention of the general reader. Here we shall attempt to describe some current examples.

However, some tendencies influence the best-selling authors simultaneously with the most “advanced” intellectuals. Lately the best-seller lists have carried Lloyd C. Douglas’ novel *The Robe* for months on end. This season has seen the publication of Somerset Maugham’s *The Razor’s Edge*, Aldous Huxley’s *Time Must Have a Stop*, and W. H. Auden’s book of poetry

For the Time Being—all in their various ways also dealing with religious themes. What does this mean? What does it mean that Auden, perhaps the most influential poet of the day, who was once a pronounced leftist in politics, is now declaring that to the translators and publishers of the works of Soren Kierkegaard, a Danish theologian, “we and our children shall owe a debt which we could not repay even if we remembered it”? There is something going on here into which it will be profitable to look, for literature is a seismograph which records the tremors and earthquakes of the intellectual and emotional life of peoples. And who will deny that we are living in a time of earthquakes?

WHEN the present war was in the making the most indicative scratchings on the literary seismograph were in red. The leftist trend of the *tendenz* writers, which had swelled to great proportions during the depression, was still running full tilt. For it or against it, or merely interested in it as the latest development on the literary front, the litterateurs were inescapably preoccupied with it. As the world moved more and more obviously toward war, there was a gradual shifting of ground from a straight-out preoccupation with social change, whether in a New Dealish or communist revolutionary fashion, to a heavier and heavier em-

phasis on anti-fascism as the central criterion of moral excellence. One was *against* fascism and war, one was *for* democracy and peace, and one's economic views, so important earlier, received less specific attention—provided, of course, that they were not too grossly conservative. Those writers who had reacted violently against World War I in much the fashion of John Dos Passos, whose *Three Soldiers* had shocked the respectables in 1921, went along willingly with all this. However, the antipathy to war which united so many people whose basic views were really ludicrously disparate gradually lost its force. There was a shift of emphasis from hostility to fascism *and* war to the conviction that *war on fascism* was the only possible solution of the dilemma it posed. This was the increasingly popular position as the year 1939 passed its meridian.

All through these shifts most of the leftist writers, including the party Communists, went along with the majority and even on occasion assumed a leadership which was conceded to them only because they espoused views held by so many non-Communists. Had the Communists and their sympathizers continued along this line their position today would be utterly different from what it is.

But they didn't. They suffered a fatal blow on August 23, 1939, when the Soviet-Nazi pact was signed. This date is of tremendous significance. It marks the end of tolerance for the party Communists among the intellectuals of the United States. For what the pact did was to destroy the anti-fascist animus of the Communists, thus severing them from the tolerance of numerous persons who were thoroughly anti-fascist but not at all thick-and-thin partisans of either the foreign policy or the domestic policy of the U.S.S.R. Suddenly—overnight, in fact—the party Communists were preaching *against war* as fervently as they had argued for it, directing their shafts not at the fascists but at the “plutocratic imperialists” (i.e., the democracies) for whom they had formerly expressed such tender solicitude. A fine kettle of fish! Naturally those persons who had tolerated the presence of the Communists in the miscellany of writers who had declared

against fascism now took flight from them as from a plague. The Communists were isolated, thrust into a rather smelly limbo, from which some of them emerged in a deflated condition when the Nazis attacked Russia on June 21, 1941, to add pro-war extreme leftism once more to the variegated scene. But by that time it was too late for them to get anywhere. *Tendenz* leftism, which they had skillfully exploited earlier, was pretty much dissolved into an intense preoccupation with the war. The intellectual climate had changed to their disadvantage.

IT is pretty safe to say that after Pearl Harbor Clifton Fadiman and Rex Stout, vigorous advocates of the production of propaganda for democracy and victory, reflected the views of the majority of the writers. Perhaps the reservation should be made that their personal extremism on the what-to-do-with-Germany issue was not generally accepted, but otherwise they expressed the wartime orthodoxy. Of course a majority implies a minority and so it is true that the Writers' War Board, of which Stout and Fadiman are the conspicuous leaders, might better be called the War Board of Some Writers.

The big point here, however, is that the Soviet-Nazi pact shifted attention from leftist political and economic ideas and concentrated it on the war. Where you stood on the war determined your position in intellectual society. Your economic views became of definitely secondary importance, though there was a negotiable advantage in being as liberal as Mr. Roosevelt was assumed to be. If you were for war you were fashionable; if not, you were unfashionable, if not a pariah. But this change created a kind of vacuum in the psyche of many litterateurs which had to be filled with something. While the war and the war alone might do for some, it wasn't enough for everybody, especially for those very numerous writers who strongly feel that the world must be radically reformed if we are to survive.

The search for that satisfying something more is one of the most significant activities on the literary scene today. It explains the vogue of the writings of Arthur Koestler. It also explains the vogue of

religious thinking among certain writers. It enables us to account for the onslaught on the experimental writers like James Joyce. It explains why literature is today being scolded for various alleged sins and why prescriptions for its reform are being so freely bandied about. It explains, in fact, the outstanding characteristics of the literary scene at the present moment.

II

ARTHUR KOESTLER, a Hungarian, has written a number of non-fiction books about his experiences in prewar and wartime Europe, including *Spanish Testament* and *Scum of the Earth*, but he is best known for two novels, *Darkness at Noon* and *Arrival and Departure*. The former deals, with unusual imaginative understanding, with the moral dilemmas of a formerly orthodox party Communist who has fallen into error and is in prison awaiting liquidation. There he reviews his past, and the picture he conjures up isn't pleasant. In essence, the issue is how far the claims of private conscience and intellectual understanding should override the claims of opportunistic conformance to an externally imposed orthodoxy, even if it has the alleged ratification of a righteousness quite beyond any individual claims to particularity of decision.

This novel struck at the large element of hypocrisy in the conduct of slavishly conformist party members and, as well, epitomized the difficulties of numerous writers of no particular political or economic understanding who had taken up fashionably leftist positions which secretly made them very uncomfortable. These difficulties were apparent long before the big bust-up of 1939. Indeed the popularity of Koestler is in considerable measure the consequence of his extraordinary ability to express the current moods of the amorphous group whose feelings he reflects. I do not propose to analyze *Arrival and Departure*, but rather to present Koestler's current views as expressed directly in his recent essays, for they seem to me to summarize the contemporary malaise of those numerous litterateurs with political yearnings unsatisfied by voting for Roosevelt. This is a very important group in the

formation of the climate of opinion in advanced literary circles.

Koestler's basic idea is that the left has suffered irreparable defeats in recent years and that the predictable future belongs to the conservatives—or, better, the partisans of the status quo. Koestler, like most of the others of his kind, includes the U.S.S.R. in the status quo and therefore places its leaders and partisans in the ranks of the conservatives—a bit of irony which those inexperienced in intellectual dialectics may find confusing. But the point is that today in the United States the most fulsome and uncritical tributes to the Soviet Union, aside from those of the professional Communists and the many individuals who are utterly overwhelmed by Russian heroism on the battlefield, come from such people as Professor Arthur Upham Pope, ex-Ambassador Joseph E. Davies, Henry Agard Wallace, Eddie Rickenbacker, and Eric Johnston, rather than from the *tendenz* intellectuals. This is how Koestler defines the current position of the latter:

Some months ago . . . I tried to draw a short sketch of the bankruptcy of Left Horizontalism, viewed from the melancholy angle of a bunch of homeless Leftists to whom I belong, and whom the Stalinists call Trotskyites, the Trotskyites call Imperialists, and the Imperialists call Bloody Reds. Since then this bankruptcy has become even more apparent. The corpse of the Comintern, in an advanced stage of decomposition, has at least been officially interned; Mr. Lewis' complicated game of stick-up-chess with the President was a memento of the state of affairs in the American labor movement; the British Labor party dropped its last pretense of Socialist Horizontalism by adopting the Vansittartite resolution which made the German people, including the 13,000,000 workers who at the last free elections voted against the Nazis, collectively responsible for the Nazis' deeds.

He sees them reduced to this condition by the defeats suffered, the opportunities missed:

If ever there was a chance for socialism in Britain, it was in the period from Dunkerque to the fall of Tobruk. . . . This was only a link in the chain of socialism's missed opportunities. Before, there was the Weimar Republic, the American depression, the Popular Front victories in France and Spain. What an enormous longing for a new human order there was in the air between the two wars, and what a miserable failure to live up to it! Fascism was the profiteer of this failure.

What then is the answer? Here Koestler shows that he is fundamentally a romantic and something of a poseur—which elements are, indeed, very conspicuous in the people he so admirably represents.

We are now, he says, in an interregnum. Like Mr. Micawber, we are waiting for something to turn up. Only the conservatives are optimistic. The leftists, being gifted with exceptional insight, know better. Defeated in politics, they now recognize that the best tactic is to wait. To wait, that is, for a vague something described in these terms:

I believe that the day is not far when the present interregnum will end, and a new "horizontal" ferment will arise—not a new party or sect, but an irresistible global mood, a spiritual springtide like early Christianity or the Renaissance. It will probably mark the end of our historical era, the period which began with Galileo, Newton and Columbus, the period of human adolescence, the age of scientific formulations and quantitative measurements, of utility values, of the ascendancy of reason over spirit . . . the new movement will reestablish the disturbed balance between rational and spiritual values, or, in Auden's words, "rally the lost and trembling forces of the will, gather them up and let them loose upon the earth."

While they are waiting, says Koestler, "their chief aim will be to create oases in the interregnum desert. Oases may be small or big. They may consist of only a few friends as in Silone's great book 'The Seed Beneath the Snow.' Or they may embrace whole countries . . . In 1917 Utopia seemed at hand, today it is postponed . . . Let us plant oases."

This is a fine pretty picture! What will the intellectuals do on their oases? Here is the answer: "One has to cling more than ever to the ragged banner of 'independent thinking.' It is, at present, a very popular banner; and unique in this respect, that on its cloth the spittle of derision has clotted together with the blood of our dead." This provokes the suspicion that Koestler's oases are simply ivory towers, new style. The *tendenz* intellectuals have come full circle: from the ivory tower through leftist politics to the ivory tower once again. This time they will spend their days seeking for evidence of the spiritual renaissance they now posit as the necessary preliminary to the total renovation of mankind.

How markedly the literary mood has changed can be measured by contrasting in your mind Koestler's utterances, which produce sympathetic echoes everywhere, with the élan of André Malraux's novel *Man's Fate*, published in this country in 1934 when leftist optimism was running high. Yet that Koestler has accurately charted the current mood seems to me difficult to doubt. It is true, of course, that his peculiar quietism is rejected by many leftists of his general type, but there is no flaming optimism to be found in any of them. Moreover, even if they are still talking action they are more than apt to accept his emphasis on "spiritual values."

For example, when Harold Laski publishes a book called *Faith, Reason, and Civilization*, the emphasis falls heavily on *faith*. Indeed, the gist of his message is that if mankind is to survive it must recover its power to believe. He then goes on to argue that that is precisely what the Russians have accomplished; and he thereupon urges that the faith we require is the Russian faith if our reason and civilization are to survive. Needless to say Laski's book has been greeted by Bronx cheers in this country—even by old-time leftists who certainly would like a faith, because of their loss of respect for the Soviet Union as the harbinger of a new world—and even more raucously by those leftists who still take their stance on undiluted naturalism or Marxist materialism.

Obviously the partisans of Koestler and Laski are very close to the position assumed by the new religionists. The religionists, in this context, are simply persons in search of a supernaturalistic basis for their faith, whereas Koestler (unspecifically) and Laski (specifically) refuse to move that far. In all cases, however, the emphasis is on faith, not skeptical reason. The revival of religious preoccupations among *tendenz* writers, indeed, is grounded in essentially the experiences outlined by Koestler, even if no deviation into leftist politics is involved. The religionists argue that the world has been too much with us, late and soon, and that the abandonment of it is indicated by the predicament in which we find ourselves. The idea is that in religious thought there can

be discovered eternal and imperishable truths to which to cling while the world pursues its riotous course to perdition. If such truths can be found and widely enough disseminated, or imposed on the world by capturing the educational institutions, the world may, perhaps, be saved a bit short of utter perdition and slowly won back to health and sanity—a most happy consummation. As W. H. Auden has it:

Let us acknowledge our defeats but without
despair,
For all societies and epochs are transient details,
Transmitting an everlasting opportunity
That the Kingdom of Heaven may come, not in
our Present
And not in our Future, but in the Fullness of
Time.
Let us pray.

This line of thought takes many forms. We have the vogue of the writings of Jacques Maritain, the most celebrated of the Roman Catholic neo-Thomists; the extraordinary interest in the writings of Soren Kierkegaard, the Protestant theologian; the effort of Aldous Huxley to discover the ultimate and universal truths of all religions which he proposes to segregate in a single book; and the struggle of T. S. Eliot to find the principles of a Christian society in Anglo-Catholicism. While the churches still labor in the heavy seas of disintegration, numerous writers puzzle learnedly over the abstruse texts of theologians, ancient and modern.

IS THIS merely an amusing paradox? I believe not. I think that the intellectuals, or a considerable group of them, are in flight from a world which they find unbearable. Their trouble has been diagnosed by hostile critics as a "failure of nerve" comparable to that which overtook the Romans in the latter days of the Empire. At that time there was terrific competition for clients among a wide variety of mystery cults of which, in those days, Christianity appeared to the solid citizens to be merely one. Anyone who has studied Roman history, or the early history of Christianity, will immediately understand what is meant. The essence of the matter is that the neo-religionists are alleged to have taken refuge from the world in various varieties of credible and

incredible myths, which allow them to formulate moral codes that at least have the appearance of perdurability. They are followed eagerly by hosts of readers. For if St. Thomas Aquinas and Kierkegaard provide the hard pabulum of the intellectuals, the general reader is satisfied with Douglas' *The Robe*, Werfel's *The Song of Bernadette*, Asch's *The Apostle*, or Mann's interminable Joseph series.

As I have indicated, the traffic is not all in one direction. It never is. That is what makes the writing life so exciting, exasperating, and amusing. The religionists collide head-on with the adamant secularists of all kinds, from persons entirely conservative in their economic views to the materialistic Marxists. Whether in literature or education—they are making a good deal of noise in both fields—the religionists are periodically set upon as fellows who, being incapable of facing the present-day world, are therefore quite incompetent to prescribe for its ills. But in literature, as in politics and economics, one man's crackpot is another man's savior. From my own point of view I am happy indeed that the secularists still thrive, and a good deal heartened that even so unpopular a doctrine as naturalism still has its undiscovered spokesmen. I cannot fail to applaud when Professor Irwin Edman concludes a review of a new symposium on naturalism thus:

What is important is not that these writers prove all their points up to the hilt. What is impressive is the outline of a picture which, working independently, they have drawn of a world that can be understood in its own terms, a world which includes the sonnets of Shakespeare and human courage along with muck and ruin. It suggests that man is not an alien in nature but that nature is man's home, that with candid intelligence man may be at home in it, and learn to make it domestic to his most generous uses. With a world to reconstruct, this is an inspiring doctrine to have reaffirmed right now.

Agreed!

III

IN THE two situations just reviewed it may appear that matters hardly literary have been thrust upon literature. This is neither unusual nor objectionable. Literature is, among other things, a battle-

ground for ideas—see Carlyle, Ruskin, and Matthew Arnold, if you dislike the ideas your contemporaries choose to fight about. It is more or less to be expected, therefore, that certain of the literary quarrels of our time should be about ideas of a far less precise character than those of the leftists and the religionists; that some of them should be merely over-emotional reactions to certain varieties of writing.

We have, for example, the onslaught on the works of James Joyce, Marcel Proust, and the whole literary tradition so brilliantly analyzed a dozen years ago by Edmund Wilson in *Axel's Castle*, which has been amusingly characterized by Dwight MacDonald as the American phase of the Nazi Kulturbolshevism campaign. Van Wyck Brooks has made a list of objectionable writers which transcends even the limits indicated: Joyce, Proust, Valéry, Pound, Eliot, Henry James, Dryden, Nietzsche, Rimbaud, Mallarmé, James T. Farrell, Ernest Hemingway, John Dos Passos, Gertrude Stein, I. A. Richards, Ivor Winters, Allen Tate, and John Crowe Ransome. (Why Mr. Brooks failed to mention Franz Kafka, Rainer Maria Rilke, and Gerard Manley Hopkins, I can't imagine.) Many of these writers will be deeply offended by the company they are made to keep, but I am not going to enter into the question of Mr. Brooks's poor powers of discrimination. Contrasted with this canon of bolshevik literateurs is Mr. Brooks's list of those he approves: Tolstoi, Milton, Erasmus, Dickens, Rabelais, Dostoevsky, Socrates, Goethe, Ibsen, Whitman, Hugo, Emerson, Whittier, Thomas Mann, Matthew Arnold, Taine, Renan, and Sainte-Beuve. Here too we have a very odd company. But the point is that Mr. Brooks uses the latter group as a rather ill-constructed stick with which to belabor the former miscellaneous group of objectionable fellows.

To what end? Well, Mr. Brooks has convinced himself that the writers to whom he objects are "coterie writers" of secondary importance, if any, while those he praises are Men Writing and of primary importance. The secondary scribblers, he argues, have contributed to the disintegration of literary values and de-

prived literature of its true character of a preceptor of right-thinking. Mr. Brooks's likes and dislikes are passingly interesting and perhaps acceptable to many readers, though certainly not to all. Where he goes off the rails is in failing to inquire into the sociology of writing in an effort to understand why "secondary" writers flourished so mightily between wars. If you will glance again at the two lists you will see that whereas there is only one living person on Mr. Brooks's list of approved writers, the list of those disapproved includes not only a large number of living persons, but many of the most significant figures of recent years. This certainly implies that Mr. Brooks feels strongly that there is something rotten in our society, for why should so many writers of a kind he finds intolerable have recently appeared? But he is content merely to call down curses on their heads, and demand that writers of the type he approves once more show themselves and reassert the values he admires. A sensitivity to the actualities of our day necessarily leads one to ask: how can this happen if the conditions of society, as writers see them, are such that agreement on basic values is little likely to be achieved—if the conditions of life are hostile to the creation of such values? This is the most fundamental question of all, and raising it implies no doubt whatever about the desirability of having major writers, or Men Writing, rather than coterie obscurians.

Yet as far as our present discussion extends Mr. Brooks differs in degree and not in kind from the leftists and the religionists. He too seeks private and social salvation. But he seeks it in literature and literature alone, not in social reform or religion.

So, too, does J. Donald Adams, who supplies a widely read weekly column on books in the *New York Times Book Review*. Mr. Adams differs from Mr. Brooks in that he seems definitely to favor a literature permeated by traditional conservative values, while Mr. Brooks, judging from his preferences and record, would like a "wholesome" liberalism. Mr. Lewis Mumford is also of this school. He wants a literature embodying the new and

peculiar synthesis of values he expounds in his latest book, *The Condition of Man* (which he thinks is terrible). Even our friend of the front of this magazine, Mr. John Chamberlain, has contributed to the growing number of pronunciamentos along this line. He wants a literature which will directly celebrate the economic and political values he is now so earnestly peddling, for he has discovered to his intense sorrow that

Flaubert slandered the French bourgeoisie, Shaw misconstrued the uses of English capitalism, Céline thought of French proletarian and middle-class life as part of a universal sewer, Ibsen mocked the conventions of Norway, Verga made country life seem pettifogging in Italy.

And Mr. Bernard DeVoto, who occupies The Easy Chair, has recently expounded in his book *The Literary Fallacy* the thesis that those who write of the nation from a study of its literature alone, or who write of literature after feeding their minds on other literature, inevitably turn in rather cockeyed reports on our condition. These errors, he considers, were perpetrated with especially disastrous results in the twenties and thirties. His sermon is therefore written on the text, "Look around you, boys, and the state of the nation will exalt you." From this vantage point he dismisses the pessimists as false, unhealthy witnesses whose writings have distorted reality out of recognition. In short he stands up to be counted with Mr. Brooks, of whom he is elsewhere incredibly scornful.

WHAT seems to me to be the matter with all these people can best be illustrated by a passage from a letter from Schiller to Goethe:

There are those who seek only their own ideas in a representation and prize that which should be as higher than what is. The cause of the dispute, therefore, lies in the very first principles, and it would be utterly impossible to come to an understanding with them. As soon as I observe that anyone when judging a poetical representation, considers anything more important than the inner Necessity and Truth, I have done with him.

The beginning of wisdom in literary matters is that the devotee must be prepared for a variety of experiences, each containing some element of truth, each bringing some degree of aesthetic pleasure.

As the world pursues its devious course from an unknown beginning to an unimaginable end, the possible varieties of experience, each reflected in literary form, are infinite. Hence no man is poorer in spirit than he who builds a wall around his library and inscribes on it "Thus far and no farther" and mutters in his beard, "I'll read Goethe, but God forfend that I should read James Joyce." To rigid moralists this may appear to be a dangerous latitudinarianism, but to the man of a skeptical turn of mind it is simply an assertion of the ancient truth that in literature there are many mansions and he doesn't propose to be excluded from any. Each he will judge in its own terms for its contribution to his wisdom and his understanding of the difficulties and meanings of life on a most trying planet.

IV

YOU may be wondering what all this has to do with the average conscientious, intelligent reader. What he wants is reasonably good books, and those he feels he can safely select from the best-seller lists, the offerings of the Book-of-the-Month Club, and the recommendations of friends. Least of all is it his habit to read books for evidence of the psychic condition of the intelligentsia, nor does he ordinarily pursue their katzenjammers into the little magazines, nor explore their more esoteric works of criticism. He is satisfied with the judgments of, say, Dr. Henry Seidel Canby and similar Grand Chams of current literature. He is perfectly satisfied with his literacy if he has read a reasonable proportion of the hundred best books of 1924-1944 selected by Dr. Canby and pictured in a double spread in *Life* a few weeks back. Forever and eternally the man-in-the-middle, Dr. Canby offers an assortment of books which stretches with almost superhuman impartiality from the alleged horrors of James Joyce's *Finnegans Wake* to such egregious fustian as *Gone with the Wind*—a list calculated to win friends and influence people to read the *Saturday Review of Literature* and to produce from all and sundry an affirmative answer to Ted Lewis' classic question, "Is everybody happy?"

Nevertheless what I have been saying has this to do with the average reader's future diet: out of the current preoccupations of the *tendenz* intellectuals will come some of the books which will reach him in a few months' or years' time through the best-seller lists. Of course some of the wilder flights of fancy may never make the grade. The wastage of ideas in literary circles is tremendous. And none of them is apt to reach the general public in pristine form. But the influences which have been set going at the super-heated center will, sooner or later, find expression in books that will probably grace your living-room table and mine. Risking contradiction by events, I shall outline, on the evidence in hand, the general character of our reading during the next few years, only stopping to insist that the whole question finally turns on the kind of peace we get at the end of the war.

I THINK it quite certain that the war will not bring about the renovation of the world. The upsurge of optimism, so necessary to the required wartime élan, will be short-lived. On this point we have the invaluable testimony of Mr. Archibald MacLeish, Librarian of Congress, part-time poet and all-the-time emotional weathercock. Back in 1940 Mr. MacLeish denounced a goodly proportion of the literate population of this nation for having been presumptuous enough to take seriously attitudes with which he had earlier toyed himself. Now this "responsible" has offered it as his considered opinion that the peace is going to be bad, sad, and mad. He recently said:

Liberals meet in Washington these days, if they can endure to meet at all, to discuss the tragic outlook for all liberal proposals, the collapse of all liberal leadership, and the inevitable defeat of all liberal aims. [Do you catch the echo of Koestler?]

It is no longer feared, it is now assumed, that the country is heading back to normalcy, that Harding is just around the corner, that the Twenties will repeat themselves in a blaze of chromium sinks, cabinet radios, glass-topped automobiles, and four-color unemployment—and that the peace upon which the hope of the world depends will not be made:

That point disposed of, I think we will find (enclosed within a flood of biographies, histories, now-it-can-be-told war books of all kinds and descriptions, detective stories, horror yarns, novels about the present, past, and future which are simply good stories well told, poetry that celebrates the birds, bees, and flowers, and the usual miscellany of informational volumes of greater or lesser weight taking you inside this and that, as well as diaries of the last exciting days of any number of places) books of the following kinds: (1) numerous books of social criticism of a mildly leftist tinge which will entirely lack the optimistic simple-mindedness of prewar Marxist-inspired works; (2) a considerable number of religious books, fictional and nonfictional, of greater or lesser persuasiveness; (3) a goodly number—proportionate to the badness of the peace as the literary folk see it—of disillusioned and nihilistic books portraying life as a futile horror; and (4) a fairly numerous lot of hortatory volumes, fictional and otherwise, advising us to be wholesome, helpful, and above all optimistic, lest the goblins certainly get us. Happy reading!

PARIS AGAIN

MALLORY BROWNE



Mallory Browne of the foreign staff of the Christian Science Monitor served as correspondent in Paris for many years before the war. When he cabled us that he was to return there within a few days after the liberation, we asked him to send us, in detail, his first impressions of the city as he saw it then, in early September.—The Editors

PARIS in these early days of liberation is an odd, exhilarating mixture of peace and war, of ecstasy and tragedy, of prewar nostalgia and latent revolution.

As I write, the same old inimitable Paris sunshine is pouring into the window of my room at the Hotel Scribe, where a couple of weeks ago the Gestapo had one of their headquarters. Through the big French windows come some of the old familiar sounds. There is the loud, excited whistle of the traffic cop—sweet to the ears of Parisians now, as it was forbidden by the Germans during the past four years. Occasionally too there floats up from the boulevards that insistent, unrestrained hooting and honking which was the background of the Paris symphony of sound before the war. Now, however, most of these horns are those of American jeeps, and they are only intermittent bass notes underneath a continuous treble of tinkling bicycle bells, as all Paris, rich and poor, young and old, pedals by.

Yes, Paris is still Paris. More so in some ways than ever before, yet in a new and different way. The air in Paris still has that same elusive sparkle, that expansiveness that made Paris not only the

city of light but the city of lightness, buoyancy, and effervescence. But the atmosphere of Paris today—make no mistake about it—is the atmosphere of latent revolution.

Anything may happen—or nothing. It is certain that change is in the air—radical, revolutionary change. But this doesn't mean that change will come violently or suddenly. It may be gradual and postponed. For Paris, like all women, loves the old as well as the new, loves tradition as well as novelty, is inherently conservative as well as incurably revolutionary.

Certainly Paris wears its intense atmosphere of potential revolution with the same casual air of gaiety and charm with which Parisiennes wear their huge Revolutionary and Directoire hats. For Paris is gay. Paris is happy. Paris is genuinely, deeply, fervently grateful for its deliverance.

NO ONE will ever be able to describe adequately the mad ecstasy of those first days of joyous, triumphant freedom, nor the welcome which the people of Paris gave to both the French and American troops who first entered the city. It

had not fully subsided a week later, and now after a fortnight there is still an exhilarating warmth of happy excitement. For the most part, to be sure, the Parisians are now behaving with—for them—something approaching normal calm; but after four years in London their conduct seems anything but normal, calm, or restrained.

For me these few days have been an unforgettable experience—particularly, perhaps, after five years of blackout and blast and bombing in London. I saw Paris last in the early spring of 1940, not many weeks before it fell. It was a somber city then. There was an air of unreality about everything. It was just at the end of the period of the phony war, and somehow Paris seemed phony too. The blackout, for instance, was only a dimout—there were mournful bluish glimmers of half-light everywhere which accentuated rather than relieved the unaccustomed darkness of the capital.

Now the blackout in Paris is complete. In fact, save for a few big hotels in the center there is no electricity anyway. But now there's an indisputable lightness about the darkness in the broad avenues and boulevards and little narrow winding streets. Night and day Paris feels light again: unquenchably lighthearted, for the Germans have gone. The SS have gone. The Gestapo have gone.

"If you only knew what it was like! The German soldiers and officers were bad enough—correct but brutal. But the Gestapo! They were beasts. And to think they are gone! Even now I just cannot believe it. You see: I still look furtively this way and that before I even say the word Gestapo."

Not once but many times French people—men and women—have burst out with heartfelt sentences of this sort. Even now the black cloud of Himmler's criminal persecutions has not fully lifted from Paris, for there are few Parisians who have not a friend or a relative who has been deported to Germany, or who was in a concentration camp in France somewhere and has not been heard from, or who was shot.

Nous sommes en pleine période Directoire!" a member of one of the resistance groups exclaimed to me. And the com-

parison is certainly striking. The hats of Paris, which have always mirrored the history of France with unfailing chic and expressiveness, are directly inspired from the period of the Directorate which intervened between the Terror and the Consulate just before Napoleon took over. Not only hats and fashions, but decorative motifs in shop windows also reflect the Directoire atmosphere, and the flags complete the picture. There are flags everywhere: the French Tricolor, the Stars and Stripes, the British Union Jack, sometimes Russian, Belgian, and Polish flags as well. The Champs Elysées and the boulevards are alive with fluttering color. I wondered where they all came from so quickly and was told: "Oh, we had them carefully hidden away, waiting for the day." One Frenchwoman, the wife of a leader of the resistance movement, showed me a beautiful American flag—hanging from a balcony—which she and her daughter had made themselves, dyeing red stripes and sewing on ninety-six stars by hand so as to have forty-eight on each side.

But it is not styles or decorations that produce the revolutionary atmosphere in Paris. It is something intangible, elusive. You feel it in the streets, in cafés, in bars, in factories and offices. It is a kind of uncertainty, yet something more positive than that. Perhaps it is the realization on the part of all Paris that anything might happen at any time. But even those Parisians who have suffered and are still suffering from the blighting effects of the German occupation of France are happy. For Paris has been spared—so far at least. The most beautiful city in the world has emerged virtually unscathed from five years of war and four of oppression.

II

CERTAINLY Paris never looked more beautiful than it did that day—less than a week after it was freed—when we rolled out of the Bois de Boulogne and up the wide expanse of the Avenue Foch to the Arc de Triomphe. For me Paris really began at Versailles. Along the road strewn with burnt-out German tanks and other vehicles, and crowded for long stretches with military con-

voys going to the front and food convoys going to Paris, we followed exactly the route that General Patton's Third Army had taken from Laval through Chartres to Rambouillet, in the mad dash to the Seine that made military history. At Chartres we breathed a prayer of relief that the cathedral was not seriously damaged. At St. Cyr, what had once been the French West Point was in great part a shambles—just rubble and debris—and so was the town and the railway that runs through it. It was eloquent and tragic testimony to the accuracy and effectiveness of Allied bombing—and also to the intelligence of the military planners who, faced with the necessity of neutralizing Paris as the main railway center of France, did it by smashing the main lines and sidings outside the capital instead of bombing stations in the city itself.

It was from this chaos and ruin that we emerged, after bouncing along for a few cobblestoned kilometers, into the breathless beauty of Versailles. The great chateau seemed more beautiful than ever, almost iridescent in the summer sunshine, rippling with French, American; and British flags. It was completely undamaged—as for that matter were the Trianons, Malmaison, Maisons-Laffitte, and St. Germain. Fontainebleau too was undamaged except for some destruction in the part of the chateau occupied by the American Conservatory, and that will be easily repaired.

From Versailles on it was pure joy to roll down through the suburbs, those sprawling suburbs that are so different from Paris and yet so much a part of it, and across the river Seine into the city itself. The bridges were all intact, both those in the center of the city and on the outskirts. Here and there, approaching the city, one saw half-submerged river barges that were bombed and sunk or burned out during the Allied blitz on German communications around Paris. But for the most part the Seine stretched as serene and silver as ever, although for the time being the barges were tied up waiting for river traffic to be resumed when there was fuel available.

In the Bois de Boulogne was a dramatic surprise. Along many of its winding

avenues and under the trees was what looked at first like an American unit. But it was not American; it was French. It was a unit of Leclerc's division, the first into Paris, with Sherman tanks and American cars and equipment of all sorts, even uniforms, but sporting bright scarlet caps. It was besieged by adoring Parisiennes, whose gay summer dresses combined with the red hats and French flags to make a scene glowing with color.

Out of the Bois de Boulogne we came into the wide sweep of the Avenue Foch, where the spiny skins of the horse chestnuts were pale green flecks against the darker green of the trees which lined the magnificent avenue on both sides and framed in thick verdure the Arc de Triomphe, at the end of a long perspective. The Avenue Foch was strangely deserted—I wondered why then, for all the other streets running into the Etoile were alive with cyclists. Later I found out why. The Gestapo had their principal headquarters in a number of the luxurious apartments along the Avenue Foch and Parisians still hadn't quite got over their four-year habit of keeping away from it.

The Arc de Triomphe suffered somewhat from installations on top which spoiled its majestic proportions. But under it the flame burned once more at the grave of the Unknown Soldier, and the arch itself, draped in Tricolor bunting and flags, lifted its heavy dignity with what seemed like new pride. I saw an old mutilated veteran of the last war, with the Tricolor band of the FFI on his arm, looking at it just the way a mother looks at a new baby.

III

THE Champs Elysées is unchanged—still the favorite promenade of fashionable Paris. Its cafés still spread their little tables out on the broad sidewalks, and there on Sunday afternoons especially, but every day if it's fair, it is still as true as ever that half Paris sits sipping its aperitifs or coffee and watching the other half stroll by in search of a seat. Only there are no aperitifs—the Germans have drunk them all—and the coffee is a frightful, undrinkable ersatz; so most

people sip imitation fruit juices or inferior beer. Under the rows of neatly trimmed chestnut trees in the Champs Elysées children were still rolling hoops and spinning tops, and little goat carts were still parading around exactly the same route, filled with entranced children. The price of a ride, however, I found, was three francs instead of one. It was symbolic of price inflation everywhere: the cost of living is estimated to have risen about three hundred per cent since war started, and of course the prices of most goods are five to ten times what they were, sometimes more.

On Sunday I saw a throng under the trees where the stamp market used to be held every Sunday and Thursday afternoon. It couldn't be—but, yes, it was—the old stamp market of the Champs Elysées in full swing. It used to be one of the largest in the world, with literally scores of merchants who set up their little tables, and with hundreds and hundreds of collectors.

Stamps have risen enormously in value. In fact many French people who have made a lot of money out of the war have put their savings into rare stamps, and the result is that prices have soared. One curious thing at the moment, a merchant told me, is that people pay several times their value for ordinary current French stamps—possibly because the post offices are closed. One collector offered me a large envelope full of what he assured me was a collection of valuable American stamps—for a cigarette. There has been a great shortage of tobacco, and GI's who've got cigarettes to spare are sure of popularity. Packets sell at anywhere from a hundred to two hundred francs (two to four dollars).

THE Place de la Concorde shows some signs of the battle for the liberation of Paris. The Hotel Crillon has lost one of its tall columns and bears traces of artillery fire. On the other side of the Rue Royale, the twin building of the Ministry of the Navy has been battered by shells and part of the interior has been burned out. The American Embassy on the corner of the Avenue Gabriel came through the entire occupation and the final battle

unscathed. A few stray bullets broke a window or two, but there is no noticeable damage. On the Place de la Concorde itself there are a half-dozen burnt-out and overturned German cars and a wrecked fire engine, eloquent relics of the fight to free Paris from its German garrison. In the Rue Castiglione, opposite the Hotel Continental, children were climbing all over a knocked-out German tank when I first went there, and there were several wrecked and burned armored cars. Gradually these have been removed, but enough still remain, with barbed wire and the debris of barricades, to give Paris just a faint feeling of being a battlefield. Over on the Left Bank, for instance, there are still numerous traces of barricades where students fought unconquerably against the Boches. The old Latin Quarter is relatively quiet—the schools and the Sorbonne are still closed—but it has an almost festive atmosphere. For it was the center of the resistance movement; and it is justifiably proud of the role it has played both in and around the struggle since the summer of 1941, and on the barricades during the week of the battle to free the city.

But the monuments and buildings of the Left Bank too have on the whole come out of the war undamaged. And on the Ile de la Cité the Cathedral of Notre Dame raises its twin towers intact above its symmetrical façade. The nearby Conciergerie, the historic Paris prison where Marie-Antoinette and so many other French characters of Revolutionary times were kept before going to the guillotine, shows scars of the heavy fighting that went on there but has sustained no really serious damage. Not far away is one of the most beautiful gems of Gothic architecture in the world: the Sainte Chapelle, something between a jewel box and a cathedral. The Germans threatened to destroy it utterly, but it is untouched.

(The Parisians themselves are convinced that the Germans intended to blow up all the principal monuments and buildings of Paris, beginning with the Arc de Triomphe. There is a story that orders were actually issued for mining the catacombs under the main buildings. But whatever plan the Germans had was upset

by two things: the speed of Patton's advance and the fierceness of the uprising inside Paris, which gave the Germans more than enough to do.)

The Palais du Luxembourg, the seat of the French Senate, is equally undisturbed, with its classic gardens stretching away in gravel paths and lanes of chestnut trees up toward Montparnasse. This artists', students', and tourists' section seemed particularly dead and deserted when we first arrived, but has been slowly reviving since. As in Montmartre, the cafés and night clubs have now begun to reopen, with candles and carbide lamps instead of electricity, and with a mixed clientele of Americans and French FFI, the latter invariably with guns slung over their shoulders and pistols in their belts.

IV

THESE FFI (French Forces of the Interior) are very much a part of the Paris scene. During the day they go whizzing about the streets and boulevards in their fast low front-wheel-drive Citroëns. For the most part they are in civilian clothes, with blue, white, and red armbands bearing the letters FFI. But some of them have dark blue jackets and berets.

They are a picturesque lot—nearly all very young, eighteen to twenty-five, and often even younger—and they are not to be trifled with. At night they patrol the streets of Paris, especially at key points and bridges, and several times I've seen them shoot at cars which failed to halt when challenged. They are good-natured but a combination of daredevilry and extreme seriousness. One night I spent a couple of hours with a squad who were patrolling the Place de l'Opera, stopping every car, jeep, or truck which passed. They were a lively, intelligent, energetic bunch of young fellows; all of them except the leader came from the poorer sections of the Latin Quarter. They told me of some of the experiences of themselves and their friends. When the insurrection began they had helped man the barricades in the Boulevard St. Michel. Their group had organized men, women, and children who answered the

appeal to build the barricades, and had shown them how to arrange café chairs and tables, bedsteads, sandbags, etc., so that the Germans couldn't break through. For six days they and their companions had stuck to the barricades, leaving them only to make raids into adjoining streets for food and to attack German munitions convoys. One of them was wounded six times in the head, legs, and arms, but refused to leave his post.

The FFI are something of a problem for de Gaulle today. The part they played in liberating Paris, as well as in helping to free other parts of France, where they are generally known as the *Maquis*, gives them high prestige and enormous influence. Furthermore they possess arms and ammunition, and many of them are operating openly as *corps francs*: that is to say they go out and mop up pockets of Germans who are still resisting or hiding or both.

The FFI has put forward a demand that they be incorporated into the regular French army, not individually but as units. The government appreciated their point of view and has agreed in principle to regard them as part of the army, but appears reluctant to incorporate them bodily into the army because this might have the effect of setting up two armies. The problem is further complicated by the fact that many if not most of the FFI are Communists or have strong communist tendencies.

THIS brings up the most acute aspect of the potentially revolutionary position in which France finds itself today. I had not been in Paris long before a number of my French acquaintances—wealthier members of the bourgeoisie or managers or owners of factories and big businesses—began asking me what would be the attitude of the American army if and when the Communists started a revolution in France. It is an undeniable fact that these people, the *patronat* and the *grande bourgeoisie*, are genuinely afraid of a Communist uprising. Many go so far as to insist that only the presence of the American army has prevented it from breaking out before this. Others believe that it won't come until hostilities cease.

This fear is undoubtedly exaggerated, but whether it is entirely unfounded remains to be seen. The fact is that the real authority in France today rests with the resistance movement—not the resisters who left France, but those who stayed and for three years fought the underground war against the Germans. The Communists are by far the strongest single component within the resistance movement. It is probable that they do not have anything like a majority, but they have indoctrinated with their views many of the younger elements in the movement who are not Communist party members.

The real revolution in France is in fact a revolution of youth. France for seventy years has been ruled by old men. That period is over.

I have talked here with a number of my old Paris friends, French people of good bourgeois families, men and women in their early forties with children of eighteen or twenty. They all tell me the same story. Their children who have been active in the resistance movement have radically changed their outlook. They have turned completely against bourgeois conservatism. They are not communists exactly—perhaps not even socialists in the Marxian sense of the term—but they have strong communist tendencies. Above all they hate the old political chaos and corruption of the interwar years in France, and they want something new.

"For a week I worked day and night nursing wounded French FFI behind the barricades," one young Frenchwoman told me. "Conditions were indescribably bad, dirty, unsanitary, filthy in every material respect. And yet I had the feeling that I was clean, and was among clean people, for the first time in my life."

What is certain is that there will be a new France, and that it will be much farther to the left than the Third Republic. One is constantly aware in liberated Paris that the Third Republic is dead, but that the Fourth Republic is yet unborn, or rather is just in the process of appearing.

WHAT this Fourth Republic will be depends to a great extent on General de Gaulle. At this stage he commands the complete and enthusiastic alle-

giance of the vast majority of the French people—there is no longer any room for doubt about that. But it is not blind allegiance.

The French people today want a leader. They want a strong leader, one who will impose order and the necessary minimum of discipline. But they do not want dictation. These people who have lived under military rule and under the terror of the Gestapo for four years have had enough of that and they wouldn't put up for long with any more of it from anybody. If, therefore, there are certain reactionary and military elements who would like de Gaulle to take full power into his own hands to avert the Communist revolution which they fear, they are out of tune with the population as a whole. The people of Paris want de Gaulle to lead them. They want him to be swift and severe in inflicting punishment on collaborators. But there is no trace of any desire to abandon the French tradition of democracy, of self-government of some kind.

De Gaulle seems so far to have moved with remarkable moderation and wisdom. The cabinet which he set up after he reached Paris, though it didn't satisfy everybody and was sure to be subject to subsequent change, seemed to be generally regarded as a good one. It combined Jules Jeanneney, the bearded old patriarchal president of the French Senate and guardian of republican institutions, with Georges Bidault. That is to say it combined respect for republican traditions with recognition that France today speaks primarily through the resistance movement. For Georges Bidault is the president of the National Council of Resistance, the committee which organized and coordinated and directed the activities of the various resistance groups. The majority of the members of the cabinet were representatives of these resistance groups. There were, however, six deputies and two senators including Jeanneney—all of whom were active in the resistance movement.

So far it is uncertain to what extent the old political parties will revive. The Communists and Socialists are already active and have begun to plaster the walls of Paris with their posters. The Radical-

Socialists, the party of Herriot and Daladier, may be expected to revive in time though perhaps in changed form. Probably there will be others as well, but whether the old multi-party system with its attendant instability will be resumed it is too early to say.

In fact the whole political situation is still confused. No one—probably not even de Gaulle himself—knows exactly what is going on, nor where France is tending. When the country is fully free of the enemy and when communications with the provinces—still practically non-existent—are restored, will it be possible to form a clearer, more complete picture of France's political state? The process of clarification may well take months. Nothing can be done in the way of elections till the French prisoners of war and deported workers have returned from Germany. What will happen then it is impossible to predict.

MY own first impressions as to the future of France are decidedly optimistic. I was a correspondent in Paris between 1931 and 1939, and to me France feels sounder, cleaner, more energetic, more dynamic than it did then, despite the ordeal it has been through.

In a moment of remarkable frankness, a Gestapo officer told a French acquaintance of mine, who had gone to see him to try to obtain a release for her husband: "You French people need not worry about the future greatness of France, Madame. We Germans realize very keenly that the young Frenchmen we are shooting daily are a very different race from those we conquered in 1940."

There is undoubtedly much truth in this strange tribute. One cannot listen without wonder—yes, and awe—to stories, simply told, of miracles of courage and devotion and complete selflessness which were so frequent during the past three years as to be commonplace. The French people, the women as well as the men, have shown themselves capable of truly great deeds in everyday life—and those are the greatest of all.

At the same time it is true that there is another side to the picture. There is still a lot of corruption. Many of the

leading collaborationists still go free while petty vengeance is wreaked on small fry, many of whom are innocent or nearly so. Every day hundreds of people are denounced as collaborationists, arrested, and taken to Drancy, which for four years was an internment camp for Jews. There are some five thousand people, on the average, there awaiting trial. The picture is an ugly one. Yet one doubts whether it is avoidable. On the whole the government is remaining moderate and making a real effort to dispense justice.

V

MEANTIME Paris goes on being very much the same old Paris, despite all these revolutionary changes. The shop windows are marvels of chic, luxury, and beauty. Inside there is no vast amount to be had, but what there is is beautifully made. Prices are high—inflationary prices in most cases. Perfume is abundant and oddly enough still reasonable in price. A good-sized bottle of Chanel No. 5 or Lanvin's Arpège can still be bought for two hundred and fifty francs—about five dollars. The price of clothes at leading dressmaking houses like Lelong, Lanvin, etc., is ten or even twelve times what it was before the war. Most of these houses are closed now but are expecting to open soon with their autumn collections.

Clothes coupons are needed in most shops to buy most articles of clothing. Hats, however, are unrationed. At the moment most Parisiennes go bareheaded or wear a snood or turban, for the big Directoire hats which are the mode don't go well with bicycles. As the metro reopens and more busses appear, however, hats will come back into their own in Paris.

Museums like the Louvre and the Cluny are closed, but so far as can be ascertained now their art treasures are intact. Apparently the Germans did not succeed in looting any of the great national museums or art galleries either in Paris or in the principal provincial towns. The most precious treasures, like the Venus de Milo, the Winged Victory, and the greatest paintings, were removed at the beginning

of the war and stored for safekeeping in chateaux in central and southern France. Museum officials here believe these treasures have not been disturbed.

This doesn't mean France hasn't lost many works of art. It has. The Germans systematically carried off all the possessions of Jews—especially art collections—on which they succeeded in laying hands. They also looted many French chateaux not owned by Jews, by the method of forced sale. They would fix their own price for a set of beautiful Gobelins tapestries, for instance, and then threaten the owner until he agreed to sell. It is estimated that about a tenth of the French art treasures belonging to private individuals have been carried off to Germany. The Germans also bought a lot from the antique shops and art dealers of Paris. But today these shops, on both the right and left banks of the Seine, seem full of furniture, tapestries, paintings, and

other works of art. Prices, however, are at least ten times what they were before the war.

Unlike London, where one queues up for everything, liberated Paris appears to have only two kinds of queues. There are long lines of people trying to buy bread at the bakeries. Bread is rationed but even so is hard to get. The food situation is improving, however, and should be nearly normal as soon as it is possible to restore traffic on the railways.

Other queues are of Parisians lining up to see newsreels of the liberation of Paris. There are only one or two movie houses showing these, and no other movies or theaters at all, so the people of Paris gladly stand in line to see pictures of themselves in an epic of heroic resistance—an epic which might well make the rest of the world say of the people of Paris, as Churchill said of the people of Britain in 1940, "This was their finest hour."

Who Is the Forgotten Man?

THE Forgotten Man is delving away in patient industry, supporting his family, paying his taxes, casting his vote, supporting the church and school, reading his newspaper, and cheering for the politician of his admiration, but he is the only one for whom there is no provision in the great scramble and the big divide. . . . The Forgotten Man is weighted down with the cost and burden of schemes for making everybody happy, with the cost of public beneficence, with the support of all the loafers, with the loss of all the economic quackery, with the cost of all the jobs. . . . Let us turn our pity on him instead of on the good-for-nothing. It will be only justice to him, and society will greatly gain by it. — *William Graham Sumner*, in the lecture, delivered in 1883, from which President Roosevelt borrowed the phrase in one of his earlier campaigns.

Another Man's Poison

REBECCA WEST



I WONDER if Americans have realized the shapeliness and definiteness of the Allies' victory in France. As one who has struggled to get the truth about the past out of the history books and often found myself baffled by the historians' refusal to put anything on their pages but the solemn and dignified, I feel no shame in recording the first intimation I received of the clear-cut character of the Allies' operations in France, though the scene was played on a prosaic stage about twelve o'clock on the morning of D Day.

I was standing at the desk of a London beauty parlor waiting to be called by the invalided hero of Dunkirk who washes my hair for me. This sounds like a bad case of national ingratitude but is not. Before being a hero at Dunkirk, and after, he asked no better fate than to shampoo the female head. Countless examples have proved that heroism and such gentle preferences are not incompatible.

At the desk another hairdresser, an invalided R.A.F. gunner, was talking to the manageress.

"Who are you waiting for?" she asked.

"A perm at twelve," he answered, "but she'll not be coming now; you can give me anyone who turns up."

"Well, it's only two minutes to twelve now," said the manageress. "I don't see why you should assume she's not coming."

"Oh I don't mean she's late," said the hairdresser, "but she's a naval officer's wife and has to come up from Portsmouth. There's no use expecting her this day of all days."

"No, indeed," said the manageress.

But just then the missing client came smiling through the door. "I suppose," said the manageress after she had greeted

her, "you stayed up in London last night."

"No," replied the young woman, "I came up from Portsmouth this morning, and what's more my train wasn't ten minutes late."

Portsmouth, it must be remembered, is one of our greatest naval bases and it lies on the Channel coast. The railway line between Portsmouth and London cuts through the system which covers the south of England. There was not, on the day when that area was the springboard of the greatest amphibious operation in history, a grain of sand in the working of its transport machinery.

The next day it was my secretary's turn to have a day in London, and she went to the same hairdresser. The girl who gave her a manicure—a duodenal ulcer case or she would not have been still a manicurist—had the night before received a telephone message from her brother. He had been to France and back. He was one of the first to land, was wounded an hour or two afterwards, was sent back to England, and was in bed in a military hospital by evening.

THESE happenings illustrate the two salient features of the Western victory as we civilians see it in England. The first is the infinitesimal amount to which it disturbed our daily lives. We have indeed passed through a uniquely disagreeable phase of our experience since D Day, but that is because the Germans dropped doodlebugs on us, not because our armies were stepping from England to France. The only hardship that the invasion brought us was a shortage—lasting only a few weeks—of certain useful but not essential foodstuffs, such as tinned meat

and molasses and crackers. For the rest we had our food, our letters, our newspapers, our water and light and telephone and telegraph services, and our transport facilities just as we had been having them under wartime conditions.

The greatness of this achievement can be judged from the extent to which it surprised us. We all expected the second front to act like a tourniquet applied to civil life. When I look back on this spring I see in a new light that legend I have seen hanging in the offices and homes of persons with Pollyanna dispositions: "I've had a lot of troubles and most of them never happened."

I have never read these words without a shuddering realization that true vulgarity is an effect produced by failure to admit the importance of tragedy as an element in human life, but I have to own that this spring we English civilians had a lot of troubles, most of which never happened. It seemed to us as if there would be no more circulation, no more exchanges. Each of our homes, we thought, would be sealed to itself at the moment when the second front began. What we had not at the moment of sealing we would have to go without till the long catalepsy was broken by victory.

This belief caused me particularly deep emotion when it was applied to a cowhouse we are building. The Ministry of Agriculture wants it built to facilitate our milk production, and it is being put up by men who are brought a considerable distance by lorry. They thought and we thought that as soon as the invasion started all work on the cowhouse would have to stop. It seemed obvious that the highroads along which they travel morning and evening would be choked with convoys and probable that they would be bombed by the enemy. Furthermore the men, who were of course all in the Home Guard, were as likely as not to be called in to guard the disorganized towns and villages.

These reflections often made my husband and me oddly pensive for reasons we did not care to make public. The cowhouse was to have a bull pen with steel bars. Our Jersey bull is over three years old and is becoming daily more and more

of an animal tank. He has a Houdini strain in him which makes him impossible to restrain by irons. Temporarily he was confined in a shed—the sturdiest on the place—which every night he partially kicked to pieces. Every day it was rebuilt and he started from scratch again. But inevitably the day would come when he would kick it completely to pieces.

We did not know what we would do when that happened and neither, so far as we could make out, did anybody else. We asked agricultural experts and they looked troubled and in the end changed the subject. If one comes to think of it, hitherto people have not kept valuable bulls unless they could draw on stocks of timber or metal to keep them in bounds. But timber and metal are strictly rationed in wartime. We had had our allowance in the cowhouse, which we all thought would not be finished if the second front began. It is a mercy that in fact the workmen never lost an hour because of D Day.

THE second feature of the Western victory which astonishes civilians is that the efficiency which has organized the invasion of Europe from England without interfering with English national life has evidently continued to operate on the field of battle.

From the beginning of time armies have grumbled, the unspoken fear of death has found vent in much speaking about the quality of their food and clothing, and they have usually been justified in their complaints. We all know that at the beginning of this war the soldiers were perpetually the victims of incompetence that they would not have tolerated in civil life. This was so throughout the last war, though the latter year or so shows an improvement. I am old enough to have been a child at the time of the South African War. I remember countless conversations between my elders which expressed burning indignation at the unnecessary suffering which a bungling War Office, feckless alike in the supply of provisions and equipment and medical treatment, inflicted on the British army. My memory goes far back to the middle of the last century through my father, who

was an elderly man when I was born. He had started life as an officer in the British army; he ended it as a disciple of Herbert Spencer, a philosopher who had an exaggerated hatred of the state. I am sure he found that gospel easy to accept because of his deep loathing of what he had seen of the state as an employer when he was a professional soldier. Forty years after he had left the service he used to speak with disgust of the unsanitary barracks, the weeviled food, the stinking hospitals which were all Great Britain had to offer the private soldier who fought her battles.

Conditions in the army had improved steadily since then but at a lagging pace compared with conditions in the civilian world. It could be fairly said up till the outbreak of the present war that he was the happy warrior who was not supplied with two left-foot boots as a pair. But now, though lapses still occur here and there, the troops seem to be of the opinion that the system of which they are now a part operates more cleverly and wisely than the system of which they are a part in peacetime. They still grumble—the core of war is death and pain, however efficiently it is organized, and there is still need to find vent for unspoken fear—but the returned troops from France and Italy and North Africa, though they are forced by the need to grumble into making absurd complaints about tactics and strategy and lack of leave, do not complain of being given two left-foot boots as a pair.

It is very noticeable that for the past two years the newspapers and weekly journals which aim at exploiting the discontents of the armed forces have found themselves obliged to concentrate on two subjects: their payment and their lack of guaranteed security in the postwar world. Reports of unsanitary quarters, weeviled food, or rough hospital treatment would evidently not evoke any general response. Such reports would be much more likely to come from industrial or office or professional workers at home in England. The meaning of war, indeed, has entirely changed in our age.

IT USED to be true that an army in time of war stepped down from the general level of society and fought in an isolated

pocket of barbarism. Even in the war of 1914-1918, the lot of the English civilian was still demonstrably superior to that of the man in uniform. Modern science was looking after the Englishman who stayed in London better than it looked after his brother who stood for four years in Flanders mud.

It is true that between 1914 and 1918 English civilians were hungry—not starving but not fully nourished. The proof was manifest at any school in the twenties: the children born in the war years were not taller and heavier than their juniors born in the first years after the war in the proportion given as normal in the textbooks. There was then as now murderous overwork in the munitions factories. But on the whole civilian life maintained itself as recognizably what it was in peacetime.

But now the case is altered. The aggression which threatened England was so vicious that we were willing to make any sacrifices to withstand it. Modern warfare is a matter of machinery and we live in a mechanized society. Therefore, to repel the formidable enemy, to draw on all resources, we had to take out the mechanical structure which supported our society, we had to give our armed forces the ore, the petrol, the coal, the raw material in general, the manpower on which we normally relied to get through our day. We are kept shorter than the army of everything, even though one of the means of aggression—air warfare—falls on us with special severity. In consequence, we the civilians have to support society, to achieve the day's necessary performance with doled-out substitutes, with our own bodies, with our own wills; and we spend our lives in primitive improvisations. Indeed it is now true, at least in the European and African zones, that in time of war an army remains on the level of civilization attained by society when peace ended, and it is the civilian population which steps down into barbarism.

I AM embarrassed in my record of this change by the fear that I will be thought to imply that the fighting man is having an easy time in this war. God forbid that I should utter such a blasphemy:

Through all ages soldiers are killed and suffer pain, and the men who are trapped in a blazing bomber or in the engine room of a torpedoed ship, or who, lying wounded, are crushed under a tank, experience no sweet modern variation of their timeless lot. I say simply that the armies now know the sense of being part of a complicated and ambitious co-ordinated effort sustained by the finest intelligences of the time and utilizing all the mechanical resources known to man—which was the pattern modern life was trying to describe on various planes—and civilians are in a bog of muddle for the most part, working on tasks certified as necessary but hard to relate imaginatively to the supreme social purpose, in material conditions which may recall any age from the Victorian down to the medieval but are never those of 1939.

I am not appealing for pity when I write of English civilian life. I want to draw a certain deduction from it regarding our future. That is the only reason I mention that nearly all Englishmen and Englishwomen are overtired. Those who hold jobs sweat from morning to night because nearly all enterprises are understaffed and the rationing and coupon systems and other forms of governmental control, though all perfectly necessary, are a heavy increase on the normal routine of the day. Everybody who travels to work travels uncomfortably, and in the winter months must be gravely inconvenienced by the blackout. The women who live in or near towns spend half their time shopping. Though food is sufficient and cheap, it is tedious to find and there are no deliveries. The flying bombs added to the inconveniences of both traveling and shopping. They broke much more glass than the old-fashioned blitz bomb, and into finer spicules, thus causing a great many cases of blindness and facial disfigurement. This made it peculiarly inadvisable to travel by bus and constantly forced the housewife to interrupt her shopping and seek shelter. There is a shortage of houses everywhere in town and country, so that highly paid munitions makers and agricultural workers live in discomfort which is often added to by bombed-out friends or billettees. There are not enough domestic workers any-

where. Fire-watching and Home Guard duties eat up the hours of rest which anyway hardly exist in the country districts, where the business of food production is carried on with frenzied energy, an intensity of effort unsurpassed in history.

But worse than all these specific miseries is the fundamental general misery of life: that nothing happens easily any more. All day long we have to do things which require the free utilization of mechanical aid. The mechanical aid is withdrawn. They have to be done all the same, and the doing of them is awkward and tedious beyond measure.

FOR an example let me return to my bull. There he stands in the beautiful bull pen the perfect organization of the second front has allowed us to erect round him. All the same he cannot marry his daughters. Animal and human life share some of the same conventions. Owing to a failure in my plans the only other bull we have is as yet too young, as they chastely say, to work. Therefore we have to use artificial insemination. Nothing could be more scientific; nothing should be more easy. The minute a cow gives the signal that the right moment is come we ought to be able to go to the telephone and summon a specialist vet with a properly equipped van from the artificial insemination station thirty miles away.

It is not a bit like that now. The station does not function for Jerseys these days. If it did, it would be no use, for the van goes out only to a radius of ten miles. We have to send to a stud farm—the other side, of course—eighteen miles away. We are allowed an automobile and petrol for the farm and the garden, but very often this is out collecting animal food or taking cattle to market. In this case one member of the household has to bicycle three miles to catch a bus to Oxford and another member has to telephone—on a system overburdened by the presence of a huge military installation in the neighborhood—to the stud farm to tell them to send a messenger with the dose to Oxford, and to our vet, who may be anywhere within twenty miles. This never happens except when some equally urgent activity is in hand. Perhaps the gardener has come

in saying that our four hundred young tomato plants will die if an engineer who probably does not exist is not fetched at once to deal with a failing boiler, or several trees of simultaneously ripening greengages have to be picked because a plague of wasps is consuming them, and there is no single member of the staff free to do it. The day becomes a delirium of scrambled and overdue attempts to control an uncontrollable world.

WE are indeed more than overtired, and delirium is the right word. Tempers are short and the unbalanced go over the edge. Young and old confess to lapses of memory, slips of the tongue, absentmindedness. A London housewife cooking a chicken obtained with difficulty and at great expense to celebrate a family anniversary puts a cup of washing soda into the casserole. The hospitals have to guard as never before against blunders on the part of their well-trained, highly disciplined staffs. This is obviously not a very good time to think.

I feel this with extreme urgency when I meet with the assumption that as soon as the war is over, and indeed before, we must start making a new world. I cannot think of a worse moment for it. If we are going to pull society to pieces and build it up again on new lines, there has got to be a great deal of original thought on the part of experts in political science, economics, and philosophy about general and specific problems raised by the changed aspect of our globe. I cannot imagine where such original thought is to come from if it is to be sound. For thought comes from thinkers. I have no knowledge what sort of life the thinkers in America have been leading, but I know what has happened to them here. All the disagreeable things I have been describing to you have been happening to them.

It is not just faceless, nameless, obscure men and women who work too long hours and stand all the way home in crowded busses stinking with wet mackintoshes and walk into railings in the blackout and get cross with people who get crosser with

them; it is Mr. Blank whose views on collective security you so greatly respect, and Mrs. Asterisk who has so brilliantly analyzed the foreign policy of the U.S.S.R., and Mr. Dash who knows all about the population question. They, just like everybody else, are overtired, are delirious. They have been forced back to barbarism and they have not liked it. That return is hard on every part of the organism, including the head. I am willing to let Mr. Blank and Mrs. Asterisk and Mr. Dash make a new world for us all after two or three years, when they have had a long rest, gone back to reasonable working hours, and been able to take the automobile out of the garage for an evening drive or sit by the fire after supper without the presence of half a dozen total strangers who are refugees from flying bombs or walk to the cinema along streets safe and happy with bright lighting. Then they can have a shot at it.

They will have to do it sometime. We need the thinkers when we remake society and we need British ones when we come to remake Great Britain, for every country knows its own business best. Wisdom is original. Europe could never find the prescription for America's future; America could not see visions on behalf of Europe. But I wish I could give our thinkers time to recover, for they are very tired and even at that they are not as tired as the thinkers of the rest of Europe. The wise men of France and the Low Countries and Italy and eastern Europe have for nearly five years been sitting in cellars feeling hungry and cold and rather ill. It is not the best preparation for intellectual performance and it would be surely better if for a year or two we concentrated on the technical problems which abound, such as the rebuilding of blitzed cities in Europe and the adaptations of plan necessary in America for the switchback to peacetime production, availing ourselves of the competence that has been developed in our armies and continuing for a limited space the admittedly makeshift collectivism we adopt in wartime.

But, of your charity, no constructive thought for the moment!

(Several authors contribute in rotation to "Another Man's Poison." Next month, Franklin P. Adams.—The Editors)

{ Being his grandfather's grandson—and for that
matter his brother's brother—Aldous Huxley,
whose latest novel is *Time Must Have a*
Stop, has a lively interest in scientific ideas. }

WHO ARE YOU?

ALDOUS HUXLEY

With Pictorial Comments by James Thurber



THE most striking fact about human beings is that, in many respects, they are very unlike one another. Their bodies vary enormously in size and shape. Their modes of thought and speech and feeling are startlingly different. Startlingly different, too, are their reactions to even such basic things as food, sex, money, and power. Between the most highly gifted and those of least ability, and between persons endowed with one particular kind of talent or temperament and persons endowed with another kind, the gulfs are so wide as to be bridgeable only by the most enlightened charity.

These are facts which from time immemorial have been recognized, described in plays and stories, commented on in proverbs, aphorisms, and poems. And yet, in spite of their obviousness and their enormous practical importance, these facts are still, to a very great extent, outside the pale of systematic thought.

THE first and indispensable condition of systematic thought is classification. For the purposes of pure and applied science, the best classification is comprehensive, covering as many of the indefinitely numerous facts as it is possible for thought to cover without becoming confused, and yet is simple enough to be readily understood and used without being so simple as to be untrue to the essentially

complex nature of reality. The categories under which it classifies things and events are easily recognizable, lend themselves to being expressed in quantitative terms, and can be shown experimentally to be meaningful for our specifically human purposes.

Up to the present, all the systems in terms of which men have attempted to think about human differences have been unsatisfactory. Some, for example, have conspicuously failed to cover more than a part of the relevant facts. This is especially true of psychology and sociology as commonly taught and practised at the present time. How many of even the best of our psychologists talk, write, think, and act as though the human body, with its innate constitution and its acquired habits, were something that, in an analysis of mental states, could safely be ignored! And even when they do admit, rather reluctantly, that the mind always trails its carcass behind it, they have little or nothing to tell us about the ways in which mental and physical characteristics are related.

Sociologists deal with abstractions even more phantasmally bodiless. For example, they will carry out laborious researches into the problems of marriage. But when we read the results, we are flabbergasted to find that the one factor never taken into account by the research-

ers is who the men and women under investigation actually *are*. We are told every detail about their social and economic background; nothing at all about their inherited psycho-physical constitution.

There are other classificatory systems which claim to be comprehensive, but in which the indispensable process of simplification has been carried so far that they are no longer true to the facts. The interpretation of all human activity in terms of economics is a case in point. Another type of over-simplification is to be found in such theories as those of Helvétius in the eighteenth century and of certain Behaviorists in the twentieth—theories which profess to account for everything that men do or are in terms of environment, education, or conditioned reflexes. At the other extreme of over-simplification we find some of the more rabid Eugenists, who attribute all the observable differences between human beings to hereditary factors, and refuse to admit that environmental influences may also play a part.

It may be remarked in passing that most of the hypotheses and classification systems we use in our everyday thinking are grossly oversimplified and therefore grossly untrue to a reality which is intrinsically complex. Popular theories about such things as morals, politics, economics, and religion are generally of the either-or, A-causes-B variety. But in any real-life situation there are almost always more than two valid and workable alternatives and invariably more than one determining cause. That is why the utterances of speech-making politicians can never, in the very nature of things, be true. In half an hour's yelling from a platform it is intellectually impossible for even the most scrupulous man to tell the delicately complex truth about any of the major issues of political or economic life.

WE COME now to the classification systems which attempt to cover the whole ground, but which have proved scientifically unsatisfactory because (though founded, as they often are, upon profound insights into the nature of human reality) they have made use of categories which

could not be expressed in quantitative terms. Thus, for several thousands of years, the Hindus have been classifying human beings within the framework of four main psycho-physico-social categories. Because the caste system in India has become petrified into a rigidity that is untrue to the facts of life and therefore often unjust, the whole idea of caste is repellent to Western minds. And yet that special branch of applied psychology which deals with vocational guidance is concerned precisely with assigning individuals to their proper place in the natural caste system. The work of the specialists in "human engineering" has made it quite clear that individuals belong congenitally to one kind of caste, and that they hurt themselves and their society if, by some mistake, they get enrolled in another caste. Some time in the next century or two the empirical findings of the vocational guidance experts will be linked up with a satisfactory method of analyzing the total psycho-physical organism. When that happens, society will be in a position to reorganize itself on the basis of a rejuvenated and thoroughly beneficent, because thoroughly realistic, caste system.

In the West, for more than two thousand years, men were content with a classification system devised by the Greek physician, Hippocrates. His theory was that one's innate psycho-physical constitution was determined by the relative predominance within one's body of one or other of the four "humors"—blood, phlegm, black bile, and yellow bile. (We still describe temperaments as "sanguine" or "phlegmatic"; we still talk of "choler" and "melancholia.") Humoral pathology persisted into the nineteenth century. Diseases were attributed to a derangement of the normal balance of the individual's humors, and treatment was directed to restoring the equilibrium. This relating of disease to inherited constitution was essentially realistic, and one of the things that modern medicine most urgently needs is a new and sounder version of the Hippocratic hypothesis—a classification of human differences in terms of which the physician may interpret the merely mechanical findings of his diagnostic instruments.

Finally we come to those classification systems which are unsatisfactory because the categories they make use of, although susceptible of being expressed in quantitative terms, have not, in practice, turned out to be particularly meaningful. Thus the anthropometrists have measured innumerable skulls, determined the coloring of innumerable heads of hair and pairs of eyes, but have told us very little of genuinely scientific or practical value about human beings. Why? Because, as a matter of empirical fact, these records and measurements could not be related in any significant way to human behavior.

And, not content with telling us very little by means of a colossal volume of statistics, the anthropometrists proceeded to confuse the whole issue by trying to think about human differences in terms of fixed racial types—the Nordic, the Alpine, the Mediterranean, and so forth. But the most obvious fact about all the existing groups of human beings, at any rate in Europe and America, is that each one of them exhibits a large number of individual variations. In certain areas, it is true, a single closely related set of such variations may be more common than in other areas. It is upon this fact that the whole theory of racial types has been built up—a system of classification which has proved extremely unfruitful as an instrument of pure and applied science, and, in the hands of the Nazi ideologists, extremely fruitful as an instrument of discrimination and persecution.

II

SO MUCH, then, for the classification systems which have proved to be unsatisfactory. Does there exist a more adequate system? This is a question which it is now possible, I think, to answer with a decided yes. A classification system more adequate to the facts and more potentially fruitful than any other devised hitherto has been formulated by Dr. W. H. Sheldon in two recently published volumes, *The Varieties of Human Physique* and *The Varieties of Temperament*.

Sheldon's classification system is the fruit of nearly fifteen years of research, during which he and his collaborators have made, measured, and arranged in order

many thousands of standardized photographs of the male body, taken from in front, from behind, and in profile. A careful study of these photographs revealed that the most basic (first order) classification system in terms of which the continuous variations of human physique could adequately be described was based upon the discrimination of three factors, present to a varying degree in every individual. To these three factors Sheldon has given the names of *endomorph*, *mesomorph*, and *ectomorph*.

ENDOMORPHY is the factor which, when predominant, expresses itself in a tendency for anabolism to predominate over catabolism, which often results in soft and comfortable roundness of physique. At school the extreme endomorph is called Slob or Fatty. By middle life he or she may be so enormously heavy as to be practically incapable of walking. The endomorphic physique is dominated by its digestive tract. Autopsies show that the endomorphic gut is often more than twice as long and weighs more than twice as much as the intestine of a person in whom there is an extreme predominance of the ectomorphic constituent.

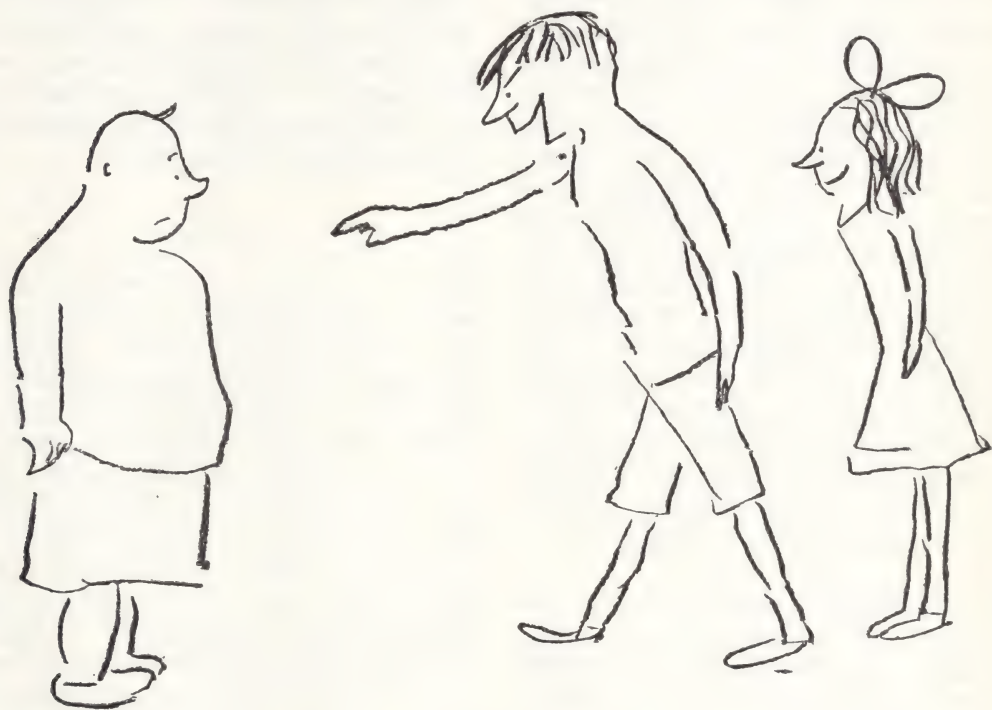
Predominant mesomorphy expresses itself in a physique that is hard and muscular. The body is built around strong heavy bones and is dominated by its extraordinarily powerful muscles. In youth, the extreme mesomorph tends to look older than his years, and his skin, instead of being soft, smooth, and unwrinkled, like that of the endomorph, is coarse and leathery, tans easily, and sets in deep folds and creases at a comparatively early age. It is from the ranks of extreme mesomorphs that successful boxers, football players, military leaders, and the central figures of the more heroic comic strips are drawn.

The extreme ectomorph is neither comfortably round nor compactly hard. His is a linear physique with slender bones, stringy unemphatic muscles, a short and thin-walled gut. The ectomorph is a lightweight, has little muscular strength, needs to eat at frequent intervals, is often quick and highly sensitive. The ratio of skin surface to body mass is higher than in endomorphs or mesomorphs, and he is

thus more vulnerable to outside influences, because more extensively in contact with them. His body is built, not around the endomorph's massively efficient intestine, not around the mesomorph's big bones and muscles, but around a relatively predominant and unprotected nervous system.

ENDOMORPHY, mesomorphy, and ectomorphy occur, as constituting components, in every human individual. In most persons the three components are

unsuccessful, and foster a conspicuous bumptiousness and self-conceit in the extreme mesomorph. A rational policy with regard to athletics would be to tell all boys the simple truth, which is that very few of them can expect to excel in the more violent sports, that such excellence depends primarily on a particular inheritance of size and shape, and that persons of other shapes and sizes not suited to athletic proficiency have as good a right to realize their own *natural* capaci-



At school the extreme endomorph is called Slob or Fatty.

combined fairly evenly, or at least harmoniously. Extreme and unbalanced predominance of any one factor is relatively uncommon.

For example, less than ten boys out of every hundred are sufficiently mesomorphic to engage with even moderate success in the more strenuous forms of athletics, requiring great strength and physical endurance. Hence the almost criminal folly of encouraging all boys, whatever their hereditary make-up, to develop athletic ambitions. By doing this, educators condemn large numbers of their pupils to an unnecessary disappointment and frustration, plant the seed of neurosis among the

ties as the extreme mesomorph and can contribute at least as much to society.

In order to calculate the relative amounts of each component in the total individual mixture, Sheldon divides the body into five regions and proceeds to make a number of measurements in each zone. The records of these measurements are then subjected to certain mathematical procedures, which yield a three-digit formula. This formula expresses the amount of endomorphy, mesomorphy, and ectomorphy present within the organism, as measured on a seven-point scale of values. Thus the formula 7-1-1 indicates that the individual under consideration exhibits endo-

morphy in its highest possible degree, combined with the lowest degree of mesomorphy and ectomorphy. In practice, he would probably be extremely fat, glutinous and comfort-loving, without drive or energy, almost sexless, and pathetically dependent on other people. How different from the well-balanced 4-4-4, the formidably powerful and aggressive 3-7-1, the thin, nervous, "introverted" 1-2-7!

The relationships between the components are such that only a certain number of the mathematically possible combinations can occur in nature. Thus it is obviously impossible for a human being to be a 7-1-7, or a 7-7-7, or a 1-7-7; for nobody can be simultaneously extremely round and soft and extremely hard and compact or extremely narrow, small-gutted, and stringy-muscled. Sheldon and his collaborators have found that, in terms of their seven-point scale of values for three components, seventy-six varieties of human physique can be clearly recognized. If a value scale of more than seven points were used, the number would of course be correspondingly greater. But they have found empirically that the seven-point scale provides an instrument of analysis sufficiently precise for most practical purposes.

THE three-digit formula given by an analysis of the basic components tells some of the story, but not all. It needs to be supplemented by additional information in respect to three secondary components present in all individuals—the factor of *dysplasia* or disharmony; the factor of *gynandromorphy*, or the possession of characteristics typical of the opposite sex; and the factor of *texture*, whether fine or coarse, aesthetically pleasing or the reverse.

Dysplasia occurs when one region or feature of the body is more or less markedly in disharmony with the rest of the physique. We are all familiar, for example, with the big, barrel-chested man whose legs or arms taper off to an absurdly slender inefficiency. And who has not had to listen to the despairing complaints of the ladies to whom ironic nature has given an elegantly ectomorphic torso, with hips and thighs on the most amply endomorphic scale? Such disharmonies are significant and must be ob-

served and measured, for they provide many clues to the explorers of human personality.

All persons exhibit characteristics of the opposite sex, some to a very slight degree, others more or less conspicuously. Again, the variations are significant. And the same is true of the factor of texture. Of two individuals having the same fundamental pattern one may be markedly fine-textured, the other markedly coarse-textured. The difference is one which cannot be neglected. That is why the basic formula is always supplemented by other descriptive qualifications expressing the amount of dysplasia, gynandromorphy, and fineness of texture observed in the individual under analysis.

III

SO MUCH for the varieties of physique and the methods by which they can be classified and measured. Inevitably two questions now propound themselves. First, is it possible for an individual to modify his basic physical pattern? Is there any system of dieting, hormone therapy, or exercise by means of which, say, a 1-1-7 can be transformed into a 7-1-1 or a 3-4-3? The answer would seem to be no. An individual's basic formula cannot be modified. True, an endomorph may be undernourished to the point of looking like a thing of skin and bones. But this particular thing of skin and bones will be measurably quite unlike the thing of skin and bones which is an undernourished, or even tolerably well nourished, ectomorph. Our fundamental physical pattern is something given and unalterable, something we can make the best of but can never hope to change.

The second question which naturally occurs to us is this: how closely is our fundamental psychological pattern related to our physical pattern? That such a relationship exists is a subject upon which every dramatist and story-teller, every observant student of men and women, has always been agreed. No writer in his senses would dream of associating the character of Pickwick with the body of Scrooge. And when the comic-strip artist wants to portray an athletic hero, he

gives him the physique of Flash Gordon, not of Rosie's Beau. Further, men have always clearly recognized that individuals of one psycho-physical type tend to misunderstand and even dislike individuals whose basic psycho-physical pattern is different from their own. Here are the words which Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Julius Caesar:

*Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleek-headed men and such as sleep o' nights;
Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much; such men are dangerous.*

Translated into Sheldon's terminology, this means that the mesomorph is one kind of animal, the ectomorph another; and that their mutual incomprehension very often leads to suspicion and downright antipathy.

In a general way all this has been perfectly well known for the past several thousand years. But it has been known only in an intuitive, empirical way. No organized scientific thinking about the subject has been possible hitherto, because (in spite of some valuable work done in Europe and America) nobody had worked out a satisfactory classification system for describing temperamental differences.

Modern chemistry classifies matter in terms of a system of ninety-two first-order elements. In earlier times, men tried to do their thinking about matter in terms of only four elements—earth, air, fire, and water. But earth, air, and water are not first-order elements, but elaborate combinations of such elements; while fire is not an element at all, but something that happens to all kinds of matter under certain conditions of temperature. In terms of so inadequate a classification system it was impossible for scientific thought to go very far.

The problem of psychological analysis is identical in principle with that of the analysis of matter. The psychologist's business is to discover first-order elements, in terms of which the facts of human difference may be classified and measured. The failure of psychology—and it has conspicuously failed to become the fruitful Science of Man which ideally it should be—is due to the fact that it has done its analysis of human differences in terms of entities that were not first-order elements,

but combinations of elements. Sheldon's great contribution to psychology consists in this: that he has isolated a number of genuine first-order elements of the basic psychological pattern which we call temperament, and has demonstrated their close correlation with the individual's basic physical pattern.

What follows is a summing up—necessarily rather crude and oversimplified—of the conclusions to which his research has led.

ENDOMORPHY, mesomorphy, and ectomorphy are correlated very closely with specific patterns of temperament—endomorphism with the temperamental pattern to which Sheldon gives the name of *viscerotonia*, mesomorphy with *somatotonia*, and ectomorphy with *cerebrotonia*. Close and prolonged observation of many subjects, combined with an adaptation of the technique known as factor-analysis, resulted in the isolation of sixty descriptive or determinative traits—twenty for each of the main, first-order components of temperament. From these sixty, I select a smaller number of the more striking and easily recognizable traits.

Conspicuous among the elements of the viscerotonic pattern of temperament are relaxation in posture and movement, slow reaction, profound sleep, love of physical comfort, and love of food. With this love of food for its own sake goes a great love of eating in company, an almost religious feeling for the social meal as a kind of sacrament. Another conspicuous viscerotonic trait is love of polite ceremony, with which goes a love of company, together with indiscriminate amiability and marked dependence on, and desire for, the affection and approval of other people. The viscerotonic does not inhibit his emotions, but tends to give expression to them as they arise, so that nobody is ever in doubt as to what he feels.

Somatotonia, the temperament associated with the hard and powerful mesomorphic physique, is a patterning of very different elements. The somatotonic individual stands and moves in an assertive way, loves physical adventure, enjoys risk and loves to take a chance. He feels a strong need for physical exercise, which he

hugely enjoys and often makes a fetish of, just as the viscerotonic enjoys and makes a fetish of eating. When in trouble, he seeks relief in physical action, whereas the viscerotonic turns in the same circumstances to people and the cerebrotonic retires, like a wounded animal, into solitude. The somatotonic is essentially energetic and quick to action. Procrastination is unknown to him; for he is neither excessively relaxed and comfort-loving, like the viscerotonic, nor inhibited and 'sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,'

squeamishness, he can easily become a ruthless bully and tyrant. The somatotonic individual is always an extrovert in the sense that his attention is firmly fixed upon external reality, to such an extent that he is necessarily unaware of what is going on in the deeper levels of his own mind.

It should be noted that somatotonic extroversion is quite different from the extroversion of the viscerotonic; for while the latter is continually spilling the emotional beans and turning for support and



When in trouble, the somatotonic individual seeks relief in physical action.

like the cerebrotonic. The social manner of the somatotonic is uninhibited and direct. The voice is normally unrestrained, and he coughs, laughs, snores and, when passion breaks through his veneer of civilization, speaks loudly. He is physically courageous in combat and enjoys every kind of competitive activity.

From a sociological point of view, the most significant of the somatotonic traits is the lust for power. The individual who is high in somatotonia loves to dominate, and since he is (when somatotonia is extreme) congenitally insensitive to other people's feelings, since he lacks the indiscriminate amiability and tolerance of viscerotonia and is devoid of cerebrotonic

affection to his fellows, the former tends to be insensitive to other people, feels little need to confide his emotions, and pursues his trampling course through external reality with an effortless callousness. For him the period of youth is the flower of life; he hates to grow old and often makes desperate efforts, even in advanced middle age, to live as actively as he did at twenty. The viscerotonic, on the other hand, is orientated toward childhood—his own and that of his offspring. He is the great family man. The cerebrotonic, on the other hand, looks forward, even in youth, to the tranquillity and the wisdom which, he hopes or imagines, are associated with old age.

With cerebrotonia we pass from the world of Flash Gordon to that of Hamlet. The cerebrotonic is the over-alert, oversensitive introvert, who is more concerned with the inner universe of his own thoughts and feelings and imagination than with the external world to which, in their different ways, the viscerotonic and the somatotonic pay their primary attention and allegiance. In posture and movements, the cerebrotonic person is tense and restrained. His reactions may be unduly rapid and his physiological responses uncomfortably intense. It is the cerebrotonic who suffers from nervous indigestion, who gets stage fright and feels nauseated with mere shyness, who suffers from the various skin eruptions often associated with emotional disturbances.

Extreme cerebrotonics have none of the viscerotonic love of company; on the contrary, they have a passion for privacy, hate to make themselves conspicuous, and have none of the exhibitionistic tendencies displayed both by somatotonics and viscerotonics. In company they tend to be shy and unpredictably moody. When they are with strangers they fidget, their glances are shifting, sometimes furtive; their facial expression is apt to change frequently and rapidly. (For all these reasons no extreme cerebrotonic has ever been a good actor or actress.) Their normal manner is inhibited and restrained and when it comes to the expression of feelings they are outwardly so inhibited that viscerotonics suspect them of being heartless. (On their side, cerebrotonics tend to feel a strong repugnance for the viscerotonic's emotional gush and florid ceremoniousness.)

With self-conscious general restraint goes a marked restraint of voice and of all noise in general. To be compelled to raise the voice, as when speaking to the deaf, is, for the cerebrotonic, sheer torture. And it is also torture for him to have to endure noise made by other people. One of the best recipes for an unhappy marriage is to combine a high degree of noise-hating cerebrotonia with a high degree of loud-speaking, loud-laughing, loud-snoring and, in general, noise-making somatotonia. Cerebrotonics are extremely sensitive to pain, sleep poorly, and suffer

from chronic fatigue; nevertheless they often live to a ripe old age—provided always that they do not permit themselves to be forced by the pressure of somatotonic public opinion into taking too much violent exercise. They do not easily form habits and are extremely bad at adapting themselves to an active routine, such as military life. They tend to look younger than their age and preserve a kind of youthful intensity of appearance far into middle life. Alcohol, which increases the relaxed amiability of viscerotonics and heightens the aggressiveness of the somatotonic, merely depresses the cerebrotonic and makes him feel thoroughly ill.

TO DETERMINE the degree of viscerotonia, somatotonia, and cerebrotonia present in any given individual, Sheldon makes use of specially designed interviews, supplemented by a medical history and, where possible, by observation over a considerable period. The sixty traits are then assessed on a seven-point scale, in which *one* represents the minimum manifestation and *seven* the most extreme.

How do these temperamental assessments compare with the corresponding physical assessments of endomorphy, mesomorphy, and ectomorphy? The answer is that there is a high positive correlation. In some persons the correlation is complete, and the three-digit formula for temperament is identical with the three-digit formula for physique. More frequently, however, there is a slight deviation, as when a *four* in physical endomorphy is correlated with a *three* or a *five* in temperamental viscerotonia. Where there is a deviation, it is seldom of more than one point in any of the three components. Occasionally, however, the discrepancy between physique and temperament may be as much as two points; when this happens, the individual is under very considerable strain and has much difficulty in adapting himself to life. Deviations of more than two points do not seem to occur in the normal population, but are not uncommon among the insane.

The discrepancies between physique and temperament are probably due, in the main, to what the French philosopher, Jules de Gaultier, has called "bovarism."

Mme Bovary, the heroine of Flaubert's novel, was a young woman who consistently tried to be what in fact she was not. To a greater or less degree we are all bovarists, engaged from earliest childhood in the process of building up what the psychologists call a *persona*, to suit the tastes of the society surrounding us. The sort of *persona* we try to build up depends very largely upon our environment, physical and mental. Thus, in pioneering days, every Westerner tried to bovarize himself into the likeness of an Indian fighter. This was necessary, partly because people had to be tough, wary, and extroverted if they were to survive under frontier conditions, partly because local public opinion condemned and despised the introverted, the tender-minded, the aesthetes, and the abstract thinkers. Sheldon's researches show exactly how far bovarism can go without risk of compromising the individual's sanity; and the highly significant fact is that the borderline between normal and abnormal is reached pretty quickly. Hence the enormous psychological dangers inherent in such dogmatic and intolerant philosophies of life as Puritanism or Militarism—philosophies which exert an unrelenting pressure on those subjected to their influence, forcing a majority to try to change their fundamental psycho-physical constitution, to become something other than what they basically are.

Here a word of warning is necessary. Knowledge of an individual's constitutional make-up is not the same as complete knowledge of his character. Persons with the same temperamental formula may behave in very different ways and exhibit very different characters. Temperamentally similar individuals can make dissimilar uses of their constitutional endowments. It all depends on circumstances, upbringing, and the exercise of free will. Of three men with the same high degree of somatotonia one may become a suavely efficient executive, another a professional soldier of the explosive, blood-and-guts variety, and the third a ruthless gangster. But each in his own way will be aggressive and power-loving, daring and energetic, extroverted and insensitive to other people's feelings. And

no amount of training, no effort of the will, will serve to transform them into relaxed and indiscriminately amiable viscerotonics, or into inhibited, hyperattentional, and introverted cerebrotonics.

IV

WE ARE now in a position to consider a few of the things that constitutional analysis and appraisal can do for us. First and most important, it makes it possible for us to know who we and other people really are—of what psychological and bodily elements we and they are composed. Having determined the statics of physique and the closely related dynamics of temperament, we can begin to think in a genuinely intelligent and fruitful way about the environment and the individual's reaction to it. Moreover, to understand is to forgive; and when we realize that the people who are different from us did not get that way out of wickedness or perversity, when we understand that many of the profoundest of such differences are constitutional and that constitution cannot be changed, only made the best of, we may perhaps learn to be more tolerant, more intelligently charitable than we are at present.

Passing from the general to the particular, we find that constitutional appraisal has many important practical applications. In medicine, for example, the constitutional approach will undoubtedly prove helpful both in diagnosis and prognosis, in cure and prevention. To some extent, it is true, all physicians make use of the constitutional approach, and have been doing so for twenty-five centuries at least; but considering the importance of the subject, very little systematic research has been undertaken along these lines.

Education can never in the nature of things be one hundred per cent efficient. Teaching is an art and, in every field, bad artists vastly outnumber good ones. Great educators are almost as rare as great painters and composers. The best we can hope to do is to improve the system within which teachers of average ability do their work. In this improvement of the system, constitutional analysis is likely to prove extremely helpful. Ideally, there

should be several educational systems, one adapted to each of the main varieties of human beings. Of the progressive education which in recent years has largely ousted from our schools the formal, suppressive type of training that was at one time universal, Dr. Sheldon makes the following significant remark. "This vigorous progressive education is actually as suppressive as was Christian education at its darkest. It suppresses the third instead of the second component. It is as

bility, and the cult of the family. Most of the other world religions—Buddhism, the higher forms of Hinduism, and, until recent years, Christianity—have been predominantly cerebrotonic. (The figure of Christ in traditional Christian art is almost always that of a man with a high degree of ectomorphy and therefore of cerebrotonia.) These cerebrotonic religions have tried to keep somatotonics in order by teaching them the virtues of self-restraint, humility, and sensitiveness. At the same



*It is as suppressive to a young cerebrotonic to press him to join in the dance
... as it is suppressive to a young somatotonic to make him sit still.*

suppressive to a young cerebrotonic to press him to join in the dance or in the swim, and to make noise and mix and socialize, as it is suppressive to a young somatotonic to make him sit still."

IN THE fields of history, sociology, and religion, the concepts of constitutional analysis may turn out to be extremely fruitful. From the constitutional point of view, civilization may be defined as a complex of devices for restraining extreme somatotonics from destroying society by their reckless aggressiveness. Of the great world religions one, Confucianism, has been pre-eminently viscerotonic; it has sought to tame somatotonia by inculcating ceremonious good manners, general amia-

time they tried to sublimate somatotonic aggressiveness, or to direct it into channels thought to be desirable, such as crusades and wars of religion. On their side, the somatotonics have often succeeded in modifying the cerebrotonic philosophies and institutions of the prevailing religion. For example, no cerebrotonic or viscerotonic would ever have thought of talking about the Church Militant.

V

IN RECENT years there has been, in Sheldon's phrase, a great Somatotonic Revolution, directed against the dominance of cerebrotonic values as embodied in traditional Christianity. Thus, for traditional

Christianity, it was axiomatic that the life of contemplation was superior to the life of action. Today the overwhelming majority even of Christians accept without question the primacy of action.

For traditional Christianity the important thing was the development of the right state of mind about the environment. Today, the important thing is not the state of the mind, but the state of the environment. We believe that men and women will be happy when they are surrounded with the right kind of gadgets. Our forefathers believed that they would be happy if they achieved what one of the greatest of Christian saints called "a holy indifference" to their material surroundings. The change is from a cerebrotonic point of view to the point of view of a somatotonic extrovert.

The Somatotonic Revolution has been greatly accelerated by technological advances. These have served to turn men's attention outward, and have encouraged the belief in a material apocalypse, a progress toward a mechanized New Jerusalem. Such beliefs have been carefully fostered by the writers of advertising copy—the most influential of all authors because they are the only ones whose works are read every day by every member of the population. In a world peopled by cerebrotonics, living an inward-turning life in

a state of holy, or even unholy, indifference to their material surroundings, mass production would be doomed. That is why advertisers consistently support the Somatotonic Revolution.

It is hardly necessary to add that total war is another potent factor in creating and sustaining the Somatotonic Revolution. Nazi education, which was specifically education for war, aimed at encouraging the manifestations of somatotonia in those most richly endowed with it, and making the rest of the population feel ashamed of its tendencies towards relaxed amiability or restrained and inward-looking sensitivity. During the war the enemies of Nazism have had to borrow from the Nazi educational philosophy. All over the world millions of young men and even young women are now being educated to be tough, and to admire toughness beyond every other moral quality. Never has somatotonia been so widely or so systematically encouraged as at the present time. Indeed, most societies in the past systematically discouraged somatotonia, because they did not wish to be destroyed by the unrestrained aggressiveness of their most active minority. What will be the result of the present worldwide reversal of what hitherto has been an almost universal social policy? Time alone will show.



{ Hansford Martin, formerly a college English instructor, has recently left the teaching profession to give all his time to writing. }

THE THOUSAND-YARD STARE

A Story

HANSFORD MARTIN



DURHAM hastily scribbled, "1. Geo. Iso. 2. Am. Sup.," at the blackboard. Then he turned back to the class.

"But besides these concepts of isolation and superiority," he went on, "there was a third very significant idea responsible for Pearl Harbor—the simplest, the most natural, probably the most tragic of them all."

He paused and looked hopefully around the room, but the faces above the uniforms were as expressionless and private as if he were still speaking. Mr. Salyer, the sailor in the first row who always took notes on the lecture, laid down his pencil and waited. That was all.

"Well," Durham continued a little lamely, "that third idea was simply the good old American idea that Sunday is the day you rest."

A hand shot up over by the windows. Quickly, in his friendliest voice, Durham said, "Yes, Mr. Roberts?"

"Was that grammar the third or fourth chapter in the handbook for Monday? Sir?" added Mr. Roberts.

"Damn it," said Durham, "that's not the point at the moment."

"Sorry, sir."

"It was the fourth chapter."

"Thank you, sir."

Mr. Roberts took a fountain pen from the pocket of his jumper and made a note on the flyleaf of the grammar that lay open

before him. Then he carefully screwed the cap back on the fountain pen, and looked up at Durham as if he were giving him permission to continue. Durham often felt that the class was giving him permission to continue. Perhaps it was because they were in uniform and he was not.

"What I want you to see," Durham said, "is just how personally important these ideas were to the men at Pearl Harbor. Can you see for instance how the boys at Hickham field, sleeping late in their barracks because it was Sunday morning, how they were affected by these ideas?"

He fixed Mr. Stewart with his eyes. Mr. Stewart did not nod a confirmation. Mr. Stewart merely continued to demonstrate his talent for looking very sleepy and very military at the same time.

"Because it wasn't merely bombs that fell on Hickham that day," said Durham. "Ideas exploded there. And those ideas, like many ideas, can kill a man as efficiently as a bullet. Do you see that? That the idea which hits you is sometimes as deadly as the shell, sometimes more deadly? Therefore as a matter of simple personal safety, the importance of understanding the ideas leveled against you—"

A wild yelp of laughter jumped like a geyser in the center of the room. Durham broke off, open-mouthed. The thin sailor whose name was Mr. Lawrence rose from

his chair, his hand clasped over his lips as if he were about to physically spew forth his laughter. For a moment he stared at Durham, eyes frantic and merry over the brown fingers locked against the cheekbones, and then, shoulders quivering, he stumbled down the row of desks and out of the room.

In the silence somebody sniggered once, and quickly shut up.

Durham felt himself beginning to blush. "All right, then," he almost shouted, "if you find this so amusing suppose you write me a short theme on Jefferson instead. On the relation, that is, of Jefferson's ideas to Locke's. Right now."

"In ink on theme paper?" asked Mr. Roberts. "Sir."

Durham nodded, his lips clenched, already repentant of his temper. As they began to write, he sat there feeling lonely and indignant and confused, but not really angry, not even at the laughter of Mr. Lawrence.

As a part-time instructor in the academic program which was to prepare young men from the ranks for officers' training in the United States Navy, Durham found one of his chief difficulties lay in an inability to be angry at his students. They frustrated him with their indifferent solidarity, they gave him an envy for the life of shared experience where apparently no one was ever too lonely or too separate. But from his isolation he watched them with a wistful respect, the kind of emotion a man on an island might feel looking across at the happy natives of the mainland.

When the bell rang and the papers began to flood the desk, Durham looked up and found Mr. Rogers waiting to speak to him. Every once in a while Mr. Rogers waited to speak with the instructor. It was a practice known in the Navy, Durham believed, as banging ear.

But at times Mr. Rogers' ear banging had proved useful. It was by this means Durham had learned a short time ago that the students no longer felt a definite resentment at the idea of a civilian almost their own age instructing them in the literature of the democratic tradition. He learned this when Mr. Rogers told him

that the other night in a bull session Murdock had said maybe you could understand the war better if you weren't too close to it. What did Mr. Durham think of that idea? Durham had been careful not to think too much of it, but admitted there might be a point there at that. "Well," Mr. Rogers had said, "what we decided was that it probably took both points of view, inside and outside." Durham had agreed gratefully, and since then had paid careful attention whenever Mr. Rogers began to bang ear.

This morning the sailor seemed a little embarrassed. "I don't know about this paper," he told Durham. "Now that I think it over, it sounds a little like high-school stuff to me." Like the majority of his classmates, Mr. Rogers had come into the service and the training program at the same time, fresh from high school, and he was still sensitive about being not so naval as he looked.

"Well," said Durham, "sometimes it's hard to think things through on a pop theme like this. I used to have trouble with it myself."

Mr. Rogers seized gratefully on the idea.

"Yes sir, sir," he said, unaware of any redundancy. "Especially on Saturday mornings?"

"Why, yes." Durham was waiting anxiously to see where this would lead. "This is Saturday, isn't it?"

"And you know how it is on Saturday morning, sir. After Friday night. It's pretty hard to think a thing through sometimes. And especially if you get duty in a place like this after you've actually been in the fleet."

Durham tried to appear more sympathetic than bewildered.

"I mean," Mr. Rogers said carefully, "if you've actually seen some action maybe, and then get sent to a place where there's only a bunch of us swabbies who haven't seen any action, a man might take a night off sometimes, don't you think so? Even if he had classes the next morning."

"I'm beginning to see what you mean," said Durham.

"Then if he really lashed onto a good one the night before you wouldn't expect that man to be too sharp the next morn-

ing, would you? He wouldn't exactly be responsible for anything he did the next morning, would he? Or wrote," he amended, remembering that after all he was talking about a theme.

"I get your point," said Durham. "And I'll keep it in mind when I look over these papers, Mr. Rogers. Thank you for mentioning it."

"Thank you, sir," said Mr. Rogers. "I just happened to think about it. A lot of the boys here are pretty young, Mr. Durham, and don't think about things like that. So I didn't see there was any harm in my mentioning it."

After the sailor had gone, Durham finished gathering the papers thoughtfully. Mr. Lawrence had always been a quiet boy, and young; not possibly more than eighteen. If he had been asked, Durham would have characterized him as a kid who was still confused about being in uniform at all. Now it seemed that Mr. Lawrence had seen action. He wondered what kind and how much. Most of all he wondered if Mr. Lawrence had tried to attend any other instructor's class while he was still that drunk.

THE next afternoon Durham saw Mr. Lawrence again. He had just mailed his Sunday letter home, and was standing outside the post office wondering whether to go over to the library immediately or have a cup of coffee first, when he saw Mr. Lawrence coming down the sidewalk toward him.

There was a loose smile on the thin sand-colored face, and his straw-colored hair was slightly mussed above a brow that was passionate and serene. He was walking, not unsteadily, with a rolling lateral motion that seemed to Durham to be the proper way for a real sailor to walk.

But as Lawrence came closer, Durham realized that the smile was not a smile of recognition nor the walk the result of salt water. Mr. Lawrence was still tight, and by this time in a state of insulation where no voice from the outside world could set him laughing now. Whatever his distractions, they were private.

Durham stepped back to let Mr. Lawrence pass but he did not act quickly enough, for their arms caught and Mr.

Lawrence whirled slowly like a dying top that is about to fall, until Durham grabbed and steadied him.

Mr. Lawrence's happy face turned vaguely toward Durham, but the blue innocent eyes made no attempt to focus. He merely said, "Thanks so much, friend, whoever you are." Durham was surprised to find the voice soft and clear except for the slightest fuzziness, blurred like his hair only around the edges.

Durham let go of Mr. Lawrence and the sailor moved gently on, leaving the instructor feeling like a fool, for when he had grabbed Mr. Lawrence and swung him around, he had seen the line of ribbons the boy wore across his pocket. Two of them were the campaign ribbons for the American and Asiatic theaters, Durham thought, though he was not quite sure; but the first one had been a purple band with white-striped ends. Durham had never seen one before outside of a magazine illustration, and the natural civilian respect he felt for almost any decoration was intensified by the thought that for the past six weeks he had been teaching the fundamentals of composition to a boy who had won the Purple Heart. Since ribbons were not worn in the classroom, there was no way he could have known of course. But there was an incongruity about it all that bothered him; the ribbon and the youngness and the drunkenness would not reconcile themselves into a pattern acceptable to the academic mind.

His eyes followed Mr. Lawrence as he tacked to his right, out into the street. There was the squawk of a horn from a yellow sedan that was bearing down on Mr. Lawrence's course, but he kept right on walking. The car slowed down and squawked again, more indignantly. This time Mr. Lawrence stopped and turned his head wearily from side to side as if he were trying to peer through fog instead of sunlight. But as the sedan swung into the channel left between the sailor and the curb, Mr. Lawrence began dreamily walking forward once more. A car from the opposite direction cut Durham's vision. When he could see again the yellow automobile had one wheel on the curb and a white uniform was lying in the street beside the front fender.

Just as he got to Lawrence, the door of the car swung open and a middle-aged man wearing horn-rimmed glasses stared down fascinatedly at the body beside the running board.

"My God," the man said, "I think I've killed him. I think I've killed him."

He looked up at Durham. "Did you see it? He walked right into me. There wasn't a thing I could do. I think I've killed him."

He seemed incapable of moving from behind the steering wheel.

"I don't think so," said Durham quickly, and he knelt down and laid his head against Mr. Lawrence's chest. The ribbons scraped his ear, but he could hear a steady beat beneath them. A hand tried to push his head away. Durham looked up irritably until he realized that the hand belonged to Mr. Lawrence. Though his eyes were still closed and his face looked paler, he appeared perfectly comfortable.

"Lawrence," said Durham, "are you all right?"

"It's an accident!" cried a female voice, and Durham saw that the inevitable crowd was beginning to gather.

"For Christ's sake," said the driver, still peering down from behind the wheel, "can't you get him up off there?"

"I think he's all right," said Durham. "Can you get up, Lawrence?"

He shook the boy's shoulder, the white uniform snagging against the dusty asphalt. Lawrence opened his eyes, and without moving his head, looked up at the people clustered about him the way a man might look up from the bottom of a well.

"All your faces," he said absently. "Your silly civilian faces. Silly living faces."

Then he closed his eyes again.

"Why that boy's drunk as a lord!" said the female voice, and a man's voice said, "They ought to get the authorities."

Durham looked around desperately.

"It'll be all right," he said to the crowd. "I know the boy. If only someone will help me—"

He saw a student in the crowd whose face he recognized, but whose name he couldn't remember.

"You!" he told him. "Give me a hand!"

The student pointed at himself in sur-

prise, as if shocked by the suggestion, but Durham nodded his head fiercely and so the other sailor put his hands under one of Mr. Lawrence's arms and Durham took the other, and they got him to his feet.

"They ought to wait for the police," said a voice in the crowd.

"Are you sure he's all right?" asked the driver.

"Quite all right, thank you," said Mr. Lawrence, opening his eyes once more. "If you just won't bother—"

He tried to walk, and Durham and the student helped him around the car and up the curb.

Lawrence's step showed no signs of lameness but when the student let go of his arm he swayed as if he might fall again. "Keep going, you damn fool," said Durham to the student. "We've got to get him out of here." He was not sure what the penalty in the Navy might be for getting run over while drunk, but he was afraid it might be serious and he wanted to get Mr. Lawrence away before the police or a Navy officer arrived.

"But sir," wailed the student, "I've got a date back there!"

Durham ignored him, and they kept on walking until they turned into the sand path that led to the Union gardens. It was a fairly secluded spot, lined with thick bushes almost head high, and Durham felt that Mr. Lawrence would be protected from official observation there.

A LITTLE boy who had followed them from the crowd was still strolling along behind them, his eyes sparkling with wonder and restrained humor. They reminded Durham of Mr. Lawrence's eyes yesterday morning in class when he had tried to keep from bursting out.

"You go away!" he said fiercely to the little boy. The boy stared at him a minute as if to see whether he really meant it or not. Durham scowled, and the boy turned around and started running back toward the street.

"Thank God," said Durham. "Do you know where Lawrence lives?"

"My barracks, sir," said the student. "Burton. The big one by the library. But my date's waiting—"

"Damn it, we can't leave him here! If

we get him over to Burton can someone take care of him?"

"I suppose so," said the student, a little doubtfully.

"What do you mean suppose?"

"Well," he said, "I don't know if anyone's a very good buddy of Lawrence's. I don't know him hardly at all, myself."

"He's got a roommate, hasn't he?"

"His roommate don't like him."

They stopped walking. Durham asked, "What's the matter with him and his roommate?"

"Lawrence never talks to him. Lawrence never talks to anybody. He even gets drunk by himself."

"Well, surely," said the instructor, "there must be somebody—"

"Oh, there'll be somebody," said the student, but he didn't seem to care much whether there would be or not.

They began walking again.

"It must be lonely for Mr. Lawrence," said Durham.

"It must be. Most the boys in Burton are all from around here anyhow. Nobody knows where he's from. He doesn't even get letters." His voice sounded scornful, as if it were a serious defect in Mr. Lawrence's character.

Durham felt Lawrence's arm joggled against him.

"Where are you taking me?" demanded Lawrence. "What if I don't want to?"

"You see?" said the student. "He talks like that all the time, even sober. When he talks at all, that is."

"It's all right, Lawrence," said Durham. "We're going to get some rest."

"He don't make sense," the student said. He looked at Durham suddenly, confidently. "What it is, it's what they call the thousand-yard stare."

"The thousand-yard stare?"

"Yeah." The student's voice was low now, as if he were whispering a military secret. "That's what they say in the fleet about men who've had too much Pacific duty. They get funny. They get like they're always watching something a long ways off."

"I see," said Durham.

"They call it the Asiatic look, too," the student added. "The thousand-yard stare, or else the Asiatic look."

"You're from the fleet yourself, then?"

"Oh, no," answered the student blithely. "We came straight down here from high school."

Mr. Lawrence's voice broke in. "I said, where are you taking me?"

"We're just going back to barracks now," said Durham.

Mr. Lawrence's feet suddenly planted themselves on the path.

"Thanks, no," he said. "Thanks so much, but I'm all right now."

He opened his eyes wide to show he was quite all right.

"Well, then," said the student quickly, and letting go of Lawrence's arm he ran back down the path toward his waiting date.

Durham watched him go with a kind of guilty despair.

"Listen, Lawrence," he said, "if you'll just—"

"No need." Lawrence shrugged his arm free of Durham's. "You'll see."

HE BEGAN walking down in the path in the direction of the gardens. Durham's eyes followed him as he wandered beside the thick green bushes, a slight boy in a soiled white uniform, skinny for a hero.

Then he saw Mr. Lawrence stumble and plunge through the green branches out of sight. He pushed through after him, and his first absurd impression was that Lawrence was grazing. He was there on his hands and knees in the grass, his head swinging up and down the way a goat's will. Durham realized that he was trying to be sick.

"Here," he said, and planted his feet firmly at either side of Mr. Lawrence's back so that he could hold his arms under Lawrence's chest. "Go ahead; get rid of it."

One of Lawrence's hands pawed helplessly at Durham's arms.

"Damn it to hell," he cried, his voice tight and childish, "if you'll just stop trying to help me. If you'll just leave me alone. All of you—"

Then his weight went shuddering onto Durham's arms, and Durham could feel the scrawny muscles of Lawrence's stomach contracting helplessly as he vomited.

When he had finished, Durham did not try to lift him to his feet again. Instead he sat him back on the ground as if he were a baby, and took a handkerchief and began to wipe his mouth.

"So sorry, friend," said Lawrence, looking toward Durham in the effort of recognition once more. But he gave it up. "If you'll just leave me alone for a while—"

"Certainly," said Durham. "In just a minute. First, if you'll scoot over here—" He put his hands under Lawrence's shoulders and helped him move a little closer to the bushes.

"Nobody'll bother you now," said Durham, and Lawrence smiled gratefully and lay down on his back. His eyes were looking up past Durham's, past the bushes, and he began to let his head waggle back and forth as he stared into the sky.

"Sea's bluer," he told Durham. "Much bluer. It rocks, too. And deep and dead and deep."

Then his eyes closed, and his head fell over to one side so that his cheek lay in the dirt at the root of the bushes. His ribbons had come unpinned and were lying on his chest almost ready to slip off. They looked to Durham a little like a life boat whose one end is still lashed to a ship which has heeled over on its side.

So he stooped down and fastened them back into place. The three of them were all on one bar, not separate; and the back of the bar had a safety catch. Durham

clicked this carefully. Then with his sleeve he brushed the medals and got back to his feet.

Mr. Lawrence was beginning to snore a little and Durham did not mind leaving him there. It seemed doubtful that anyone would discover him back behind the bushes, and the only thing to do for him now was to leave him alone and let him sleep a while.

As for himself, Durham turned back toward Main Street with a certain anticipation. It was almost six o'clock, the time for sandwich dates. He knew that all the places—Joe's, The Varsity, The Greek's—would be crowded with the college girls and the college boys in uniform. The booths would be bright with the girls' sweaters; the air would be hazy with the smoke from their cigarettes; above the clatter of the coke glasses the men's voices would mingle campus slang with the jargon of the service.

Yesterday the idea of such places would have made him feel shy. But today he thought he would go and sit with them a while, though he knew what they would think, those that thought anything about him at all. They would look at him with a kind of scorn and suspicion because he would look like a lonely man. And it was true that he would not know any of them, and that no one would come to his booth and sit with him; but somehow he did not believe that he was going to be much concerned with his own loneliness again.

{ *This article, based on the morning and evening papers*
of a single day twenty-six years ago, was put together
by the author of Adventures of America, 1857-1900. }

NOVEMBER ELEVENTH

What the Papers Said on Armistice Day, 1918

JOHN A. KOUWENHOVEN



My Fellow Countrymen: The Armistice was signed this morning. Everything for which America fought has been accomplished. It will now be our fortunate duty to assist by example, by sober, friendly counsel and by material aid in the establishment of just democracy throughout the world.

THUS at ten o'clock on Monday morning, November 11, 1918, Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States, officially informed the sovereign people that the Great War had ended. The sovereign people knew it already.

At 2:45 A.M. a sleepy crowd of reporters in the State Department press room had been roused by the still bleary-eyed chief of the Department's intelligence section, who told them to get to their telephones. When they all reported that they had wires open to their newspapers' offices, he had announced simply: "The armistice has been signed. It was signed at 5 o'clock A.M., Paris time [midnight, New York time], and hostilities will cease at 11 o'clock this morning, Paris time [6 o'clock, New York time]."

THIS was the real thing. For four days, ever since the previous Thursday when the false report of an armistice had touched off wild celebrations throughout the country, newspapers had been waiting

for this news, and all the big city dailies were ready to slap extras onto the presses as soon as the official announcement came. Newsboys were soon hawking papers on the streets of the capital; out in Chicago the *Tribune*—first paper to reach the street—was being sold less than thirty minutes after the news broke; and in New York, New Orleans, Seattle, San Francisco, and later in smaller communities, the cry of "Wuxtree" echoed in the dark streets. The little towns and villages didn't get the word so soon, for there was no radio then; but it came through in the early morning hours—by railroad telegraph to the depot or by telephone from a neighboring town—and soon the churchbells were ringing to spread the news.

In New York it was the night workers, and the all-night assortment of loafers, amusement seekers, travelers, and service men in the midtown district, who first got the news; and Broadway—from Greeley Square to 42nd Street—and the two great railroad stations were the scenes of the earliest celebrations. At about 4:45 A.M. the big whistles on the waterfront let go, and from then on the bedlam spread rapidly. Factory and train whistles took up the tune; taxi drivers leaned on their horns; local subway trains—with whistles screaming—ran express runs; people everywhere leaned out of windows

banging on tin pans; drivers of cars and trucks—with mufflers removed—cruised the town with sparks retarded so their engines would backfire.

The excitement was less spontaneous than it had been in the celebration of the false armistice, and the *Sun's* reporter noted especially that the women in the crowds did a lot less weeping than they had done four days before. But there was plenty of enthusiasm.

As daylight came parades formed all over the city, especially in sections where foreign-born citizens lived. In City Hall Park, crowds of war workers gathered in noisy marching groups; ten thousand people—released from work for the day—whooped and yelled in Battery Park and burned the Kaiser in effigy.

Many commuters from Jersey, Westchester, and Long Island, who had heard the news before leaving home for the city, brought their wives and children to town with them to see the celebration. Schools, municipal offices, banks, and the Stock Exchange closed for the day. Mayor Hylan led half a dozen parades in various parts of the city; a young girl mounted a Liberty Loan rostrum in Times Square and sang the Doxology to a momentarily hushed crowd; and at noon Sophie Tucker and her jazz band gave an impromptu performance at Fifth Avenue and 34th Street.

OVER in New Jersey Governor Edge (the same one who is now in office again) was leading the celebrations in Atlantic City, and Mayor Hague (who still runs Jersey City) proclaimed a holiday in his town, where "bombs" were set off on the City Hall lawn. All over the land the celebrations got under way—noisy, boisterous, but on the whole orderly. In Sheffield, Alabama, to be sure, a Negro named William Bird was taken from the jail by a mob and hanged. But in New York almost the only disorder was at a Fifth Avenue bakery where the proprietor, Adolph Heppe, had no American flag in his window. Someone went in and put one up, but shortly afterward the baker took it down (in order to get some pastry out of the window, he later explained). Fifty people thereupon raided the store,

throwing pies and pastry around and plastering Heppe with them; but the police broke up the brawl and no charges were brought against anybody. And—in spite of some carefree shooting by happy celebrants—the only gore which the *New York Journal* dug up was the case of an alien enemy with two \$50 Liberty Bonds in his pocket, who was run over and killed by an elevated train at Sixth Avenue and 59th Street. "His head," the *Journal* serenely reported, "was severed and one leg fell to the street below."

In London (where both the *Times* and the *Daily Mail* reminded their readers that all Germans, including the Socialists who had taken over the government, had supported the war) the Lord Mayor addressed a happy crowd from the steps of the Mansion House and then led them in singing the Doxology. Crowds cheered Lloyd George when he appeared, and they literally mobbed the car of the Minister of Munitions, Colonel Winston Spencer Churchill, who was called on for a speech.

Across the Channel in Paris the French were said to be taking the news calmly. There was a good deal of singing of "The Marseillaise," and bands played in the street, but there was also—according to a dispatch in the *New York World*—much skepticism concerning the German revolution, about which reports had been coming through for a couple of days. Many Frenchmen, the *World* announced, "expressed the opinion that there was a trick somewhere to cheat the Allies of the fruits of victory."

Perhaps not quite everything for which America had fought had been accomplished.

II

REPORTS from the battlefield and from inside Germany were spotty, to be sure, but it certainly sounded as if the Allies were on top of the pile. The Central Powers had obviously been crumbling for several weeks. Bulgaria had surrendered to the Allies on September 29th, Turkey on October 30th, Austria on November 4th, thus exposing Germany's southern frontier to Allied invasion. Revolution had broken out in Germany, and the German armies in France were being

from Verdun to Sedan which had shoved the Germans back "nearly thirty miles in six days," an unprecedentedly rapid advance. "Divisions were told to go ahead everywhere as far as they could," Johnson reported. "The supply problem, although given careful thought, was made secondary to the tactical problem of getting the troops ahead." Chances were taken and an enormous job of directing and supplying rapid infantry advances was handled with unbelievable efficiency. Incidentally, Johnson reported that the Chief of Staff of the First Army, who was in charge of executing this drive, was Colonel George C. Marshall.

So matters stood, the newspaper reader gathered, when Marshal Foch issued his order: "Hostilities will cease on the whole front as from November 11th at 11 o'clock (French time). Allied troops will not, until further notice, go beyond the line reached on that date and at that hour."

Motorcyclists carried word of the end of the war to the front-line troops, many of whom, according to a Paris dispatch, were "dug in in little 'fox holes.'" Couriers and field telephones did the communications work radio now does, and delays were frequent. One correspondent was in a dugout near Verdun when Foch's order arrived at 10:40. The captain in command began telephoning feverishly to all batteries in the section, but twenty minutes wasn't enough to get in touch with all of them and a number of units kept on firing after 11 o'clock had passed. But in most places the bugles sounded the "cease firing" order at precisely 11 o'clock.

Meanwhile reports from Germany via Copenhagen indicated that von Hindenburg had not, as earlier editions of some of the papers had reported, fled with the Kaiser to Holland but had placed himself and the army at the disposal of Ebert's government "in order to avoid chaos." What kind of revolution was this, anyway? And how would "just democracy" fare in Germany, for instance?

III

WELL, as the *Sun* put it, "what the fate of Germany is to be at the hands of her own people no one attempts to

guess." Editorially, the *Sun* thought that the revolution appeared "to be taking on many of the characteristics of bolshevism," and the *New York Times* that morning had thought the extent of Bolshevik influence was an interesting question with which the red flag that floated over Chancellor Ebert's car somehow had something to do. (As a matter of fact, the *Literary Digest* at week's end concluded that to American editors in general the prospect of "orderly progress" toward a German republic seemed rather unlikely.) Did not the Socialist New York *Call* say that the Russians had been sending "an average of fifty revolutionary propagandists over the German frontier each day"? And had not—confusion worse confounded!—George Creel's Committee on Public Information just published the famous "Bolshevist Documents" which demonstrated to the satisfaction of a committee of experts that Lenin and Trotsky had been agents of the (Imperial) German government, which had financed the Bolshevik revolution in Russia? And, since Ebert's crowd were said to be "Reds," did that mean that the Kaiser subsidized Lenin to overthrow Kaiserism? And could you blame the Reverend Doctor Eaton for telling his Madison Avenue Baptist congregation that the only difference between Prussianism and Bolshevism was "that Prussianism has brains, and one can get a square meal from it"?

Speaking of square meals, Herbert Hoover's Food Administration warned people to continue conserving food; the United States would ship half again as much food to Europe this crop year as last—all part of the "material aid" which Mr. Wilson hoped would establish just democracy throughout the world.

So food would be short again. And prices were still high. And you couldn't expect to eat without a job. But what were the chances for work, now that the war was over?

For one thing, the papers that day told about the political job-shuffling that was anticipated in Washington. It was almost a certainty now that both House and Senate would be Republican (even though back in New York State Al Smith had just licked the Republican candidate for gov-

"All the News That's Fit to Print."

The New York Times.

THE WEATHER
For New York and vicinity.
For the United States and foreign.
For the British Isles and the Continent.

ARMISTICE SIGNED, ENDS THE WAR! BERLIN SEIZED BY NEW CHANCELLOR; OUSTED KAISER FLEES TO HOLLAND

SON FLEES WITH EXHAUSER

Hindenburg Also Believed to be Among Those in His Party.

ALL ARE HEAVILY ARMED

Autonomous British with 1000 Fighting Armies at Dutch Frontier.

ON THEIR WAY TO DE STREEK

Belgium Told to Stay, "Are You on Your Way to Paris?"

LONDON, Nov. 10.—

Both the German Emperor and his son, Crown Prince Wilhelm, fled from Berlin today. The Emperor is believed to have fled to Holland, and his son to Belgium. The German Emperor's son, Crown Prince Wilhelm, fled from Berlin today. The Emperor is believed to have fled to Holland, and his son to Belgium.

Kaiser Fought Hindenburg's Call for Abandonment

Failed to Get Army's Support in Keeping Throne

By GEORGE BERNICE.

BERLIN, Nov. 10.—The Kaiser's flight from Berlin today was a dramatic episode in the history of the German Empire. The Kaiser, who had been in Berlin since the beginning of the war, fled from the city today. The Emperor is believed to have fled to Holland, and his son to Belgium.

BERLIN TROOPS JOIN REVOLT

Reds Shell Building in Which Officers Vainly Resist

THROUGH DEMAND REPUBLIC

Revolutionary Crown on Royal Palace—Crown Prince's Palace Also Seized.

GENERAL STRIKE IS BEGUN

Seizure and Police Subsidized—War Office New Under Socialists Control

LONDON, Nov. 10.—The greater part of Berlin is in the control of revolutionaries. The former Kaiser has fled to Holland, and Friedrich Ebert, the new Social Democrat Chancellor, has taken command of the situation. The revolt is spreading throughout Germany with great rapidity.

German Dynasties BEING WIPED OUT

King of Württemberg Abolished—Sovereign of Saxony to Follow Suit

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Socialist Chancellor Appeals to All Germans

To Help Him Save Fatherland from Anarchy

BERLIN, Nov. 10.—(Associated Press.)—In an address to the people, the new German Chancellor, Friedrich Ebert, said today that he was determined to save the fatherland from anarchy. He appealed to all Germans to support his government. He said that he was determined to save the fatherland from anarchy.

WAR ENDS AT 6 O'CLOCK THIS MORNING

The State Department in Washington Made the Announcement at 2:45 o'clock.

ARMISTICE WAS SIGNED IN FRANCE AT MIDNIGHT

Terms Included Withdrawal from Alsace-Lorraine, Disarming and Demobilization of Army and Navy, and Occupation of Strategic Naval and Military Points.

By The Associated Press.

WASHINGTON, Monday, Nov. 11, 2:45 A. M.—The armistice between Germany, on the one hand, and the allied Governments and the United States, on the other, has been signed.

The State Department announced at 2:45 o'clock this morning that Germany had signed.

The department's announcement simply said: "The armistice has been signed."

The world war will end this morning at 6 o'clock, Washington time, 11 o'clock Paris time.

The armistice was signed by the German representatives at midnight.

This announcement was made by the State Department at 2:50 o'clock this morning.

The announcement was made verbally by an official of the State Department in this form: "The armistice has been signed. It was signed at 5 o'clock A. M., Paris time, [midnight, New York time], and hostilities will cease at 11 o'clock this morning, Paris time, [6 o'clock, New York time]."

The terms of the armistice, it was announced, will not be made public until later.

Military men here, however, regard it as certain that they include:

Immediate retirement of the German military forces from France, Belgium, and Alsace-Lorraine.

Disarming and demobilization of the German armies.

Occupation by the allied and American forces of such strategic points in Germany as will make impossible a renewal of hostilities.

Delivery of part of the German High Seas Fleet and a certain number of submarines to the allied and American naval forces.

Disarmament of all other German warships.

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Secretary Baker said that the War Department and Bernard M. Baruch's War Industries Board planned to use local draft boards as labor offices to find jobs for returning soldiers. (As for the Navy, Secretary Daniels said the armistice would not interrupt its expansion, since our fleet would have to "bear a heavy share in the policing of the world in the future.")

AS THE New York *Globe's* Washington correspondent put it, the capital was concerned at the realization "that America is being suddenly plunged into peace without preparation for it." Another report from Washington said that officials expected Congress would soon have to consider a demobilization bill for industry, to prevent an acute business disruption; but no such legislation had as yet been proposed.

Meanwhile, the *Sun* reported, the process of restoring the nation's business "to a quiet and normal status without tremendous financial loss" was, to all intents and purposes, apparently to be left to Bernard Baruch. Baruch was reportedly opposed to wholesale cancellation of contracts, though he believed that the government should not be overloaded with supplies useless in peace. His intention, the report continued, was to determine soon which contracts could be canceled without great loss to the manufacturers involved, and after that to pare down other contracts gradually, thus not throwing too many men out of work.

The reason contracts did not have to be canceled immediately, the *Sun* added, was that "the Army is not to be dissolved at once, and that, having learned a tremendous lesson, the Government is not going to be caught in the future without an Army or the means to supply it." Further, "all signs point to a system of universal service, which would mean that this Government would train every year about one million men, making large quantities of supplies absolutely necessary." Then too, as another reporter reminded his readers, an army of considerable size would have to be kept in Europe for some months and it *might* be necessary "to augment" the forces which we had sent to Russia to preserve order.

SUCH were some of the major problems with which the papers that November 11th were concerned; but they didn't trouble everybody by a long shot. To thousands of Americans the important thing was simply that the boys were coming home again—that is, those who had not given their lives. Every doughboy was a hero, not just Eddie Rickenbacker and the two other American flyers to whom the Aero Club announced that it had awarded its war medals. The Hudson Motor Car Company was also thinking about the soldiers who would return, but not in the same way as their families, or even Mr. Baruch. "THE BOYS ARE COMING BACK," their half-page advertisement shouted, adding that every parent ought to buy a car for his war-weary returning hero. "He will deserve it, and it will be of the greatest benefit to his health." The dream of everybody-with-a-car was apparently coming true, and up in Boston, at a meeting of the Street Commissioners, president McAlman of the Automobile Dealers' Association denounced the members of the Boston Common Society—"certain old fossils," he called them—who were trying to prevent part of the Common from being converted into a parking place.

IV

MEANWHILE the celebration continued. The weather was fine over most of the country—just a touch of frost in portions of the west Gulf states and some rain in Portland, Oregon; otherwise cool and clear. The United War Work Campaign had been scheduled to open that day, and the parades and other events which launched the drive were made more festive by the victory mood. Besides, the influenza epidemic had passed its peak (the New York Telephone Company ran advertisements in the papers that day thanking its patrons who had restricted their use of the phone while so many operators were sick), and people felt safer about going out in crowds.

There were innumerable War Fund benefits scheduled: the Horse Show opened at Madison Square Garden; Alfred Cortot played French music from Chopin to

Saint-Saëns at Aeolian Hall; George Bellows' lithographs (including one of Nurse Edith Cavell) were on view at the Keppel Gallery; Walter Travis and Findlay Douglas had played an exhibition golf match for the Fund at Garden City the day before, and the local baseball season had ended with a benefit game in which the Giants beat the Paterson Silk Socks at Dyckman Oval. (Most professional baseball had been discontinued, so many of the players had gone to war. As a matter of fact, the papers carried an announcement by the President of the Detroit Tigers that Captain "Ty" Cobb of the Chemical Warfare Service had just arrived in France together with Captain Christy Mathewson.)

There were lots of good shows in town—including Ed Wynn in "Sometime," Al Jolson in "Sinbad," and Charlie Chaplin in the movie, "Shoulder Arms"—and theaters that evening were packed. Restaurants and cafés did a rushing business. Reisenweber's, up on Columbus Circle, put on a "Special Victory Frog Dinner" for \$1.75, and if you dropped in after 9:00 P.M. you could listen to the Original Dixieland Jazz Band, which was at the peak of the phenomenal New York en-

gagement that soon put its name—and jazz music—on Victor records for the first time.

In the midst of all the gaiety few people read a letter to the editor of the *Globe* which contained scathing references to "Mr. Wilson's meditations upon peace for all the world and for all times." More people probably saw Lord & Taylor's big newspaper advertisement urging gifts to the United War Fund and hailing "the mighty figure," Woodrow Wilson, through whose leadership "has come the victory in which the blood-stained Hun himself can find redemption if ever he is redeemed." But, Lord & Taylor to the contrary notwithstanding, it was only a week or two till the *New Republic* was announcing that the President was just beginning to pay the price which he had always been bound to pay for carrying on his crusade for democracy by "autocratic and coercive" means. "The war bureaucracy does not inspire so much trust as it should," the magazine noted, and "people find it hard to understand why he should surround himself with so many inferior men."

The war was ended. Where would the world find peace?



(Mr. Shirer, CBS commentator and former European correspondent, is the author of Berlin Diary. Mr. Hamilton, author of Appeasement's Child, served with a psychological warfare unit during the invasion of Normandy.)

WHAT THE GERMANS TOLD THE PRISONERS

WILLIAM L. SHIRER



ON MAY 9, 1943, an innocent-looking little weekly newspaper of four pages, printed in English, was distributed for the first time by the German government to American prisoners of war in the Reich. It had a temporary name on the masthead—*The (What?)*. The prisoners were asked to suggest names, and a prize of 120 cigarettes was offered for the best suggestion. By May 30th, when the fourth issue appeared, the paper had a name. It was *O.K.* The subtitle read *The Oversea Kid*. A captured doughboy by the name of A. R. Mawr received the 120 cigarettes. (The front page of this issue of *O.K.* is reproduced in the Personal & Otherwise column.)

THROUGH *O.K.* tens of thousands of American prisoners of war have received a weekly dose of Nazi propaganda, some of it so subtly and so expertly done that it would almost certainly influence all but the most worldly-wise young American prisoners.

The front-page editorial in the first issue was a minor masterpiece in deception. In a tone of great modesty and sincerity, the Nazi editor assured his readers that it would be the paper's purpose "to serve you the news, good or bad, in a simple and straightforward manner."

Actually *O.K.* (which, one must re-

member, furnished American prisoners the only means—with the exception of German broadcasts which few could understand—of learning what was supposed to be going on in the world) served up as "news" little but Nazi propaganda in all its varied forms.

There was the typical Nazi appeal to prejudice against Jews and Negroes. There was the usual Nazi bias against Russia and Britain, the material prepared in such a way as to appeal to the latent feelings of some Americans about the British and about "Bolshevism." There was of course a steady barrage of propaganda purporting to show that Hitler was not the evil figure "the Jews" had depicted him as being, but a humble fellow whose only concern was the common man of Germany and indeed of Europe, and who moreover had nothing but the most friendly sentiments toward the American people.

But above all else there was a constant effort to convince the American prisoners that they had been swindled by their own government in being thrown into a war which was none of America's business; that the home front was not backing up the American troops; and that when they went home they would find a country which did not appreciate their sacrifices and had hardly been worth fighting (and

being captured) for. Maury Maverick, for instance, was falsely quoted in the June 6th number of *O.K.* as stating that "the ten million American soldiers will be out of work when they return home."

Now the German government was perfectly within its rights in distributing propaganda to tens of thousands of captured American boys. Though our own Army authorities for a long time did not know that such rights existed and hence refrained from doing any "educational" work among Nazi prisoners of war in this country, there is nothing in the Geneva convention which forbids subjecting prisoners of war to propaganda. But the way in which the German government exercised this right was highly interesting. For it transparently revealed the Nazis' purpose.

The short-term objective of discouraging the prisoners as to the progress of the war by false military news and depressing items from the home front was, it seems to me, of slight importance—since these particular Americans could never fight again. But the long-range objective was of considerable importance. For even though they lost the war and were forced underground, the Nazis aimed, I believe, to send back to America thousands of American youths whom they had primed with poison about Jews, Negroes, striking unions, profiteering employers, and a corrupt democratic government. Thus, in their calculations, the seeds of Nazism might be made to sprout overseas and eventually aid them in their comeback in Germany and Europe.

In the first number, the editor gave his address as Saarlandstrasse 60, Berlin. It just happens that I used to know that address well. It housed, among other things, a Nazi bureau, made up mostly of officials from the Propaganda Ministry and the Foreign Office, which specialized in propaganda for America and Americans. One German official of my acquaintance there had been a student at Dartmouth; two others had taught at American universities. They knew America, its racy language, its likes, dislikes, and prejudices. And they knew our youth and put their knowledge to good purpose in the columns of *O.K.*

II

I HAVE before me a complete set of copies of the newspaper from the date of its inception on May 9, 1943, through the Christmas number of December 26, 1943.

O.K. was tabloid in size, with four columns to the page. The front page usually carried four standard heads: "Editorial," "World and War News," "Military," and "Home Front."

The military news was merely a digest of the official communiqués of the German High Command for the week. In the very first number the sinking of the American aircraft carrier *Ranger* by a German U-boat was announced. For this false news, however, the High Command and not the editor must be blamed.

Under "World and War News" in the May 9th issue there were twenty-six items averaging five or six lines each. Every one of these was either a propaganda falsehood or had a propaganda slant. An example of the first: "The Jewish Press in Palestine is complaining of the introduction of the numerous clausus [*sic*] of all medical faculties in the United States, introduced with the object of safeguarding America from immigrant Jewish doctors." An example of the second: "Reports from Teheran received from Ankara speak of conflicts between Soviet and Polish troops."

The entire second page of the first number was devoted to an illustrated article on the Nazi "People's Car" to show the Americans what Hitler did for the "Poor Man." Said the author of this article: "I could, of course, make great capital out of the 'People's Car' for propaganda purposes. I shall avoid doing this however and remain strictly objective and technical." He also avoided telling his readers that not a single "People's Car" ever reached the hundreds of thousands of people who had been forced by Dr. Ley, head of the Labor Front, to make down payments.

Half of page four was given over to what appeared to be an admirable purpose. It consisted of a weekly German lesson by Otto Koischwitz. And who was he? Some readers will recall the name. He was none other than the one-

time instructor at Hunter College who, after becoming a naturalized American citizen, betrayed the country of his adoption and returned to Berlin to become one of Dr. Goebbels' star propagandists against the United States. His very first "German lesson" for our boys contained a silly crack about a Jewish name.

THE second number of *O.K.*, which was distributed on May 16th, differed little from the first. A front-page editorial attempted to convince the prisoners that while the "Anglo-Americans" had won a "tactical" victory in North Africa, it was the Axis which had won a "decisive strategic victory." And it went on to "prove" that the "Anglo-Americans" could never invade the continent of Europe. Among the misleading items under the heading "World and War News" were these: "The Australian government is negotiating in Washington for the transport of U.S.A. workers to Australia." And: "Donald Nelson announced that in the first quarter of 1943 only 18% of the production figure envisaged for the whole year has been reached."

Beginning with the May 23rd number, more space was given to "Home Front" news. After all, a prisoner of war is more interested in news from home than in any other kind. But the kind of "news" from home which the Nazis fed our prisoners of war may be judged from these items in the "Home Front" column on May 23rd. One began: "A report from Washington deals with the ever increasing number of deserters in the U.S. Army." Another said: "A report published in the 'Philadelphia Record' states that the inmates of U.S. prisons and federal penitentiaries are being accepted by the United States Army for military service. . . . Convicts whom the board finds fit for service will be sent immediately to a training camp." And, wedged in between an item about increased taxes and one which said that Willkie's book proved that the Soviets "had wiped out the whole upper and middle classes," there was one beginning: "Of all countries in the world, the United States have experienced the greatest increase in Jews," which went on to give phony statistics.

Already these lonely American youths must have been beginning to get a discouraging picture of conditions back home.

For the next number they dug up a passage from an article by Ernest Hemingway which had appeared in *Esquire* in 1935. Entitled "Notes on the Next War," it was very strong stuff. The passage read: "They wrote in the old days that it is sweet and fitting to die for one's country. But in modern war there is nothing sweet nor fitting in your dying. You will die like a dog for no good reason. . . . A hell broth is brewing in Europe and we shall be brought in if propaganda and greed can swing us in. Europe has always fought. The intervals of peace are only armistices. We were fools to be sucked in once on a European war and we should never be sucked in again."

If you were sitting behind the barbed wire in Nazi land far from home, wouldn't Mr. Hemingway's words make you think? And wouldn't the utterances of other great writers? The Nazi editor of *O.K.* knew his literature. He roped in several well-known authors to rub his message into the prisoners.

In the same issue that presented Mr. Hemingway, James Joyce was also brought in under the title "Another Prophet?" Thus: "James Joyce, whom experts consider the greatest English-language writer of our century, made one of his characters in his novel *Ulysses* (page 635) predict: 'A day of reckoning is in store for mighty England despite her power of pelf on account of her crimes. There will be a fall and the greatest fall in history. The Germans and the Japs are going to have their little lookin . . .'"

BUT the Nazi propagandists really went to town with Mr. Louis Bromfield, who unwittingly gave them a chance to score a hit with current material. *O.K.* for October 31, 1943, ran on its front page a two-column photograph of an American butcher shop which from the looks of the window and from the signs in it was obviously empty, closed, and for rent. Underneath the photograph the Nazi editor had written the following caption: "There are two things you must have in order to run a meat store—meat and

butchers. Neither being available, this U.S. shop is now for rent. (See Article on Page Two.)"

The article on page two turned out to be the complete text, with suitable illustrations, of the famous piece which the famous author and gentleman farmer wrote for the *Reader's Digest* of August, 1943. In *O.K.*, as in the *Digest*, it was entitled: "We Aren't Going to Have Enough to Eat."

It is not difficult to imagine the feelings of an American prisoner in Germany whose own stomach was kept satisfied only by extra food sent him by the United States Army and the American Red Cross when he learned that his folks back home weren't going to have enough to eat and that specifically "by then [February] most of our people will be living on a diet well below the nutrition level. . . Before we have finished, this tragic food situation will go down as one of the most senseless scandals in American history."

After all, the German people were eating well enough. Even a prisoner of war could see that. America must be in a bad way if it was letting its people starve so early in the war. Or was the Nazi-edited *O.K.* putting something over on them? Propaganda? Misquoting the *Digest* and Mr. Bromfield? Some American prisoners of war must have entertained such misgivings and must actually have written in to the editor about the Bromfield article, for on November 28th *O.K.* came back with a vengeance. The middle two columns of the first page on November 28th carried an editorial with the heading: "Propaganda?" The editor frankly admitted that "inquiries from several Prisoner of War Camps" concerning the Bromfield article had reached him. Was it propaganda? Well, he would give his American readers in the camps "some systematic information."

"This article," he wrote gleefully, "was taken word for word—even the same title was used—from the *Reader's Digest*, August, 1943. The pictures were taken from the *Saturday Evening Post*, August 14, 1943." Whereupon to clinch the argument he reproduced, directly under his editorial, a photostatic copy of the first page of Mr. Bromfield's article as it ap-

peared originally in the *Digest*. There could be no doubt of its authenticity.

"It was and still is our policy," the editor wrote, "to publish a Newspaper for you which is purely an informative and entertaining journal." As for propaganda, he would enlighten the poor doughboy prisoners a little. "In order to influence people propagandistically," he continued, "one must know: why—and in what direction. Are you Germans to whom we want to bring our way of thinking? No! . . . Aren't you after all 'involuntary guests,' Oversea Kids, whom we are trying to bring a cross-cut of world-wide happenings in an informative manner?"

"Do you call that propaganda?"

All in all it was as effective a job as I have ever seen a Nazi propagandist perform. The falsehoods in *O.K.*, of course, continued in almost every line in the paper, but I cannot help but feel that after the Bromfield incident the American prisoners of war swallowed the distorted reports on home-front degeneration more fully than ever before.

III

SOME of the American writers served up to our boys by *O.K.* are not familiar to me. There is one Curtis Thorn Ley, for example, described as "an American," who contributes an article on France which actually turns out to be primarily about the United States. I give a sample quotation: "Truly this is another tragic era. The United States of America, who might have maintained peace for their own people and have secured peace for the world, chose instead—in the hope of establishing a super-imperialism—to associate themselves with England in the support of atheist Russia for the spread of terror and total war throughout the world. . . . 'My dear friend Stalin'—as Roosevelt addresses a murderer without parallel in history—is being supported by the United States and Great Britain with money, arms, and munitions. Thus the real issue of the war today becomes: European civilization and culture versus godless Bolshevism. . . . In 1941 President Roosevelt solemnly promised American mothers that they need never fear the loss

of a single American son in wars on foreign soil. Already, however, thousands of American sons have lost their lives in attempts to deliver American supplies to the Bolsheviks and today thousands more are being sacrificed in the invasion of North Africa and the nightly bombing of the civilian population on French soil."

As we have seen from the Hemingway and Bromfield affairs, a favorite technique of the Nazi propagandists is to make use of American publications to influence the American war prisoners. On June 13th, part of the front page of *O.K.* was given over to a photostatic copy of an editorial from the *Chicago Herald and Examiner* of January 5, 1937, in which one of Mr. Hearst's editorial writers let go on the subject of "Soviet Russia: Foe of Peace." The Nazi editor gave it his own title: "Lest We Forget."

This, in part, is what our prisoners read in Mr. Hearst's own peculiar type: "The basis of all the trouble in Europe is Soviet Russia and its militant communism. The armed forces of Germany and Italy are not formed to fight England and France. BUT TO REPEL SOVIET RUSSIA. Democracy is not iron-handed enough to deal with communistic sabotage. . . . After Fascism was chosen in preference to communism in states that put order above anarchy, Russia persisted in its impudent interfering. . . . No state is safe, no civilization, no culture is safe AS LONG AS RUSSIA SURVIVES." (Capital letters Mr. Hearst's.)

That, after all, was exactly what Hitler had been blabbering for years, but it undoubtedly was more effective with American prisoners of war to have it come from a Chicago newspaper of large circulation.

Another Chicago paper of even larger circulation—or at least its publisher, Col. Robert R. McCormick—also came in handy for Nazi propaganda to our prisoners. *O.K.* for November 14, 1943, published in its "Home Front" news this little item: "McCormick of the *Chicago Tribune* complains bitterly of the way censorship is handled in America. McCormick points out that originally censorship was introduced for strictly military purposes. Now, however, he declares, censorship is

used to keep the political failures of the U.S. government a secret from the American public, and to influence its general attitude, while the simple truth is withheld."

In all fairness it must be said that the Nazi propagandists in *O.K.* did not confine their newspaper quotations to those from the Hearst or McCormick press. They took anything they could use from any American source—newspapers, magazines, and radio broadcasts—to drive home to our prisoners their propaganda line that the home front had let the soldiers down. Thus the August 22nd number of *O.K.* published on the front page an editorial from the *Philadelphia Inquirer* under the heading "American Home Front Seems a Tragic Picture." The editorial was quoted, in part, as saying: ". . . food grows scarce; labor troubles increase, the coal strike cannot be settled by any sensible formula. This picture would not be satisfactory in peace; it is tragic in war." Again, on December 5th, quotations from the *New Republic* attacked the State Department and reported disputes among two factions of "the Jewish community." And on July 18th, a CBS broadcast was quoted as saying that the battle of production was going poorly.

This theme was dinned into the hapless prisoners week after week until some of them must have raged with anger at the home front and others must have been profoundly discouraged with their native land. *O.K.* for August 1st carried a half-column story from the *Philadelphia Independent* under the heading: "War Dept. Asked to Keep Negro Troops out of Miss." In the "dispatch," Governor Johnson is reported to have asked Senator Bilbo to advise "Secretary of War Henry Stimson to promise that no more northern Negro troops be sent to this area."

Hatred for Jews was fanned more by the constant publication of little items, true or false, week after week, than by any direct attacks. The Nazis were rather good at this form of propaganda. A typical example was in the issue of September 12th. It was just a little false item under "Home Front" news: "Shakespeare's 'The Merchant of Venice' has been banned in the United States. The

reason given is that the celebrated play might wound the feelings of the Jews."

Devious and persistent attempts to stir up hatred for America's allies, Britain and Russia, were made in almost every number of *O.K.* In the number for July 18th, whose first page was given over largely to stories of American strikes, the entire second page was devoted to a hair-raising account of "The Mass Murder of Winniza" which the Russian GPU was alleged to have committed. Even to a propaganda story of this kind, the Nazis knew how to give an American slant. Thus the author turned his thoughts from the mass murder of Winniza to: "I have been thinking . . . of the dead of Dieppe taken away from the blood-stained beach in big hay-wagons last summer. They died in battle so that the killers of Katyn should triumph. And the boys are dying again on the shores of Sicily this summer, so that the slayers of Winniza may live."

Feeling against the British was worked up by both the direct and the indirect approach. Thus a captured American prisoner in North Africa was quoted: "There was always trouble and friction with the British, who happen to be our Allies. Our losses in men and equipment were large and our morale sank still lower, especially when we got to thinking about Algiers and the States. We asked ourselves: 'Why all this nonsense?'"

In the July 4th issue, there was a head: "The Fourth of July"—with a blank space below it. "This space," explained the Nazi editor, "had been set aside for a short meditation on today's Fourth of July. Just as we were going to Press, the editor decided to take this article out, as under prevailing circumstances it might be misunderstood or misinterpreted by our readers as a joke on America's independence of Britain."

The "friendliness" of Hitler for the American people was stressed. *O.K.* for September 9th carried a whole-page article entitled "Hitler and the Western Hemisphere" with a note that it was published "by the request of the American war prisoners." There is a nice gentle picture of Der Fuehrer. Most of the article consists of an interview which Hitler gave on June 14, 1940, the day that Paris

fell, to "an American newspaperman" (I recall it was Karl von Wiegand of the Hearst press) to the effect that he had no quarrel with the United States.

Do NOT think that this weekly paper published by the Nazis for our prisoners in Germany was all propaganda. The Nazis knew how to make propaganda palatable by mixing it with other things. They obviously made a special effort to give the prisoners sport news from home. The July 18th issue had three columns of sport news complete with major league baseball standings as of a month before and with batting averages. Sometimes the editor apologized for the lack of sport news. No American papers were received that week, he explained.

In the very first number of the publication the editor made an appeal for contributions from the prisoners themselves. He knew that if he could get the men to read what their fellow prisoners were writing they would read his propaganda as well. His object was to get the captives to feel that it was "their" paper. "The editor aims," he wrote, "at making this weekly something of value, a friend of your Sundays and an integral part of your communal life. But he cannot possibly achieve these aims without your collaboration. He would be glad, therefore, if you would co-operate by sending contributions."

At first the contributions were slow to come in but later there were so many that a two-page "literary supplement" was occasionally published. Even so, an unaccountably large proportion of the contributions are by a single person—one Frank Stebbing. The supplement for July 25th, for instance, has an "editorial," a short story, and a poem—all by Stebbing. But some of the poems and prose pieces that came in from the "P.O.W.'s" (Prisoners of War) tear your heart out, for they are the expressions of profound loneliness and hunger for the love of women. There were, to be sure, verses and essays and especially cartoons which attempted to portray with true American humor the plight of the war prisoner. But even in these you can sense the overpowering longing to be home which is expressed

in the opening lines of one of Stebbing's poems:

"Home" sometimes sounds so far away. So lost
in ancient yesterday,
Now and again it seems, That I was never there
at all . . .

It was with such homesick contributions from fellow prisoners, plus baseball scores, cartoons from *Collier's* and the *New Yorker*, cheese-cake pictures of the glamour girls of Babelsberg (the German Hollywood), crossword puzzles, cute pictures of babies (and sentimental poems about them), reproductions of prewar advertisements for La Salle convertibles, and all the other

entertaining or nostalgic items which might appeal to prisoners of war—it was with all these that *O.K.* surrounded its phony blend of real news and distorted propaganda. The overall purpose of the paper seems to have been to amuse and interest the prisoners while deftly planting in their minds the seeds of doubt, mistrust, and fear for the future which might set them against their fellow Americans and their country's allies after the war—thus contributing in postwar America to the kind of dissension and internal weakness upon which the enemies of the United States have always—unavailingly—relied.

WHAT THE GERMANS TOLD THE FRENCH

THOMAS J. HAMILTON

I WAS fortunate enough to arrive in Cherbourg the day of its liberation and to have an opportunity to inspect the Nazis' Centre de Renseignements et d'Information, which was still intact. It provides a pretty clear picture of how the Germans portrayed themselves—and their enemies—to the French people.

The Nazis—well aware of the military importance of the Channel ports—had obviously made strenuous efforts to win the support of Cherbourg's population. German soldiers apparently had behaved correctly to the local people, however badly they may have treated imported Todt workers, and an extremely large propaganda organization—as large for this city of forty thousand as the one in Madrid, with its million inhabitants—had been functioning here.

As I have said, the propaganda bureau was intact, just as the Germans had left it. Their mailing lists were still there, and

there were several hundred envelopes already addressed and ready to mail out the latest issue of the Nazi propaganda leaflet.

In the window of the Center there was still an exhibit of photographs demonstrating the humanity of the German armed forces, the usual sort of thing, but I was most interested by the lending library of some ten thousand volumes that the Nazis had been operating to attract visitors.

MANY of the books were of no conceivable propaganda appeal. There was a whole series on "*La vie amoureuse*" of such non-Aryan personalities as Cleopatra and Stendhal, a life of Francis I by Louis Madelin, a couple of works by Anatole France, and even such a non-Nazi projection of life as *Paul et Virginie*. I could imagine some industrious drudge back in the Propagandaministerium having sat down to compile a list so varied that even the most prejudiced Cher-

bourgeois would drop in sooner or later.

But half the books in the library, and of course all the leaflets, were obvious propaganda, providing an excellent opportunity to study on the spot what the Germans had been trying to put across only a couple of days before. And the most interesting fact was that the old stand-by theme of former German propaganda—the might of the Wehrmacht, and the puny war effort of the democracies—had apparently been virtually abandoned.

It was known, of course, that the Germans had dropped this line to their own people some time ago, but I was surprised to find that even to their subject peoples they no longer claimed to be invincible. There was one poster of some weeks back jeering at the Allies for the slowness (at that time) of their advance in Italy (the inscription said that "It's a long way to Rome")—but the rest was silence.

Instead, there was the insistence that Germany is the protector of Europe against Russia, the United States, and England. One quite attractively presented poster showed a heroic German putting into place the last stone in the wall protecting Europe from the red fires of Bolshevism. The theme, of course, was that this is "a war of continents," with Germany the true protector of all Europeans against Asiatic Russia, insular England, and the foreign United States.

GERMAN propaganda has always sought to exploit special themes in different countries, no matter how much inconsistency resulted, but the Nazis had made strenuous efforts to combine this "protector" theme with a host of other notions, particularly (1) the attractiveness of life in Germany and throughout Europe under Hitler; (2) the Jews; (3) the depravity of the Jewish-dominated Third Republic and the improvement under Vichy's rule; (4) the long-standing campaign of democratic and communist elements (alike Jewish) to overthrow the finer things in French life; (5) and, with greatest emphasis of all, the wanton destruction of French lives and property by Allied bombing attacks.

Of these the weakest point was the first, but the Nazis worked it hard just the

same. A sumptuously illustrated booklet, *Un Chef et son Peuple*, showed over a hundred photographs of the Fuehrer, now scowling, now smiling, in his various hideaways, and ended up with a picture of Pétain shaking him by the hand. The front page of a special newspaper, *Devenir*, showed such French worthies as Darnand and Doriot in a "*manifestation spontanée des Français envers le Fuehrer*," when Hitler conferred the Iron Cross upon Hauptsturmfuehrer Léon Degrelle, his principal stooge in Belgium.

With life under Hitler so agreeable, it was rather surprising that the Nazis found some difficulties in recruiting the desired quantity of slave labor in France. A special booklet was distributed to set this right, pointing out that social security benefits were much greater in Germany than in France and otherwise demonstrating that the lot of any Frenchman chosen to work in and for the *Vaterland* was indeed a happy one. An even more elaborate booklet, *The Waffen Calls Thee*, showed the firm but kind treatment French volunteers would get if they joined a French Waffen division, and thus got a chance to serve on Hitler's bodyguard.

THE themes of the Jews and the Third Republic were combined in a number of still more elaborate booklets, although to be sure there was an unpretending issue of the threadbare forgery, *The Protocols of the Elders of Zion*. On more general themes there were *Dans les Couloirs de Ministères de l'Etat*, Léon Emery's *La Troisième République*, etc. The most ambitious effort, however, was one entitled *Je Vous Hais*, devoted to Léon Blum, with "150 pages, 500 documents absolument sensationnels."

Just as Franco's propagandists had done in Spain, Hitler's men dug far back into French history to find that their enemies of today have always been the enemies of right-thinking people. The Nazi workers found it worth while therefore to commission for free distribution a work showing that the Freemasons had wrecked Napoleon's empire (Charles de Flahoult's *Les Francs-Maçons Fossoyeurs du Ier Empire*). From somewhere they had dug up Robert

Briffault, whose *Europa* was a best seller in the United States some years ago, and had him do a book (*L'Angleterre et l'Egypte*) demonstrating how perfidious Albion had blocked legitimate French aspirations in the Levant all along.

Otherwise the English got off fairly lightly—but there were two books on the United States: one by Sven Hedin demonstrated America's perfidious power politics, while the other gave the usual account of a nation run by gangsters.

Against Russia and communism, however, the Nazis went all out. Booklets showing the dire effects if communism were to win out, and seeking to brand the maquis as Communist terrorists, were printed in great profusion. Evidently the Nazis believed that the conservative Normans were particularly susceptible to the Communist-bogy appeal.

THEIR greatest efforts, however, were naturally given to the destruction brought upon France by Allied bombers. It must be conceded that they exploited this point—difficult enough for the Allies to answer even if the Germans said nothing—with great cleverness. A small leaflet, for instance, showed the damage done to an abbey near Cherbourg, with the towers of Notre Dame superimposed in the background, then asked when its turn would come.

An elaborately illustrated leaflet, asking "Do you want to see the destruction of your—house, family, yourself?" did not mention Anglo-American bombers until the last word of the last page. A poster made this point even more forcefully with the caption, "The murderers always return to the scenes of their crimes." Perhaps the cleverest of all was a booklet ending with an appealing shot of a little girl at prayer asking, "O God, please don't let them come tonight."

This appeal, which had the convenient merit of forgetting the way German pilots shot up defenseless French refugees in the spring of 1940, was doubtless very effective. (In London one talks to very patriotic Frenchmen who still contend that many of our attacks inflicted un-

necessary destruction upon non-military targets.) But it was equally interesting to see how the Nazis quickly exploited statements by Allied statesmen that were likely to upset the French.

The most spectacular use of this technique was what purported to be a facsimile reproduction of the London *Times* report on the unfortunate speech by Field Marshal Jan Christiaan Smuts last November, in which, after announcing that Russia was now mistress of Europe, he definitely consigned France to the rank of a second-class power. This speech was obviously made to order for the Nazis, who printed the text in full, with a French translation below, and without alteration—none was needed. In the same way, the Nazis were quick to exploit any statements by Allied air leaders—there were some for a time a year ago—that seemed to indicate complacency over the damage done to French cities by our planes. And when two Communists were given important posts by the French Committee of National Liberation, the Nazis promptly brought out a leaflet with the headline: "The Communist party salutes Comrades François Billoux and Fernand Grenier, Commissioners of the Algiers government."

The leaflets are also fascinating evidence of the sentiments that the Nazis were particularly anxious to combat. For example, they had evidently heard too often that anti-Semitism was a mere invention of the Nazis, and so they dug up some anti-Jewish verse by Ronsard, printed it in a special leaflet, and ended up with: "And in 1560 was Ronsard an agent of Hitler's?"

HERE, in brief, are the points that the Nazis sought particularly to get across to the French. Understanding them, the Allies will be able to deal much more effectively than they otherwise might with the state of opinion we are finding in France. Clearly the job will not be easy, for it is an insidious poison that the Nazis have been distilling in Cherbourg and elsewhere during the past four years.

{ Helen V. Tooker, who became interested in the venereal disease control program when she was a newspaper woman in Puerto Rico, obtained much of her material from leading U. S. public health authorities. }

VENEREAL DISEASE— FAR FROM BEATEN

HELEN V. TOOKER



THE fight against venereal disease in the United States has been hailed as a success story.

Ever since 1936, when Dr. Thomas Parran, Surgeon General of the United States Public Health Service, startled the nation by asking, "Why don't we stamp out syphilis?" the control program has been forging ahead. Officials, public-spirited citizens, the press, and the radio have all pushed it. Hard work behind the scenes and ballyhoo in public have kept it moving fast. And recently the discovery of penicillin has seemed to promise a quick and glorious victory. But doctors and laymen working on the program know better.

They know that penicillin isn't the complete answer. They know that the minute they relax their efforts anywhere, venereal disease rates soar again. They know that the education of the public has only been started, although people in social gatherings now use the words syphilis and gonorrhea without an atom of self-consciousness. They also know that it's still a tough job to find the infectious people who are spreading the diseases throughout the nation, and another tough job to keep these people under treatment until they are noninfectious, let alone keep them until they appear to be cured. And although workers on the program

recognize that venereal diseases are having a wartime boom, they are certain that the end of the war isn't going to bring the end of their battle. On the contrary, they are worried about the postwar prospect.

In this article I shall try to show the most serious problems that confront us. Some of the material in regard to methods of control is controversial and no statement of the problem will satisfy all the men and women engaged in the work, for they do not all hold the same theories. While this fact may cause some confusion at times, it is reasonable to suppose that differences of opinion develop vigorous methods, and it is a heartening commentary on the U. S. Public Health Service that a person does not have to subscribe to a set theory in order to have power within the program. These workers are a realistic lot, well aware that the tremendous struggle to eliminate VD—as they call it—from the United States cannot be accomplished without the informed assistance of the millions of citizens who comprise the communities of the nation. They know that no community can afford to be complacent because its own control work is conscientiously done; the infectious people of all communities are knotted together in a gigantic, tangled mesh that covers the country.

In war or in peace, Americans are much given to traveling around on short or long trips. Suppose a man—or woman—acquires VD in one state; before the symptoms appear and he receives enough treatment to render him noninfectious, he may pass the disease along to pickup, prostitute, or wife in another state. An indication of the seriousness of this interstate problem lies in studies the Army Third Service Command has made of the sources of thousands of venereal disease infections reported by men of the Command over periods of several months each. Although the 5,899 men covered by one study were stationed in Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia when they reported sick, the places where their exposures occurred involved all the states of the Union except Nevada and North Dakota.

AT THE beginning of the national control program three problems were foremost: (1) pulling the subject out into the open; (2) organizing the work; and (3) getting money to run it. These things have been accomplished and now about twenty million dollars flow into the program each year from federal, state, and local treasuries. Briefly, the setup is this:

The U. S. Public Health Service is responsible for leadership in VD control and furnishes guidance, personnel, and funds to the states. States and local communities add to these funds and invest them in their own programs. The U. S. Public Health Service, the Social Protection Division of the Federal Security Agency, the Army, the Navy, the state health departments, and the voluntary American Social Hygiene Association work together under an Eight-Point Agreement made in 1939.

The Army and Navy treat VD in their personnel and furnish civilian health authorities with confidential reports of probable civilian sources of these infections. Civilian authorities follow up these contact reports and treat these infected women as well as other infected civilians. The police are charged with repressing prostitution. The Social Hygiene Association studies conditions and

helps with education. The Social Protection Division acts as liaison office and prods the program along.

So far, so good. The whole plan is neatly lined up on paper. The confusion and wasted effort that hamper the program arise mainly from three things:

First, the U. S. Public Health Service has to work through the states, which means getting results through forty-eight different sets of laws, many of them passed by legislators who are remarkably misinformed.

Second, though syphilis and gonorrhea—like smallpox—are listed as dangerous communicable diseases and though health officers are not officially concerned with morals, nevertheless an awareness of the manner in which VD is acquired does have a subtle, negative effect on the aggressiveness with which these officials act. If smallpox is reported, a health officer makes no bones about isolating the patient and quarantining persons known to have been exposed; the problem is purely a medical one. But when VD is reported, he tiptoes about his work for fear that anything he does will start an uproar about constitutional rights, because most people think that in such matters what they do is strictly their own business and a matter for secrecy.

Actually, then, stigma does still attach to VD despite the emphasis that in recent years has been allowed to rest on accidental infections. The purpose of the emphasis in the first place was to smoke the subject out of the deep secret burrow in which it had holed up for centuries. This has been accomplished; but now virtually every VD specialist thinks that the time has come when the public must be given the undiluted facts.

For the *third* cause of confusion in the program arises from the existing mass of public misinformation, particularly in regard to the manner in which these diseases are spread.

II

THE facts—upon which experts in syphilis and gonorrhea agree—might be summed up in the words of one doctor who characterized stories about accidental infections as “fairy tales.” Dr.

Nels Nelson, Deputy State Health Officer for Maryland and Associate in Venereal Diseases at the Johns Hopkins School of Hygiene and Public Health, a man who has specialized in VD for sixteen years, says that probably 95 per cent of acquired (i.e., not congenital) syphilis is contracted through sexual contact and most of the other 5 per cent through kissing.

Lashing out at silly laws passed by uninformed legislators, he says that these statutes make it appear that both syphilis and gonorrhea may be "swallowed with food, inhaled with a breath, transmitted by a handshake, and ricocheted from one person to another via door knobs, walls, ceilings, laundry, and, of course, toilet seats." Dr. Nelson states flatly that syphilis and gonorrhea are *not* spread by inanimate objects—not even by toilet seats. He doubts whether it would be possible "to get a single one of the several hundred members of the American Neisserian Medical Society [experts on gonorrhea] to say that gonorrhea is spread by inanimate objects except as matters of medical curiosity," or to get any of the "country's good syphilologists to say that syphilis [excluding congenital] is often spread in any other way than through sexual intercourse."

The erroneous belief in accidental infections, however, is so firmly embedded in people's minds that the best way to understand the truth of such a statement is to follow the course of infection. Syphilis is caused by the *Spirocheta pallida*, a germ that can emerge from the body of an infected person only through an open lesion. In turn, it can enter the body of a second person only through mucous membranes such as the lining of the mouth or genitalia or through a break in the skin. Consequently, for the second person to become infected, there must be direct contact between a susceptible part of his body and the open lesion of the infected person.

The first sore of syphilis is the chancre and this develops only at the point where the spirochete originally entered, which means that it is usually around the genitalia or the mouth, because these are the only surface mucous membranes. In

sexual intercourse and kissing—especially in intercourse—the most easily penetrated tissues of the victim are brought into long and intimate contact with tissues most likely to have open lesions. The open lesions of secondary syphilis—which produces the rash—represent the dispersal throughout the body of the organisms of disease, now multiplied many times. These lesions are open and consequently dangerous only on mucous membranes and on areas of skin that are likely to be moist, such as skin between the thighs or buttocks or under pendulous breasts. But these open lesions are still in areas where only intimate contacts are likely to result in the exposure of a second person. The rash and sores may last for days or even for weeks in an untreated person. As the spirochete dies almost immediately upon drying and can live only a very short time after leaving the body, its outside activities are so restricted as to be negligible.

True accidental infections can occur, for instance, when a doctor or nurse is handling a patient if there is a break in the skin that comes in contact with one of the patient's open sores.

Primary syphilis develops ten days to eight weeks after infection; secondary syphilis, from two to four months after infection. Whether treated or untreated, syphilis is communicable only in these two first stages, which are the most easily cured. (However, patients who have passed the infectious stages may suffer infectious relapse if they have had inadequate treatment or none at all.) The first stages give way to a latent stage which may last two or three years to a lifetime. More than one-third of the untreated will have serious difficulty later, as syphilis may attack any part of the body—bones, liver, skin, most often the brain, spinal cord, heart, and blood vessels.

As for gonorrhea, it is caused by a germ called the gonococcus, which dies very quickly after it has left the human body. The mucous membranes that the gonococcus will attack are so located that only sexual contact will suffice to bring infectious material into contact with them. Almost the only exceptions are caused by extreme carelessness, such as when a per-

son already infected transfers pus from his own genitalia to his own eyes. (Blindness in babies who have been infected during the process of birth is prevented nowadays by the routine procedure of dropping silver nitrate into the eyes of newborn children.) Prompt detection and proper treatment render gonorrhea also almost immediately noncommunicable.

THE result of popular misinformation is that persons with VD are now subject to senseless discrimination. Factory workers have been known to strike because a fellow worker was believed to have syphilis. Women have dismissed cooks and nursemaids who were attending VD clinics. Most states in the Union deny jobs to infected food-handlers. This practice has given rise to a common crack among workers on the program—"Yes, you can get syphilis from a waitress, but not in the dining room."

Many industries actually refuse to hire persons with positive blood tests. Follow this procedure to its logical conclusion and see what you get. An infected person applies for a job and is rejected because he is considered dangerous to his fellow workers. An uninfected person is employed and develops syphilis during the first week. Presumably his employers do not know this, but they must be aware of the possibility. Do they think the fact that he is already in their employ nullifies the newly acquired spirochete? If they really believe that a person with syphilis is a danger to his fellow workers, the only way to protect the personnel adequately would be to have a daily blood test. *Reductio ad absurdum*. But since, as a matter of plain fact, infected persons are not a workday danger to their companions, the use of the blood test as a specific safeguard for personnel is a cruel and stupid discrimination.

On the other hand, to include the blood test in a complete physical examination for the purpose of providing treatment for all sickness and raising the general level of health of all employees is sound policy. Since December, 1942, for example, the Army has inducted more than 150,000 men with uncomplicated cases of VD and

then given them treatment. Complicated cases naturally introduce other factors: a man with cardiovascular syphilis, for instance, shouldn't be hired to drive a bus any more than a man with some other form of heart disease should be hired for the job. But a blood test won't pick him out of a crowd.

The correct place of the blood test in the diagnosis of syphilis is another point on which there is much popular misunderstanding. People think of the test as a monitor that unerringly divides the sick and the well. Actually, it merely points to a tentative conclusion that must be carefully examined in the light of other conditions before a final diagnosis is made. Doctors trained in VD explain that there are both false positives and false negatives. Sometimes poor laboratory techniques affect results erroneously. A person with an early primary lesion may have a negative test. On the other hand, a person who has had malaria may have a positive one. A person with late, noninfectious syphilis or even one with adequately treated syphilis may have a positive test all the rest of his life, yet be dangerous to nobody.

In any case there is absolutely no relation between the positivity or negativity of a blood test and the infectiousness of the disease. The blood tests are less important in controlling the spread of disease than is popularly imagined, as they detect, very largely, infections that have passed the communicable stages. But these infections, too, must be treated in order to prevent congenital syphilis and the disaster of late syphilis.

Despite its shortcomings, then, the blood test is valuable. It is best interpreted by experts, because it is not always easy to recognize syphilis, which has been called the great imitator of other diseases. Gonorrhea is also difficult to detect, as no good diagnostic technique exists for it.

Dr. Nelson declares that health departments themselves are to blame for much of the popular confusion regarding VD, inasmuch as they have published pamphlets that contained misleading information and have not always resisted passage of unsound laws. He suggests that one reason for this strange official behavior is

that they wanted to find infection so that they could treat it, and they thought the best way to do this was to frighten people with grim tales of danger.

III

DR. J. R. HELLER, director of the Division of Venereal Diseases of the U. S. Public Health Service, says, "If we could find 75 per cent of the cases of VD and treat them adequately, we'd have the problem licked." This reduces control to its simplest terms—finding the cases and then holding them for adequate treatment. But in trying to do either of these two jobs the health officer runs into the secrecy that is like a fortification to protect venereal diseases against attack.

Obviously, not even the most energetic health officer can control a disease if he doesn't know who has it. The person who has VD knows how he got it and keeps it secret. Moreover, private practitioners are remarkably lax about reporting cases, even though they are allowed to use numbers instead of names in order to protect the privacy of their patients. And too often, neither the infected person nor the practitioner bothers to see that the individual who caused this particular infection is brought under treatment.

There are various methods of finding infected persons who do not present themselves voluntarily: the proper use of the blood test in industry, laws requiring premarital and prenatal examinations, examinations in prisons and jails, epidemiological tracing of sources of known infections. All these methods have their advocates and their opponents. Dr. Nelson, for example, believes that examinations made merely to conform with law tend to be careless and to produce erroneous results and that such laws imply that blood testing is enough.

Intensification of all these methods in the emergency control program has revealed a lot of hidden infections. In the fiscal year 1943 nearly six hundred thousand civilian cases of syphilis were reported—a hundred thousand more than had ever been reported in one year in the history of our national control program.

Dr. Heller says that "If determined and resourceful epidemiological workers were put to work on each of these reported cases, an average of one unreported contact might possibly be found for each."

WORKERS who do this contact-tracing might be described as feeling their way on a dark night from link to link along thousands of tangled chains that tie citizens of the entire country together. When a service man reports an infection, he is asked to identify all persons with whom he had sexual intercourse during the period when he may have acquired the disease and also during the period when he may have transmitted it to others. The same procedure is followed in civilian health work. The confidential report is sent to the VD officer of the locality in which the exposure occurred. And now the job gets really tough. A health officer—not a policeman—must try to locate that girl and at the same time protect her privacy.

Too often the information on these reports is inadequate. The fault may lie with an unskillful interviewer, or sometimes mistaken chivalry leads infected men to lie about their contacts. One soldier, for instance, reported three contacts with the same girl and said he didn't know her first name or the place where he had met her. Well, perhaps not. But perhaps he didn't realize that he was refusing her a chance of treatment and at the same time was exposing other men to the menace of her infection.

On the other hand, he often doesn't know where he's been. He knows the girl as Susie or perhaps "Brown Sugar." He can tell that she's shorter than he is, fairly plump, has buck teeth. He picked her up in a café about 10:30. He thinks it was on C Street. What block? He doesn't know; you go down two steps to go in. She took him to a hotel. Where? Well, he wouldn't know that. The good interviewer keeps plugging away, and when the health department worker gets this hard-won information, he starts looking for a girl with buck teeth who may call herself Susie one day but is likely to be Victoria the next.

The time element is another obstacle in

controlling the spread of disease. Dr. Nelson says: "A good busy prostitute can handle as many as fifty men in twenty-four hours. But let's suppose she only has five a night and only infects three of these. The average incubation period of syphilis is three weeks, so it's going to be more than three weeks before we—the health department—can receive a report that she has caused an infection. She's infected sixty-three men before we even know she exists. Where are these men spreading their infections? Probably only a third will recognize their symptoms and some of this third will go to doctors who won't report the cases."

BUT the health officer's troubles aren't over when the contact is located. You can't tell by a glance that a person has VD. There must be an examination. And persons suspected on reasonable grounds of having a venereal disease in an infectious stage frequently refuse examination. They would not be allowed to do so for smallpox. Yet syphilis in 1940 was reported—not estimated, but reported—to affect more persons than the total affected by smallpox, infantile paralysis, malaria, tuberculosis, typhoid fever, pneumonia, meningitis, diphtheria, and typhus. It is a disease that yearly costs the taxpayers millions of dollars for patients in insane asylums and public clinics and hospitals, and for veterans' liabilities. To this damage must be added that caused by gonorrhea, less dangerous, but attacking three to five times more often.

In Washington I attended a case where a government worker was the defendant. She had been named by an Army MP who claimed that he had developed gonorrhea four days after he had relations with her. Dr. Iva G. Murphy, a woman doctor of the USPHS, attached to the District Department of Health, testified that when she had tried to get the defendant to report for examination, the woman had said, "See my lawyer."

Members of the health department testified that care had been taken to protect the defendant from publicity. But publicity was not disagreeable enough to her to keep her from letting the case go to a public court or to keep her attorney

from filing suit for her against the District of Columbia for \$1,000,000 damages. The judge fined her \$25. Her attorney appealed. Things don't usually go so far, but the possibility is always present in the minds of officials.

Minors constitute another difficulty, especially nowadays. Dr. Murphy says bitterly, "People must think a gonococcus doesn't bite anything under twenty-one." The trouble is that by law a minor can't be examined without the consent of his parents, and until he is examined he can't be treated. So when Joe Doakes picks up a disease he must write for a note from home that will authorize the examination. But many minors won't even give the names of their parents. So the health officers cling anxiously to a straw held out by some judges who have declared that a self-supporting minor is his own agent.

SO MUCH for finding cases. The next thing is to get them to take treatment and—here's the hitch—keep taking it until they have completed the course. The U. S. Public Health Service declares that less than 25 per cent of the people with syphilis in infectious stages who are admitted to clinic treatment receive the minimum dosage needed to prevent infectious relapse. This means that over 75 per cent may again become a public menace. A small part of the difficulty may come from bad physical conditions in some clinics. Most of the difficulty comes from the tendency of ignorant patients to quit as soon as they feel better.

To offset the difficulty of holding patients until they have completed the long regular course of treatment for syphilis, which sometimes extends over a year and a half, some sixty communities have established rapid treatment centers in addition to regular VD clinics, and about ten more centers are in the process of being set up. Several short treatment methods are used for syphilis in these institutions, especially the eight-day-drip method, by which an arsenical drug is dripped into the veins of the patients as they lie in bed. Hospitalization under a specially trained staff is necessary because an element of danger does exist. Gonorrhea patients are also

accepted at the centers. Periodic check-ups must follow discharge.

Penicillin, which provides a short and safe treatment, may eventually make it easier to hold patients until the course is completed, but the change isn't just around the next corner. Although the prospect that penicillin may give real medical control over syphilis as well as gonorrhea is excellent, medical men are wary of prophecies. They recall their disappointments with sulfanilamide and more recently with the newer sulfa drugs. They have found that some persons are sulfa-resistant and that some gonorrhea patients who appeared to be cured by these drugs had merely lost their symptoms without becoming noninfectious. Consequently they point out that some patients may be resistant to penicillin, too. They say that in two or three years we may have satisfactory evidence as to the usefulness of penicillin in early syphilis, but that since this disease can remain latent for twenty to thirty years, it may be a long time before we know what effect penicillin will have on the late stages.

IV

THE coming of peace is not expected to make control easier. Lieutenant (j.g.) Howard Ennes, on leave from the U. S. Public Health Service, now with the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery, U.S.N., points to a recent rise in the incidence rates for the Navy in the continental United States as a shadow of possible coming events; speaking personally, he says he believes the rise may be caused by abnormal social and economic conditions, by complacency over lowered 1942 rates, and by the number of men returning from overseas with a little different slant on things—all conditions that may be continued or aggravated after peace.

He points out also that although at first "Victory girls" worked on their own and almost free, it is to be expected that the organized interests will eventually take some of them up; it is not a long step from a few "friends" to a lot of paying customers if the proposition is cleverly stated by pimp or procurer. Already, Lieutenant Ennes says, the older girls are concen-

trating on well-paid war workers. He says that while rapid treatment centers are excellent from the point of view of VD control, "they have a serious limitation in terms of the future of the girls involved." When a girl comes out after a week in hospital, she is likely to return immediately to her former ways unless arrangements are made for a job or some other care.

But only sporadic attempts have been made in the nation to examine and deal with the causes underlying either commercial prostitution—called the reservoir of venereal disease—or other types of sexual promiscuity. Except in a few isolated instances, federal funds are not available for work of this sort. The original program of treatment provided for rehabilitation in the form of social counseling and retraining, but later, treatment was so accelerated that there was no time to do this before the patients were discharged. Yet many officials believe that, if opportunity were taken to apply accepted methods of social and psychiatric study to these promiscuous women, it might be possible to make some significant cut in their activities.

Many public health officials are afraid that when wartime strains are relieved, control will relax as it did after the First World War. If a cat goes to sleep beside a rathole, the rat will emerge. The prostitution racket, they think, may emerge just that way. There are already many indications pointing to such an event.

EVER since the emergency program started, commercial prostitutes have been harried from hangout to hangout and red-light districts have been closed in more than six hundred communities. The Third Service Command surveys show that from January to June, 1943, paid prostitutes accounted for only 17 per cent of exposures and that the proportion exposed in brothels was less than half the proportion reported in the 1942 period.

But commercial prostitution isn't a hit-or-miss affair. It's a money-making racket run by shrewd criminals. Health and enforcement officials are well aware that it is not dead, but merely dormant. The American Social Hygiene Association has

information showing that many brothels now closed down are still holding their leases in the expectation that happy days will come again.

Organized prostitution can be wiped out of a community only if public opinion is behind enforcement officials. But many people question whether it should be wiped out. One argument is, "You've always had prostitution and you always will have it." To this Dr. Nelson retorts that we've always had other kinds of crime, too, but we don't make that an excuse for toleration of murderers or thieves. A second argument, that segregation of prostitutes keeps "good women" safe, has been blown to bits time and again by figures on sex crimes.

A third argument was put to me by an Army MP who worked with the sex squad in a community where repression was still a matter of debate. He said: "I know where I can pick up most of the girls in this racket. If the joints are closed down, they'll scatter and I shan't be able to find 'em." That sounds like common sense until you dig further.

The difference between organized prostitution—in bawdy houses—and scattered prostitutes is the difference between mass production and handicrafts. The girl who works on her own must catch her man first. She must talk with him, perhaps dance and drink with him. She loses time taking him to a hotel or an apartment or an automobile. Then she has to get rid of him, get back to her hangout, and go through the whole procedure over again. But the house works like an assembly line. Busy agents catch the customer, shunt him up to the girl's room, get him out if necessary, shunt the next one in. Even though other persons get a rake-off on the girl's trade, she's still ahead of the girl who walks by herself. One prostitute said, "Twenty a night and you make expenses." Once in her heyday she had a ten-day contract with a two-dollar place. "End of the first weekend I had a hundred nine dollars in my pocket, so I walked out." Good staff work does it, and business thrives on volume. So does infection.

Some supporters of the red-light system rest their case on the argument that facili-

ties for prophylaxis can be established in brothels and that this reduces the danger of infection. No doctor denies the importance of prophylaxis. In the services the men are told that if they are so foolish as to expose themselves, they should at least use some form of it; kits are available and official prophylactic stations are set up at convenient points. But prophylaxis is a nuisance that many men won't bother with, and all forms must be carefully used at the right time or they are useless.

Other people argue that medical supervision of prostitutes will prevent disease. This is a dangerous bill of goods. Its failure stems from two facts: (1) that gonorrhea is often impossible to diagnose in a woman; and (2) that freedom from infection one day is no guarantee of freedom from infection the next. Danger lies also in the false sense of safety that certification gives to the prostitute's customers. It should be added that no one can rely on a prostitute's "taking care of herself" because as yet there is no reliable prophylaxis for the use of women.

Perhaps the best answer to the advocates of red-light districts, one doctor pointed out, is that when all houses have been closed in a community, local VD rates have almost always dropped. Certainly the annual incidence rates for all the armed forces in the United States appear to reflect the good effect of this policy. Since the campaign for repression was begun in 1941, the Army rates for VD have dropped from 41 infections per thousand men per year in 1941 to 26 in 1943. Navy rates have dropped from 40 per thousand in 1940 to 25 in 1943.

V

IN VIEW of these problems, how can VD be eliminated from the nation? There are two schools of thought about the methods to be used in the medical program. Health officers of one school advocate attacking VD in the same uncompromising way as other dangerous communicable diseases such as smallpox and yellow fever, except that every precaution should be taken to preserve the privacy of the patient as long as he co-operates. One doctor, who has a seething contempt

for bureaucratic detours in his work, outlines the following program:

1. Federal money should be withheld until adequate laws are passed by the states and it is demonstrated that they will be used. "In brief, health officers should have the right to do their jobs."

2. There should be two types of facilities in every state: rapid treatment centers where there is no forced detention, and also an enforced-isolation unit where recalcitrant patients may be held.

3. Reporting of infected individuals by physicians should be mandatory. If a physician conceals these people by failing to report, his license to practice medicine in the community should be jeopardized.

4. Every infectious individual should be allowed to obtain treatment from his physician, from a clinic, or from a rapid treatment center on a voluntary basis, but failure to take treatment as prescribed should be grounds for enforced isolation.

5. Every infectious case should be investigated for contacts, and contacts named by infectious patients should be required to submit to venereal disease examinations.

6. All action should be taken directly by the health officer or board of health without court hearing, though such action should be subject to review by the courts on a writ of habeas corpus when so desired.

THAT is a strong program for medical action. Some people feel that it opens up too many possibilities for arbitrary action by health officers and some health officers of the other school believe that such methods defeat their own ends. They claim that since syphilis and gonorrhea are secret diseases, aggressive attack drives them underground and that it is more effective to entice the infected persons into clinics and the offices of private physicians.

MOST workers believe that the problem is too complex to be solved by therapy alone and that the basic causes of VD should be attacked concurrently with the medical aspects. Lieutenant Ennes describes VD as a symptom of a "social disorganization of tremendous depth."

Most doctors feel this. It is an impressive fact that sooner or later every specialist with whom I have talked has emphasized the fact that venereal disease is a symptom of bad social and economic conditions, ignorance, and poor sex relationships. All these factors, they say, breed promiscuity, which is the only source of VD. They think that parents, schools, churches, governmental and private agencies should co-operate in building new defenses.

"Prehabilitation is what we need," says Lieutenant Ennes, who calls promiscuity "sexual immaturity."

Many doctors point out that sex education—on both sides of the railroad track—is antiquated in scope and terminology. Dr. John H. Stokes, director of the Institute for the Control of Syphilis, of the University of Pennsylvania, believes that fundamental instruction is increasingly important in view of the "sexualization" of our type of civilization, in which the emphasis on sex in clothes, movies, pin-up girls, advertisements, and conversation stimulates erotic impulses at the same time that modern equipment has nearly eliminated the counterbalance of exhaustion from physical labor.

The prospect that penicillin may prove to be a quick and satisfactory treatment for both syphilis and gonorrhea has brought these questions to a focus. Some workers believe that a carnival of promiscuity will follow the removal of fear of disease. Others disagree. They cite such cases as that of the girl at the rapid treatment center who said, "Yes, I knew you could get a disease, but I didn't know I had it," and they say they do not believe fear has ever been an effective deterrent from indiscriminate sexual intercourse.

All in all, the consensus of opinion among doctors and laymen seems to indicate that we must now attack the problem not from one, but from many sides if we are determined to eliminate venereal disease from the United States. Perhaps the control program has arrived at a turning point that in time will lead to a great victory. But there is still a long and bitterly hard road to travel.

THE Easy Chair Bernard DeVoto



I WRITE this in reply to half a dozen newspapers down South which bothered to explain to their readers that I was not really insulting the South in the May Easy Chair, which dealt with the suppression of *Strange Fruit* in Boston. I write it especially to the *Atlanta Constitution*, in which Mr. M. Ashby Jones, apparently a staff columnist, wrote one of the best newspaper articles I have ever read. I do not know anything about Mr. Jones except what that one column reveals, and that is my loss; the *Constitution* is exceedingly lucky to have a man of his brilliance and literary skill. So is the South; so is the United States. Remark-ing in passing that he did not know what my opinions about the South are, Mr. Jones intimated that he would like to hear them. A couple of other newspapers which understood the May Easy Chair, as distinguished from a dozen or so which did not understand it and so boiled me in oil, made the same intimation. I can't get my opinions about the South into four pages but I can describe something that has helped to shape my opinions and those of other outsiders who sometimes offend some Southerners. We have to make up our minds on the basis of what the South says and does, and we tend to make them up on the basis of what its intellectuals say, its liberal political thinkers, its novel-ists, and its editors. In general, they are the Southerners I'm talking about here.

In the September issue of *Harper's* the editors told how some Southern preparatory schools threatened to withdraw their advertising because, so the schools thought, I had said unpleasant things about the South. I hadn't, I had merely written some elementary irony so that I could beat Boston over the head with it, but let that go—I appeared to hold unfavorable

opinions about the South and so these educational institutions would do what they could to keep me from expressing them. The head of one of the prep schools wrote to me repeating the threat. I could only refer him to the editors and remark that so far as I was concerned he might as well cancel his advertising, for though I had two sons it would not tempt me to send them to a school which could not understand English and which believed in the suppression of opinion. Still, this principal intended only economic force. A professor of English wrote daring me to come down South and let him pull my ears over my nose in payment for my supposed opinions, and the dean of a Southern college invited me to come down and get my nose punched. My nose offered the favorite means of refuting my opinions. Of more than forty letters from the South which proposed to answer the May Easy Chair by assaulting me, exactly twelve selected my nose to operate on. Only two proposed to shoot me and only one to tar and feather me, but I give that last one extra weight as it came from another college professor, one whose letterhead showed that he belonged to a department of philosophy. Most of the forty letters remarked that doubtless I was too yellow to come down South and fight.

I AM not persuaded that a punch in the nose settles a difference of opinion. And I am puzzled to know why many Southerners think it does; or rather, why many Southerners betray, by these threats, a strange touchiness about whatever seems to them to involve the South. This touchiness is manifest under all sorts of circumstances and in connection with all sorts of subjects, whether or not they touch even remotely upon the Civil War.

I said: Civil War. And now watch it. If this piece is referred to by any Southern newspaper (except the *Atlanta Constitution*) watch that phrase get softened to "War Between the States." There you have as idiotic a euphemism as any in history. The name officially given to that war by the United States government is "The War of the Rebellion," which describes it with final accuracy; and for all Americans except Southerners (including millions who live in places that were wilderness when the war was fought) and for all literate persons outside the United States it is the Civil War. But when anyone, including me, a historian of American nationalism, uses that quite neutral designation he is swamped with invitations to get his nose punched and he rouses in Southern breasts an emotion so violent that what he has to say does not get considered at all.

One of my grandfathers was an Illinois Copperhead; the other one was a Mormon who, living in the East when the (Civil) war broke out, went to Utah fast so that he would not have to fight in it. I grew up in Utah, which was not a state till thirty years after the war ended. (At that, Utah began armed resistance to the authority of the United States several years before any Confederate state did, and continued it many years longer.) I have learned about the Civil War wholly as a historian, without reference to ancestral memories or social myths, North or South. I am professionally interested in it and my opinions about it are approximately those of any modern historian—they are almost exactly those of Mr. M. Ashby Jones. Up North I can discuss it only with fellow historians—everyone else is profoundly bored by it. But the reason why I cannot discuss it with Southerners is even simpler. I can listen to them talk about it—and every topic leads to it before long—but they forbid me to hold opinions about it. Merely because I am not a Southerner, for me to express any idea about it at all would be equivalent to slurring Southern womanhood and implying that Uncle Calhoun was a coward. And that goes for many other areas of opinion too.

So as part of my main question, Mr. Jones, I wish you would explain two

things about the Civil War. Not why it is a sectional obsession down South, not why it produces compulsive thinking in many Southern minds, not why it has developed an intricate mythology which long ago lost contact with historical realities—as a historian I know the answers to those questions. But I want to know why it is only in the past few years that we have begun to get objective histories of it from the Southern point of view and why even now they have such hard going in the South. I don't know why we have had to wait so long but I think I know why we are at last getting them. Scholarship finally repeated a military experience; it got fed up with the Virginia school, it insisted on making clear that the Southern heartland was important in the war, and so Alabama and Mississippi were finally sanctioned to write factually. But that sanction is limited. I am appalled by some of the Southern reviews, even some of the scholarly reviews, of these excellent histories, Mr. Wiley's books for instance and those which the University of Louisiana is industriously publishing. One historian lately set down, moderately enough, that some Confederate soldiers had panicked and some others had acquired venereal disease; certain Southern reviewers treated him as if he had assailed the honor of Marse Robert himself. This is more than silly, it is ominous; and, to get away from history, I sometimes see the same response to the excellent novels of James Street.

BUT we Northerners (if as a Westerner I can qualify as one) are warned away not only from the Civil War but from every topic which concerns the South. In a recent book I described the first operation under ether at the Massachusetts General Hospital. I nowhere said or remotely implied that it was the first operation under anesthesia; I know that story better than my Southern critics seemed to and was not desecrating the sacred ashes of Crawford Long—he had nothing to do with what I was talking about. But reviewers all over the South shouted that I was dragging the Stars and Bars in the dust, and I was swamped with letters from Southern doctors, historians, and corresponding secretaries, inviting me

to come down and get my nose punched. In the same book I remarked that Edmund Ruffin killed himself. He did, the fact is there and not all the perfumes of Richmond hagiolatry can wash it out, but in Southern reviews I had spat on that flag again merely by stating it, for no Northerner can be permitted to state such facts. I want to know why, Mr. Jones.

But most of all I want to know what happens to so many Southern intellectuals, critics, and liberals the moment they come or even look across the Mason-Dixon line. Why is it enlightened liberalism when a Southerner says it but foul detraction by a Black Republican when a Northerner says it? You can't have it both ways. If I write that the society described in William Faulkner's novels is debased, a dozen Southerners rise up to denounce me for accepting as true the nightmares of Mr. Faulkner's morbid mind. But if I try to explore Mr. Faulkner's mind to see if it is morbid the same thinkers invite me to get my nose punched because no Yankee can be permitted to say such things about one of our boys.

A publisher asks me to report on the manuscript of a book submitted to him by a Southerner, a book in a field I know thoroughly. It turns out to be a bad book, I say so, two other men say so who are specialists in the field but happen to have had no grandfather in Pelham's Horse Artillery, and the publisher rejects it. At once the fiery cross passes among the intellectuals, from Nashville to Baton Rouge to Richmond and even to Gambier, where an amphibious battalion has established a bridgehead north of the Ohio. There are round robins of denunciation, passionate protests appear in the Southern reviews, and Marse Robert has clearly got to buckle on his sword again and deliver his people from Northern oppression. The old Black Republican conspiracy has prevented the publication of a Southern book, unquestionably because we know that we won the (Civil) war unworthily. The South must secede once more but first it must set up some publishing houses of its own, so that truth crushed to earth may rise, so that the sacred banner shall no longer be desecrated by us Yahoos. All this because a publisher has rejected a bad

book, a publisher who every day of his life rejects at least one bad book by a Northerner and never gets punched in the nose by the *Yale Review* on the ground that he has thereby impugned the honor of Ulysses Simpson Grant.

I WANT an explanation of this defensive arrogance, this sense of inadequacy, this inferiority complex that makes a Southern intellectual see red—see that banner being furled sadly—when a Northerner disagrees with him. I am talking, Mr. Jones, about some of the best minds you have, minds that everyone must take into account when thinking about the South. I know these intellectuals and I like them. They are charming company, and I can discuss astronomy or arctic geography or the Thirty Years' War with them as tranquilly as with anyone else. They have better manners than most Northerners, they are the best story-tellers in the world, they enjoy life more than we Yankee unfortunates do—they are individuals, individualists, people who value individuality and insist on maintaining it. But the individuality of too many of them evaporates at the first note of criticism and not only of criticism but even of inquiry, of any inquiry whatever that reminds them they are Southerners. Too many of them instantly become a section-conscious, caste-conscious, passion-dominated mob, throwing reason to the winds and reaching for a gun to defend their personal honor. The professor of philosophy who misinterpreted what I wrote about Boston is a type-specimen. If I had said something about the categorical imperative he would have considered it on its merits. But I said something about the South and so he did not even pause to read what it was; rage blew out the light he thinks he lives by and so he could see no recourse except to tar and feather me.

There is here not so much an atrophy of the critical faculty as an absence of it, a failure to develop—and an obvious, a significant fear of that faculty. There is an inability to stand criticism; a determination to prevent analysis, even objective examination. There is compulsion to forbid inquiry, to fence off certain areas with taboo and to patrol others armed with

xenophobia. Just this, so Southern intellectuals have complained in many editorials and memoirs, has made their way bitterly hard. Certainly it has turned some into futilitarians, broken others to an absorption in antique fantasies outside reality, uprooted many, made émigrés of many. So Southern intellectuals frequently say, and yet a Northerner is constrained to observe that they themselves, however they may resent being denied the right of inquiry, instinctively deny it to outsiders. And a historian is constrained to observe that this intolerance is a historical continuity; it has characterized the Southern intellectual for over a hundred years.

AND, gentlemen, the basic, defensive assumption underlying it is false as hell itself. The Negro problem (and Miss Lillian Smith of Clayton, Georgia, has pointedly reminded us all that we had better say the white problem), disfranchisement by poll tax, the number one economic problem of the nation, poor whites, freight rates, illiteracy, pellagra, absentee ownership, changing economy, bank discounts, proliferating social crisis, all the rest—those are not your private business. (Notice to all Southerners reaching for a

gun: nothing in this editorial says or implies that equivalent conditions up North are any prettier. Read *Harper's* regularly and see. But at the moment I'm talking about you.) They are our business too. They are national problems. Everything that happens to you because of them happens to us as well. There is no health in any of us so long as they go untreated. They are American problems and we other Americans, whether we want to or not, whether you want us to or not, are forced to inquire into them. To inquire into them does not impugn either your honor or the Lost Cause.

Meanwhile, an ecstasy produced long ago by the taboos and phobias of Southern intellectuals scares me. Back in the 1850's—remember? Racial myth, biological and ethnological dogma not only of white supremacy but of Southern superiority, suppression of civil rights in protection of local problems, denial of the mails to Northern books and magazines and newspapers, forced deportation of dissenters, mobbing and lynching of people who dared to invoke the right to inquire, quarantine of the Southern mind. They were alarming in the 1850's. Now that we have them in sharp contemporary perspective they could be alarming again.



{ *Mr. Pratt has a special personal interest in the Aleutian campaign, since his brother, CPO Robert A. Pratt, was radio operator on one of the naval planes which took part in it.* }

CAMPAIGN BEYOND GLORY

The Navy in the Aleutians, 1942-43

FLETCHER PRATT



THE shortest route from the Orient to America runs under the shadow of the Aleutians. The Manila galleons used to pass there, bound for Darien with their loads of gold, and when southwest gales struck them, could see the tall pillars of rock veined with snow and smoking with fog. The islands contain some of the richest fishing grounds in the world, some of its worst weather, and no trees whatever. The charts in use for parts of the chain at the outbreak of war still bore the notation "Made from the Russian survey of 1864"; and though the islands are all small, the interiors of many had never been surveyed at all. Among them was fought in 1942 and 1943 a strange campaign by land and sea and air, a mixture of courage, brilliance, bungling, resource and lack of resources, divided command and unified purpose; all under the veil of a censorship that yielded nothing to those of Germany or China for restrictiveness and sheer stupidity.

A good case of the stupidity is the fact that throughout Alaska territory the people for nearly two years of war never got a magazine or a newspaper from which all reference to Alaska had not been carefully clipped; and that correspondents were not allowed to mention the presence of our troops at Amchitka and Adak till they had been there for six months, with Jap bomb-

ers coming over almost daily and telling the world about it all the time in radio broadcasts; and that even private mail was censored. A good case of the bungling was sending men specially trained in desert warfare to fight a campaign on Attu. A good case of the resource was the escape of Lieutenant Rodebaugh's PBY; and of the brilliance, the singular operations of the Blair Packing Company—but these are part of the main line of the story, and that story can be built up only against its own background.

THAT background begins with the fact that the group of strategists which held Alaska to be the key of the Pacific was founded by the two great heretics of American strategy—hunchback Homer Lea and stormy Billy Mitchell. It includes some other facts, too: that any land connection to Alaska must pass through a foreign country, while the sea connection is in the hands of a monopoly with an extreme sensitivity to competition; that all efforts to make the country self-sustaining in food have failed dismally; and that Alaska in 1941 had only one railroad, running from Anchorage up to Fairbanks.

The strategic effect of these conditions is to make Alaska, in a military sense, a chain of islands without the means of self-support, to be held and used only by a

power having full control of the sea. The official American theory in 1941 ran strongly against its use as a field of military operations. This fact was important, for it contributed heavily to the mental climate, the atmosphere in which decisions were made. It lay at the base of such arrangements as that which placed our Army forces throughout the area under General John L. Dewitt of the Western Defense Command, with his headquarters at the Presidio in San Francisco. Alaska was the only part of his command where there was any fighting—and he was farther from it than he was from Chicago! The same intellectual climate was responsible for the report of the Hepburn Board in 1938—a board that wanted additional bases in the Caribbean and Wake and Guam armed to the teeth:

The weather conditions of Alaska are so changeable and so severe that . . . in spite of their favorable strategic location, the Board does not favor the Aleutian Islands as a site for the main Alaskan base. . . . A location at Kodiak offers greater advantage for maintenance and operation. . . . The Board has selected Sitka, Kodiak, and Unalaska as offering the most favorable natural sites for air bases.

Sitka is back next to the continent, in the arms of Canada; Kodiak is well east and south of the Alaska capes; Unalaska—better known as Dutch Harbor—is less than halfway along the Aleutian chain, and the facilities recommended for that spot were to support *one squadron of twelve patrol planes!*

The war was to demonstrate that no factor really overrules the strategic—not weather nor living conditions nor lives.

II

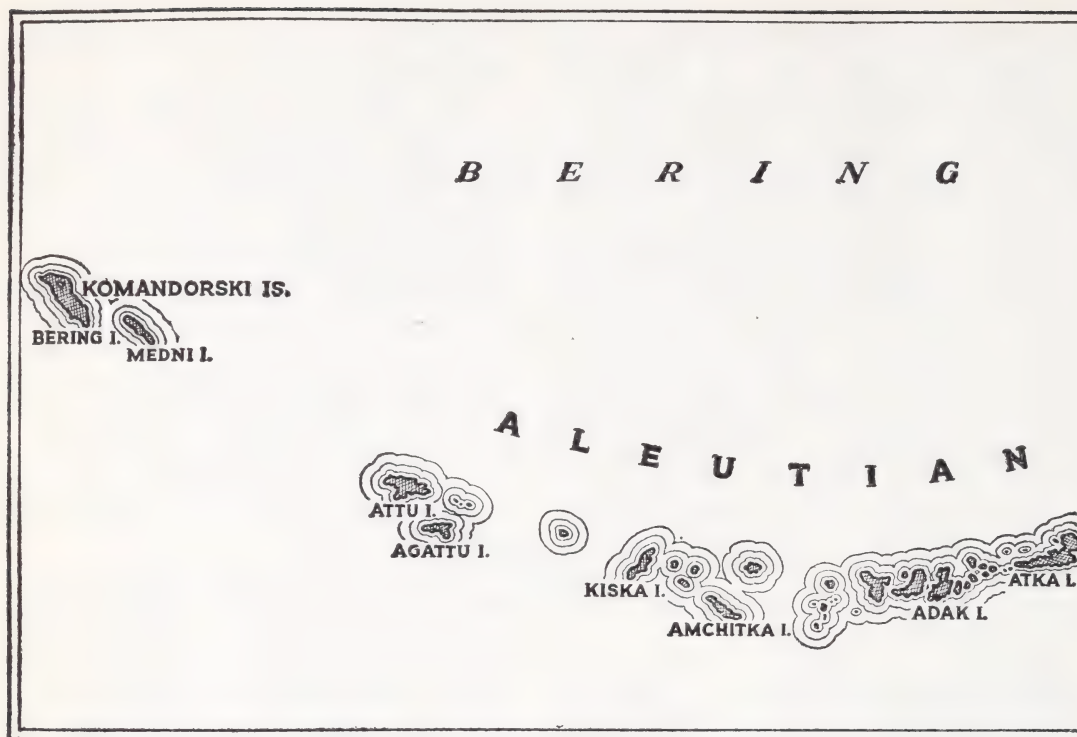
THE actual situation on the day of Pearl Harbor was this: At Sitka the antique liner *City of Baltimore* housed a thousand workers, who were making a good job last as long as possible while they set up facilities for two squadrons of seaplanes. At Kodiak the derelict *Yale* housed a similar party who had run the price of red-eye up to \$5.50 a quart in town; at Dutch Harbor (Unalaska) there was another gang on the old *Northwestern*. Kodiak had a hangar and runways; but there were still no docks, no revetments,

the artillery was mostly lacking, and there was almost no ammunition.

The Army was building air bases at Seward, Anchorage, and Fairbanks. They had a couple of B17's at Fairbanks and had learned a lot about keeping planes flyable under tough conditions. The Anchorage base had its runway, with a single squadron of dowager B18 bombers and a squadron of the P36 fighters that had been hot stuff eight years before. The schedule called for 5,000 troops to be in the posts governing the airfields. Presumably they were there, for in October, 1941, the War Department announced "new garrisons" at Seward, Kodiak, and Dutch Harbor.

These men constituted the Alaska Defense Command under General Simon Bolivar Buckner, named after his father, who surrendered Fort Donnellson to U. S. Grant. The ridiculous censorship came down hard on the soldiers and still harder on the base workers; a lot of the base workers quit, and the morale of the Alaska Defense Command began to go down as rumor chased rumor and the Japs crowed over the radio.

BUT the Japs took no more vigorous action. We know the Japanese strategic concepts only by their effects, but it seems that they planned a war in three main stages. After they had eliminated the striking force of the U.S. fleet, the *first* stage was the seizure of an empire in Malaya and the East Indies, which possessed the resources of materials and labor which would be necessary to support the rather long war that the Japs expected to have to fight. The most immediate danger to this empire was from the south and southeast, the Australia-New Zealand region. The *second* stage would therefore be to prevent a concentration of Anglo-Saxon forces in that region. It was to be cut off on the west by the seizure of the Andamans and Burma (with naval operations against any British forces approaching from that quarter), and cut off on the east by the capture of the New Hebrides, New Caledonia, and perhaps the Fijis and Samoa. Thus the reduction of Australia and New Zealand would become a subsidiary operation.



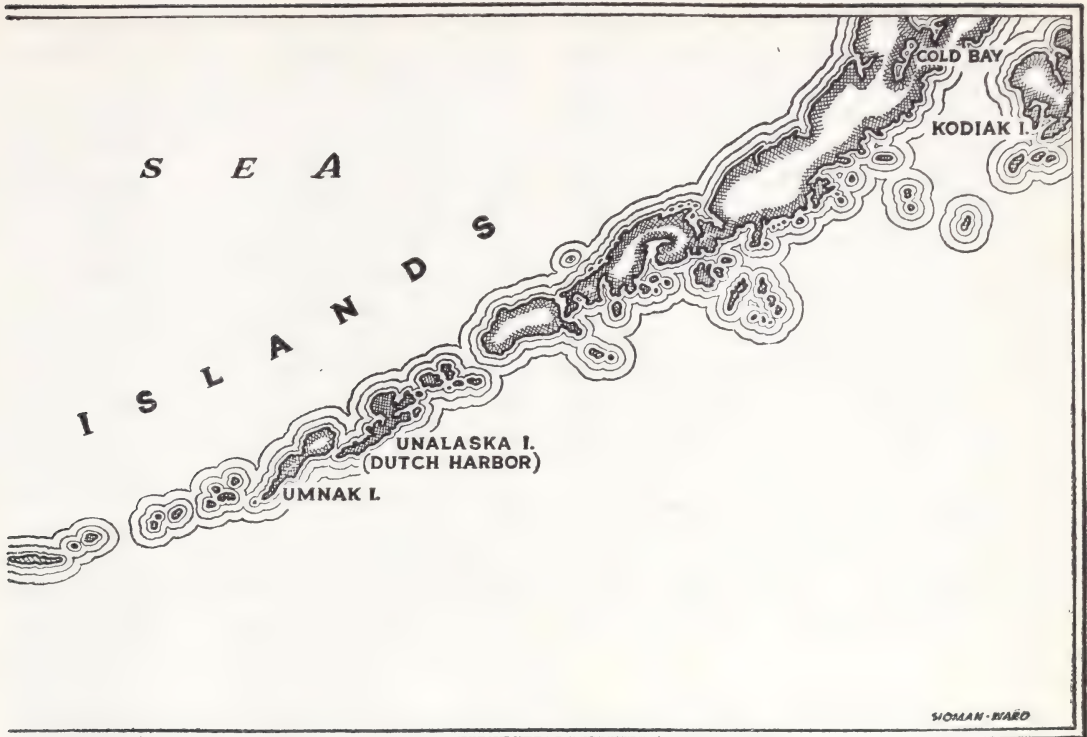
The *third* stage would be the attack on the American continent via the Alaska line foreseen by Homer Lea, while Midway and Hawaii were knocked out by a major expedition. The whole Alaska business could well afford to be left to late in the game, for the Japs could read English newspapers and well knew how long it would be before even the modest recommendations of the Hepburn Board were translated into actual defenses.

The first stage of the Jap plan went through on schedule and perhaps even ahead of it. In the second stage, the Japs were aided by the great good luck of eliminating piecemeal all the British naval forces that could be spared to attack the southwestern corner of their triangle of empire—first the *Repulse* and *Prince of Wales*, then the *Cornwall*, *Dorsetshire*, and *Hermes*; both groups were caught by overwhelming concentrations of aircraft before the British became fairly aware of the new tactics. In the meanwhile, however, our raids on the Gilbert and Marshall Islands, and our air attacks on Wake and Tokyo, had demonstrated that the U.S. Navy was also awake to the uses of sea-borne power; and at Coral Sea in earliest May a part of the imperial program failed.

Why? Because the Pearl Harbor at-

tack itself was a failure; it had not eliminated the American Navy's striking force, but had only transferred it from the gun to the airplane. In the Japanese view it therefore became necessary to proceed to the third phase without waiting for the completion of the second. If they could knock out Midway and Hawaii, while advancing on the Aleutians, they would sever the American line of communications to Australia far back near the roots.

It is characteristic that this Japanese plan was on a level below that of true strategic thinking. The latter consists in disposing one's forces so that they will be superior at the point of contact regardless of enemy reaction, and is based on information. The Japanese campaign was based on an assumption—that our main striking force would remain south to cover the Australian lifeline after Coral Sea. If this happened it did not matter whether our squadron in Hawaiian waters dashed off to meet the Aleutian attack (which was timed to fall the earlier of the two) or stayed where it was. It did not matter if one finger of the two-pronged attack were rapped over the knuckles. There would not be enough American ships to cover both areas; Japan would end up in possession of either the great Hawaii-Midway



complex or the fine fleet anchorage at Dutch Harbor. And from whichever they took, the Japs would be able to throw irresistible strength on the other.

That is, they had not really made up their minds which was the essential point of contact; and they allowed no factor of safety in case their information turned out to be wrong.

III

A LOT of it was wrong. The extent of their miscalculation, the overwhelming nature of the forces they faced at Midway, has only gradually become clear. There was Spruance with the carrier striking force rushing toward Midway to give the Japanese navy the worst defeat it ever had. And there was a force of battleships rumbling toward an action which it never reached.

On the morning of June 3, 1942, Captain Updegraff, in command of the station at Dutch Harbor, got the news at breakfast that four Jap bombers with an escort of 15 carrier-type fighters had come through under the mists. Our mail plane was just taking off for Kodiak; the Zeros dove at her; she burst into flames and her pilot, Litsey, was lucky to slide her to a

crash stop on the beach and get out with his life.

Three of the Japs were not so lucky. There were three American four-piper destroyers in the harbor, one of them in its second avatar as a seaplane tender, with a Coast Guard cutter and a minesweep, none of them armed against aircraft with anything better than the old Navy 3-inch. But the Zeros' dive brought them into range of these guns; one Zero spiraled into the harbor, one trailed smoke and skidded into the flank of Mt. Ballyhou, and the land guns got a third on the getaway.

It was the first time in action for all hands; there were warwhoops and mutual backslapping as the Jap bomber sailed on past toward the Army post of Fort Mears. There a stick of Jap bombs killed 25 soldiers in their barracks and smashed a truck on the road. Bad enough; but less than might have been expected for an attack with no American fighters to check it.

CAPTAIN UPDEGRAFF had good reason to be worried. This Japanese "attack" was presumably only a reconnaissance preliminary to the real movement, which would very likely be coming in with transports and guns as well as planes to cover a landing. His own mobile means

of defense consisted of the three destroyers then in harbor, a couple of aircraft tenders now far down the island chain somewhere, and Patrol Squadrons 41 and 42, consisting of PBY's. The PBY, or Catalina, is the only plane in existence that can make itself at home in the borsch they use for weather in the Aleutians, but its combat efficiency is adequately described by the local nickname—Blue Coffin.

Nevertheless Updegraff's first essential was information—how many enemies, and where? The PBY's out in their dispersal coves were alerted and ordered in for gas, which was centered aboard the tenders. The minesweep and destroyers got steam on all boilers; the soldiers poured out of Fort Mears and took up their emergency defensive positions, while their leaders waited—and feared—the main Japanese attack.

IT NEVER arrived. The next island to Unalaska is Umnak, crowned with mountains. It seems that while the Jap commander was sending part of his air force in on Dutch Harbor he shot the rest around Umnak for scouting purposes; and these planes found something sensational.

A month earlier Colonel Benjamin B. Talley of the Army Engineers had secured permission to put an airfield on Umnak and he had poured 4,000 men into the place. Their supplies had come from Seattle, mendaciously addressed to the Blair Fish Packing Company. Just one week before the Japs came, Major John Chennault sat down on the new landing strip at Umnak with a squadron of P40's; and it was these that furnished the sensation to six fat Jap bombers boring along toward their mother ship with full bomb loads still aboard. The sensation was highly unpleasant, since these fighters came from the west—the direction of Japan—where no American land planes had any business being. Three of the Japs went down in a flash. The others rushed off to the southeast, yelling frantically over their radios. A little later a group of homing Zeros met two of the PBY's of Squadron 41 which were running into the Umnak base for gas. There was a tangled quick fight in which we lost a plane, the Japs lost two, and some of the escaping

enemy got close enough for a look at the runway at Umnak. Then the tumult whirled off toward the Jap ships.

Chennault's planes had to give up and come back for more fuel before they finished the Japs, but in a strategic sense that was probably a good thing, since some of the Jap planes reached their ships to give their admiral the bad news. He advanced under a weather front, a big one—with gales on the surface and fast-moving clouds that only now and then left a clear space on the surface a hundred yards across. Widespread scouting was impossible. The Japanese admiral had to make up his mind on a program and stick to it.

The original Japanese plan was undoubtedly to knock off Dutch Harbor; and while the morning's armed reconnaissance would have warned the Americans, the Japanese admiral considered that the information gained in the process would do him more good than the slender amount of warning we got would do us. But the discovery of P40's and an Army air base in that wilderness had reversed the roles. Now the Americans knew what they were up against, while the Japanese admiral was left in the dark, with a very limited amount of time to work out a solution. How many more hidden fields did our forces have and how many planes were on them?

Apparently he decided to put up combat patrols and wait till a slight break in the weather brought more light on the situation. But that afternoon one of our PBY's came through the clouds, hung over the Jap armada for long enough to get a good count, and then escaped despite being hit by one of the fighters. Now (the Jap knew) we had his strength and approximate position, while he was still ignorant of what he was up against. There was a strong possibility that Dutch Harbor was a trap. He turned slowly back toward Japan.

AS A matter of fact the American command was still under the fog of war late that night. The radio reports of the successful PBY had been garbled. The plane itself had had its rudder shot away and lost its last gasoline through holes in

the tank. It came down on the water and sank; the crew were picked up by a Coast Guard cutter whose skipper quite reasonably refused to open up his radio with so many enemy surface units in the neighborhood.

With the dawn both Squadrons 41 and 42 were out and Lieutenant M. C. Freerks, on his way in from patrol, spotted the enemy 210 miles southwest of Umnak—two cruisers (there later turned out to be a third), a big carrier, a small one, and numerous destroyers. He stayed with them twenty minutes and got a clearer report through. Wind, fog, and snowstorms were so thick that the Jap had not flown off any planes that morning; if there had been a strong American striking force available, a carbon copy of the big smash-up of the day at Midway might have been produced—but the only American striking force consisted of six Army B26's at Cold Bay, another secret airstrip built at the same time as Umnak. These went out with torpedoes, which they had never flown before.

They found the Japs all right, in the early afternoon, and went in on their ships. Only one of the planes got close enough to make a good drop and that one got too close, for he dumped his torpedo squarely on the deck of a Jap carrier and it didn't go off.

Later in the afternoon the weather moderated a trifle and the Jap planes came back to Dutch on a revenge raid. In the process they shot down two more PBY's, hit a wooden oil tank, and set fire to the old barrack ship *Northland*. But they found themselves in battle with some of our fighters from Umnak; and later still, a couple of newly-arrived B17's came out from our Kodiak base and dropped bombs through a low overcast, bringing back word of a couple of probable hits.* The hits are dubious, but it was apparently the presence of these monster bombers that made the Jap fleet change course, as it did during the day. Toward evening our radio operators back at Dutch began

to pick up Jap planes calling frantically from the murk to learn where their ships were. In the most kindhearted way our radiomen gave them directions, and the fight was over.

Count up: We had lost four PBY's, a fighter, and one of the B26's, besides the Army men killed at Mears. The Japs had lost all or very nearly all the planes from two carriers, 40 at least. Considering the potentialities and intentions of the force that had come along the Aleutian chain, it was an American victory.

But while we were still counting it as such a radio message came from our little weather station at Kiska, far to the west—"Unidentified ships entering harbor"—and then silence. The battle had been won; the campaign was only beginning.

IV

It is singularly difficult to get any kind of grip on the operations that followed. To begin with, it was colonial warfare, a type not seen in America since General Crook chased Geronimo—a war of incidents whose effect is cumulative, in which the death of ten men constitutes a victory or a catastrophe. The detailed narration would be about as interesting—or useful—as the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle.

It was also a war in a double dark, of fog and outrageous censorship, complicated by the fact that the command arrangement on our side was one of the most singular known to history. As soon as the Cold Bay and Umnak establishments got to operating smoothly they were erected into the Eleventh Army Air Force. This was a part of the Alaska Defense Command under General Buckner and he, as I have already pointed out, fell under the orders of General Dewitt back in Frisco. But for tactical purposes, the Eleventh fell under Navy command and its operations were described in Navy communiqués.

At the beginning, indeed, the Eleventh had no operations. The Japs had put the horizon between themselves and the B26's of Umnak and Cold Bay. The B17's, we are told, had "operational trouble," which can mean anything. In this case it meant that they could not fly to the three outer islands—Kiska, Agattu, Attu—after the

* It was probably these planes to which Representative Magnusson referred in his indignant speech before Congress, when he said that Army planes which might have smashed up the Japs did not stir until too late because they had no orders from their immediate command.

weather stations went dead. Neither could most of the planes of 41 and 42. They were down on the water, down under it, or worn out, man and machine. Squadron 43 was rushing up to meet the emergency of the Japanese attack with 12 new PBY's, but it did not begin to fly from a tender in a bay off Atka Island till June 10th. That same day Lieutenant J. E. Bowers of 41, with his plane only 50 feet above the water, found the Japs at Kiska—ships in the anchorage, a tent city on shore.

He got off the news. That day two other PBY's made Kiska, dropping bombs with what results they never knew because they were in and out of streaming mist. When their accounts were added up they amounted to one Jap heavy cruiser, two light cruisers, and a destroyer at anchor, with at least six transports. This would mean that about 10,000 Japs were ashore on Kiska.

Now 10,000 was a lot of Japs. Rear Admiral R. A. Theobald, in command of the area for the Navy, realized at once that if they got themselves dug in they would be making trouble; and also that since their Midway defeat, the logical Japanese line would be to divert whatever free force they had to expand this foothold in the north.

American submarines were on the way for the defense; also many more Army planes and another PBY squadron, 51; but all were tantalizingly distant. There was little possibility of support for our admiral from surface ships or from troops; for the campaigns that were to be those of Guadalcanal and North Africa were being mounted. The first phase of the campaign was therefore simply an air war against the Jap beachheads with the PBY's doing all the work. They took off from the tender at Atka, which is 400-odd miles west of Dutch Harbor and the same distance east of Kiska, and for four days conducted a fantastic bomb siege.

THERE is a volcano on Kiska. Our pilots went up through the perpetual overcast till they could see its pillar of smoke, turned next to it, and putting the elephantine PBY's into crash-angle dives came thundering down through. They

never knew quite what they would find underneath, except that they would meet heavy and extraordinarily accurate flak. The Japs had discovered that the cloud layer hung always at just a thousand feet off the water and had adjusted their guns accordingly. Not one of our planes was unhit; and at the bottom of the dive, both pilot and co-pilot had to stand up, heaving full strength on their yokes, to bring their damaged monster out of her dive. Remarkably, only one plane was lost. In return our pilots got at least three of a group of seven four-motored Kawanishis (patrol bombers) as they lay on the surface, and dumped at least one big bomb each into a Jap transport, a cruiser, and a destroyer.

But the very same day a Jap scout plane burst through the mist of Atka to find the tender from which our planes had taken off; and since she was already down to the last of her gas and bombs, she pulled out.

The presence of both the Kawanishis and the Jap destroyer told something to Admiral Theobald: the Japs were reinforcing and preparing to stay at Kiska.

IT WAS true. Not only were the Japs preparing to stay, but in the long months that followed, their labors on Kiska made headway despite American attacks. We attacked them with a squadron of six Liberators, newly arrived (and called "the pink elephants" because of their African painting). We attacked them with submarines: on the 4th of July one of our subs worked through the shallow entrance of Kiska Harbor and hit three Jap destroyers; within three weeks our subs sent down five more Jap destroyers off Kiska. We assembled a cruiser force (presumably on loan from another area) which bombarded the island briefly through the fog from ten miles out. What is more, in August we landed men on another Aleutian island, Adak, and built a landing strip there; on September 14th a powerful force of Liberators and B17's took off from this strip and did great destruction at Kiska. (It was during the next winter, by the way, that Lieutenant C. E. Rodebaugh, flying a PBY, was attacked by four Zeros and flew round and round a small island, one wing so close to the cliffs that

they could not dive on him without spilling, till their gas gave out and they went home.) Meanwhile, however, the Japs were slowly building up their Kiska installations—constructing a fighter strip, seaplane ramps, hangars, roads, and a submarine base.

The Aleutians remained a low-priority theater for both sides—but lower on our side than on that of the Japs. They had more men there, they got a construction gang started before we did, and they were early and lavish with what they esteemed as the proper type of military tools—Kawanishis, Float Zeros, submarines, and destroyers. Where they missed out was in failing to realize that colonial warfare is always an engineering problem. Build Fort Duquesne and you hold the Northwest Territory; build Adak and you can send bombers with fighter cover to attack a Kiska runway still being laboriously constructed by hand.

Winter clamped down on that stormiest of all seas, and when on March 15, 1943—"the only good bombing day so far this year"—our pilots returned from Kiska and from Attu (which the Japs were also building up), they described both places as stronger than ever, with several new flak batteries in position and a whole series of revetments. On both islands the strips had crawled forward (though they were still incomplete). And the only gain we had to show for the winter was that we had set up a new small strip on the forwardly island of Amchitka, which had been passed up by the Japs as an unpalatable ice-water swamp. The whole Aleutian campaign had reached a stagnation of locked pawns. Among men who got their mail three months after it was written, their pay six months after it was due, and reading matter only after it had been barbered by the censor's shears, morale was definitely low.

V

FAR in the south Guadalcanal now flew the Stars and Stripes; our new carriers and battleships were roaming the Pacific; and the African invasion was such a success that our Army and Navy could contemplate a serious campaign in the Aleutians without shuddering at the cost.

Through late February and windy March of 1943 ships began to run along the chain bringing men and equipment for an offensive. Fleet Air Wing 4, that had flown the PBY's till they fell apart, got some new Venturas and used them from Amchitka and Adak.

Rear Admiral Thomas Kinkaid, who had led the fleet through the Battle of the Eastern Solomons, moved in with his staff; rumor said there were battleships coming; and the correspondents speculated that our attack would be made during the short belt of good weather between mid-April and the end of May.

The Japs made the same speculation. It was thought they might; and that they might reinforce to meet the new thrust. Far out to the west of Adak, to intercept any effort at such reinforcement, Admiral Kinkaid had sent a patrol force under Rear Admiral Charles H. McMorris, who in the *San Francisco* had led the line on the night of October 11th when all those Jap ships were sunk off Cape Esperance, Guadalcanal.

Give him a glance as he stands on his bridge, a tall man with a red face, an Alabaman without an accent. He was described as a man who could go flaming sarcastic when crossed, swearing at anyone within sound of his voice, but just as quick to award a "well done." Both characteristics could be traced to an extraordinary speed of thought which found it difficult to comprehend slower minds—an officer once on his staff says McMorris would gently pick up a sheaf of papers and leaf through them, memorizing every one of them and carrying on a conversation at the same time, like Thomas Babington Macaulay. He had his flag in the light cruiser *Richmond*, one of the old *Omaha* class, designed in 1914 and built at the close of the last war, with more than half her 6-inch guns in casemates and only seven of them bearing on a side.

With him were the heavy cruiser *Salt Lake City* (old "*Swayback Maru*")—that had seen almost every action of the Pacific fighting, now under a new captain named Rodgers and herself so new to the area that the skipper had not yet paid his courtesy call—and four destroyers, *Monaghan* (with the pennant of Captain

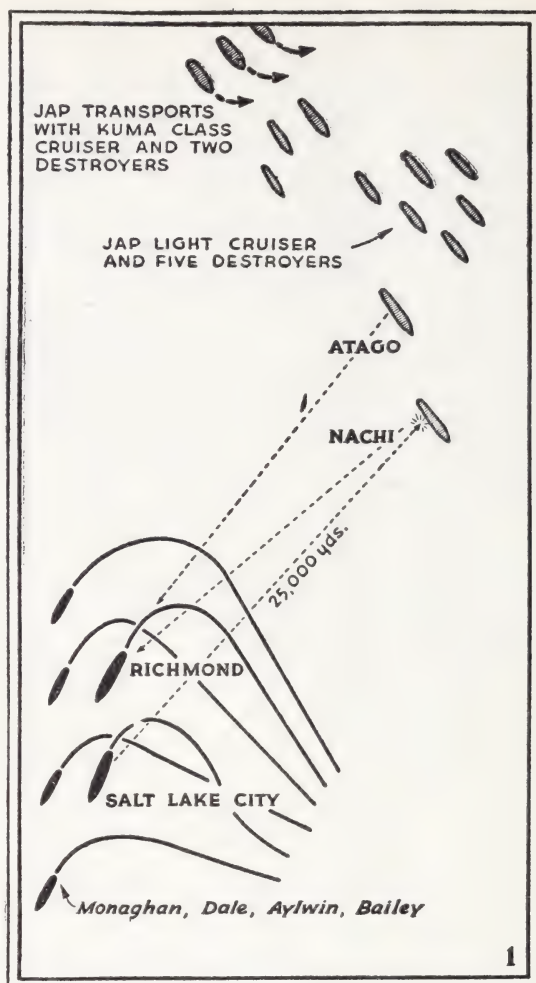
Ralph S. Riggs), *Dale, Aylwin, Bailey*. They were spread out in a line of search with each of the cruisers sandwiched between a pair of destroyers, steaming westward over a glassy slatelike sea through bitter early-morning cold, when the *Richmond* got a sight of masts to the north. Pole masts; this would be the expected convoy, Japanese transports swinging in for Attu from far north around the Russian Komandorskies.

"CONCENTRATE on me," signaled the flagship at 7:30. Fifteen minutes later from *Salt Lake City's* tops they could make out the Japs—at least three transports with a pair of destroyers and one of the old light cruisers of the *Kuma* class, about equal to *Richmond*. The American formation speeded up and turned northwest to cut off their line of retreat.

Everyone was leaning around the bridge screens to watch the progress of the chase, when, a little after eight, messages of more ships in sight out to the east began to come down from masthead. The first was 14 miles away—"May be a CA"*—and then it was a CA definitely. There was another CA, too. (These cruisers proved to be one of their *Nachis* and one of their *Atagos*.) And there was another light cruiser and five more Jap destroyers, all now east of the American squadron and bearing down at their best speed. Instead of trapping the Japs, McMorris' little force was trapped, with twice his strength in enemies between him and base. To remind him of it, the guns of the leading Jap disgorged balls of flame and at exactly 8:37 tall geysers leaped from the leaden sea on both sides of *Richmond* and the men down below felt a heavy shock that made them think she had been hit.

She was not; but that straddle with the first salvo promised that the Japanese shooting would be altogether too good. McMorris swung his ships together in a sharp curve back southwest. As the range shortened—it seems the Japs wanted to close at this stage—the *Richmond* fired back. Short. As our ships turned, the enemy recognized that we had a heavy cruiser. They shifted targets and dumped a couple of salvos short of this main antagonist.

*CA is the designation for heavy cruiser.

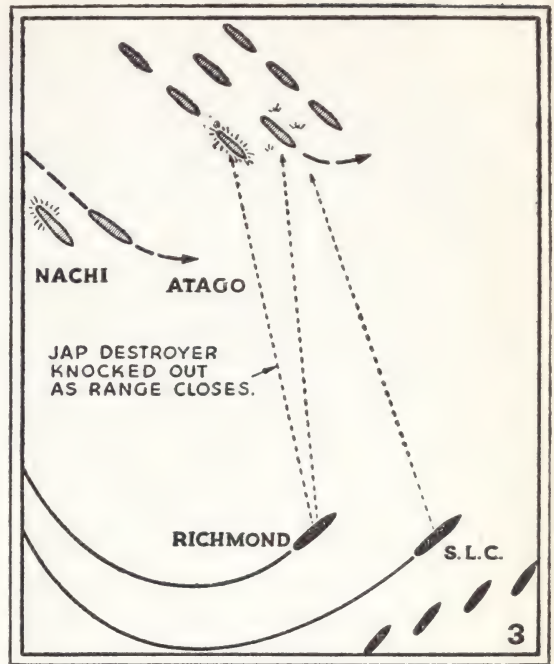


By 8:42 she was shooting back, fast. The second salvo was a beautiful straddle, and at the fourth the American squadron drew an enormous dividend from a combination of good gunnery and good luck.

It went right in on the *Nachi* at the base of the bridge, the ship that had been flying signals which marked her as the flag. A huge flame swept up and spread till it engulfed the whole towering pagoda. Beneath it the hull spat smoke; her salvos missed a beat and she dropped back.

Salt Lake shifted her fire to the *Atago*; got a couple of straddles on her and maybe a hit. But the Jap damage control was all right; eight minutes later they were coming along again in pursuit, firing as before. Their two light cruisers were off to port, east of the heavies with the destroyers around them, covering the transports. The range was still 25,000 yards—too long for anything but the 8-inch guns of the heavies.

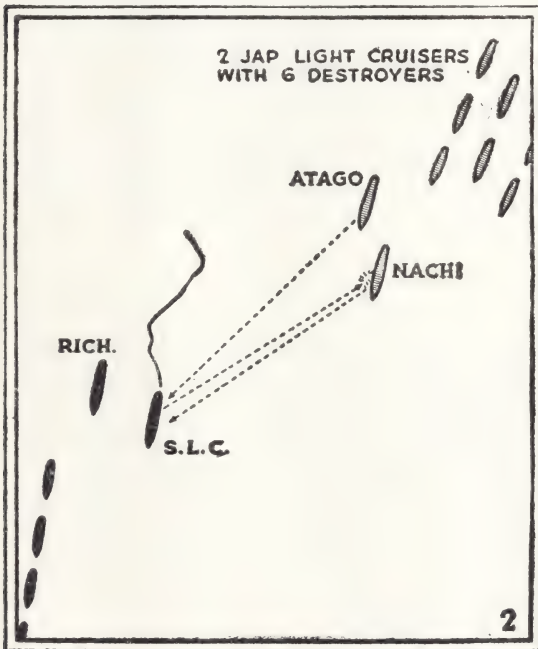
Now as the *Salt Lake* worked southwest, carrying the load of the whole fleet, she could fire only the five guns of her two after turrets. The Japs had all twenty of their big guns bearing and were dumping shells into the sea all round the American heavy. "Ten degrees left rudder," Captain Rodgers would say, and then to his exec, "Well, which way shall we turn next?" as he strove to figure out how the Japs would correct their fire. It was remarked that while the *Atago's* salvos were falling in close bunches still, those from the *Nachi* were spread wide and sometimes did not contain the right number of shells. Something was wrong with that ship; possibly her main fire control station had been knocked out by that first punishing hit; but at 9:10 *Salt Lake City* herself took a hit aft, fortunately not a damaging blow.



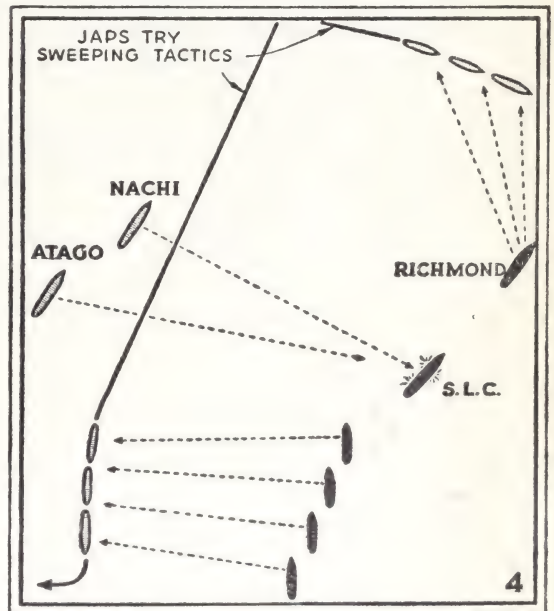
movements of wild disco-ordination with no signals from the flag.

It was suddenly borne in upon the American officers that the Jap admiral must have died in that fire around his bridge. The Japs had no head, and the fight was turning northwest.

A LITTLE after ten the *Nachi* got herself under control and straightened out with the *Atago*. They came along again and about this time it seems to have occurred to the Japanese light-cruiser men that they could practice the sweeping ac-



At 9:20 the *Nachi* was hit again, a beauty on the superstructure aft, with a long stream of smoke which this time did not die down. She slowed; the *Atago* shot past her, and quick as thought McMorris swung his whole squadron to the northeast and toward contact with the Japanese light cruisers. *Richmond's* guns opened up as the range closed; the first Jap light cruiser was surrounded by splashes and maybe hit as he turned away. One of their destroyers was definitely punched and dropped out, with another standing by. Their whole squadron spread in

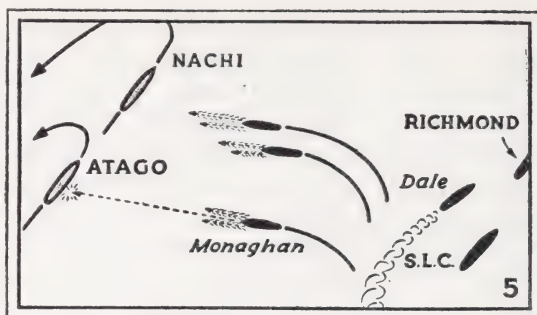


tics Harwood had used on the *Graf Spee* off the River Plate. They swung out to side and side for a torpedo attack, each with a tail of two destroyers. But the *Richmond* opened up on one flank, our four destroyers on the other; one Jap group sheared off nervously and the other remained at long range.

It was clearly our battle to nearly 11:00, but now whatever gods of luck there be straightened things out for the favors they had awarded us earlier. *Salt Lake* was hit three times in quick succession; one of the shells threw a fuel tank down into the engine spaces. Bering Sea ice water rushed in and was only checked by damage control parties working chest deep. Worse still, some of it got into the fuel oil. Sea water will not burn; the *Salt Lake's* speed dropped off; an enemy salvo landed so close aboard that it jarred the whole ship; the steering gear went sour so she could not dodge. Her destroyers rushed out to cover her with smoke.

BACK at the Adak base, our Army bombers were feverishly unloading the fragmentation missiles with which they had filled up for a go at Kiska and taking in armor-piercers. Another cruiser was raising steam for sea; our ships were in motion all along the Aleutian chain. But it would be hours before any of them got there, and hours were too much as the *Salt Lake* came to a stop with all her fires extinguished (with *Dale* making a smoke screen around her and the Japs firing intermittently through the gaps where it thinned). Captain Riggs of the destroyers had been pleading to make a torpedo attack. Now Admiral McMorris released him for a desperation try and our three destroyers went rushing across the long gap of open sea into the guns of two heavy cruisers. "We'll never see those fellows again," said someone on *Salt Lake's* bridge.

The *Monaghan* was hit; hit again. Her speed dropped off to 15 knots; she swirled around and let her torpedoes go at long range, 9,000 yards from the enemy, lest she should not have a chance to let them go at all. The others raced past her a half-step, firing their own torpedoes and their guns. They noted how the *Nachi* was



shooting from only a single turret, and as they watched they saw a salvo from the *Monaghan's* 5-inch go right into the face of one of the *Atago's* gunhouses. As the three destroyers coasted around their curve, the *Salt Lake* away behind them suddenly burst through the smoke screen at full speed and opened up with all her guns.

That was the battle. The Japs turned west and south to get away from the run of the torpedoes and kept right on going. With a badly crippled destroyer and a cruiser that could not go very far, McMorris was in no condition to pursue forces double his own, no matter how badly damaged or poorly co-ordinated.

VI

AND that, as it turned out, was essentially the campaign. Far away in the south, American troopships were beginning to come around the cape of New Guinea into Bismarck Sea; MacArthur's planes were bombarding Wewak and our warships were operating in Kula Gulf. The Japs needed every ship they could get for the swift night attacks with gun and torpedo that they were planning to stop our crawl up the Solomon chain, and their military investment in that area was larger than in the Aleutians. They decided to cut the loss in the unsatisfactory northern campaign; and when the American bombers rode daily over Attu and Kiska in their preliminary softening up, Tokyo did nothing but announce that the fighting in the islands had "become a series of tragic and heroic incidents for the Japanese soldier."

On May 7th the blow was due to fall. Our biggest invasion force since Guadalcanal steamed along the island chain,

headed by the battleships *Nevada* and *Pennsylvania*, with an escort carrier in support and transports bearing a full division of Army troops to land on Attu—too big a force to miss overwhelming its objective. But the blundering mischance native to that land of storms rode with them as with everyone else who had penetrated there. Off Adak they ran into a fog remarkable even for the Aleutians; for three days the fleet groped blindly around Bering Sea, hoping the enemy had not been warned.

On May 11th in the morning they made in on Attu, and while the battleships raked with gunfire the trenches that our air scouts had photographed along the beach, landing craft put the infantrymen ashore in bays north and south of the peninsula that juts westward from Attu's central mass.

There were no Japs to meet them. The trenches were merely lines of spading across the black soil, put there to fool our photographers. But when the advance across the saddle of hills to hook up the two detachments began, it was discovered that the enemy were in presence all right, dug into caves and cliffs where it was almost impossible to get at them, even to locate them so that artillery fire could be laid down. Then came the second discovery: our troops were of the Seventh Division, desert trained. Though they had been given warm clothing, their footgear was the ordinary military low shoe, which allowed the feet to get beautifully wet on that boggy beach during the short Aleutian day and to freeze during the zero Aleutian night. (Why the experienced

arctic fighters of the Alaska Defense Command were not used for this job no one has ever explained.) There were soon as many frozen-feet casualties as there were casualties from Jap bullets; the whole battle for Attu went badly and blunderingly and ended on a note of horror with a Jap suicide charge in the course of which they burst into a field hospital and killed the doctors and the wounded.

Well, the Japs were wiped out: 2,100 dead (or more—that many were buried) and just eleven prisoners from the island. That promised extremely rough going at Kiska, where there were so many more Japs, and preparations for this bigger attack were made with extreme care. Everyone knows what happened when it was made in August. Nothing happened; there was not a Jap left on the island, though there had been AA fire from it only two days before.

THUS the Aleutian campaign ended as it began, a campaign of uncertainty, brilliance, and blunders, distant from glory. It has seemed futile and unsatisfactory to many observers on our side; but if so for us, how much more for the enemy—for theirs was the heavier loss, theirs the high hopes and deep disappointments; and not we but they had to bear the weight of the final postscript:

"Washington. A Pacific Fleet Announcement: Paramishiru Shimushu in the Kurile Islands were bombed by Ventura search planes of Fleet Air Wing Four before dawn today. All our aircraft returned."

{ *As former Executive Director of the Board of Economic Warfare, Milo Perkins faced the cartel problem constantly. He is now consultant to several business firms on foreign trade policy.* }

CARTELS: WHAT SHALL WE DO ABOUT THEM?

MILO PERKINS



COMPLETELY open competition in international trade is dead for the foreseeable future. Business men of several foreign nations have already decided to conduct a large part of their foreign trade after the war through cartels, and it seems certain that their governments will support them. This decision will not only affect every American who does business abroad, but will deeply influence the domestic economy of the United States. This is a fact which there's no getting round.

Obviously most Americans don't like it. President Roosevelt and Secretary Hull have both recently denounced cartels, as have other American leaders ranging from Thurman Arnold to Eric Johnston. A devastating case has been made against cartel operations in the past few years. The popular imagination has been caught by congressional revelations indicating that the Nazis outwitted us by using their industrial combines to make cartel deals with our firms—deals which helped the German war effort and damaged ours.

We Americans still believe in free markets where the best man has a sporting chance to win. We distrust big combinations of industrial power; and cartels are certainly powerful. If tariffs are to be written for American industries we prefer that our own government should write

them; cartels in effect often write their own prohibitive tariffs when they agree to parcel out countries to their members on a monopoly basis. We believe in a free enterprise system, with its profit and loss; cartels seek to establish a controlled profit system without loss. The whole notion of cartelized foreign trade goes against our grain.

But it will do us little good simply to wave our arms—as we have been doing—in righteous indignation. We'll have to do better than that or we shall be outsmarted and outgeneraled.

The first thing we must do—and it had better be soon—is to face the facts as to what cartels are, why they are, and what the chances are of their being eliminated from international trade after the war, or even relegated to a minor role. Then we may be able to decide on an American policy which will have a chance of working.

FIRST of all, what are international cartels and what do they do?

They might be described, loosely, as worldwide trusts, combines, or monopolies. An international cartel is an agreement among producers in various countries for joint action to achieve stability in a given industry. Sometimes this means raising prices and trying to hold them up;

sometimes it means trying to avoid a price collapse which would bring heavy losses. In either case, the cartel tries to increase the income of its members by weakening competition. *All cartels are in business to keep prices at levels which could not be held if free competition existed.* (This is particularly true in times of depression; in good times, cartel prices are occasionally lower than the prices that would result from free competition.)

Cartels are very numerous. In 1939, according to one count, there were no less than 179 worldwide cartel arrangements, of which 133 covered manufactured goods, 32 covered minerals, and 14 covered agricultural products and services. Out of the total of 179, American firms participated in 109. (Since then the Department of Justice has started proceedings against some 40 of these and it is said that 15 or 20 more are scheduled for investigation.) Many cartel arrangements have been in abeyance during the war, either because connections with cartel members in enemy countries have been cut or because war operations have been so profitable as to make cartel restrictions unnecessary to bolster up the companies' income; but in the two decades before the war they had been making rapid strides.

Not only were there strictly foreign cartels, many of long standing, in which no American firms participated directly but which covered commodities we needed to import, such as rubber, tea, quebracho, quinine, tin, nickel, and industrial diamonds; but there were also cartels in which American firms joined—in chemicals, plastics, pharmaceuticals, electric lamps, photographic materials, aluminum, magnesium, and other metals. Sometimes the member companies made a single agreement; sometimes there was a series of little agreements on specific products made by a single industry (these were frequently informal and very hard to prove).

The devices used by cartels to stabilize prices have been many and ingenious. Sometimes they have done outright price-fixing. Sometimes they have divided markets between members so as to give them monopolies in specified sales areas: "You let me have Europe to myself and

I'll let you have the United States." At other times, cartels have not only done this but have joined hands in developing the market in a third area. For example, not only did Du Pont and Imperial Chemical Industries agree that Du Pont should have the U.S. market and that I.C.I. should have most of the British Empire, but the two companies worked together through jointly owned subsidiaries in Argentina and Brazil. These companies, known as Duperial, sold the products of both members. South American business men feel that the cartel thus discouraged the growth of South American chemical industries.

Sometimes cartels have rigidly limited each member company's production and have relied on that, rather than upon specific price agreements, to keep prices in line. (Members have been fined for exceeding their quotas, the amount of the fine being distributed among the other companies. The German steel industry, for example, paid a fine of some ten million dollars in one year during the nineteen-thirties while it was producing more than its cartel allocation permitted.)

ANOTHER thing that cartel members often do is to swap patents and technical processes. This gives each member a pool of scientific knowledge much bigger than it could command by itself. It also saves the time that might be lost in lawsuits over patent rights (and thus sometimes enables you and me to get the product more quickly). The swapping of patents may take place without any money changing hands—just a gentlemen's agreement to keep out of each other's backyards—or a considerable sum may be paid in cash. Suppose, for example, that a European company holds a patent on a chemical which can be used in several different trades. It may say to an American company, "I'll let you use my patent, but only on condition that you use it only in such-and-such a trade and in such-and-such an area"; in a case like that there may be a cash payment.

Obviously the firm which can make an international patent swap gets a big advantage over its rivals at home—though it is hard to say how much of this advan-

tage comes directly from the swap and how much of it comes from the fact that in this scientific age the big company with a well-financed research staff and an international sales organization has a tremendous lead over its smaller competitors anyhow.

Before the war, certain American electrical equipment companies got a distinct advantage from being tied in, through patent agreements, with a well-organized international cartel. It has been charged that you and I paid higher prices for electric light bulbs as a result, and that the use of fluorescent lighting in our homes was delayed.

Patent arrangements usually protect American companies from foreign competition (because the foreign companies stay out of the United States market) and frequently from domestic competition (because their American rivals don't hold the necessary patents).

Such patent agreements can lead to gross abuses. An arrangement among American, British, and German chemical companies made possible the sale of the same plastic material to commercial molders at 85 cents a pound and to dental laboratories at \$45 a pound; it has even been charged that research men were put to work to adulterate the material for the 85-cent market, without injuring its quality, in order to protect the \$45 market. International patent agreements may also endanger our military security, as did those which restricted the production of magnesium in this country before the war in order to protect the market for aluminum. But things don't always work that way. Our American bombing missions over Germany have used 100-octane gas, synthetic rubber tires, and synthetic toluene explosives, all based on German patents acquired for \$35,000,000 in a deal made in 1929, and subsequently improved in American laboratories.

It may be argued that by exchanging patents and processes, cartels help the worldwide development of scientific and technological knowledge. But clearly they do not always pass on the full benefits of their research to consumers in all the countries where they operate. The general public wants to see inventors re-

warded, but after that it wants to see new inventions and new processes used.

II

VERY well, then. Why can't we Americans just decide that we will have none of this?

We know that cartels would have rougher going after the war if goods moved as freely among countries as they now move among our forty-eight states—and that if this were to happen, the world would have more production, more economic opportunity, more employment, higher living standards, and a better environment for political democracy. We know, too, that if all governments encouraged open competition and did away with restrictive trade devices such as export and import quotas, blocked currencies, and exchange manipulation, American business could give a good account of itself in international trade, despite its higher wage levels. Why, then, shouldn't we simply legislate that no American firm shall have anything to do with a cartel, and hope that the rest of the world will follow suit?

The answer is: Because American business even at its strongest is relatively helpless against the competition of well-organized foreign businesses *supported by the power of their governments. It's the entry of foreign governments into the picture that makes the difference.*

For the truth is that our government is the only government in the world that is actively opposed to centralized controls over foreign trade.

TAKE a look at the world scene. Obviously the Russian government monopolies bear a much closer resemblance to cartel units than to private concerns, and are much more at home in a cartelized world than in a world of free competition. Smaller European countries like Belgium and Holland and Switzerland have permitted cartels in the past and are forced to use them once the big powers use them. And the cartelized control of industry is an easy, stable way of doing business in a semi-closed economy like Britain's. Many American business men were amazed to

read the recent statement of Lord McGowan, chairman of Imperial Chemical Industries, that British manufacturers "have ceased to believe in the superiority of free and extreme competition and have moved a long way in the direction of co-operation in industry and central action by the government." But it is symbolic of the revolution in British thinking that has occurred during the past few years. Knowing that they must have full employment in Britain after the war, and that their plight will be desperate unless they have greatly increased exports of goods and services, most of the British believe that they cannot rely upon competition to achieve this end, and therefore look without alarm upon the prospect of using cartels under government guidance.

Other nations, fearing that after the war they will not be able to sell enough of what they produce to protect their foreign exchange positions, will feel forced to limit what their people may import. (New Zealand, for example, has announced that she will continue such a policy, which she has had since 1938.) Even weak nations, if they resort to quotas and blocked currencies, can lick strong American companies operating in their countries on a competitive basis. They can even establish "cartels by government decree," in which American exporters have to take part unless they pull out of these nations' markets altogether. Take for instance the cartels by government decree that were set up in several Latin-American and European countries in the twenties and thirties to deal with the oil business.

Here's how it's done. The government—of a Latin American country, let us say—sponsors a company of its own, and then calls in the privately owned foreign companies and tells them that it wishes its company to get a certain percentage of the business at what amounts to a government-approved price. It suggests that all these companies get together, discuss the matter, and come back with an agreement as to the percentage of the business which is to be allocated to each of them. If the American company doesn't join in such an agreement, the American company doesn't do business in that country.

Our State Department is unlikely to

bring any real pressure to bear to break up such arrangements. It probably would regard any such move as interference with the other country's internal policy—an invasion of its sovereignty. And no American firm is strong enough to buck such arrangements by itself. Either it must have the support of the State Department in its insistence on doing business competitively, or it must be permitted, with diplomatic backing, to do business on a cartel basis in that country. The only other alternative is to pull out—and our need for foreign markets won't allow that to happen very often.

This trend toward cartelization abroad is likely to be intensified by another fact. The world supply of goods of many sorts is bound to exceed the effective demand as soon as we get beyond the "catch-up" period immediately after the war. New synthetic products and substitute products developed under the stress of war will be competing with natural products as soon as these become available once more. Rubber is an outstanding example (though the rubber situation will not be critical for the first two or three years after the war). When heavy surpluses reappear, there will be a loud call everywhere for stabilized marketing operations to avoid bankruptcy in producing countries; and the United Nations will be likely to resort to government-sponsored cartels as one of several stabilizing mechanisms. If by that time we have entered a United Nations organization to keep the peace, there will be large economic areas where we shall want to collaborate with other member nations on worldwide marketing problems. To do otherwise would be to engage in economic warfare against our present allies. So here again *the pressure of circumstances will tend to make us accept cartels because other nations accept them.*

WE SHALL be much more likely to accept them than we now believe. Our opposition to them is really a half-hearted opposition. We Americans preach free competition but we don't really practice what we preach. We moralize about the competitive way to business men in other nations, and then cling to tariff schedules so high that foreign business

men can't enter the United States market with their own goods to compete with us.

Now there is a parallel here which it is well to bear in mind. American firms have joined international cartels in the past less to get foreign business than to keep competitive foreign products out of the rich American market. Cartel agreements have frequently fenced in that market more effectively than any tariff. For instance, the Du Pont-I.C.I. agreement has been the equivalent of a prohibitive tariff on a long list of British chemicals in the United States (and vice versa). There is little doubt that a sizable part of American business will want to join cartels after the war to protect its domestic market, and it is likely that popular opinion will back such a move exactly as it has backed the imposition of high American tariffs. For as a people we are still under the delusion that the way to be prosperous is to sell as much as we can abroad and to buy as little as we can from abroad.

Already we Americans have gone a lot further toward giving up free competition here at home than most of us realize. Our support of it is stronger in our speeches than in our action. We love to tell each other with a good deal of righteousness that free competition is the "American way." But in the marketplace there's a wide gap between our oratory and our actions.

Not only does our tariff shut out foreign goods to prevent price-cutting from abroad in our home markets, but our patent laws underwrite monopoly most effectively in the fields where science has made its greatest progress. Under the Miller-Tydings Act, manufacturers and retailers can now act jointly to control sales prices of items such as food and drugs; this is in effect an abrogation of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act in a segment of the economy that affects the cost of living for every one of us as a consumer. For several years the Guffey Coal Act attempted to protect coal operators from the effects of competition by enforcing minimum prices. Oil is now produced in the United States under strict proration to prevent competition in the production end of the business from wasting a vital national resource. And our labor legislation and our agri-

cultural legislation both succeed in protecting millions of individual Americans from the strictest competition.

Several pieces of labor legislation do this by granting certain union activities immunity from the anti-trust laws, and by legalizing group action in contrast to individual action by separate workers. I am not concerned here with abuses under such legislation by some union officials, any more than I am concerned with abuses by some manufacturers; both of them take place outside the law. I am concerned with the extent to which our government, in segment after segment of our economy, has passed laws to save people from the "loss part" of the profit-and-loss system.

Nowhere is the trend any clearer than it is in American agriculture. The same fluid milk sells today in the New York City milkshed at a dozen different prices, all supported by law and all designed to make us pay about twice as much for fluid milk in bottles, for our families to drink, as processors pay for the same milk to manufacture into cheese or butter or ice cream. It's as neat a domestic cartel for a selected group of farmers as human ingenuity ever devised—and much more subtle than the tax on oleomargarine, pushed through by the dairy industry to protect butter prices.

Indeed it can be said that virtually all American agriculture is now cartelized to save farmers from the agony of open competition when overproduction depresses price levels after the war. The last OPA act included an extraordinary provision—which won the support of both parties—guaranteeing American farmers ninety per cent of "parity price," or more, for most of the crops they will produce for two years after the *official* proclamation of peace. Since the signing of the peace treaty may be delayed for two or three years after the shooting stops, our farmers may be spared the rigors of competition for four or five years after the Axis folds—even though this costs the rest of the country several billion dollars a year. No appropriation has yet been made, but the legislative promise is on the books. This little-noticed piece of legislation is certainly a flagrant departure from the principle of free competition.

NOR have we Americans limited such measures to the domestic field. We are also parties to international price stabilization agreements on such imported agricultural commodities as sugar and coffee. Through the International Sugar Agreement of 1937 we acted with other important producing and consuming nations to lift the world sugar industry out of the depressed state into which it had fallen. We likewise actively promoted the Inter-American Coffee Agreement of 1940 in order to help the Latin-American countries to market one of their main crops at a profit—a crop on which prices had dropped and stocks had piled up alarmingly. (Incidentally, wholesale prices now are nearly double what they were in 1939, before the Agreement was put into effect.) And we have already given tentative backing to a similar proposal on wheat moving in international trade after the war.

Furthermore, a strong case has recently been advanced for handling both our international communications business and our international air transport business after the war through “chosen instruments”—companies that would be given a virtual monopoly with diplomatic backing. This would mean abandoning the principle of free competition in these fields, too. And beyond that, it would mean that either company could use our government as a major source of strength, while our government could use either company as an adjunct in protecting American interests throughout the world.

I AM not trying here either to attack or to support legislation which takes the sharpest teeth out of competition for farmers, for workers, or for business men. The point I am making is simply that we have gone a long, long way in the direction of protecting ourselves from the very competition that we laud so highly in our speeches. Too long a way, in all likelihood, to go backward.

This does not mean that the disciples of Thurman Arnold and Eric Johnston should abandon their battle for free enterprise as against international cartelization. It does not mean that it's time to give up the fight on every possible front for a freer economy.

But it does mean that it's time to rearrange the line of battle to take account of actual circumstances. It means that we Americans have got to operate in the world as it is today and not in the fairyland of our own oratory. The wider the gap between our preaching and our practice, the sillier we look to other nations. It's time for us to make our foreign trade policy fit the realities of an era which has already gone a long way toward cartelization.

III

THE first job to be done is to break up the German-dominated cartel system which the Nazis have imposed on European industry in the past four years and to destroy the power of the huge monopolies in both Germany and Japan. Such economic disarmament is a very large order. Although our own government is committed to this policy, there is as yet no United Nations agreement on it nor on a program as to how it is to be done. This is the first cartel problem to be tackled, if a scramble for control of the German cartels by separate members of the United Nations is to be avoided. Specific programs, industry by industry, for the decartelization of Nazi and Japanese enterprise remain to be developed.

No one can suggest with finality what our eventual policy toward cartels should be. That policy will be evolving for several years. If the United Nations build an effective organization for keeping the peace, an atmosphere for genuine international co-operation on economic matters will be created. If, on the other hand, the world drifts into great regions which are more or less self-sufficient, there may be little chance for any real collaboration on a worldwide basis. Our own internal political situation will be a key factor in the final decision.

We may, therefore, want our business men to work with the business men of other nations in certain cartels, or we may be forced to build great combines of our own for foreign trade purposes as offsets to Russian and British combines. Were this to happen, we might see a great resurgence of activity under a modified Webb-Pom-

erene Act. Events themselves will have to determine our final course.

In the meantime, however, these preliminary steps and principles seem to make sense:

1. Registration. *We need a law which will require the national registration of cartel arrangements.* American business firms should register proposed international agreements which fix prices; or which allocate territories, fields of industrial activity, or markets; or which limit production. They should register them with an appropriate agency of our government, designated by Congress. Since cartel operations are intimately bound up with our foreign policy, the logical agency for this assignment would be our State Department. (Business men are apprehensive about any growth in Washington bureaus, but the answer in this case is to find men who are capable of handling these increased responsibilities.)

All registered agreements should be made available to Congress and to the public, unless military security dictates otherwise. Commercial trade secrets should not be divulged in such publicity, however, and care should be taken not to injure the position of American firms with their foreign competitors by disclosing strictly commercial information whose release would serve no public purpose.

Such registration would eliminate the secrecy which has usually surrounded cartel agreements in the past. Exposing them to critical public review would be a first step toward eliminating some of their more restrictive practices. By conducting this operation so far as possible in a goldfish bowl, business would have a chance to tell the public its side of the story. It certainly did an ineffective job in this field before the war.

Legislation along these lines has already been introduced in Congress. In hearings before the O'Mahoney Subcommittee of the Senate Judiciary Committee in May, 1944, Ralph W. Gallagher, chairman of the board of the Standard Oil Company (N. J.), expressed approval of the registration idea. A proposal to register cartel agreements with the British Board of Trade has also gained support in England.

2. Review. *In addition to registration, the enabling legislation should provide for setting up, within the State Department, a quasi-judicial Board of International Trade. This Board should be empowered to review all cartel registrations which are filed and to approve or disapprove them.* After filing, hearings before this Board could be requested by:

a) The Department of Justice if it fears a violation of the anti-trust laws within the United States

b) The American corporation which has filed the agreement, and which wants a yes or no answer so that it can do its business with dispatch

c) Any interested business firm not a party to the cartel agreement but presumably within the same industry, and therefore vitally affected.

The Board, with the Secretary of State acting as Chairman, might have eight other members. These could be the secretaries of War, Navy, and Commerce, the Attorney General, the chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, the chairman of the House Foreign Affairs Committee, and two men of high national standing to represent the public. Each Board member should have an alternate and the Board as a whole should have an executive secretary with a competent staff which could be established within the State Department. The Board of International Trade should count on analysis by the departments of Agriculture, Interior, and Labor as well as by other government agencies whenever this is appropriate in carrying out its assignments.

The enabling legislation establishing this Board should set up broad principles to guide it in its decisions as to approving or disapproving cartel arrangements. These principles should include consideration of:

1) Our military security

2) Our foreign policy

3) The effect of any agreement on the volume of our international trade

4) The effect of any agreement on sales, prices, the volume and costs of production, and the status of labor in the industry making the application, and

5) The effect of the agreement on our domestic economy.

The Board would have to reach its de-

cisions quickly. We must never forget that most business firms in other countries will not be subject to these restrictions. And after the initial examination, the Board should have the continuing function of reviewing all agreements which it approves. The full effects on our economy of approved cartel arrangements may not be apparent for two or three years after they are entered into; therefore annual reports to the Board on the functioning of the cartels by the American members should be required. Such progress reports would make for more continuity and consistency of policy as between government and business in this field. We have had all too little of it in the past.

The Board itself should review regularly all approved cartel arrangements for their operating effects on our domestic economy, on our foreign policy, and on our military security. It should submit its own annual report on these matters to Congress.

There will be times when it will be necessary to revoke or modify the previous approval of cartel arrangements after hearings and due notice. This will be inevitable in a changing world. But so long as Board approval is in effect, any American firms participating in approved cartels should be granted immunity from prosecution under our anti-trust laws, provided they operate within the framework of the approval granted them. This should be stated clearly in the enabling legislation in so far as it applies to our foreign trade.

The British are also considering similar review functions. In the recent White Paper on Employment Policy, it was emphasized that the British government "will therefore seek the power to inform themselves of the extent and effect of restrictive agreements and of the activities of combines; and to take appropriate action to check practices which may bring advantages to sectional producing interests but work to the detriment of the country as a whole."

Any mechanism for dealing with cartels obviously needs enough flexibility to meet changing conditions. The mechanism that I have just suggested is based on the assumption that if we found it advantageous for American companies to enter cer-

tain cartel arrangements after the war, we would want responsible public review and a continuing appraisal of their operations. It also assumes that since cartelization is a privilege and not a right, and since foreign policy is involved, American firms should not be subject to prosecution by the Department of Justice so long as their cartel operations come within an approval granted by the Board of International Trade. (The anti-trust laws were not designed to implement our foreign policy, whereas this proposed legislation is designed to do just that. Our foreign trade necessities in the present world situation require it.) Finally, it assumes that national action along these lines would enable us to take a more responsible part in formulating international cartel policies together with the other United Nations.

3. *International Commodity Agreements.* We may want to use, as we have in the past, the device of the international commodity agreement to meet problems of chronic oversupply—in wheat, sugar, and coffee, for example; and we may need to apply it to postwar surpluses in metals, too.

This means, in effect, intergovernmental cartels, and carries the danger that the regulating group may become identified with the group under regulation and forget the general public interest. This is a danger we must recognize and guard against as best we can, not only in the administrative setup under a particular commodity agreement but in providing for reports by it to the Board of International Trade. *This Board should be empowered to pass upon all international commodity agreements.*

Marketing programs to achieve worldwide stability in many a specific industry may be entirely justifiable in the postwar years. The alternative may be bankruptcy for business, unemployment for labor, and lower tax revenues for governments. Food-surplus problems do not have to be cured wholly by acreage and marketing restrictions, however; school lunch programs on an international scale already exist, and their expansion could provide a method of "eating the surplus" which would raise health standards at the

same time. Each situation requires separate treatment on its merits.

We may also want to use international commodity agreements to conserve, on an international scale, the natural resources of important raw materials. The recent Anglo-American Oil Agreement is a good example. This is now pending before the Senate as a treaty. It provides for international co-operation in the development and marketing of petroleum products, but is not a cartel in the ordinarily accepted usage of that word.

On the other hand, it does not contemplate wide-open competition in the production end of the oil business. It is really an extension, on an international scale, of the principles of the Interstate Oil Compact which we were obliged to adopt here in the United States. No outright price-fixing is contemplated, but a regulation of production for export is recognized as necessary both to protect petroleum resources and to promote orderly marketing on an international scale.

Commodity agreements call for international boards or committees for their supervision. In so far as possible, they should act as umpires rather than as administrative bodies. Business sacrifices a certain amount of its freedom when it comes under the jurisdiction of such agencies. There is no way to avoid this in large segments of our foreign trade, however. Any business big enough to be cartelized is big enough to have a direct effect upon the public interest. Hence some degree of public review is necessary.

SO MUCH for public regulation. But it can do only part of the job. The rest will have to be done by business itself.

If cartels are to survive for the long pull, they must do three things better than non-cartelized business, even if this means lower profits. First of all, they must offer consumers better products at lower prices, just as soon as new inventions and technological changes make these possible. In the second place, they must fight positively for an expansion of markets. In a world where every nation wants a bigger slice of the trade pie after the war than before it, the only thing that can relieve the international tensions will be a bigger

international pie. And in the third place they must offer labor opportunities for advancement, a chance to participate in savings and insurance plans, and stability of employment at gradually increasing annual wages. The business reasons for not exploiting labor are quite as strong as the humanitarian ones: good wages in the tin mines, for example, will mean broader markets for the gadgets which the industrialized nations will be wanting to export.

IV

THE steps which I have just suggested do not add up to a panacea for the cartel problem. There is no single, easy answer. Rather, our problem is to shape the various forms of both competition and monopoly into useful instruments for our national and international policies.

Some kinds of foreign trade are best suited to competitive enterprise—like automobiles, textiles, and manufactured consumers' goods in which there is considerable variation in quality. Others can be handled better by co-operation among countries—raw materials like sugar, coffee, petroleum, certain metals, and probably rubber. Still others will remain in a no man's land until the ultimate postwar relationships among the United Nations become clearer.

We should prepare for any eventuality, however, and do it promptly in the little time that's left to us. We must act swiftly if we are to remain a first-class power in world affairs. International diplomacy, military security, and economic policy are no longer separate; we must integrate them into a vigorous, cohesive foreign policy if our leadership in the modern world is to be alert and effective.

With our major foreign competitors in world markets already operating as closed economies—or moving rapidly in that direction—we are likely to find free competition in many fields as obsolete after the war as a Model T Ford. Where we cannot have free competition, we may be faced with cartels whether we like them or not. Where we cannot eliminate the cartels, we must gradually perfect new ways to make them into instruments which will serve the public interest.

